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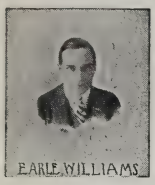

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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The September number will certainly be among your valued possessions if you knew what it is to contain. Just run your eye over this partial list of interesting items:

John Bunny *vs.* The Answer Man

These two celebrities have met and crossed swords, and the Editor has made an interesting record of the battle.

Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Work

This excellent article is by Gladys Hall, and forms an interesting chapter to the history of the evolution of Motion Pictures. It will be followed by articles on "Punch and Judy," the strolling players, etc.

Confessions of a Would-Be Scenario Writer

This is a humorous article that will be found unusually entertaining to all those who are afflicted with the disease of "Photoplayitis."

Funny Stories That Are True

By the players themselves, collected by Dr. Albert L. Roat, being a continuation of the series that begins in this issue.

Dame Fashion and the Movies

By William Lord Wright, illustrated with photos of Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand, Adrienne Kroell, Anna Q. Nilsson, and others.

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

This is a new department, but it will not take the place of Chats with the Players, which will appear as usual.

Moving Pictures—The Poor Man's College

This interesting article is by Judson D. Stuart, and is illustrated with eleven photos from notable photoplays —a splendid article.

Expression of the Emotions

This is the third article of the series by Eugene V. Brewster, and it is profusely illustrated with photos of leading photoplayers.

Those Who Make Us Laugh

By the Photoplay Philosopher, being an essay on the benefits of laughter and its effects, and it is illustrated with numerous pictures of famous screen laugh-makers.

A Week with Lottie Briscoe

Being extracts from her diary. As before announced, we also have the diary of Crane Wilbur and others, and these will all appear from time to time, including a most interesting interview with Marguerite Snow, one with Norma Talmadge, and many others. Then there will be the usual quota of seven or eight stories from the best plays of the month, Greenroom Jottings, Penographs of Leading Players, numerous cartoons and drawings, and last, but not least, the Answer Man's Department. And dont forget that the result of the Great Artist Contest to date will be announced, and that you will want to know just how your favorites stand on the eve of election to the greatest honors that have yet come to any player. The foregoing are only a few of the many appealing attractions that will convince you that your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the most wonderful on earth, bar none. We cannot describe these articles adequately—you must surely buy a copy of the September issue and see them and read them for yourselves.

Order your September issue now. The girl in the box-office of your theater will probably supply you. If not, your newsdealer surely will. Better still, if you subscribe, you will not only be sure of getting the magazine around the 13th or 14th of each month, delivered to your door or letter-box, but you will be entitled to your choice of several premiums. See announcements and subscription blank on another page.



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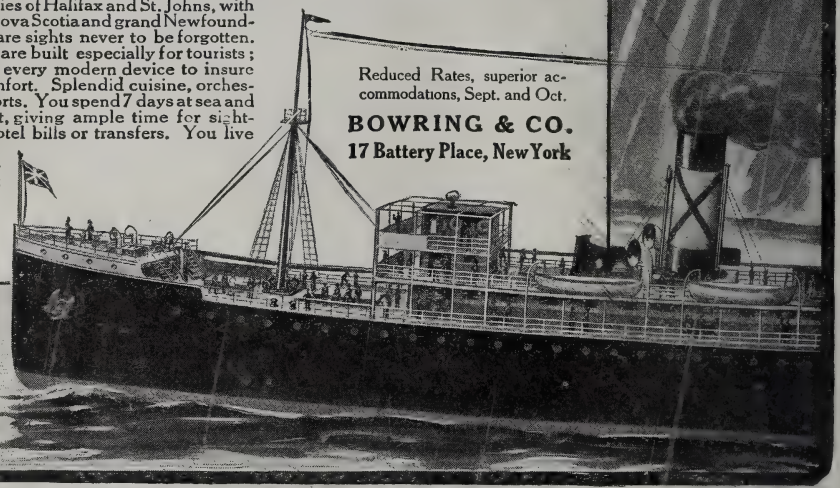
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Vol. VIII No. 7

Exegi Monumentum ære perennius

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1914

A Romance of the Pueblo

(Biograph)

By KARL SCHILLER

It was the time of the year, my brothers, when the shadow of the cactus is sharpest on the alkali plain, and the small, green lizard is torpid and motionless, save for its tongue of forked, red flame—the time of all times in the year, my brothers, for man and maid to gaze into each other's eyes. She was the Apache, Natoma, which is, in the tongue of the white man, the Desired One. He, Mon-a-tu, a Pueblo born, was of the despised folk who dwell in houses, shutting away the Great Spirit's blessings with walls of clay and straw. They loved, my brothers, as in your clean, white youth-days you dreamed of love. Little they spoke, never had their lips touched; yet the Great Spirit sends few sweeter things to mankind than was theirs.

The town—so old that Koto, the wise eagle of stone on the promontory, had forgotten when it was first made—led thru narrow highways and byways, thru cobbled lanes and deserted courtyards, to the mission school in the heart of it. Here two or three pale women, in the strange clothing of the white people, taught the children of the Indians to speak a harsh and alien tongue. The parents, hating the conquering race, refused instruction for themselves, but sent their children grudgingly. For English is the language in which money is made, my brothers, and the red man's herds and acres grow fewer year by year. Near-by the school was a squat old 'dobe hut that housed the mission doctor and his wife. At first, these two had an ill time of it, for the natives looked askance at the evil-tasting medicines and white, round pills. How, they asked one another, could such a small pill cure such a large ache? And there were better ways, surely, of driving the evil spirits away than by an ugly taste on the tongue. But the doctor's wife, Cecilie, was as fair as the mesqua lilies, and her smile was a thing to warm the heart. Moreover, was it not the doctor's black magic that had cured old Kamo's toothache and driven the red patches from the sick children's faces? So, little by little, the men of the desert grew to trust the paleface medicine man; for, my brothers, if folly can make my sore finger well, I will honor folly and be healed. And so it was that when Natoma fell sick, in the schoolroom, of a strange faintness, Mon-a-tu, her lover, carried her in



"NEVER SHALL AN APACHE MATE WITH A PUEBLO"

his strong arms to the doctor's house and laid her upon the queer, white, soft thing that the weakly palefaces sleep upon. Opening sick eyes, after eons of travel in black, terrible, far spaces, Natoma saw bending above her the loveliest face she had ever seen—lovely, not as Apache women, but frail and pale, with sky-eyes and sun-hair. And in her heart the desert girl enshrined the face beside her dream of the Great Spirit, God. Yet—such is the way of the Indian with the white man—she could not tell of her worship, unless dark eyes and brown, tender fingertips confessed it.

With Mon-a-tu, her lover, it was different. The bird may speak with the bird, where it cannot understand the butterflies.

"Desired One," he pleaded, "how many moons must I sigh away alone? The bright snake has his burrow, the brown, shy wood-dove his mate, yet I am heartless. How long ere I may join my life to thine, O long Desired One?"

"My father, the chief," she shuddered in answer. "He is tall and terrible. He hates the wall-dwellers, and he has many warriors in his tents, with arrows in their quivers and swift ponies in their corral. I dare not marry without his consent, and never will he give it to thee, O my brave."

"The squaw of the white medicine man is wise," counseled Mon-a-tu. "Let us take our severed hearts and twin longings to her."

A woman, red or brown or white as her skin may be, is ever a friend of love and lovers. And it was not long before the doctor's wife had a wedding arranged. The town, she said, was far from the old chief's tents; he would never know. But, my brothers, if all went well here on earth, there would be no need of a Happy Hunting Ground. Before the words could be said that would join Natoma to Mon-a-tu until the stars should fade and the earth dissolve, a dread figure burst like a lightning-stroke into the peace of the assembly-room.

"Dog of a Pueblo!" cried Old



THE DOCTOR AND CECILIE COME TO THE AID OF SHOOTING STAR

Shooting Star, in a very terrible voice, "never shall an Apache mate with a Pueblo till the eagle and snake shall wed!"

One wild cry from the desolate lovers, and the girl, weeping, was led away to sob her wild grief dumb upon the gay, mockingly gay blanket in her teepee. And for many a day the crumbling streets of the town knew no Apache, and Mon-a-tu strode like a restless spirit homesick beneath the sun of mortals.

And then, laden with pelts and spoils of his arrows, Shooting Star strode, scornful of the walls and shut-in air, to the trading station to exchange his wealth for the wealth of the white man. The Pueblo braves, watching him afar, noted how dusky was his face, how strangely hazed his eye. Suddenly he swayed, and his hand, so fierce to slay, so strong to strike, so cruel on the bow-string, went to his forehead like a wounded thing. And, creeping, shod with curiosity, closer, they saw dread red welts along his cheeks, like angry wounds. Then, with fierce cries, they bent to the stones of the street and began to fling them upon the stricken man. For, my brothers, the coward carrion crows are braggarts upon a corpse. As Shooting Star, muttering and swaying, flew from the hail of missiles down the ragged streets, the doctor and his wife came upon him and noted his sore need. And even as his daughter had come back from the barren places of death to see her loved face above her, so the warrior, hardened by hail and storm, by sun and wind, by danger and daring, awoke from his deep swoon to see Cecilie stooping graciously over him. The weeks of his sickness were many, yet the patience of the white woman was as boundless as the mercy of the Great Spirit. Shooting Star looked upon her, at first worshiping; then, as strength crept to his sinews, with desire. At length, healed and departing, he turned to the doctor and spoke his simple plan.

"How much for your squaw?"

"How much?" the doctor roared with laughter—"why, fifty ponies, man!"



"HOW MUCH FOR YOUR SQUAW?"

Shooting Star looked at the woman and knew that she was as lovely as the dawn. So he bowed gravely and went away, back to his tents, his warriors and his herds. For, my brothers, the red man does not know the meaning of the white man's laughter, nor ever shall till red and white are one with the dust of the plain.

"I have brought the ponies. Give me the woman," said Shooting Star. He pointed toward the corral on the edge of the town, crowded now with shaggy, heaving flanks. The doctor stared. The white-cheeked Cecilie turned her sky-eyes first upon the corral; then, in growing amusement, upon the red man, waiting stolidly for his prize.

"He thought you were in earnest," she cried out. "Oh, poor man! Dont laugh so, George. See, you're making him angry."

How angry, she could not guess. For the wrath of the white man is noisy, like the clatter of hailstones or the sputter of his own gun. But an Indian's rage is as silent and deadly as the arrow seeking the heart.

"Let me go! Let me——"

The swift mustangs cut the wind. The beating of her frail, white hands is as impotent as a butterfly's fluttering. Behind—farther and farther b e h i n d—the doctor plods on his thankless rounds. His wife is not with him; she has mounted her horse for a ride in the open—and on the far horizon the merciless hoofs beating faintly, and still more faintly, till s o u n d s and sight are lost in the blue that bounds Apache land.

In the tent crouched the woman, eyes dull with horror. Beyond, thru the flap, a sight more terrible than her worse nightmare dream flickered b e f o r e her unsure gaze. L i k e demons the figures leaped and danced to the barbaric yells and screams of the women—the wedding dance—to her the dance of death. Before her the girl knelt, knife in hand, an unwilling custodian at the command of her father. She spoke no words, yet her brain worked swift and sure. Suddenly, with the lithe ease of a panther, she dipped out of sight of the dancers, slit the side of the teepee farthest from the flap with one murderous sweep of the scalping-blade, and beckoned over her shoulder. Wild hope swept like a warm wave of strength thru the captive's veins. For, my brothers, a woman can pass from despair to joy in the twinkling of an adder's eye. She followed where the red maid led, and behold! before her, freedom; behind, dishonor and danger. The horses, tethered to the willow's sweep, started to prance and whinny, but Natoma laid a hand above their nostrils and held them while the white woman mounted. A flash of small, hard hoofs, a cloud of dust——

Shooting Star, hideous in his wedding panoply, turned from the dance and crossed to the teepee where his captive, the strange, white woman of



IT WAS THE WEDDING DANCE—TO HER THE DANCE OF DEATH

the sun-hair, awaited him. It would be very fine, the taming of her! Her despairing shrieks should be sweet music; her soft, futile struggling; her strained loathing and horror of him—all these things it pleased his fancy to dwell upon. For, my brothers, a native savage is a man who has not learnt to cover or dissemble, a savage at heart—there are many such among us all. The dancers paid no heed to his going, being half-intoxicated with their movements and exertions, until, with the howl of a baffled beast, he was back among them again.

"She is gone! The girl, also! Horses, my braves!"

The Indian girl and the Indian chief looked into one another's eyes. Father and daughter they were not, save by accident of birth. He, a son of his wild fathers, untamed and primitive; she, school-taught, yet in her bravery and stoicism still an Indian. For she read in his eyes her death-sentence. Her face, above the hastily exchanged clothes of the white woman, did not quiver in a single coward muscle. Yet his words and gestures filled the half-civilized heart of her with horror and loathing.

"Thou hast shown too well how loyally an Indian maid may live," he sneered. "My little red brothers, the ants, yonder, shall prove how prettily an Indian maid may die!"

Mon-a-tu prayed aloud as he rode. The wind swept beside him, not outstripping his speed, yet it seemed he scarcely moved. The words of the spent white woman as he dragged her from her horse, gaudy in Natoma's robe, weighed so heavily on his heart that it seemed they must retard his horse's feet: "Natoma—by the lake—quick—her father——"

The trees widened into an open stretch of sandy shore. In the distance knelt a figure, working busily. Mon-a-tu strained his eyes; then a hoarse yelp of horror tore from his lips. The small, round object rolling on the ground *was* Natoma's head protruding from an ant-heap!



THE SMALL ROUND OBJECT WAS NATOMA'S HEAD PROTRUDING FROM AN ANT-HEAP

Love gave him strength. A red man's love can work miracles. It *was* a miracle that happened there on the barren sand, beside the awful pain-distorted head, tossing in agony. The Apache chief was twice the size and power of the Pueblo, but it was not the youth who lay at last panting his life out on the torn ground. With wild fingers he dug and groveled. The vicious insects swarmed like a wave of fire over his flesh. He knew not whether she were yet alive; but when, at last, he stooped and dragged her body from the seething pit, her eyelids fluttered open, and he saw the bride-look in her dark eyes.

It was the time when the moon is widest and warmest, my brothers; when the coyote's howl is hushed, and the groves are gentle with mating sounds, that Mon-a-tu, the Pueblo, took the Apache maiden to his heart-stone, his evermore, until the highest stars should fade.

To Evelyn, on Going to the Movies

Charge me not, sweet, with faithlessness,
That far from tango teas
And the proved warmth of thy caress
I love to take mine ease.

True, a new mistress now I woo,
One of a varied art,
And with a joy sublime I view
A full reel or a part.

And yet my worshipping is such
As you, too, may adore,
I could not love thee, dear so much,
Loved I not movies more.



The Yellow Traffic

(Blache)

By JANET REID

THEIR slim young figures silhouetted against the fading skyline, they looked too light and free for aught but being poised, birdwise, for flight.

"It is a nasty job," Tom was saying, "and they're a tough bunch to down. They've got a good thing and a choice spot, and they can twist those slimy Chings into any way or contortion they may desire."

"Do you know"—the girl was employing her woman's intuition—"I more than suspect Edward Allen of being the leader of the band. He seems to be crazy for Dad to sell him the *Caroline,* and I can think of only one use he could make of it—that use his smuggling operations——"

"But, sweetheart"—Tom looked incredulous—"Allen's position is hardly calculated to make one suspect him of that dirty work."

"I dont care," the girl retorted decisively. "He has a shifty eye and—what!"

Tom was leaning far over the cliff, his keen eye following a rough-looking fellow skulking along the strip of beach that skirted the foot of the cliff. There was a sudden shifting of the sandy edge, and Tom was precipitated down, leaving Alice, tense and gasping, looking after.

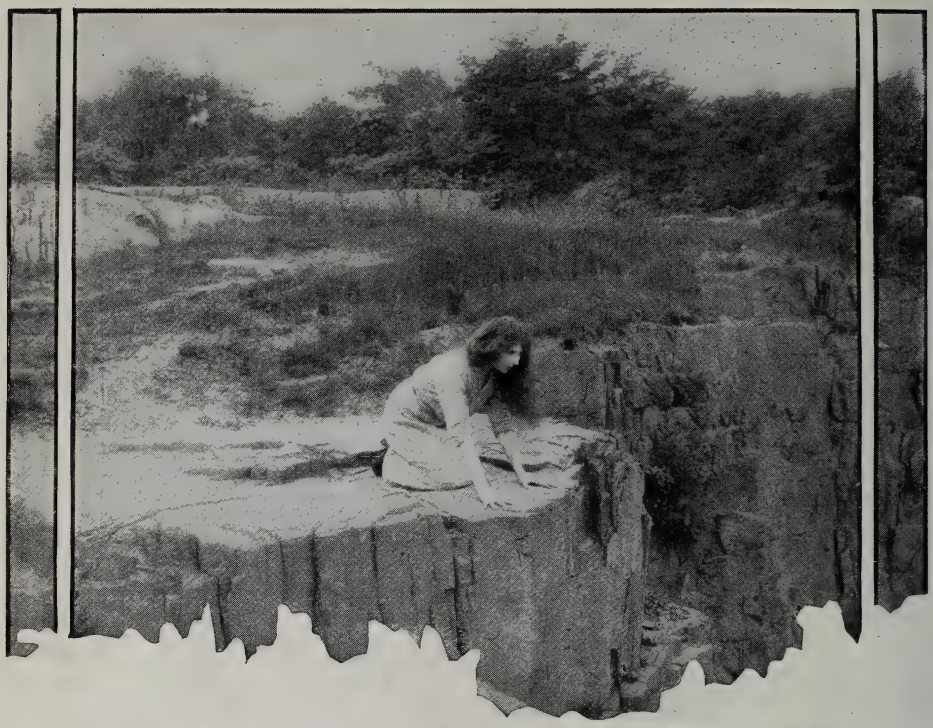
"All right," Tom shouted, as he gained his feet and whipped out his pistol, to face the man who had lost no time in showing his. The struggle was brief and one-sided—Tom's young muscles were taut and responsive, his mind was alert; the man's senses were apparently befogged with bad whisky—and they emerged from the water, panting, captor and captured.

Alice threaded her homeward way alone that night, leaving Tom to hand over his prey to the officials, and her thoughts were very busy.

She knew instinctively that Allen had been there when she entered their neat frame house that night—knew it by her father's face. For only Allen, with his taunts and threatenings of foreclosure, could call that harassed expression to her father's jolly face. Tonight the strained expression was doubly evident; it was apparent that Allen had been using new force.

"Cant you tell me, Dad?" The girl slipped her arm around his neck and stroked his weather-beaten old face gently. Captain Rawley groaned.

"It's the smuggling," he ejaculated despairingly; "he's been trying to rope me in—me, who've never taken a penny from the sea, or any-



TOM WAS PRECIPITATED DOWN, LEAVING ALICE TENSE AND GASPING

thing else, but what it's been an honest one—and now——"

"Now, Dad?" pressed the girl.

"Now, when I'm hard put, he comes with his diabolical suggestions —offers me five hundred dollars for every d—n Ching I land without being spotted. He *knows* I can do it, Alice—he knows no one 'd ever suspect *me*—and *God* knows we need the money!"

"We need *honesty* more, Dad," the girl told him firmly; "even if we do lose the *Caroline* and our home, we'll lose them clean-handed—we wont make the sea ashamed of us. And we'll have each other—you and Jim and I."

"That's what I told him," the Captain replied, a bit ruefully; "that's what I told him."

"Jim," said Alice that night, as she sat with her brother while he smoked his nightly pipe, "we've got to keep our weather-eye open—you and I. And keep on teaching me how to send 'wireless' messages, brother—something tells me I will need it."

The following night, when Alice and Jim returned from the schooner, where they had been experimenting with the "wireless" instrument on board, they found their father in a highly jovial state of mind.

"The *Caroline's* ordered," he said, "for quite a cruise—I've had some applicants for the crew today, but they were a rough-looking set, so I didn't engage them—but it's luck, isn't it?"

"Right-o!" agreed Jim. But Alice looked dubious.

"It isn't any of Allen's doings, is it, Dad?" she queried.

"Of course not, child," her father replied somewhat testily. "You seem to see the finger of Allen in *everything,* 'stead of the finger of *God.*"

"Well, I rather think," said Alice, quietly, "that where smugglers are, *God* is *not!*"

However strong a woman's intuition may be, it cannot guide the men who follow the call of the sea—that call comes *first.* And so it was that Captain Rawley and Jim set forth the following day to board the

Caroline, followed by the sad forebodings of Alice, who suspected a motive underlying.

"It's going to be fair weather, lads," the grizzled Captain remarked to his crew as he boarded the schooner. Then came a rush from the fo'castle—an oath—a scuffle—and the clink-clank of iron anklets and wristlets in clamping. The smugglers! Somehow, somewhere they had stowed themselves on board. The *Caroline* and her crew, her Captain and her mate, were captive.

Down in the dark of the tiny cabin, where the intruders thrust them unceremoniously, Jim Rawley was thinking hard. He saw that his father was broken and unable to maneuver with him. He recognized, too, that more ingenuity than these rough men possessed had directed the secret manning of the *Caroline* and the subsequent capture. And he knew that Alice had spoken truth—thet Edward Allen, suave man of the world, was the directing power. From the frequent stops, the sounds of bales and barrels, the whispers and undertones, Jim knew that the yellow men were on board—that they would be landed by another nightfall—and by the *Caroline!* And here his knowledge of the desperate gang came into play.

"They'll celebrate," he thought to himself; "they've got the Chings on board, and they've got enough whisky, I'll wager, to sink the schooner—there'll be a drunken lot 'fore long. I'll wait——"

The cabin, with its one or two murky portholes, and with a tarpaulin drawn over its skylight, gave no indication of the passing of time; but Jim reckoned that it must be nearly nightfall when stray snatches of maudlin song came down to him—the occasional scuffle indicating the brawls that flared up and died down on a breath—the oaths—the guffaws—the loud snores of one or two readily overcome.

"They'll never miss me—nor hear me," Jim muttered. "I can batter that door down in a shake—there's a weak link in these infernal irons—hey, Ted!"

The sailor addressed, roused from his doze, looked up alertly.

"Put your two feet here," Jim indicated the spot in his anklets most apt to give. "Now use all your muscle—and kick," he commanded—"fine! Now the same trick to my wrist-irons."

"Dad," Jim whispered, "I'm goin' to make for the wireless; they're dead drunk—the lot of 'em—Chinamen and all. I'll get to it and give Al the message—Tom'll be with her, and they'll get the officials on the job. We'll do more yet than if this had never happened——"

It was a desperate chance he was taking. Jim knew that should the mob espy him, their heated blood would lead them into heaven knows what manner of brutality. The wireless was on the fore part of the deck; the crazy crew and their yellow prizes were on the aft. The rush for it was a breathless run. Jim sent the message over the wires with a feverish haste, praying God, in broken fragments of speech, that Alice would pick it up.

The message, urgent, desperate, insistent, found its way over the waters to a large wireless station on the shore, where the operator repeated the message to his assistant, with a mutual exchange of glances.

"Here's our chance with Allen," almost hissed the one; "he's there with the pay when a job's done neat—how'll we work it?"

"Close down the shop—for God's sake!" yelled the other—"then beat it for the Rawley house and nab the pair o' 'em, for Tom Northrop'll be on hand, I'll warrant."

On the schooner *Caroline,* crouched by the wireless in the pitchy dark, Jim waited—waited—waited. The drunken crew caroused and cursed; the Chinamen emitted long strings of lingo, guttural from the bad spirits and the triumph. Death, skulled and crossboned, hovered close over the *Caroline.*

"No answer," Alice was whispering to Tom, who stood close by; "what does it mean, Tom—what does it mean?"

"Try again, love——"

Feverishly the instrument sent its message: "Answer me, Jim—Alice—Alice—Alice——"

"No answer," she groaned. "Tom, what can it mean—ah-h-h!" She was jerked suddenly back, until her head snapped with the suddenness of the shock. Tom was struggling with a lithe, dark man, who resembled, Alice thought, the assistant at the big wireless station.

In Tom's back pocket was his pistol. It was empty; but he knew that he could make a temporary getaway if he could succeed in leveling it in their faces. Alice, at least, would make good her escape, and he could hold the two at bay while she cleared space between them.

"Run!" he commanded Alice, as her captor also released her under the threat of the round, toothless jaw of the pistol—"run—for your life!"

That it *was* her life, Alice knew well. With a last plea for Tom to follow, she fled into the night—and, instinctively, toward the pounding of the surf. Behind her came Tom's footsteps; they knew it then—that the pistol was empty. He, too, was fleeing—the pretext gone.

"Run!" he was commanding her harshly—"run—and dont stop—dont—stop——"

The water's edge—the black iciness of it—the cruel impact of the tides on the shore—where should she turn—and—— "Run!" his voice kept urging her—"run—*run!*"

There was no withdrawing. The sea—or those pursuers, black of heart and intent.

She was a vigorous swimmer, and she had the instinct of self-preservation strong in those of the sea. She swam now—blindly as to direction—decisively as to stroke. Something hit her outgoing hand—something hard—*the bell-buoy!* A great, choking gasp came up in the girl's throat. "O Mother Ocean," she sobbed, as she clung to the swaying thing—"Mother Ocean o' Mine!"

Swinging there, drenched by the icy brine, numbed and torn between her anxiety for the dear ones on the *Caroline* and the probable fate of Tom, the girl lived an eternity of time. Her limp fingers were relaxing—her tired head was drooping—Mother Ocean was claiming a well-loved child, when a voice, strained with fear, clove the night.

"Sweetheart," it said—"Alice! Are you there—Alice?"

It was Tom, and he bore her back to the shore, using his sinewy strength for both, cheering her with words forced for her further courage.

On the schooner *Caroline*, crouched by the wireless in the pitchy dark, Jim waited—waited—waited. The drunken crew caroused and cursed; the Chinamen emitted long strings of lingo, guttural from the bad spirits and the triumph. Death, skulled and crossboned, hovered close over the *Caroline*.

On shore, Alice was sent a message over the waters from the instrument at the Revenue Officer's—the answer came.

"They are off the North Bell Rock," she told the waiting men, breathlessly—"Jim answers—the Chinamen are aboard—he says—he says—to hurry—to hurry—for God's sake——"

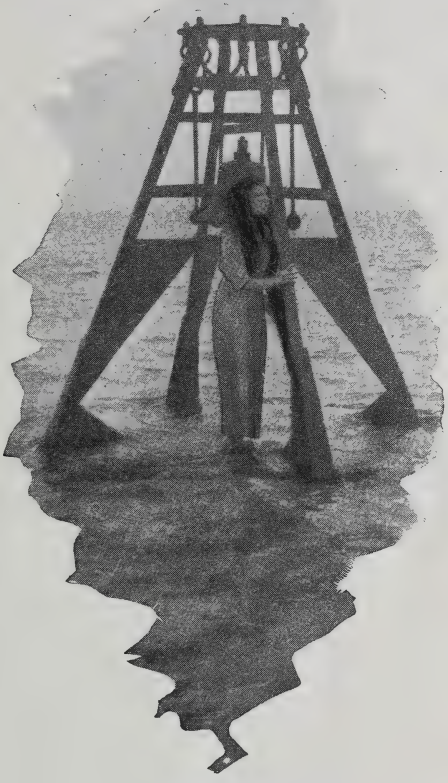
On the shore of the North Bell Light a bedraggled figure met the eyes of the men who were preparing to put off for the schooner. It was Jim—Jim, exhausted, spent, wrought to the breaking-point.

"They made me walk the plank!" he said. "They land at Ebbing Cove—get there—the Chings are aboard!"

Along the coast the word speeded. A ten-mile cordon was formed; guards and sailors were planted at points of vantage near Ebbing Cove, and Tom Northrop was to fire his pistol as the smugglers made their landing, as a signal for the attack to open. Just, however, as the news had sped along

the coast to the authorities, so it reached Allen's ears, and he immediately set a spy on Tom, who was taken a second time while he lingered an instant to load his pistol.

At Ebbing Cove the schooner landed. Down the gang-plank, hastily flung, the smugglers rolled their human freight, none too gently, be it said, in barrels, crates, rough bags, and the guard in waiting listened in vain for the signaling shot. The minutes passed — the landing was all but made, when, swift and sharp, the shot rang out, a distance away, and like so many arrows sprung from their bows, the men shot from their places of concealment. It was confusion in that hour — smoke and shots—and strange oaths—and blood, spluttering and choking — and hardy victories won by the guards. And, finally, the succumbing of the smugglers to the quicker wits and steadier nerves of the coastguards, who had wanted them so long. A great success, however, is not won in an instant. The shore battle was no sooner finished than the *Caroline* put out to sea, with Allen on deck and Captain Rawley and his crew below. Followed a pursuit that has marked the North Bell Light and Ebbing Cove as places of history; and, finally, the struggle on the schooner deck, that left it stained with hard-spilled blood for all time and rid the coast of Edward Allen, the secret leader of the desperate band of smugglers.



ON THE BELL-BUOY

Six months later, the sun shone brightly over the soughing tides. On the porch of the Rawley home, free and clear from all financial stress, Alice and Tom were united in holy matrimony. They had helped free the coast of its ugly stain—they had captured a band of the most desperate smugglers operating — and the Government had acknowledged it.

One strange wedding gift came to them, as strange as it was beautiful and significant. It was a miniature wireless apparatus wrought in silver, with each steel pole and cluster of wires shaped in delicate filaments.

"Who could have sent it?" Alice asked, running her fingers over its tracery.

"I can only guess," said the proud groom — "it's from the Government, Old Uncle Sam, and it's sent in appreciation of your services in those dark, terrible days."

"There is something that travels farther and quicker than a wireless," she said. And as he leaned forward to kiss her, a voice came to them.

"And they didn't smuggle the Chings in, for *all* their boasting," Jim was saying, face aglow as he reminisced to the wedding party.

Tom drew his hour-old bride to him, and his eyes were tender-soft——

"But they *did* smuggle in," he whispered, "a heaven full of happiness—for you—and for me."



Across the Burning Trestle

by ALEXANDER LOWELL

This story was written from a Dramatic Adaptation of "In Christmas Canyon," by FRANCIS LYNDE

(EDISON)

"THE mountains?" Doris regarded her husband with eyes gray, troublous pools of query.

"Yes, dear." Tom smiled, with a brave attempt at reassurance, but the attempt was transparently wan. A lung test; a word or two of unsmiling advice; a peremptory order to mountain air—these are things not calculated to conjure forth the harlequin spirit of Mirth.

Doris noted the piteous smile, divined the pallid fear grimacing thru, and called her woman-love, her mother protectiveness, into play.

"Well, honey," she smiled gaily—and *her* smile masked effectually the horrid specter at her heart—"if the mountains mean health and a big, new lease on life, we'll just *go*—that's all. I've been aching for a long time to put into play my knowledge of telegraphy—if for nothing else than to prove my woman's superiority, Mr. Professional—and now you just sit back and fold your blessed hands and watch *me* hustle."

"Oh, Doris, you *couldn't,* dear—*I* couldn't——"

Doris eyed him with a fine contempt. "Then *why,*" she demanded, "did you consume so many of our precious 'courtin'' hours with your masterful instructions? You said *then* that every woman should be prepared for an emergency, financially—you *know* you did— and *I* intend putting those hours to account, besides showing you that I can beat you at your own game." Then, with a sudden change of mood—a swift onrush of tenderness—she ran to him impulsively. "Oh, my dear," she whispered, close against his mouth, "my dear—let me *show* you my love—let me *show* you!"

Strange how swiftly transformations take place—strange how the most timid spirit rises, in an instant, to the possession of a dauntless courage! Strange—and yet how splendid—that a woman, shielded, protected, almost immured from the battleground of life, will respond unfalteringly to the first call—will come forward, booted and spurred for the fray, and defy with her frail strength the very legions of Life and Death!



"SINGLE," SHE AFFIRMED DEFINITELY

With that edict of the doctor's, a fear more vast than mortal durance came over the woman, to whom that life was the essence of her being; and yet, because she loved—because a woman *fights* for what she loves—perhaps we may say just because she *was* a woman, that engulfing fear crystallized into a steel-strong courage, and she came out of it valiantly equipped — older, wiser, infinitely stronger.

As they drove, a few days later, along the thread-like narrowness of the mountain road, and breathed the tang of the pine and the fresh sweetness of shaded places, Doris squeezed her husband's hand tightly.

"You're breathing new life, honey," she told him—"just believe that—*think* it night and day—for it *is* that, you know—it *is*. Why"—with a lithe, lengthy sniff—"a *mummy* would come to life in *this* air."

"Well, I'm not quite in a mummified state *yet*," Tom laughed, buoyed up by the brightness of her courage and the invariable optimism of his trouble; "but tell me, dear, what of your position? You *must* tell me all about it, or I shall worry far worse than if I really *knew*."

"There, then." Doris handed him the newspaper clipping bearing the advertisement on which she had builded her hope.

Tom looked at her perplexedly—then back again to the slip of paper. "But it *says*," he remarked, "says quite emphatically that only *single* persons need apply——"

"Well," Doris smiled lightly, "do you see any *obvious* reasons why *I* should not pass as a 'single person'?"

"I dont *like* it." Tom closed his lips firmly together. *His* girl—*his* wife—to face heaven knew what vicissitudes *alone* — and "single"! Doris took his hand tenderly. Her voice was deep and sweet and very comforting.

"Dear love," she told him, "there is something to be done—something to be fought for—something that is not only life to *you*, but life and love and all my world to *me*. We cannot bring heaven to earth without our



JAKE MILLS ATTACKS THE YOUNG STATION AGENT

meed of pain; we have to *fight*—to suffer—to achieve; and, dear, if we do this with clean faith in our souls and big love in our hearts and unstained hands at the end—why, *God* keeps watch, and all His angels, too."

The cheery, white walls of the sanitarium were looming in the distance, set in their background of pines and breathed on by the cool, healing breaths of neighboring mountains. A red sun stained the many wide windows, open for his entrance, and white-capped figures were glimpsed in occasional passings.

"There's your battleground, Tom," Doris told him; "and just as I am fighting, so *you* must fight—and God will help us win!"

It may have been God—it may have been Fate—it may have been merely a man's admiration that won for Doris the position she sought.

"You are single, I believe?" the division superintendent queried, as she faced him, straight-eyed and imperturbed.

"Single," she affirmed definitely.

"The station I am going to give you is a lonely one," the superintendent continued; "the position has always been filled by a man—there's a man there now—I dont know——" He paused, a bit thoughtfully. She seemed, he was thinking, so fragile a thing to be assigned to the desolateness of that tiny, unprotected station. She was a woman, and such a *feminine* woman! Doris smiled at him—a cool, unafraid little smile.

"There are women," she told him, "who do not know fear. I am one of them."

There was no fear in Doris' heart when, the following day, the superintendent accompanied her to the tiny, boxlike station perched, birdwise, on a sheer slope of the mountain pass. Passing the door and winding away thru the gloomy canyons and over the bald surfaces of the mountains, ran the shining rails, lost to view at last over the man-made trestle, built sickeningly high, in the distance. There was no fear of the solitariness, no fear of the responsibility, no dread of the inequality of her strength pitted against these things. There *was* fear of the evil light that flared in the deposed operator's shifty eyes. He took his curt dismissal with a sullen taci-



TOM HOLDS MILLS WHILE DORIS MAKES FOR THE TRESTLE

turnity peculiarly unpleasant to the slim girl who was his unwitting successor.

"You're the boss," he growled, when Mr. Rodman explained the change about to be made; and, "Hope you like yer job," he fired at the girl as he slammed the door in leaving.

"I'm sorry to have ousted any one from their position in this manner." Doris looked troubled. Mr. Rodman smiled reassuringly. "He deserved a physical rather than a verbal ousting," he declared. "The man's no good—he's proved untrustworthy in many ways. And his nerve is poor. That's what this job calls for, Miss—er—Richards: steady nerves, emergency courage, *grit*. I think you'll qualify. Good luck!"

Often in the still night-watches, their chill-breathed silences unbroken even by the tick-tick of the instrument, Doris had to remind herself, rigorously, uncompromisingly, of the good fight she was fighting—of the pearl beyond price that was to be the reward. It was not the silence she minded—the silence that seemed immutable; not the impenetrable dark of the night; but that, from out of the dark and the silence, there glared two baleful eyes—the eyes of the deposed operator, threatening, vengeful, crafty. Those eyes peopled the dark and made sinister the silence. It was in those times that she had to recall most vividly Tom's lean, young face, with the telltale patches of hectic flush on each too-prominent cheekbone; in those times that she planned and contrived most zealously for the tiny shack back from the station, that she was transforming into a home for herself and for Tom, when he should leave his battlefield—victorious. And that glad day dawned at last—as all days do dawn for us who live bravely thru the night. Tom came up from the sanitarium with only a very tiny doubt as to his bill of health; that doubt to be effaced completely by continued rest and the tonic—mountain air. Doris took him to the little cabin, made home by love and the blessed woman-knack of home-making, with a thankful prayer in her heart.

"It's going to be a *real* home, dear," she told him, "even with all it lacks. For we've *learnt,* dear, and

we've grown. We're going to love and work *together*—and stand loyally hand in hand."

To the evil all things are smirched and stained. They would brush aside an angel's wings for the sake of a spot on his robe. And so Jake Mills, deposed operator, passed by the faith on the girl's pure face—the love that shone there, needing no golden circlet nor church document to pronounce it pure—and grasped the coarse face-value: the man and the woman sans sanction of a bond. He leered at them from his place of hiding and permitted himself a chuckle.

"You got my place, my fine lady," he muttered, turning on his heel, "but I'll warrant you'll turn it over when *I* get thru with you. What's meat for one man's meat for another. Jake Mills 'll be that 'other'."

Far into the night the reunited married lovers talked together. They laid plans of a future built of the solid rock of mutual hope and faith.

"I've always thought," said Doris, "that if we keep tryst with Life, Life will keep tryst with *us*. We cannot expect to go to bed, as we did when we were kiddies, and let Life come along and fill our figurative stockings. We've got to be giving, too. And we'll give our *best*, Tom, even if that best is life itself——"

"One would *have* to be true to himself in these mountains," Tom said. "Their code seems very lofty to me—the penalty they demand very stern——"

"But the reward they give," whispered Doris, "is very splendid."

Seated at her instrument the following morning, Doris felt exultantly happy and alive. Tom was there, in the home they were building, with the horrible stigma of death lifted from him; they had love, and life, and work to do ahead of them, and they were gloriously equipped. She felt responsive to the vast, monumental patience of the stern mountains. They were not stern when one was giving of one's best. They seemed to understand, then; to impart their vigor, their indomitable courage to the giver. She felt that she could face crucial tests with a buoyant courage — survive them, scarred, but unbeaten. And into the visions of her brain, rudely shattering, stepped Jake Mills. Doris rose to her feet, with the sure instinct of trouble.

"Good-morning," she said pleasantly.

" 'Mornin', girlie." Jake leaned against the window-ledge and eyed her, from shining head to boot-tips, with offensive amusement in his eyes.

"What can I do for you?" Doris seated herself at her instrument again, with an air of detached nonchalance.

"Lots." Jake chuckled meaningly.

"Please explain yourself." Doris copied a dispatch unnecessarily, and her fingers trembled slightly.

"P'haps you wouldn't think there was any 'please' to it if I did"—Jake straightened himself, and a dull red suffused his face—"but as yer *want* an explanation," he finished, "here's it!" Before she could speak or move, in her horrified amaze, his heavy arms were holding her and his coarse mouth claiming hers. Like some wild animal, trapped and fiercely resistive, she struggled, uttering shrieks suppressed against his shoulder and beating him with her frail strength.

It was Tom, slowly lifting the studding of their shack, who heard her calls. As he ran pell-mell to the station, his new revolver trembled in his tyro hand like a gust-driven weather-vane.

"No, no—oh, Tom!" The words beat down the wind, cutting deep into his heart.

"Hands up!" a terribly white face, with shining, tigerish eyes, peered into the station window, over a swaying weapon.

Jake pushed the woman from him, with a smothered oath. She staggered to the window, her breath strangling with sobs.

Then her eyes widened, dilated, until the homely station seemed a thousand miles from her vision.



"QUICK!" SHE GASPED; "BACK TO THE STATION——"

Far in the distances, where the twin rails spanned the lofty trestle and were devoured by the mountains, a single flame shot up, then multiplied —spread—splotched the crystal air with lurid gold. So vividly they rose against the deep, forest green and lichened rocks that Doris saw at once. And at once she knew. "The despatch—Jake Mills—the ten-fifteen express—the division superintendent—the code— *O merciful God!*"

Impelled by that force out of which heroism is moulded and martyrs made, Doris sprang to the door. Rushing swiftly toward her, aware of what she would attempt, was Jake Mills, face distorted with the enormity of his evil crime.

"Tom!" went the clear call, made clarion by anguished desperation; "Tom—the gun—the gun——"

And while Mills was covered from the rear, the woman, who was obeying a call stronger than fear of life or of death, ran blindly on. It is stress that calls to life the infinite in man. It was the infinite that guided Doris now—that urged her, dauntless, into the crucible.

It was a clean three miles to the place where the gorge met the trestle —miles of flinty, crimson porphyry, wiry brush and slipping sand. Far down on the mesa below, the toy train, glinting brightly in the sun, was preparing to make its climb up the steep grades to the shadowy gorge and the doomed trestle.

Doris, falling, rising again, slipping, staggering, struggled on—to the tracks where they met the holocaust of twisted, ruby steel.

Oh, God in heaven! that swaying, tottering trestle—those hissing, hungry, violent flames—the scorch—the rush—the livid, twisted face of Life —the hot embrace of Death—the horror! Oh, Blessed Redeemer! the air on tortured flesh—the speeding engine almost at the brink—the last wan strength that raised the crimson flag—the rescue! The code, the unalterable code had been appeased. The price was paid.

Rodman, descending from the train, caught the crumpled girl as she fell forward.

"Quick!" she gasped; "back to the station—Tom is——"

Then she mercifully fainted, and her torn brain refused to go on with its work.

It was the powerful "super" who



IT WAS THE POWERFUL "SUPER" WHO TORE JAKE'S FINGERS FROM TOM'S THROAT

tore Jake's fingers from Tom's throat and, with a boring, smashing jolt, sent him crashing to the station floor. And one more tired brain and aching, battered head refused to do its functions.

They stood together that night, Tom and Doris, looking up at the overhanging mountains. They seemed to look down with a protective understanding. A peace—a calm—an assurance came from their purpled hollows. Doris, bandaged, spent, radiantly happy, leaned against Tom's arm.

"It is as I said," she murmured: "as they give, they must be given to; and when the giving is unasked, then they are kind. The price is paid, and they have given their splendid reward—the big work they promise us—your precious, precious life——"

Tom was silent. He was seeing, with an awful, inward horror, the price they *might* have exacted—the awful price—averted almost miraculously. He was seeing, too, the code—life's code—the tryst exacted. He was realizing the omnipotence of a woman's love.

"Oh, little girl!" he choked—"*my* girl—my *mate!*"

Back to the Play

By L. M. THORNTON

After the lure of the summer days,
  After the riot of shore and sea,
Back I come to my picture plays—
  And, oh! the welcome they give to me!
Scenes of a distant land, perchance—
  Italy, Spain for far Japan;
Mine while I sit in a happy trance,
  Blessing the skill of the picture man.

After the glare of the midday sun,
  After the tramping o'er stubble-field,
Back with an added ardor won—
  Now for the joys the pictures yield.
Weary mine eyes of the real tonight,
  Lonely was I while long away;
Hungry I come for my old delight,
  The sweet content of the picture play.



The HOPE of BLIND ALLEY (101 BISON)

BY GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Photoplay by MURDOCK MACQUARRIE, who directed it and played the leading part

'WE shall lose him!'' mourned the sad-faced girl-woman with three wee toddlers clinging to her skirts. She was thinking of the kindly, cheering smile that brightened up a wintry day and made poverty seem not quite so dull and bleak. ''We shall lose him!'' sighed the liquor-driven Jake Newcombe, whose oft unsteady step his compassioning hand had guided.

''We shall lose him!'' trebled the tiny crippled lad, into whose patient ear full many a fairy legend had been spun by him who knew so well the listener's need.

And all around Blind Alley the sad intelligence ran—that Jeane Basse had come into a legacy, and that Blind Alley would know him no longer. He had been friend to all the Alley inmates—friend and wise counselor, boon companion and ready sympathizer. In his own stress of anxiety he had never once forgot that another's need might be greater still. From his small store of worldly blessings he had ever managed to eke out a tithe for some poorer one, and of the riches of his soul and the fullness of his heart he gave luxuriously. He was the quaint philosopher, the unconsciously whimsical, the indomitable optimist, the truly great of heart. And, while Blind Alley mourned and condoned together under the weather-racked lamp in the middle of the Square, Jeane Basse sat in his neat attic with his granddaughter, Pauline, arranging his miniature statuary for the day's round and addressing her from time to time with an amused chuckle.

''I had thought, my girl,'' he was saying, ''that legacies came only to young gallants with bonny brides to win—such as, mayhap, young Donovan up the stairs——''

Pauline, slim, youthful, starry-eyed, with her young exuberance tempered by a touch of wistful gravity, blushed rose-petal red—as Jeane had intended she should.

''But now that you *have* the legacy, grandfather dear,'' she insisted, ''what shall you do with it?''

''The heart of a man is ever a selfish one,'' smiled Jeane, ''and mine is no better clay than my brother's—therefore——''

''Therefore?'' prompted Pauline, sliding to the floor and leaning against his knee.

''Therefore,'' mused the old man, carefully placing an extremely belligerent statuette of Napoleon Bona-

parte, "therefore, I shall buy me—a stove-pipe hat."

"*A stove-pipe hat,* grandfather!" shrilled the girl. "You are jesting—that among other things, perhaps, but what else?"

"The stove-pipe hat," persisted Jeane, not a whit disconcerted by the somewhat scornful incredulity with which his momentous announcement was made, "shall be a silk one, Pauline—a very tall one—a very shiny one—and encircled by a silken band. Inside of it shall be a white lining—also silken, Pauline—and it shall bear in letters of gold the name of a haberdasher."

"But, grandfather," interrupted the girl. Jeane waved her aside. His were the eyes of one who sees a beatific vision, and his lips were gently curved. The "Little Emperor" had toppled over, but he was all forgotten. Down a vista of years Jeane was seeing a tiny, wide-eyed boy gazing, face aflame, at a portly gentleman most correctly attired and topped with a stove-pipe hat. The passionate admiration that little heart had felt! The long, long way that correctly attired gentleman stood from him, by reason of the stove-pipe hat—proud insignia of aristocracy! Jeane followed the years apace—and remembered a slender youth just touched on eyes and lips with manhood, and its problem, and its pain. Passing him by, head averted, was a lily of a girl, fragile and fair and fine, and she leaned on the arm of a stalwart youth—who wore a stove-pipe hat! The agony of jealousy that wounded heart had felt! The unresisting barrier that stove-pipe hat had meant! What were the dreams in his eyes, and the faith in his soul, and the truth in his heart, to one who might wear a stove-pipe hat? Jeane came back to the present, eyes touched a little with mist for the old-time regret. Well, he, too, would wear a stove-pipe hat at last, and in so doing clasp hands an instant with those dear dream-people of the long ago. He smiled down at Pauline and stroked her hair gently.



THE READING OF THE WILL

"Little one," he said fondly, "the long, long years, with their freight of pains and joys, strip our souls bare of all the present desires and fancied needs and wants. We see with vision clearly true—and we find that, after all, we do not want the many, many things. We want the *ideal* born when our hearts were young—and never given up. We want that which has been to us the *Best* we know. To me it has seemed the Best to be a *gentleman*. A great-souled gentleman, Pauline—one who stands close to the pulse of the world—and very close to God. And because I *am* an old, old man, my girl, and very near the journey's end, I go back to that ideal of my lonely childhood—a stove-pipe hat."

The girl's eyes flushed with tears; her arms went round the dreamer.

"You dont need a stove-pipe hat, grandfather darling, to be a gentleman," she exclaimed. "But I understand, dear, perfectly—and you must buy one this very day."

The old man rose and took up the shelf-like arrangement on which he peddled his quaint images. As he neared the door he stopped a moment and looked back.

"And the rest, my girl," he said, "let us divide among our good friends in the Alley. There is so much of hunger and despair."

For the prodigal reward of a bare subsistence, Donovan Steele was offering up to Art the freshness of his youth, the flower of his ambition, the strength and determination of his manhood. He wooed her with a bright courage and a glowing faith, and he carried as a bribe the unsullied love he bore Pauline Wayne.



"WE SHALL LOSE HIM!" MOURNED EVERYBODY IN BLIND ALLEY

They stood together now, at his window, gazing down the narrow alleyway leading to the street, from which busy thorofare Jeane Basse would come.

"It was so pitiful, Donovan," Pauline was saying—"all his years of work and discouragement—all the

weary battles he has fought—and the bigness of his soul; and then, at the last, to ask of life—a stove-pipe hat."

"He has served great gods, Pauline," Donovan made answer—"the gods whose gifts the eye of man cant see. The stove-pipe hat to him is a symbol bigger than we know. That it *is* a stove-pipe hat is characteristic of him."

Across the way the thin voice of a crippled lad called from the window: "Look! here comes Jeane Basse!"

Handsome head erect, fine old eyes alight with that big happiness of a dream long dreamed come true, step firm as tho he bore on his arm that lily-girl of his youth, Jeane Basse came down the Alley and under the lamp in the Square.

"Hurray!" shouted the crippled lad, delightedly. Heads came from every window around the Square and up the Alley—all eyes were alight as they fell on the proud old man—all voices gave acclaim.

"And he aint going to leave!" cried the little lad, lurching himself nearer the sill; "he told me he wasn't."

Jeane Basse looked up at the tiny lad from under the silken hat with eyes as tenderly kind as ever they had been beneath a humbler headgear.

"We stick together, laddie," he said gently—"you and I and Blind Alley."

"Men's moments of pride are few," Jeane told Pauline, as she met him at their door the following night, eager to hear particulars of the legacy. He had left in the morning, accompanied by the lawyer, in all the regalia of his oddly incongruous head-gear. He had been childishly happy, and his smile had touched each heart that met him with a sudden, sunny warmth. He returned still smiling, but the stove-pipe had gone.

"Grandfather dear—your hat?"

"I have worn one, my dear," responded the old man, "and that is enough. I should have liked it to lend dignity to my white locks, but, no doubt, a head more fit than mine will grace it. I sold it back to the haberdasher at a small sacrifice. He was very kind. He has the soul of a gentleman."

"But the legacy," persisted the puzzled girl—"what—why—wherefore?"

"The legacy, my dear, belongs to creditors rather than to us. By them it has been attached. It consisted of the contents of a small cottage, and the one remaining article left us is a painting. We'll go tell Donovan about it and get his advice. I am no judge of art, my dear, and this token of it appears exceeding shabby to me."

"Donovan will see some beauty in it," laughed the girl. "No canvas extant is *un*beautiful to him. And, dear, soon, very soon, you must have a stove-pipe hat again."

"I would like it," admitted Jeane; "it was becoming, Pauline. It made a gentleman of old Jeane Basse."

"I am not sure," Donovan declared, "but it looks like an original Van Dyke," his artist soul shining excitedly from his gray eyes, "and if so, it is worth all and far more than the entire legacy. Take it to Raeburn," he advised. "Or, better still, bring it to my studio, and I will notify him that you have a genuine Van Dyke there. He'll come at once and probably buy it from you and pay you well."

Donovan arranged to remain in the background when the connoisseur arrived.

Raeburn was one thing more than artist and collector—he was financier. And a financier who would not hesitate to make capital of the weak, the ignorant, the easily fooled.

"Worthless!" he assured Jeane, airily. "However, my good man, for the trouble you have been put to I will give you two dollars, and we'll let the matter drop."

"Is that all a Van Dyke is worth to you, Mr. Raeburn?" It was Pauline who put the question in a little, cool, detached voice that went

directly home. The artist laughed amusedly.

"A Van Dyke is a treasure, my dear little girl," he told her, "but you have not a Van Dyke here—no. Nor even a good copy."

Jeane rose, signifying his intention to depart, and Raeburn, with a sharp glance at Pauline, busied himself in wrapping the painting. Long proximity to poverty had made Pauline alert to the trickery whereby the greater feed upon the less. She was the woman; and, inherently, she was fighting for the happiness of those dear to her—her grandfather and her artist lover.

"Mr. Raeburn," she said very quietly, "may I beg that you give us the painting? It may be worthless; but if it is not worth more than two dollars, it is surely not worthy of theft."

Philip Raeburn had reached his present prominent position in life by means of two things—a certain talent not to be denied, and the felicitous habit of trampling under foot any and every one who could be trampled. In Jeane Basse and Pauline he saw merely the humble attire. He did not look beneath, and he acted accordingly. Pauline's swift knowledge of the theft he was attempting—her cool, sarcastic observance—put the matter on a different footing. He was none the less determined to possess the masterpiece unfairly, but the possession must be more subtly done. He realized that he was dealing not with the clothes worn, but with the wearers of the clothes. Therefore, he tossed aside the wrappings and laughed frankly, infectiously.



"NO, YOU SHALL NOT PAINT HER, YOU——"

"I win!" he declared genially—"and this is what I bet: that those gray eyes, my dear little girl, with the odd, amethystine tints, were as brightly observant as they are beautiful. Do you know, Mr. Basse"—turning to Jeane, who stood hat in hand, startled gaze on the debonair face—"do you know that you have a most remarkable type in your—er—daughter?"

Jeane smiled. His fine old face was curiously gentle. He saw, with those



DONOVAN RESENTS RAEBURN'S IMPERTINENT ADVANCES

deep-seeing eyes of his soul, the sorry game Raeburn was playing, and he was compassionate. He had not lived in Blind Alley these many years for nothing. He had been very near Life's quick. He was familiar with all the distortedness man's soul is capable of. He knew the human passions well—and yet he trusted; and his trust, as implicit as a little child's, was founded on the Christ in man—the Christ who was crucified that the souls of men might live. He knew that somewhere, under the dross, under the accumulated waste-heap of the years, that Patient One abided. And so he was able to smile now into Raeburn's eyes.

"She is very lovely, sir," he answered, with a simple dignity, "and your opinion is valuable."

"I should like to paint her," Raeburn declared. "And *that* gives me the idea! For the portrait I shall have this quaint little daub, which proves at once my whimsical fancy—and my generosity——"

"No, you shall not paint her! you——"

Raeburn turned, startled, to meet the stern gaze of Donovan, who now came forward, his fists clinched, his eyes ablaze.

"So this is your game!" he muttered; "you know the picture is genuine, and you would not only take advantage of these poor people, but——"

"Dont, Donovan," pleaded Pauline and Jeane in almost one breath.

"We do not wish to sell, nor to trade, Mr. Raeburn," said Jeane.

It had seemed to Donovan Steele, in the unlightened years of his apprenticeship, that Art had misinterpreted the command that reads "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and construed it into "It is more blessed to receive than to give." And now, at last, success seemed coming near, bearing in one hand her laurel-wreath, and in the other the long, bitter nights of his weary despair, the galling tears, the dulling of his youth. These things he must accept. They were as much a part of him as ever the laurel-wreath could be. They were the purchase price. After the connoisseur had come and gone on the very day Jeane and Pauline visited Raeburn, Donovan took the munificent check and faced himself in the three-cornered, cracked mirror. And there he saw his battle-scars. Soul-scars they were—of toil-worn defeats and victories dearly bought. And yet, he knew that the fight had been a good one. Tho he had sunk into deep waters, he had come up with the rose-pearl of success. The gate of obscurity had swung wide. He was still young—and his blood was warm—and there were long years, and far countries, and many things to learn. And there was Pauline! Pauline, who had stood loyal while he ate the crusts of the unwanted—Pauline, who had loved him while he stood empty-handed and unbefriended. Well, she should soon know how endlessly, how bountifully he could remember. He would show her how deep her faith had sunk.

She was coming now. He heard her step on the stair—a tired little

step, and he guessed that something had gone awry.

"Come!" he called, in answer to her knock, and the light in his eyes was great enough to light fires in her own.

"It has come," she breathed—"the Success you have won!"

"And you have come," he breathed, as she entered his waiting arms—"the Woman I love."



DONOVAN BREAKS THE GOOD NEWS

"We have lost him!" mourned Blind Alley.

He had not gone to the church the bright May morning when Pauline and Donovan were made one flesh. He was "tired," he said. He had been tired for many days, and the shelf-like arrangement containing the miniature statuary hung idle on its nail. Perhaps the indomitable soul would have propelled the tired body still, had he not known Pauline to be provided for. As things were, his work was done. Life had not been copious with her gifts—yet, he had found her sweet. Now she was thru with what he could give, and he had earned a rest. He was sorry to leave Blind Alley—he had been able to help them so in his small way. With the clear knowledge of one whose soul is fast breaking its moorings to the flesh, Jeane knew that the tiny, crippled lad would not be long in following. He wondered whether, in that country to whose shores they were hastening, the little lad would care for the tales that had made Blind Alley an enchanted spot. He wondered many things—about Pauline and Donovan, and their future life. The dear children—they were so young—they had so much ahead of them. He thought of the stove-pipe hat. It would have been nice to have had it to the end. The dream had been so long—the fulfillment so brief.

"Grandfather," a glad young voice whispered in his ear, "we are home again, dear, and see what we have brought you—see!"

Jeane Basse opened his tired eyes from which the light of the world was rapidly dimming.

"A stove-pipe hat!" he said softly, gladly. "I am glad, my girl—my little girl. Jeane Basse can die—a gentleman"

"Dont, dear." Pauline held his head tenderly, and Donovan knelt by the couch, clasping the old hand in his strong young one.

"Now that we are married, sir," he said, "we are all going to be happy together."

Jeane smiled. "I shall be with you, children," he said, "nearer and dearer than ever I have been in Blind Alley; and I want you to have the Van Dyke—a wedding present, Pauline, from the grandfather who loved you dearly. And now"—the old man sat suddenly erect—"give me the stove-pipe hat, Pauline," he said, "in my hand, dear." Carefully he placed it on the noble head, and his smile was a very happy one.

"It is well," he murmured, as they laid him back; "Jeane Basse—can—die—a gentleman."

"We have lost him!" mourned Blind Alley, for Jeane Basse was dead—but—— "We haint lost him," shrilled the tiny, crippled lad, " 'cause he's living—in my heart."

Three Men and A Woman



by Edwin M. LaRoche (Lubin)

This story was written from the Photoplay by
GEORGE T. TERWILLIGER

"What is he like—Duncan Maynard?" Temple flecked a spoon reflectively in his sorbet, unconsciously beating time to the tempo of the violins in the ballroom.

"Ask me, 'What does he like?' and I can give you a quick answer."

The woman with coils of flame-shot hair and brilliant, brown eyes leaned forward impressively, as if gathering the points of a charge to the jury.

"In the first place," she began, "he doesn't understand woman—that means an awful lot to his wife. It seems as if the greater part of me—the fun-loving, dancing, pleasure part—was under a microscope, and that his clear, gray eyes were holding me there for analysis. 'What is she?' the eyes question; 'my mate, my ideal, or just part good and part abhorrent?' "

"You feel like the mouse to his lion," suggested Temple.

"Exactly. He's so big and awkward and strong."

"And when you fire, he ices."

"You understand," the woman said slowly, permitting his hand to touch her arm in sympathy. "And still he sends me to dances—says that I must represent him."

"And you do," affirmed Temple, confidently. "Pardon my analysis, but I think that Maynard is using you as a shield to his boorishness."

"Perhaps you are right," she said, rising to a spirited overture from the ballroom. "I have heard of such things. And now let us dance—dance and forget!"

Olive Maynard was noted for her graceful dancing, and the best of partners were generally hers for the choosing. But, if she were graceful, Temple was the veritable god of motion. As the stringed pieces throbbed out a sensuous Andalusian air, she felt only the slight touch, like a stray leaf, of his hand on her shoulder. His body neither swayed nor bobbed like that of other men; his strong limbs seemed barely to touch the floor.

"You dance so well," she said, as he led her to a seat.

"I could do anything well with such an inspiration," he permitted himself to say.

Later on in the week, Duncan Maynard joined a group of chatting men at his club. A chance word, a snickering laugh had warned him of John Temple's attentions to his wife. But with his coming, and his grim,



TEMPLE'S ATTENTIONS SET ALL THE TONGUES AWAGGING

tired face, the conversation headed into less dangerous channels.

He knew Temple, by hearsay, as a polished and heartless flit-about, a conqueror of women, and the thought of him possessed Maynard, as hours later, he watched his wife's exquisite face across the gleaming mahogany dinner-table.

"This man Temple," he said evenly, but with a command back of the words, "does he amuse you?"

The blood rushed to Olive's colorless cheeks, but she eyed him squarely enough.

"Yes," she said, "he's a beautiful dancer, and witty, and a cure for the blues."

"That's all?"—the gray eyes snapped metallic sparks—"you are positive that's all?"

"Duncan," said the woman suddenly, "you frighten the girl half of me, the frivolous half, terribly when you speak that way; but I'm grown up, dear, and your wife, and so you only insult me."

"I'm sorry," he said, his eyes softening, "but tongues are wagging, and I let you know fairly that I'd pitch your dancer off the housetop if he causes you a blush."

"I'm sure he'd light on his feet," she said saucily, "in spite of my beastie darling."

Duncan Maynard smiled. "There are some men," he expounded, "that can snake their way out of trouble or into a woman's graces with the agility of a cat. As for me, because I'm big, I'm expected to work mightily and to deal only big blows."

"And you, too, have your admirers," she cheered, touching his mane of coarse, graying hair. "There's young Brooks—he thinks you a god."

"He fears me like a god, you mean," Maynard yawned; "and even at that, I'm afraid I cant make anything out of the boy—he's too dashed good-looking for an M.E."

"I cant see why handsome men are doomed," said Olive, "especially in the eyes of the ugly ones. Now, there's John Temple," she illustrated boldly, "give him half a chance—"

"And he'll take it—with a woman. You see, I've met him intuitively."

"I have more faith in him than in Brooks," she defended.

"So have I," he said grimly; "whatever that's worth."

Olive felt refreshed after her talk

with Duncan concerning John Temple. He had sneered at him, uncovered a threat, but had consented to discuss him. So much was a victory, and she felt that she had defended him and given Duncan warning of her liking for him.

The next day Temple called. It was his first call at her home, and it rather frightened her to see him actually sitting near her in her own drawing-room. Balls and dances require a certain amount of physical intimacy, and the talk that goes with it, but to bring his attentions inside of her citadel, well—— Her thoughts took wing.

There were things on his mind outside of mere dances, and she read it in his eyes—read his love for her. Yet she could not dismiss him. At last he spoke, and his words were eloquent and well chosen.

"The lighter half of you likes me, does it not?—and perhaps this is your best, your true half."

His low, forceful words dinned in her ears with the strong detonation of sounds under water. She could not stop them, answer them, nor quite fathom them. John Temple was making passionate love to her, that she realized; but the flow of quiet, merciless words crushed against her brain and smothered her answering words.

"Dont, dont!" Olive managed to cry out; "you do not know me, or you would not say such things. Leave me at once, I beg of you!"

The words went on—intense, subtle, coiling in and out of the hidden chambers of her heart.

Olive leaned back, her eyes half-closed, a look of misery distorting her beautiful face.

"Go—before it is too late!"

Then the quick rasp of a motor-car brake came up to them, and thru the half-drawn blinds they saw Duncan lift a limp man from the tonneau and bear him toward the house.

"Quick!" she gasped; "it's my husband and young Brooks."

"I want to meet Duncan Maynard —for your sake."

Olive shivered in answer, but already she could hear uneven steps on the stairs. The two men must meet.

The door was kicked open, and Duncan, with his burden in his arms, advanced into the room.

"It's Brooks," he panted; "the arm of a traveling crane hit him, and I rushed him here. Phone for a doctor, will you?"

For the first time, Duncan's eyes fell upon Temple, who met his glance calmly.

"I am John Temple," he said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes"—Duncan measured his words as if sighting a weapon—"you will oblige me by clearing out."

"Two broken ribs, a fractured elbow and a shattered clavicle," enumerated the doctor, as he arose from his examination of Brooks.



"YOU WILL OBLIGE ME BY CLEARING OUT"

"Clavicle—what's that?" inquired Duncan.

"Collar-bone," explained the doctor.

"You might have said that first," growled Duncan. "Olive," he added, turning to the pallid woman, "this is a case that we can handle. I've had all of these breaks myself, and I'm still fairly alive."

Her eyes, still fear-haunted, questioned his.

"I expect you to look after him, to nurse him," Duncan explained. "I think you need distraction from your social duties."

She caught the hidden meaning in his words and bent over the groaning engineer. Her cool hand stroked his forehead, and his eyes, big and brown like a stag's, looked up gratefully at her.

"Come, Doc," said Duncan, "he's in good hands, right enough. I'll run you back to town if you say so."

The door closed, and Olive turned again to the wounded man. She could not help noticing that he was strikingly handsome—the English type, with a baby's clear skin and heavy clusters of brown hair above his boyish eyes.

He noticed that she was staring at him, and his eyes took on a troubled look.

"There, there," she soothed; "go to sleep—it will do you a world of good."

Olive patted his towsled pillow, and Brooks closed his eyes obediently.

She turned to prepare fresh bandages, and his eyes opened. She caught him staring at her.

"I'd rather talk," he defended humbly. His voice was low, deep, rich, like processional bass chords.

"He is only a boy," she appraised, and so they talked long and pleasantly—the woman with a touch of mothering tenderness in her voice.

He lay flat on his back for three weeks. Then she helped him into a reclining-chair, and when the shift was completed, and the handsome convalescent lay back smiling and breathing heavily, she permitted him to hold her hand in sheer gratitude.

Olive often caught the ardent look in Brooks' eyes. He made no effort to screen it from her, and she felt that he was fast falling in love with her.

"He'll be here but a few days longer," she thought, "and he's a delicious change from both the brute and the serpent."



"I EXPECT YOU TO LOOK AFTER HIM, TO NURSE HIM"

The serpent had absented himself strangely for one who had half-fascinated his prey. But one day he called, as nonchalant as ever and with the appearance of one who had simply been biding his time.

"You might have remembered the tableau of your last call," said Olive, with a touch of warning in her voice, "and how near Duncan came to being violent."

"I tell you flatly he's a brute. I'm not mincing matters—a brute, and I owe it to you to protect you."

"I'm beset with protectors, it

seems—there's the damaged boy upstairs, for instance."

"It's in you to trifle with him, too, I judge," said Temple, with a nasty fleer in his voice, "but you're making a mistake to pick out a calf like that."

Olive colored to the nape of her white neck. The serpent held her pretty cheap, then? A thrust-about for the handiest man?

"You go too far," she said icily; "neither you nor your advice are welcome."

"If Maynard were here," Temple taunted, "he would consider my course the manlier one. No soft looks, no pillow to smooth, no hands to——"

"Kindly address your oration to him, then."

A heavy, vigorous step scraped on the stone stoop. Duncan entered the drawing-room and measured the pair with his solemn, outdoor eyes.

"I have no need to ask," he said, "whether this call is agreeable to Mrs. Maynard. For the second time I ask you to leave my house. You are not my kind—nor, God forbid, her's."

Duncan turned his back while the humiliated Temple was leaving. Then he faced Olive squarely, and she glimpsed the fiery light blazing back of his eyes.

"Come upstairs," he said curtly; "I have something important to discuss with you and Brooks."

Olive led the way into the presence of the convalescent. She noticed that he paled and that his hands trembled slightly before Duncan's stare.

"Olive, sit down," Duncan commanded, almost gently. "In the space of six hours I'm off for Panama. The Government has ordered me to the 'Big Ditch,' and the steamer sails at six."

If the brute hadn't had an honest heart, he might have noticed the swift look that signaled from one to the other of his audience.

"I'm going to leave Mrs. Maynard in your care," he resumed, facing Brooks; "she couldn't stand roughing it. Look after her as you would your own sister."

For the space of a heart-flutter there was a stony silence. Then Brooks half-rose in his chair and gripped his chief's hand. "I'm there!" he said, with a gulp in his throat; "it's my biggest job!"

Shortly afterwards they heard Duncan overhead, spilling trunks open and making ready for his hasty flight. And thereupon a strange silence fell between them.

A month passed by, an inactive period for the serpent and a busy one for the knight. On several occasions, as Brooks was hurrying to Olive's home, he met Temple, but the two merely scowled at each other, and Temple never tried to intrude upon her again. Whereat the knight took much credit upon himself for his vigilance of her.

Then, on the wings of chance, a rare opportunity came to Brooks that caused him to absent himself for the space of an evening and to pace his room, while he gathered together a plan.

It seems a friend of his, one of the "Asphalt Kings," had written him from some outlandish island off the Colombian coast, asking Brooks if he would not like to run down in the "king's" yacht and pick him up for the return trip.

Nothing suited Brooks better—his trouble now lay in how he could best abandon Maynard's wife. Then the inspiration came to him that, with a dash of prevarication, he could very well compromise the situation—by taking Olive along with him.

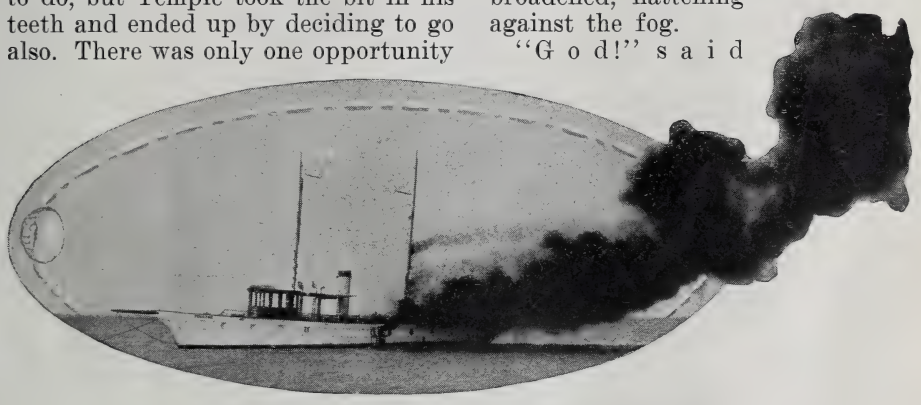
She was fond of him, that he knew; she believed him a perfect knight; and he need tell her only that Maynard had chartered the yacht to fetch her to Panama. Once on the high seas, with a villain of a captain and the scummiest crew he could sign, Brooks felt that she would have plenty of time to arrive at his own conclusions by the time they stepped ashore: that she had had enough of

the brute and would risk the rôle of handmaiden to the perfect knight.

Olive took to the trip more quickly than he thought. It was adventurous; she sailed with a man she thought her hero; and, in the end, she would join her husband.

One thing only saved them from slipping away unseen—the little matter of money. Brooks needed it badly, and in his round of the banks the serpent got wind of the trip and turned all the colors of a chameleon when he sensed the meaning of it.

For a man who had never run more physical risk than the mazes of a cotillion, it was a foolhardy thing to do, but Temple took the bit in his teeth and ended up by deciding to go also. There was only one opportunity



A FIRE BREAKS OUT ON THE *FALCONETTE*

—to ship as one of the crew. And on the early morning when the *Falconette* slipped her mooring in the bay, there was no tougher-looking able-bodied seaman on her decks than the serpent, with his grimy blue duck blouse and his long, white neck peering into the breeze.

The lights of the Jersey coast resorts, the rough water of Hatteras, the warm steam of the Gulf Stream, all these the yacht passed quickly, shoving her slim, white breast into the mirror-blue waters of the coral islands.

Then, like the smoke from the galley-stove, a murky, close-woven fog settled over the Caribbean, causing the *Falconette* to slow down and barely to grope her blind way along.

The captain reckoned they were within a day's run of the island, tho he was drunk most of the time, and in his sober moments confessed that "they might be in the Pacific, for all he knew."

The crew had the run of the ill-fated yacht, and Temple, in his off hours, would sit hard by the cabin trunk and moodily watch the all-absorbed knight and his charge.

On the fatal night, as the yacht still lay swathed in her shroud of fog, two bells had struck, and Brooks and Olive were still seated on the after-deck, lost in thoughts of each other.

A murky, flickering, unholy light arose from the galley and slowly broadened, flattening against the fog.

"God!" said Brooks, stumbling to his feet—"what's that?"

Then his jaw dropped, and he stood staring dumbly, gripping the rail for dear life with his big, brown hands.

A rush of feet pounded up from the crew's quarters, and in an instant the deck was filled with cursing, shouting men.

Temple stood by the little quarter-boat lashed to the roof of the cabin-house, his sailor's knife in his hand. There came the rush of two half-clad figures, the flash of a knife, and then slipping, sliding feet on the blood-wet deck.

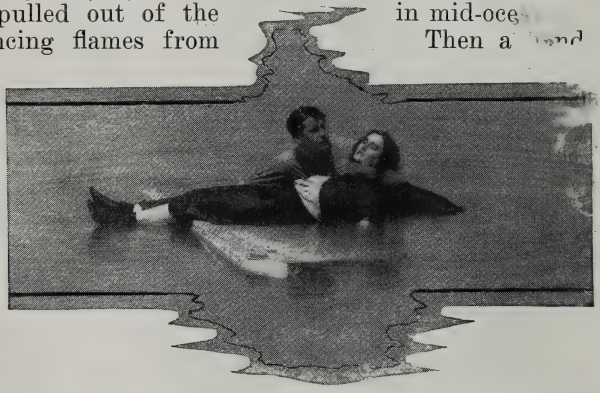
One man arose from the silent sprawl of arms and legs and took his place by the boat again.

In an instant he was sent reeling

from the impact of a rush of men; the boat was cut from its lashings and dropped over the *Falconette's* side. And just above the bobbing boat, with its load of maddened men, stood Brooks, his hands still gripping the rail, his face twisted into a fixed look of terror.

His scream cut the air, and with it his body came tumbling down toward the boat, to land on the small of his broad back and go caroming off into the sea.

Temple watched the boat put off. There was time, he knew, to shower down gold on its crew and to lower Olive to their tender mercies. Still he did not sing out, and the overloaded boat pulled out of the circle of dancing flames from



INCH BY INCH, THE RAFT WORKED AWAY FROM THE BURNING HEAT

the *Falconette,* leaving only these two behind.

The serpent came close to the crouching woman and drew her hands from her eyes.

"There are you and I left," he said; "wait for me. I'm going below for an empty oil barrel or so."

She looked up at him in the glaring, swaying light, and even then he was sure that she did not recognize him.

Temple scrambled below and staggered up with the heavy barrels. He spiked them together with some spare planks, and forthwith a crude raft lay ready to hand. With the aid of a block and fall, he lowered it over the yacht's side, where it rocked tipsily.

"Come," he said, and Olive followed him obediently.

It was foolhardy, putting off from the doomed yacht on their crazy craft, but the hot ashes were already scorching their hair and stinging their faces, and a withering sheet of flame had advanced as far as the yacht's waist.

Inch by inch, the rocking raft worked away from the terrible heat. They now lay in a weird half-light, like the spell preceding a gray dawn.

Temple felt the eyes of the woman fastened upon him, and he smiled rather bitterly as he saw that recognition of him was dawning upon her.

"John Temple!"

He bowed in po[l]ment—a queer th[i]in mid-oce[a]

Then a [hand]

the sea, clutched the raft it to careening perilously. drenched face followed th contorted, handsome feat[u]perfect knight.

"Howard! Howard!" screamed the joyous voice of Olive.

Brooks started to climb onto raft.

"There is room for only two," said Temple; "get off."

But as he leaned over the swimmer, ready to enforce his words, the frantic woman bore him down from hind. Brooks scrambled upon the rocking raft, which slowly started to sink.

Temple violently shook himself free. "Quick!" he commanded—"the water for both of us, you fool!" and as Brooks showed no intention of

leaving, he charged him with bent shoulders.

The two hit the water with a splash and sank in a medley of locked arms and legs. For a moment there were heavy thrashing, groans, curses, the sound of a smashing blow, and then a series of gentle gurgles, with a myriad of bubbles on the water's surface.

One man swam back to the raft. It was Temple.

He crouched, shivering like a half-drowned dog. "He was a beastly coward and cad," he muttered over and over. [illegible] the terrified woman [illegible] longer and burst [illegible] aft sat huddled [illegible] an hour, while the heart of the woman poured itself [illegible] ban[illegible]ee wails into the silvery [illegible]

"I [illegible]" said Temple, raising his [illegible] his knees; "I hear the sou[illegible]"

[illegible]gh, down the murky breez[illegible] the "thump-thump" of vigoro[illegible] strokes against thole-pins.

Temple set up a series of vigorous [illegible]s—tiny squeals in the vast gloom [illegible] them. But soon an answering [illegible]me back to them, and they [illegible]t they were saved.

[illegible]ned hours before the boat [illegible]em and drew them on [illegible] in the row back to shore [illegible]nt that they were off the [illegible]anama, and that their rescuers were part of a construction crew working for Duncan Maynard.

"We must meet, then," he thought, with his wet arms steadying the woman, "and have it out at last."

Maynard met the boat as its crew jumped out and ran it up on the beach.

He stared like a drunken reveler at sight of Olive in the boat with John Temple; then sprang forward, with a growl of rage, and lifted the shivering serpent out upon the beach.

"You slime of the sea," cried Duncan, "what devil's play spewed you up here with my wife?"

"I'm only a common sailor," said Temple—"that's no way to address me."

"Up the beach with me," ordered Duncan, grasping him by his neck and forcing him along. "I'm going to try to kill you."

There came the sound of blows in the fog, and the sickening impact of bone against flesh.

The woman sat shivering, the epitome of shame and sorrow.

Suddenly she raised her head, her eyes steeling with resolve. Then she fled up the beach to where the men struggled in their death-grip. Temple turned his bleeding, mashed face toward her, and she thought she read an appeal for mercy in his look.

"Duncan, Duncan!" she panted, "listen to one word from me before you kill him!"

Then, as the iron, inexorable face of Duncan towered above her and Temple lay panting on the beach, she flung herself down before her husband and poured out the confession of her past month of weakness. Strange as it sounded to Duncan's ears, the name of the serpent did not once appear.

Then—at the end—Brooks' cowardice and Temple's strength of a man flashed before him in searing, vivid brain-pictures.

Olive finished her confession and crouched, softly sobbing, while Duncan walked over to the mutilated man on the sands.

"Get up!" he said.

"I cant," said Temple.

"Then here's my hand and my heart, too," said Duncan, putting his arm around the serpent and drawing him to his feet; "you're not my kind, but you've behaved like a man, and I respect you for it."

Temple slowly forced himself loose from his new-found friend. Visions of a welcome house warmed the blood in his pounding heart. But he stood off coldly and a bit weak on his legs.

"I've simply lost out," he said, "in a race of three. One's dead; one's a battered hulk, and 'the brute' offers him a few words of cheer."

He turned and walked off down the



"WHAT DEVIL'S PLAY SPEWED YOU UP HERE WITH MY WIFE?"

beach with slipping feet, and they watched him melt into the warm sea mist

"No thanks," he said, half to the combing sea. "It's a cursed pity we landed anywhere but here."

On the Wrong Side of the Movie Screen

A Moving Picture sheet from the wings of the stage is a curious example of optical distortion. It is like a Japanese print, devoid of perspective to the uninitiated. The figures have a strange way of rapidly growing tall and thin and then evolving into sudden hugeness—like "Alice in Wonderland," or a nightmare.

From the front a band of wildly dashing horsemen ride from the distance into the foreground, but from the back of the stage it looks as if they were raining from the heavens down a precipice. An Indian draws an arrow from his quiver, and it looks like a spear. The lover puts out his arms to embrace his sweetheart, and you involuntarily dodge those long arms coming so swiftly your way. A man opens a door and passes thru it—perfectly normally from the front—but to you it looks as if the door were a slicing machine, and had shaved him off like chipped beef. A man sweeps his hat off in a low bow, and the different shapes that hat passes thru would surprise its maker and owner. The fair maiden receives a bouquet and puts it in a vase on the table. When she has completed the operation it looks as if a healthy young tree were standing there. But, best of all, when the hero jumps into the seething waters to rescue the heroine—then you get all the sensations of a bath, without getting wet.

But the most aggravating of all are the printed explanations flashed on the screen. By the time you have deciphered three words backward, it flashes off again, and you are left wondering what it is all about.

NIGHT HAWKS



(ESSANAY)

by Norman Bruce

This story was written from the Photoplay by EDWARD T. LOWE, JR.

I MIGHT commence the spinning of this tale by an apostrophe to Night, "O Stygian Queen, dark-tressed, with moonlight eyes"—you know the sort of thing; or I might lead off with a natty little descriptive bit, as "The dark lay like a palpable mist over lawn and lea." But I shall not employ either of these methods of getting things started. I shall, instead, simply begin.

It was night. Had it not been, it is unlikely that we should have the present pleasure of making the acquaintance of the four gentlemen grouped so cosily about the table in a third-floor rear room of Keefe's Lodging House. To say this house was doubtful would be an exaggeration. No one ever had any doubts about it whatever. I will simply add that "Mug" Murphy, "Spike" Wardell, "Foxy" Nichols and "Shifty" Stone did not look out of place in their surroundings, nor was their conversation inharmonious. Skipping non-essentials and expurgating somewhat for the benefit of lady readers, it appeared that Stone had a grudge against the others, designated as "th' bunch," for holding back a section of his honest earnings. "Blackmailer," "dirty grafter," "double-crosser" and "low-lived pup" were among the mildest of the terms freely passed around. At length, running out, temporarily, of epithets, Stone hit the unoffending table a blow in the solar plexus and jumped to his feet.

"I'm t'roo with de gang, t'roo," he yelled. "Youse—youse *crim'-nals,* dat's wot youse is. I hopes de Distric' Attoiney gits yer good an' plenty, dat's all."

The door banged on his irate back. He was about to descend the stairs, when an idea struck him. "Struck" is the word. A pained expression followed the unwonted activity of his brain; then, with shuffling steps and backward glances, he approached the door, neighbor to the one he had just slammed, applied a cautious eye to the keyhole and entered. Let us now pass over some five moments to Shifty's reappearance, positively bloated with suppressed joy. The expression of his face would have wounded the feelings of his former friends as he shook a malicious fist in their direction.

"I'll git even!" said Shifty, sincerely. "I'll give th' whole blame

deal away t' Varing, blarst me eyes 'f I dont!"

The legal desert of the District Attorney's office blossomed as a rose, which is the author's pretty way of saying that Varing's daughter, Mildred, age seventeen, was present. Of course she was pretty. All seventeen-year-olds are pretty. Having successfully engineered the transaction of a ten-dollar bill into her gold châtelaine, she was still prettier. In fact—but enough of Mildred for the present. She appears later on. As the office-boy admitted our old friend Shifty to the presence, Mildred gave one glance at the visitor's face, which must have been useful to him, but was far from ornamental, and fled homeward, which is the best place for seventeen-and-pretty young ladies. Her father showed hardly more fascination for his guest, but Shifty waited for no useless preliminary generalities. Bolstered by several whiskeys and the advice of his pal, Kern, he plunged at once into the subject of his visit.

"It'll cost yer a century t' git wise t' de whole gang o' gunmen. Dig. Plank. An' I'm de guy!"

As Varing regarded Shifty, it occurred to him that "to catch a thief" it was wise "to set a thief." Accordingly, he turned to the telephone, left word for his daughter that he would not be home until late and reached for his hat. A normal man, facing a grave crisis in his life, invariably acquires his hat first; afterwards, his nerve. Then he turned, grimly.

"Come on," said the District Attorney.

Spike Wardell leaned forward menacingly, as they lean forward in crook plays or underworld films. "We gotter *get* him," he hissed, "or it's th' prickly chair at Sing Sing f'r all o' us."

Mug Murphy and Foxy Nichols looked about uneasily. They were ultra-modern crooks, and knew that walls have often not only ears, but dictographs. Wardell laughed sneeringly. "Dere aint," said he confidently, "a soul widin a mile."

Crash!

The three men paled and jumped with the skittish promptness of a conclave of mice at the approach of a cat. Simultaneously, three hands sought three pockets, each of which violated the Sullivan law. There was a show of cold steel. Motioning to Nichols to remain on guard at the inner door, the other two slid, with practiced noiselessness, into the hall.

"So it's youse, y' d——d squealer," shrieked Wardell. "I'll shut y' mouth f'r youse." Simultaneously, two pistol-shots clipped the air, followed by two thuds. Varing struggled now fiercely in the clutch of Spike Wardell. It was pitiable child's play. The law, as a profession, does not develop muscle, nor teach uppercuts to the jaw. Pinioned and helpless, he looked wildly about for his guide hither, but Shifty was gone, leaving a trail of blood behind. His revolver, one chamber blackened, lay on the floor beside the body of Murphy.

"D' youse know wot's comin' t' youse?" leered Wardell, viciously, indicating the dead gunman. "I'm goin' t' git youse 'rested f'r croakin' dat guy."

"But you know I didn't even have a gun."

"Tell dat t' de cop, Mister Distric' Attoiney," laughed the crook. "Say, I guess it'll be quite a spell byfore youse goes pokin' y' nose int' odder poiple's affairs agin!"

"Swear youse'll toin bot' dose letters—over—t'—de—ones——"

Shifty Stone gasped. Chalk-white of cheek and hideously smeared as to coat-front, he clutched the edge of the table, looking up into Kern's frightened face.

"S'help me, Shifty. But, say; lemme fix youse up—lemme call a sawbones——"

The wounded gunman smiled calmly.

"No good," he said, with the fatalistic stoicism of his kind; "I'm a

goner. Now beat it, kid, lively. Dose —letters is—me dyin'—blessin'—"

The words trailed off. The filming eyes saw his messenger disappear; then, with a grunt of relief, Shifty Stone sprawled forward across the table—thief, gunman, ticket-of-leave man—gentleman, with crooked nobleness, devoting his last few moments on earth to a tardy restitution for his life. Exit Shifty.

It was night. Mildred felt uncomfortably reminded of the fact by a particularly vicious jangle of the front-door bell. Why all servants invariably take a night off at the same time is a mystery, but such is usually the case, at least in fiction such as I am now writing. As she hesitated, the bell rang again. Mildred went to the bookcase, fumbled behind Shakespeare in limp leather, and brought forth triumphantly the smallest, mother-of-pearliest, most helpless revolver that ever a burglar laughed at. With this formidable weapon behind her back, she went to the door and opened it an inch on the burglar-chain. A folded bit of paper, unpleasantly grease-smeared, was thrust into her startled hands.

"De letter is f'r yer father. Shifty says t' hang t' it wid yer life," croaked a hoarse voice from the darkness. Footsteps ran down the gravel path. Mildred, white and breathless with premonition, consulted the letter in her hand. She read aloud:

I do swear as I was the feller whot croaked Murphy. Mister Varing hadn't even no gun. Wardell's shot done f'r me. SHIFTY STONE.

"Oh!" moaned the girl, sick with the knowledge of the letter's meaning, shuddering from the still damp stains that soiled her hands—"oh, where shall I hide this where it cant be found?"

It was night. In the rear room of Keefe's Lodging House events were flitting by on noiseless rubber heels. The room still echoed to the racket of Varing's arrest. Wardell, cocky with triumph, sat waiting Nichol's return from the nearest swinging door with the wherewithal of a "night of it." Then, presto! a puncture in the smooth-running wheel of events. Enter Nichol, chalky and batted as to eye, carrying a sinister-appearing note.

"A guy wuz jus' slippin' it under de door!" he gasped. Nichol was obviously not of the material of which even good crooks are made. Wardell ripped the sheet apart.

"H—l!" he remarked disgustedly. He rose and reached for his hat. "Dat fool Shifty has queered our gime 'less we look lively. Cussed if he aint wrote a confession t' croakin' Murphy and sent it t' Varing's house. C'mon, Foxy, we gotter rustle."

The dark swallowed them. Half an hour later, they emerged into the circle of illumination that marked the District Attorney's library window.

"Gee! but we'se de lucky guys!"



SIMULTANEOUSLY, TWO PISTOL-SHOTS CLIPPED THE AIR



"H-HANDS UP!" SHE QUIVERED

snickered the more cowardly crook. "Dere's on'y de goil t' home. Looker dere!"

"An' *she's got de letter*"—Wardell's fingers fumbled—"see—in de brass box. Say, it's like stealin' a kid's lollipop. Dis way, beauty bo."

The girl stood very still. There was in her tense attitude the horror of a child who stands alone in the fearfully peopled darkness and dares not turn to confirm his dread. Every sense was alert, yet it was almost by sixth sense she felt the alien presences behind. Her hand crept to the table-drawer. She whirled.

"H-hands up!" she quivered. The point of the revolver described curious gyrations more dangerous than a deadly aim. Taken by surprise, their usual arguments out of reach in a hip pocket, the two at the window bolted into outer darkness. Now, it is a curious fact that known and present terror is not so fearful as unseen danger. As the ugly forms disappeared, Mildred felt her horror increase. She gave a haunted glance about the cheerfully lighted room and—followed the robbers thru the open window!

Here Fate introduces the hero. His name was Humphrey, and he was very much lost in the tangle of suburban by-paths. To him, peering disconsolately about in the dim radius of his automobile lights, appeared beauty in distress.

"Oh—*please!*"

The bewildered young man felt a small, hard square thing thrust into his hands; heard a small, soft, shaky voice in his charmed ears; saw a small, lovely, troubled face, and, altho he had not yet heard the justice of her plea, espoused her cause immediately. Who ever heard of a pretty lady-murderer being hung? In a moment, however, he was possessed of the facts.



HUMPHREY FALLS INTO THE TRAP

"Look!" Mildred softly whispered —look; there they are now!"

The lust of the chase seized our hero. Reckless of the consequences, he was after them hot-foot, leaving the girl alone. A shriek from her recalled him—too late.

"There! Quick! He's got the box!"

It was a clever author who first used the pregnant phrase, "What followed may better be imagined than described." I beg your aid. Try to picture Hero Humphrey to the rescue; see him pant as the chase leads over fence and field; watch the wretched Nichol staggering with his plunder over the unaccustomed grass and gravel. He stumbles! He falls! The brass box drops from his hand, and Humphrey has it! So far, so good. But where was Mildred? With real alarm, the young autoist searched and shouted. At length, he climbed dejectedly into his 1914 model and chugged away. Without the hard feel of the brass box in his overcoat pocket, he would have thought the whole affair a dream, so quickly had it taken place.

It was night. It was also, thought Mildred, desperately, a nightmare. She ceased struggling with the cords about her wrists and listened breathlessly to the voices in the other room. The handsome woman that the men called "Miss Vernon" was speaking:

"You followed him to his home? Are you sure of the number? Then the rest is easy."

A telephone receiver clicked down.

"Hello! 2195—M, Breslin—hullo! Mr. Humphrey? This is a friend of Miss Varing speaking. She wants you to bring the little box to 50 West



THE TRAPPERS TRAPPED

Forty-ninth Street—yes—thank you —good-by!"

Struggle as she would, there was no help for it. She could only wait. At last the sound of the bell. It was strange how his voice gave her courage. She heard a murmur; then:

"No, I thought there might be some mistake, so I did not bring the box."

Mildred could have shouted with joy, but the next instant her heart sickened at the sound of blows. A heavy thud—silence—a scuffle of departing feet. Frantically, she wrenched and wrung her bound hands. The next thing that she knew was the touch of the stranger's fingers on her bruised wrists. The two looked at one another gallantly. The girl's hands were bleeding; the man's face cut and torn. They were disheveled, panting, breathless and mutually admiring.

"Are you game to go on?" he asked. "I suppose they've gone to my house for the box."

"Come!" she cried briefly. With a feminine gesture, she pushed back the straggling locks about her face. "I haven't the least right to drag you into this mess——"

"I think — you're — *bully!*" he gulped, and caught her arm, hurrying her. "My car can catch anything on four wheels!"

This is not a Ben Hur chariot-race description. Yet one point during the ensuing hour deserves passing mention, and that is Humphrey's leap from his auto to that of the robbers, and his single-handed capture of the precious box. However, every nighthawk is a coward at heart. He relies on bluff, on the darkness and the timorousness of his victim. Met with his own weapons, he is easily cowed. The deed was the ancestor of consequences. But let us be patient. We must first capture Wardell and the infamous Nichol, turn them over to two husky defenders of law and order, arrest them on the evidence of Shifty's confession, and free Mr. Varing from the unpleasant hostelry provided by the city for its involuntary guests—to wit, the police station.

Having performed our duty along these lines, the author turns, with a sigh of relief, to the subject of young



HUMPHREY IS REWARDED

love. If all the world loves a lover, how much more does the author—paid by the word—love him! For it is easy to make love by tongue or pen. Witness the numerous breach-of-promise suits, likewise the romances of the ever-prolific R. W. Chambers. And from the first words of this story it was inevitable that the lovely Mildred and the gallant Humphrey should fall in love dramatically, marry romantically, and live prosaically happy ever after.

To See Ourselves

By E. B. KENNEDY

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"
So prayed a gifted poet long ago.

Had he but lived until this time,
He'd have found the answer to his rhyme
In the Moving Picture show.



Descriptive of the Photoplay of that name, which was adapted from the novel of
RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE

COLONEL ARTHUR LENNOX surveyed the flat, gray landscape unreeling thru the car-window with the contemptuous curl of the lip common to all masculine subjects of Uncle Sam who find themselves in a foreign land. That this land happened to be Russia, and that his wife was not with him to listen to his opinion of the situation, added to his ire not a little. Why, in the name of common sense, had his daughter married a Russian? and, once married, why must her husband die and leave his affairs to be disentangled by his wife's relatives? and, since the affairs must be settled, why must his wife have been taken ill with neuralgia in Paris after he had procured her passport as well as his? Colonel Lennox felt in the pocket of his overcoat to be sure the precious paper was safe, consulted his watch for the sixtieth time and was overjoyed to find that the train must be nearly at the frontier.

A spine-rending jar, together with the crash of opening compartment doors and loud shouts in a language chiefly consonants, confirmed his impression. Distrustfully clutching his bag in one hand and his passport in the other, Lennox plunged into the breakers of porters and was, so to speak, washed ashore on the station platform. And then he became aware of the pleasing sensation of being watched by a remarkably beautiful woman standing near the entrance gates. Colonel Lennox had private suspicions that he was still something of a ladies' man, in spite of his forty-odd years. The large, liquid eyes of the lady in question confirmed his belief. But, with a virtuous remembrance of his neuralgic wife in Paris, he was about to pass on to the gates, passport in hand, when he heard a soft, troubled voice murmuring in his ear:

"I *beg* your pardon, m'sieur, but I am in *such* trouble, and you look kind——"

The lady of the eyes stood beside him. Gad! she *did* have deuced fine eyes! A gentleman could not well refuse to help a lady in distress——

Five moments later, dazed and lamblike, he found himself passing thru the gates, the lady clinging affectionately to his arm and the horrifying words ringing in his ears:

"Pass Colonel Lennox and his wife into Russia!"

Still in the same dazed state, he was led by his fair companion into the restaurant where the other travelers were already satisfying their hunger with unpronounceable delicacies, and seated at one of the tables *à trois*. The lady removed her gloves, leaned a very white pair of arms upon the table and smiled gently across at him.

"How can I ever thank you?" she said softly. "I shall have to leave that for my husband to do."

Her husband! *Husband!* Yes, that was it. Lennox drew a long

breath of relief. Of course the situation was a trifle—well, unusual, but the wife of an American could not be allowed to remain at the mercy of those boorish officials simply because she had mislaid her passport. It was distinctly amusing; rather piquant and pleasant, too. As he would



"I AM YOUR WIFE"



"I AM YOUR OFFICIAL WIFE"

necessarily enjoy little of her society. Lennox determined to make the best of the next few moments.

"It was a mere nothing, madam," he waved away her thanks lightly. "And now permit me—a glass of the famous Russian tea—caviar——"

A faint gasp made him glance up, to see a tall, heavy Russian, in belted uniform, approaching their table. But a glance at his companion's composed features seemed to put his hearing at fault. The Russian, staring boldly at the lady, drew out the third chair and sat down, with a superfluous, "I am permitted?" to which she replied archly, "But certainly, sir."

The Russian ordered and drank a huge goblet of dark liquor before he spoke, his eyes roving keenly about the room. Then he and the lady began a desultory conversation which left Lennox sulking over his luncheon in silence. Suddenly a chance remark of the Russian reached his ears.

"Yes, we of the police have to be ever on the watch for false passports. Since the penalty for them became Siberia, however, there are few who dare attempt it——"

Siberia! The word slid down Lennox's spine with the effect of a lump of ice. He grew hot and cold, red and pale all at once. Without his volition, his legs made a purely reflex attempt to rise, but the eyes of his beautiful companion, sternly warning, forced him back again. He wiped his beaded brow surreptitiously with his napkin and sent a mental S. O. S. to his wife in Paris for aid in this horrifying dilemma. As tho in reply, a shrill whistle from the platform resolved the restaurant into a tangle of hurry. The guardian of the law looked from Lennox to the lady with a smile as pleasant to see as that of a grizzly bear.

"I introduce myself as Baron Friedrich, at your service," he bowed. "And may I have the honor of your name, also?"

Lennox felt the surface of Russia heaving gently under his feet. Yet

there was only one thing to be done. With the worst grace in the world, he proceeded to do it.

"I am Colonel Lennox, of New York, and this is—is my—wife," he gulped. His evil genius prompted him to add the wholly gratuitous information that they were on their way to St. Petersburg to see their daughter, Marguerite Welatsky.

"Welatsky!" exclaimed the insufferable Baron, beaming with pleasant surprise. "Widow of Peter Welatsky? Ah then, you are friends of my friends. Permit me to accompany you to St. Petersburg."

The Baron and the lady did all the talking on this part of the journey. Sunk in a profound gloom, Lennox reviewed the situation, seeking a loophole of escape. But, like Don Quixote, his chivalrous impulses seemed to have landed him, as he mentally phrased it, "in the very devil of a mess." He pictured himself beating hemp or at some other convict pastime in Siberian wilds; he pictured his wife's frenzy and his daughter's astonishment on perceiving her new "mother." From the fragments of his fellow travelers' conversation that penetrated his gloom he learnt that the Baron (chest inflated, intolerably complacent) was relating his exploits in the police service. He was now working, he said, on the clue that a dangerous petticoat Nihilist, named Helene Marie, would probably soon attempt to enter the country.

"St. Petersburg!"

With the sensation of a criminal about to be hanged, Lennox gathered his belongings and those of the wife whisked on him by Fate, and followed the Baron into the pandemonium of the great station. There, to his immense relief—that of the criminal granted an unexpected reprieve—he found only Marguerite's brother-in-law, Constantine Welatsky, awaiting them. Between his effusive greeting and the no less effusive farewells of the Baron, Lennox learnt, with unparental joy, that his daughter was ill and out of town for a few days. But before the Baron disappeared, he had presented the stranger of the passport to Welatsky as his "most charming sister-in-law," and the harm had been done. There was no doubt that the susceptible Constantine was overjoyed at the relationship. The lady played her part perfectly, and it was her tact that slurred gracefully over Constantine's



HAD OR HAD NOT HELENE MARIE BEEN ONE OF THOSE WOMEN HE HAD JUST SEEN STRUGGLING IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE?

invitation to his home and explained the necessity for a hotel convincingly.

"Then, my dear brother," begged Constantine, "you will surely be my guest at the club tonight. And you, my sister, will make my wife Olga's heart glad by a visit soon. Until then, farewell."

In the comparative security of the hotel room, Lennox and the woman faced one another. The Colonel's anger, bottled until now, slipped its cork, frothing over into words.



"MY WIFE, MONSIEUR, WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I SAW ON THE TRAIN!"

"And now, madam," he concluded, after an eloquent five minutes, "if you will kindly send for your husband, we will try to think of some way to get out of this tangle into which my kindheartedness—I repeat, my kindhearted simple-mindedness—has led us."

He paused, his scalp pricking unpleasantly. For, instead of listening to him, the eyes of his companion were fixed intently upon the overhanging fringe of the table-cover! With stealthy tread, she darted forward, lifted it, peered beneath; then, flitting to window enclosures, divan recesses and the doors of both bedrooms, she repeated the strange process, while he stared in amazement. Either she was mad—or—she was afraid of something or some one. Both alternatives were distressing. And distressing were the words she spoke, her search ended.

"Hush," she whispered bloodcurdlingly—"hush! There may be spies about here. I am the Nihilist, Helene Marie!"

Lennox had lived up to now the complacent, humdrum life of the normal New Yorker. Every morning in the subway he had read, in the newspaper columns, of murders, militants, modernist art, and other unpleasant topics, but he had never met anything of the sort face to face. And this—this *person* was, in the eyes of Russia, his wife! Helene Marie patted a hairpin into place coolly and yawned.

"It really will not help matters for you to get annoyed," she remarked casually. "You'll only get sent to Siberia for it. And it's very unflattering to me, besides, for you to object to my being your official wife for a few days."

Gad! she *did* have fine eyes! H-m-m——

Lennox straightened himself. After all, as she said, it was only for a few days, and nobody need know till it was safely over. If he ever got out of this police-ridden country, he would take precious good care never to return! A waiter, bearing two cards on a tray, saved the necessity of a reply. In fact, there was no time.

"Olga and young Sacha, the nephew," he said, in fresh alarm. "Do you really think you can carry the thing thru?"

Helene Marie glanced into the oval mirror beside her. A smile touched her full, red lips.

"An old woman?" she queried sweetly; "a young man?—wait and see!"

It appeared to Lennox, half an hour later, that she was overdoing the matter a bit. It was well enough for second cousins-in-law to be cordial, but that handsome young pup of a Sacha ought to remember that he was speaking to a married woman in the presence of her husband! After their visitors were gone, he attempted to remonstrate, but the volatile Helene Marie closed the door of her bedroom in his face, effectually putting an end to argument. Remembering Constantine's invitation, he strolled moodily downstairs, paused at the desk long enough to write a telegram to his daughter, telling her *not* to return on his account, and then took his way to the club, threading amid a thousand new sights and strange sounds with the unconcern of a sleepwalker. And behind, under the cover of the night, a slender, cloaked figure slipped thru the crowds with the sure foot of one who has taken the same path many times before.



WHAT LENNOX SAW THRU THE KEYHOLE

The clocks all over the city were yawning twelve as Lennox slipped into the dark parlor again. He had received a shock, and the disagreeable after-twinges of it were still playing up and down his spine. Had or had not Helene Marie been one of those women he had just seen struggling in the grasp of the police? Her empty bedroom confirmed his worst fears. It was harassing enough to become possessed of a beautiful and superfluous wife, without having to lose her. He tottered into his own room and sank nervelessly on the side of his bed. A latch squealed in the parlor; a light footstep, and the missing lady was before him, finger on roseate lips.

"Sh-h-h!" she sibilated—"try to pull yourself together, my friend. Baron Friedrich is coming up the stairs, and I think he is on our trail!"

Lennox suddenly felt quite cheerful, almost hilarious. After all, the reports about Siberia as a residence district might be greatly exaggerated. He shook the Baron's hand with the cordiality of one who enjoyed having

the Chief of Police for a caller at one A.M. The Baron was apologetic.

"I regret having disturb you," he bowed, "but I am in deep distress. It seems that the notorious—the so infamous Helene Marie—has somehow slipped by my guards and is in our midst. It is, as you English say, 'up against' me to capture her. It occur that you may possibly have seen an alone lady on your train—ver' beautiful, I am told, and with innocent, young eyes, like a child—no?"

Lennox laughed gaily. "My wife," he said, bowing to the amazed Helene —"my wife, monsieur, was the most beautiful woman I saw on the train!"

"Dont you know that this is no joking matter?" blazed the Nihilist. The charming farewell smile that had sent the Baron away swaggering was still on her lips, but there was venom in her voice as she whirled upon the reckless Lennox. "You will be the ruin of the pair of us with your silly American jokes!"



"NO KISSES IN PRIVATE"

"And you—if I may offer a bit of advice—will do well to suppress the too ardent Sacha, madam," said the official husband, ironically. "You may not know that he is engaged to one Eugénie, governess at the Welatskys' and a spy of the police. You see, I have used my evening to purpose in gathering these bits of biography. You will be flirting with death, my dear, if you smile on Sacha." He looked at the beautiful, scornful face in the light of the candelabra and took a step toward her. Reading his purpose, she sprang back, a warning in her outflung hands.

"No kisses in private!"

"So?" Lennox moved to the door. "Well, you have little to fear from me," he assured her sarcastically. "Tomorrow morning I settle the business that brought me, and then I must tear myself reluctantly from you."

Helene Marie laughed. "Oh no," she corrected, "whither thou goest, my lord, I go—until we are safe over the boundary line. My business also is finished—this evening—but I must remain your official wife rather longer, I fear."

As she had predicted, the next two days saw Lennox lingering, watching, in futile rage, the open infatuation of Sacha and Helene, yet not daring to renounce the woman openly. His daughter, however, remained providentially ill, and he had extracted a reluctant promise from Helene to leave on the afternoon train for Paris. Their passports were in his pocket, their grips packed, and he was beginning to breathe almost freely, when Fate put an unexpected obstacle in the way of his smooth-running plans.

The Welatskys, with the insufferable Sacha, had called to bid their relatives-in-law godspeed. During the course of the visit, Olga innocently regretted that they would not be at the Diplomat Ball that evening.

"For they say," she hinted mysteriously, "that the Czar is to be there. It isn't often one can get a glimpse of him, you know."

"Arthur, my love"—Helene turned resolutely to Lennox; in her face blazed for an instant a strange, fana-

tic light—"you must travel to Paris alone, I fear. I have decided to attend the ball"—she glanced demurely at the devoted Sacha—"if I can find an escort——"

"Oh, with a thousand pleasures, madame."

Lennox glared at the handsome young lieutenant. Then he astonished himself by turning courteously to Helene. "If you wish an escort," he

glances at the dais; the strangely exalted look of her. Just before starting out he had come upon her *sewing a pocket into the panier of her gown!* She meant to do something. Of that he was miserably certain. And *what* she meant to do was now all too apparent. He felt the moments weighing him down with intolerable stress, yet his brain refused to move. Then his hand, fumbling for his handker-



THEY SAW HER STAGGER, AS THE POPPIED DRAUGHT SWEPT ENTIRELY ACROSS HER SENSES

said gravely, "who so suitable, pray, as the man you call your husband?"

The great room was dizzy with light and music. At the foot of the raised dais, on which, small and pathetically ill-appearing, sat the Great White Czar, moved an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of color and form. From his corner, Lennox followed, with his eyes, a pair of dancers. Many eyes, indeed, were on them, for Helene had never been more radiant than now, as her face blazed whitely under her dark hair and her eyes shone with a fever-gleam. Lennox was uneasy. He noted her frequent

chief, touched a tiny case in his inner pocket. Sleeping-powders! The thought of them illumined his darkened mind like a lightning-stroke. In five minutes he was at Helene's side with a glass of champagne.

"You are tired," he said kindly; "this will fix you up O K."

She smiled gratefully as she handed back the empty glass. But sudden terror erased the smile. She swayed. Then comprehension dawned in her eyes, and she turned toward the dais, struggling feebly in Lennox's arms. Her hand crawled toward the pocket in her gown, clawing desperately for something within.

The Czar and his guards were only a few feet away, but they did not see the tiny, pearl-handled pistol in the beautiful woman's hand. They saw her stagger, as the poppied draught swept entirely across her senses and flung her limp weight into Lennox's arms. In an instant a crowd had gathered. The dark face of Baron Friedrich appeared at Lennox's trembling elbow.

"The heat," exclaimed the wretched man; "I must get her out of this."

"Yes — stand back, every one. Here, lay her on the couch in the alcove. I will return at once with the Czar's own physician."

But when the two returned to the recess, the beautiful patient and her husband were gone!

"Whew!" from the medical man —"opium!"

"H-m!" The Baron started violently. "I wonder——"

Ten minutes later, a telegram was speeding along the wires toward a certain darkened room in far-away Paris.

"If," muttered the police chief, as he turned away from the telegraph office—"if it's as I suspect, the real one ought to be here tomorrow afternoon."

"Gone!" shrieked the Baron. "How? When? Where? Speak!" Despoiled of his triumph in the moment of its realization, he fairly danced with rage about the shrinking girl.

"Hear, then," wept Eugénie de Launay. "The cat of an Americaine has soft fur and sharp claws. She steal from me my Sacha. I come to find proof. True enough, Sacha is here. She offer me a glass of wine. Miserable me! I drink and know no longer. When I wake—my passport—she is gone; the Americaine is gone; Sacha is gone! She has stolen him!"

"And he also—Lennox?"

Eugénie pointed silently to one of the inner rooms. Colonel Lennox, roused from his slumbers by the ungentle means of a boot-tip, opened his eyes, to see a face, vaguely familiar, gazing reproachfully down upon him. The Baron, boiling with threats and abuses, was not half so terrifying as this face. Lennox sat up in bed, blinked, blushed, coughed, choked, and fumbled frantically about in his memory for some of the remarks he had prepared so carefully for his wife's ears. But she did not wait for them.

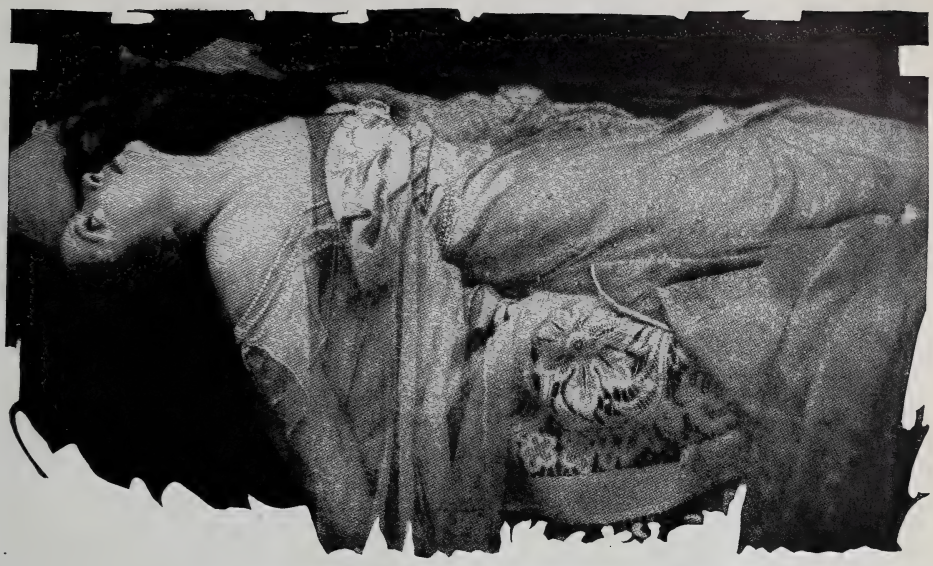


A SUDDEN SPRING—A GASP—A FALL——

"*What* is this all about, Arthur?" she complained. "You *knew* how bad my neuralgia has been! The train was *full* of draughts! You dont look *half* as sick as I *feel!*"

Lennox sprang from the bed, evening-suit rumpled, hair erect, and gathered his wife in his arms. "We will go home, Emma," he cried, half-sobbing. "I've been awfully—ill, but I can travel now——"

"To Siberia, yes!" this scornfully from the Baron.



A STILL, BEAUTIFUL FACE SMILING SCORNFULLY

Lennox fixed him with a menacing eye. "If you make trouble," he hissed fiercely, "I shall tell what I know!"

The Baron shrank back, visibly appalled. It is remarkable how many respectable men of impeccable lives may be cowed and subdued by a phrase of this kind. He hesitated, glowered and turned on his heel.

"Anyhow, I'll get the woman," he muttered. "She shall never leave the country alive!"

Nor did she.

Even as he spoke, miles away, in the cabin of an outgoing steamship a man and woman faced each other furiously.

"Love you? I? You poor fool!" sneered Helene Marie. "I loathe you and all your kind. Yet, you are useful, sometimes."

Laughter bubbled in the white throat. It stung his pride—taunted his wounded love. A sudden spring —a gasp—a fall——

"God, O God!" moaned Sacha. "What have I done!"

He looked down in horror at the motionless form, at the purple necklace of thumb-prints on her beautiful neck; then, without a word, plunged thru the door. A faint splash broke the surface of the great sea. One moment the waves were ruffled; then —silence, and a still, beautiful face smiling scornfully in the spectre glow of the moon.

The Lamp of Aladdin

By A. J. TIEJE

Daytime—a dust-grimed lecture hall,
And College "Might-be-worse";
There gray-beard pedants drone and drawl
Of Shakespeare's prose and verse!

The call of night—the student throng,
The "Lyric" or the "Dove"—
The mirror-screen—the Moor's deep wrong—
And Shakespeare is our love!

OLD WINE OLD BOOKS OLD FRIENDS

by

William Lord Wright

Old wine, old books and old friends is a classical expression that has proven its worth time and time again. Old wine is dear to the county esquire; old books are indispensable to the happiness of the student; old friends—well, old friends are the best friends of all! And when on the subject of old books and old friends, why not add old films? Many a classic in Cinematography reposes on the shelves of the film manufacturer, labeled "old" and therefore "not wanted." Old books are the best books of all. The classics can be read time and time again, and invariably something new is found in their pages; something entertaining is discovered; a new lesson is impressed upon the reader-student which he may have overlooked in a previous perusal of the old volume.

It is the same with old films. Many a delightful comedy, convincing drama or educational feature was released four or five years ago that would bear repetition.

The Motion Picture Magazine recently conducted a contest to ascertain the popularity of the old film favorites. The result, as studied by the author of this article, was startling. There is a demand for a revival, just as revivals of the spoken dramas of merit prove popular and profitable.

Certain of the old-time Vitagraph comedies have never been surpassed in excellence, even in this day of the superior story and artistic directorship. Biograph films of by-gone days are yet fresh in the memory of the "first-nighter" in Filmland. Lubin, too, released some very superior dramas and comedies when Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson played the "leads" some years ago. Who of the old-time "film fans" has forgotten them? The Edison Company, the Selig and Essanay Companies, including the Imp stock company of four or five years ago, produced comedies and dramas that will live in the recollections of many so long as the animated screen shall endure.



Many of the lessons taught today in later film stories were impressively presented years ago. "The Usurer," a Biograph film of some years ago, taught a strong and vivid lesson against the

(*Continued on page* 156)



J. C. HEMMENT

MY SEARCH FOR THE MISSING LINK



BY

J. C. Hemment

I BELIEVE that I shall discover the true missing link and photograph him, on the African trip that I am now starting on. I believe that such a missing link exists, that he is not only prehistoric, but actually exists now, in the wilds of the Congo. He is half-man, half-monkey—this large gorilla, or rather chimpanzee, who lives in the caves of that part of the country, and who really constitutes the original cave-man. If a pair of these could be brought into captivity and trained for a few generations, I believe that we could cultivate their intelligence to such an extent that it would be almost as high as that of many of the natives living in the interior of Africa.

My chief object, in undertaking this, is to secure a series of Motion Pictures of the so-called troglodyte. This creature has never been photographed in his native state, and mine will be the first photographs to show him as he really exists. This huge gorilla weighs about 250 pounds, and even more than this in the large specimens. He is of substantial height, has long arms, is covered with thick, coarse hair, and is possessed of enormous strength. He has even been known to attack a lion when cornered. Yet he lives in a cave, comes out at night to poach and secure his food, and in many ways acts as an intelligent creature. His habitat is an inaccessible portion of the Congo, and he is not to be found in



THE FAMOUS "WATER-HOLE." NOTE THE MANY WILD ANIMALS IN THE MIDDLE GROUND

the same district with lions. In fact, lions and gorillas are never found together, save perhaps when they go to the same water-hole to drink in the evening.

I hope to secure a series of Moving Pictures of this animal in his lair, following him, if necessary, into his cave in order to get a series of pictures of his home life. These animals, as I have said, closely resemble, in many ways, the lower type of natives, and display considerable intelligence. They live, as far as possible, in the thickly wooded districts, while the lions seek open, stony country.

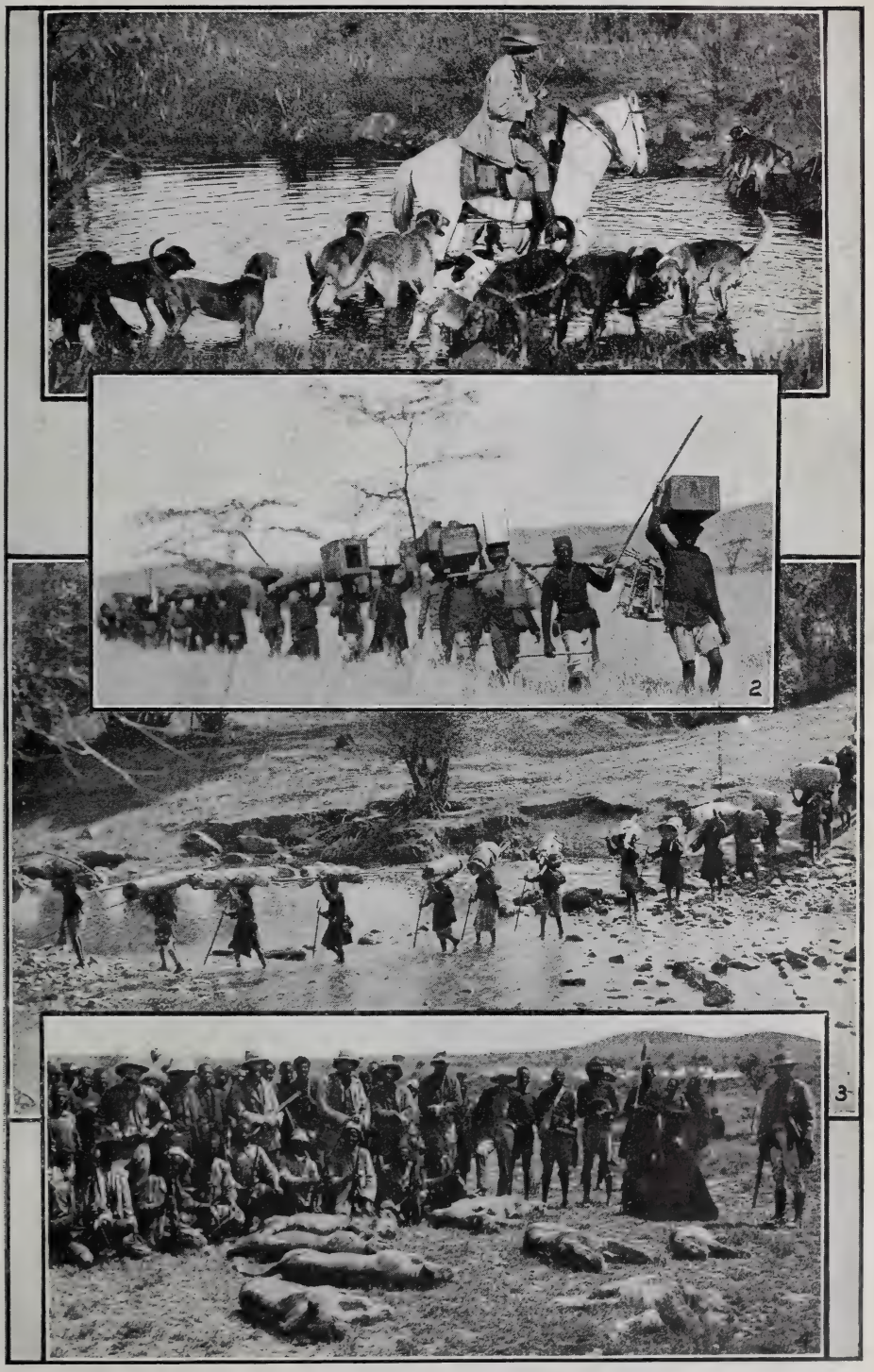
Accompanying me there will be Allan Black; Bill Riley, superintendent of police of that district; George Utram, and Roberts, a well-known and experienced hunter. Allan Black, I may say, is the man who saved my life on a previous occasion. I was taking a Moving Picture of a lion, when he suddenly charged me, springing full at the camera. In an-

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EDITORIAL NOTE.—That the missing link is not a mere fiction, but an actual, living reality, is the belief of at least one great explorer who has penetrated the wilds of Central Africa more deeply than perhaps any white man living. A great, shaggy half-man, half-ape, living in a state of semi-civilization, in caves which act as primitive homes, and having a language of his own—these are some of the characteristics which he is said to possess and which a great American photographer is going to try to portray in Motion Pictures that he is now taking in the Congo. Could anything be more astounding? The cave-man of mythology is now likely to be shown upon the screen of the Motion Picture theaters, an accomplishment that will set a new mark for remarkable exploits of an educational value in the Motion Picture world.

This is the astounding undertaking now being made by J. C. Hemment, the man who took the Paul J. Rainey African pictures, and who is now there to take a series of new photographs of his own. These photographs, Mr. Hemment believes, will be the most startling that have yet been shown. He is in Africa, after having fitted out an extensive expedition for the purpose, including a company of four white men and about three hundred native carriers, who have accompanied him into the wilds of the animal country.

This latest and most remarkable exploit of Mr. Hemment will be best understood by reading the following article by him. Since writing this, Mr. Hemment has been hard at work in Africa, and reports just received state that he is meeting with great success in securing the pictures he set out to get. Altogether, this is probably the most ambitious Motion Picture undertaking to date, and the results, which we hope to publish in this magazine, will be looked forward to with great interest by all the world.

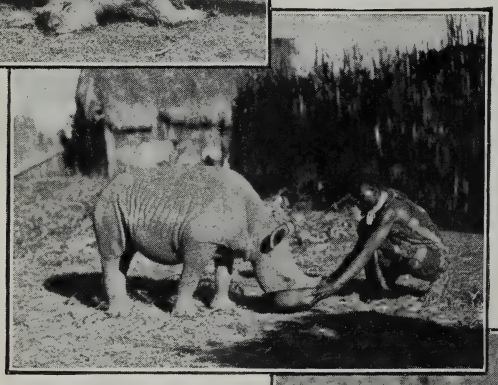


1. MISSISSIPPI HOUNDS USED IN THE RAINEY HUNT. 2. NATIVES—NECESSARY ASSISTANTS TO ALL AFRICAN HUNTERS. 3. THE PAUL J. RAINEY PARTY CROSSING A RIVER. 4. THE RESULT OF A DAY'S HUNT

other second it would have been all over, and I should not be here telling this tale. Black, however, with rare presence of mind, shot the beast in mid-air, and he fell at my feet an inanimate mass, within four feet of the camera, and so close that I carried his blood-stains about with me upon my clothing. When, on the 25th of May, two years ago, the news was spread that I had been charged by a lion and had lived to tell the tale, it created a sensation. I believe I am the only man on record to whom this has happened. The tombstones in the small graveyard in that part of the country are filled with inscriptions reading—"Killed by a Lion," "Tossed by an Elephant," "Gored by a Rhinoceros," and similar inscriptions. Allan Black, who is an experienced hunter, told me that he had never known such another case.



LION CAUGHT IN THE CROTCH OF A TREE



FEEDING A BABY RHINO



A TRAPPED LION

The first place we land on arriving in Africa is at Mombasa. Our base of supplies will be Morobi, where we will stay three days. Here we will turn over our pack of Mississippi bear-hounds, the only dogs who have tracked and caught a lion successfully. We then go on to Uganda, which is as far as the railroad goes. When I get my dogs into Uganda, I shall leave them in charge of Utram, who will train them in following the spoor of the lion. The scent of the lion, as left in his footprints, or spoor, is characteristic and very strong—ten times as strong as that of the fox, for instance. These dogs must be trained to select and follow the lion's spoor from that of all other animals, and this, at first, is a tedious process. When the pack is shown the spoor of a number of animals, they would at first pick up the scent of one of them and follow that. If they were not taught to distinguish that of the lion, they might follow that of the congoni, topy, zebra, or any of the numerous deer family, and if you were hunting lions, your day's effort would be wasted. We train the dogs by taking them over the spoor of a lion which has been trapped or shot, then showing them the animal. When once they understand that they must pick up this scent, as distinguished from others, they will never fail to do so.

Let me give you an instance of the intelligence displayed by these dogs in following the spoor of the lion.

On one occasion, I remember, we came to a kill—that is, the carcass of

an animal that had been killed by wild beasts, presumably lions, and wholly or partly eaten. On this occasion the ground was so scratched up by the feet of the vultures, ravens, and other carnivorous birds that had come to feed upon the remains, that we could see no trace of the spoor.

jackals, hyenas, as well as by the birds of prey. Our dogs had ascertained this fact and had failed to follow any of the other spoor, realizing that no lion had been there.

These dogs will never eat the animal they have killed, no matter what it may be. This is, however, largely the result of training on our part. We never allow them to taste the meat of the deer, zebra, or any other animal we are killing. We feed them entirely upon dog-biscuit and such meat as mutton, bought purposely for the dogs. In this way they fail to realize the fact that deer or zebra meat is also their own natural food. If once you gave these dogs a piece of this meat, they would doubtless ravage the carcass after they had killed it.



THE RESULT OF A DAY'S CHEETAH SHOOTING

BRINGING IN A CHEETAH

THE PAUL RAINEY HOUNDS

THE HOUNDS HAVE CHASED A LION INTO THE TRAP

Bringing up the dogs, we set them to find it, but were surprised that they failed to take tongue or to discover lion spoor in any direction. What had probably happened was this: the animal had not been killed by a lion, in this case, at all, but had dropped dead by reason of disease, old age, or some other cause, and the body had been largely eaten by

The country thru which I shall



DR. JOHNSON, ON THE PAUL RAINEY TRIP, WITH TWO FINE SPECIMENS

travel is very beautiful and comparatively cool. Tho it is in the central part of Africa, it is from 6,500 to 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and in some places we see snow. On the whole, the country is healthy, tho, of course, the natives suffer from malaria, sleeping-sickness, and other tropical diseases to which we white men seem more or less impervious. On the whole, however, one could hardly wish for a better or healthier climate.

I shall travel thru a portion of the country traveled by both Stanley and Livingston, tho I shall also explore a vast region which they have never traversed, and which no white man has yet entered. From the border of Uganda I expect to go to Morobi, where I propose to take my dogs and go across the desert toward Abyssinia, where I expect to take the wonderful picture by the water-hole where the animals come to drink in the dry weather—where they have to dig down in the sand to get their water.

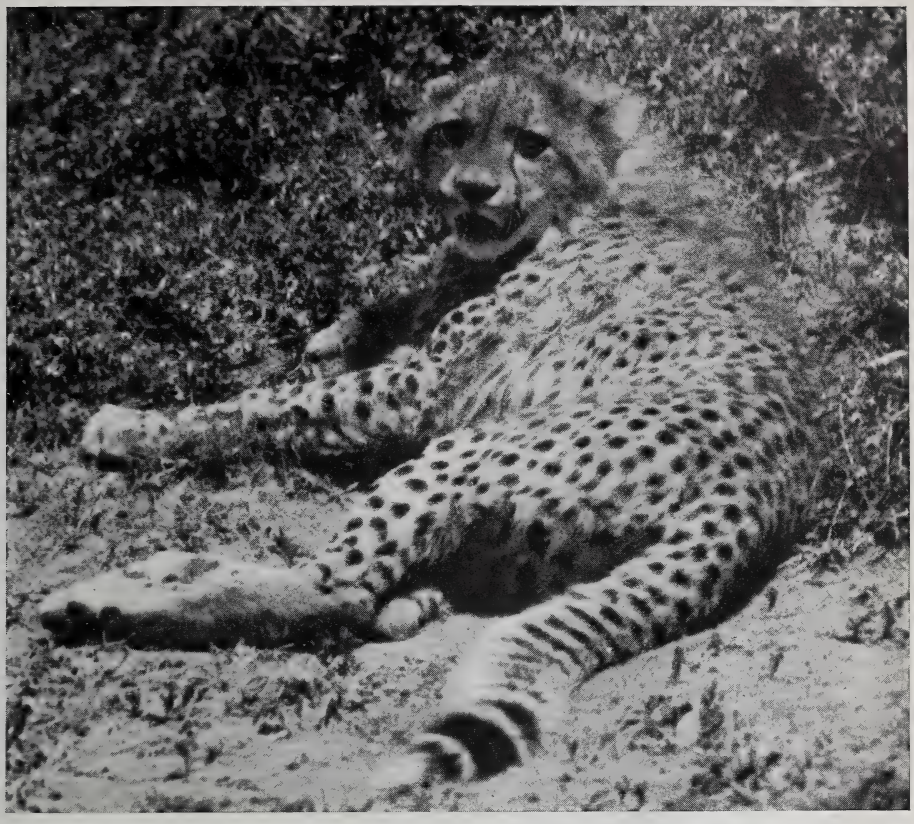
From there I shall go up the White Nile to the Tomia River, and I shall hope to find the source of the Guasinero River. No one—white man or native—has ever discovered the source of this river, but I hope to do so and shall take a number of photographs of this obscure country.

In the little village where Stanley met Livingston I am going to take a number of pictures, and shall hope to duplicate there the historic scene of the meeting of these two African pioneers.

It is my hope to secure in these pictures a true account of the life, manners and customs of the strange people among whom I shall dwell, their



HYENA CAUGHT IN A TRAP



A WILD CHEETAH, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. HEMMENT

religious festivals, their methods of hunting and living. I shall also take a number of pictures of plant and animal life, which will be of great interest to the scientific world. Also, I shall chronicle, by means of the Moving Pictures, the whole history of the rubber-plant, from the time the little tree is first cut until it is converted into automobile tires and rubber bands. These pictures will, therefore, be of great educational value, as well as of dramatic interest. The Rainey pictures possessed this latter quality, but I shall endeavor to make these appeal to all ages and classes, and shall feel that every picture I take is for the benefit of the American public as a whole.

One great advantage which I will possess over all others who have attempted to take pictures of this character in the past, is the fact that I am familiar with the difficulties involved—familiar, that is, not only with the language, manners and customs of the people, but also with the technical, photographic end of it involved in securing the pictures. For instance, owing to the peculiar light effects of the country, special films are necessary. These films have been made, and I shall take them with me. Any one not familiar with these facts must necessarily fail to secure Moving Pictures such as I shall obtain.

The series of pictures, therefore, which I hope to get on this trip will have an educational, industrial and sporting interest, and people all over the world will realize that they are having shown to them something which they have never seen before, and which has never previously been obtainable.

(To be continued)



RUTH ROLAND

THE "KALEM GIRL"

By JEAN DARNELL

SOME years ago, just how many the writer refuses to tell, but, at any rate, it was at the age of "pigtails" and "pinafores" that I attended a performance of "Editha's Burglar." My grandmother had taken me on this memorable occasion, and whom do you suppose I saw? Baby Ruth Roland. The most wonderful little girl about my own age, large, wonderful blue eyes and long, golden curls. Why, I thought she was the greatest thing in the world. It was my pleasure to meet her, and we had the grandest time drinking sodas from a high stool in the drug-store, with our feet tucked around the legs of stools. We laughed and chattered like little monkeys. For, altho Baby Ruth was a stage child and wholly unspoiled, she was just a dear little human being and loved to play out of her work. Well, that same Baby Ruth today is none other than our much-loved "Kalem Girl," and she is just the same sweet, unspoiled Ruth of yesteryear.

It has been, as I say, several years when it was my pleasure to renew our old friendship. Of course questions flew at each other faster than a prosecuting attorney could have asked them, but we were so happy to see each other again.

Ruthie, as I have always called her, told me, "Why, I have done a million things since the old days. I worked with ever so many companies, and when mother was leading lady and there wasn't any part for me in the show I used to sing and dance between the acts. My! I was so happy. Then came our trip to Honolulu. I was the first little girl ever to play over there, and they surely were wonderfully nice to me. We stayed in Honolulu six months, but we had been in 'Frisco only a short while when mother died, and it just seemed for a time I never would get over it, but since I've grown up I have learnt to bear it better. But I miss her more than anything on earth. I then lived with Auntie—you know her." I nodded that I did—didn't want to speak for fear of interrupting her story. "I used to help Auntie do all of the million little things it takes to keep a healthy, vivacious girl in clothes. I really went to school during that time. Say, I sure was happy at school. But you know me; I have always been a tomboy—I just love to ride and swim better than anything. Well, I went in vaudeville for several seasons, both big and small time, sang and danced; played in Morosco

Stock, also for Belasco in 'Frisco; had lots of the hardest bumps any one on earth can get; but just look how well I have prospered by it. Then came a visit one day to the Kalem studio. Mr. Hartigan was then director. Just by chance I tried out for the position of leading woman —well, you know the rest."



"Well," I said, "you surely have had some varied experiences, haven't you?" She, of course, wanted to know what I had been doing, and I told her that would be continued in our next talk. I asked her how she liked picture work. "Oh," she said, "I just adore it, and particularly my kind of comedies. I do love to make people laugh. We have the hardest time in life, anyway, at best; so why not smile all the time we can? Yes, indeed, and I am an optimist of the first degree."





During my winter spent in California, Ruthie and I were great chums. After spending the night at her charming apartment, which looks very much "Ruth Rolandy," we used to sit in the middle of the floor, with a bowl of potato chips between us, and talk and tell experiences, and thoroly enjoy it; and on several occasions a third and fourth person would join us, and we would have—you might call it experience meetings, for those other two were none other than Mabel Normand, of Keystone, and Jackie Saunders, of Universal. And we could think of so many funny things of interest to tell each other.

Ruth, to my idea, is one of the most remarkable girls I ever knew. She can trim a hat or make a dress like a professional. She loves horses and dogs, which makes her so human and brings her so close to Nature. And as Ruthie says, "I love little children —why, every little newsie in Los Angeles knows me"—and truly they do. I've been with her on the street where they would grab their caps off and say, " 'Evening, Miss Roland," and our Ruth would stop and give each a nickel for the picture show, and they would "beat it," as they say, to find one of her comedies.

Miss Roland, the dignified leading woman of Kalem, is just a great big, overgrown child, with never a cross word nor mean, hard thought, even for any one. Her one hobby nowadays is to drive her Hudson car to the limit of the speed laws.

Ruth Roland is essentially an outdoor girl, and during her long membership on the Kalem staff as their leading comedy star, has taken hundreds of rôles, from a fisher-girl to a society belle. Just at present her opposite is the corpulent and trouble-making John Brennan, and she generally plays up to him as his zealous and over-jealous wife. Sometimes she is only engaged to him, but, at any rate, their whimsical photoplay misadventures have kept the world laughing for over a year.

To millions of Motion Picture enthusiasts who see her daily on the screen she is charming, but to know her is to love her. She is one girl in a million.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

ONE and all have risen beautifully to the incentive offered by the prize. There have been many letters—many poems—all of them exceedingly good. But as there must be a "best," we offer that distinction (and the prize) to Alice A. Petersdorf, 444 West Twenty-third Street, New York City:

LOTTIE BRISCOE, THE LUBIN BELL(E).



Tell me, lovely Lottie Briscoe,
Were you really born in 'Frisco,
Near the Golden Horn?
Or did Alabama sunshine
Make your lovely eyes at one shine
Like the summer morn?

Perhaps the California cornfields
Tipped thy hair with light like morn yields,
As of molten gold!
Or did New England fairies,
With the cream from out its dairies,
Neck and shoulders mould?

Did the power of some tornado
Rubies wrest from Colorado,
Lips in other guise?
Or were stars from out the gloaming
Of the skies of far Wyoming
Loaned to thee for eyes?

Or were pearls from the Missouri
Voted thee by Cupid's jury,
Ruby lips to greet?
But wherever was thy morning,
Now the pictures you're adorning
With thy presence sweet!

Lucky is the firm of Lubin
That to it you have so true been—
You're the people's queen.
For you're loved from sea to ocean
By the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE!

O. M. Wright contributes an admonition entitled "Dont Spoil the Picture," which is verily a word to the wise. It follows:

DONT SPOIL THE PICTURE.



At every turn you may invade
The Moving Picture realm—
Let others ply the hero trade,
Dont butt into the film!

While walking on the quay one day
I heard a damsel squeal—
I tried to stop a runaway,
And spoiled a lengthy reel.

I saw a brutal fellow shove
A child beneath a van—
I saved her, to the horror of
The Moving Picture man.

The mystery of the April number is solved, wittily and briefly, by F. D. S.:

When the preacher said, "Name this child"—adding,
"What makes him look so funny?"
Dame Nature replied, "He's to make the world laugh,
And his name is to be *John Bunny*."

From Mae Martin, Omaha, Neb., to Ruth Stonehouse, of the Essanay:



harming Ruth, of the Essanay films,
When you come on the screen,
I settle myself for a sure nuff treat,
'Cause you're my picture queen.

I like you for so many things,
There is one I must confess:
You've that rare trait which makes actors great—
Perfect naturalness.

Your pretty face and charming grace
And unaffected posing
Make you an ideal picture girl,
And now I'll say in closing:

Were I a man, O lady fair,
I'd send you lots of roses,
And when I met you (I sure would),
I'd bore you with proposes.

Please accept for your columns a sincere tribute to the "American Family." My first friends among the photoplayers were the members of the old American Company some three years ago. George Pierolat, with the big, kindly heart; lovable Louise Lester; gentle Jessalyn Van Trump; patient Pauline Bush, who portrays such strength of character; the kingly Kerrigan; manly Marshall Neilan, and last, but not least, Jack Richardson, the handsome villain. Why dont they, like other divided families, have a reunion, and give the public more gloriously true-to-life pictures like "The Dread Inheritance," "The Green-eyed Monster" and "The Open Road"? To each member of this noble family, tho they be now scattered to the four winds, I send greetings and an undying admiration. Sincerely,

Marianna, Fla. FLORENCE WILLARD.

H. Lubenow writes us, in conjunction with the following verse, that he has been assured that the Editor writes all the verse printed. All of it? Never let it be said! Proof follows:

TO SOME OF MY FRIENDS.



ere's to John Bunny, who really is funny,
And also to Flora, his mate;
To sweet Mary Fuller and dainty Miss Courtot
And dear Alice Joyce, so sedate.
To handsome Crane Wilbur and Williams, the proud one,
To Fielding, who really is chief;
To gallant Guy Coombs and sunny Miss Neilson,
To Calvert, who makes a fine thief.
To dimpled Miss Walker and Marguerite Clayton,
May she ne'er leave some one in a lurch,
And as long as you love her, and woo her, and win her,
Here's to you, Frederick Church.

P. G. Burkhartsmeier, 3638 Portland Street, Chicago, sends us a *very* big "When"—so big that it is insurmountable:

WHEN GEORGE CHAPLIN CEASES TO BE COMICAL.



When the lion eats grass like an ox,
And the fish-worm swallows the whale;
When the terrapin knits woolen socks,
And the hare is outrun by the snail.

When the serpents walk upright like men,
And doodle-bugs travel like frogs;
When the grasshopper feeds on the hen,
And feathers are growing on hogs.

When Thomas-cats swim in the air,
And elephants roost upon trees;
When insects in summer are rare,
And snuff cannot make one sneeze.

When fish creep over dry land,
And mules on velocipedes ride;
When foxes lay eggs on the sand,
And in dress pretty girls take no pride.

When the hearts of Tennesseans turn stone,
And John D. no more has money,
Then Chaplin the Great, of Keystone,
Will forever cease to be funny!

E. F. Pearson, 43½ Erie Street, Ashtabula, O., strikes a very delicate note in her tribute to Mary Fuller:



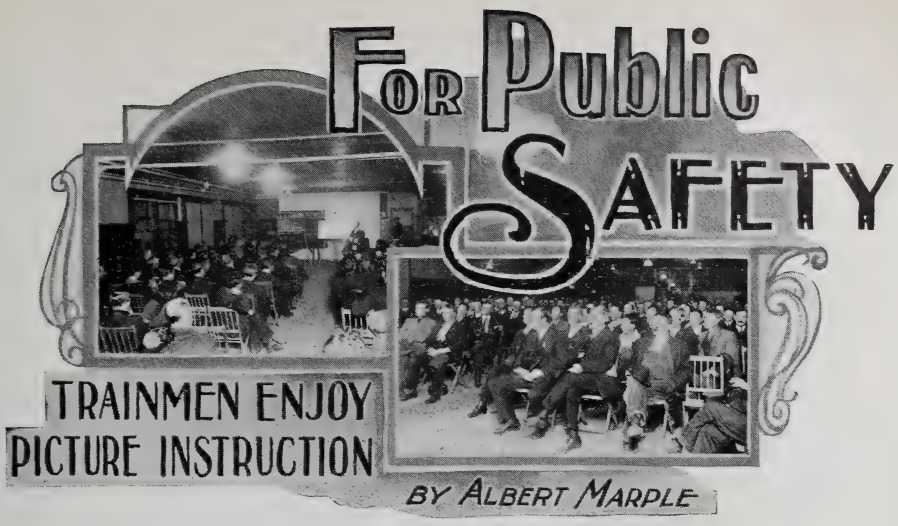
Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be;
The sweetest name that mortals bear
Were best befitting thee;
And she to whom it once was given
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice; I see thy smile;
I look upon thy folded hair.
Ah! while we dream not they beguile,
Our hearts are in the snare;
And she who chains a wild bird's wing
Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls—
To all but thee unseen, unknown;
When evening shades thy silent walls,
Then read it all alone—
In stillness read, in darkness seal,
Forget, despise—but not reveal!

To Edith Storey in "The Christian," by George W. Gage:

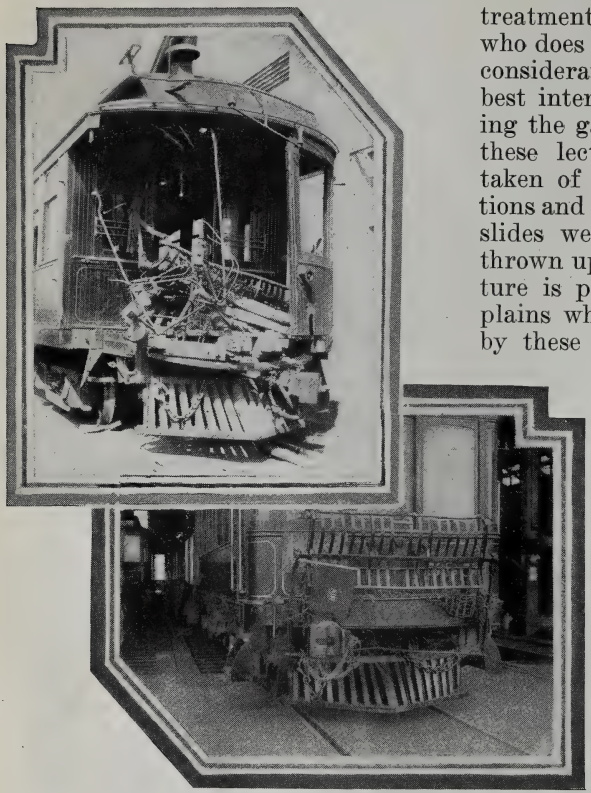
You put a very wondrous glow in Glory—
So yielding in her strength, so shy, so bold;
You're such a very interesting "Storey,"
Almost "the sweetest Storey ever told."



THE value of motion and stereopticon pictures as a medium of instruction is daily being proven by the Pacific Electric Railway Co. of Los Angeles, Cal., which organization has for several months employed, and is now employing, this method of instructing its employees in the inside workings of the railroad business. This company employs something like 1,600 men on its various branches, and to reach this number of workmen with any large amount of success, the officials of the company found that something more than the ordinary instruction lecture would have to be employed. Shortly before these pictures were introduced, the company officials noticed that the greatest drawing power in Los Angeles was the Motion Pictures, and this thought presented itself: "Why not make our instruction school a picture show?"

The thought seemed to be a good one, and the work of gathering the pictures, both stereopticon and moving, was started. This work covered a space of several weeks. The first step was the outline programs for six nights a week and extending over a period of several weeks. These programs were illustrated, and the "picture show" was announced to the trainmen. The increase in attendance was noticeable from the start, and the number present continued to grow, until now, several months after the introduction of the pictures, the average attendance has been increased from three to four hundred per cent., and there has been no sign of its falling off. The company's lines cover a wide territory, and, in order that all employees may have an opportunity of attending these illustrated lectures, the picture machines are moved from one point of the system to another. The men drink in the instruction presented by the pictures, the stereopticon and the Motion Pictures being alternated, hardly realizing that they are doing so.

Every phase of the electric railroading game is taken up for consideration. The instruction starts with the smaller points, such as the headlight, automatic air-trolley, etc., and these are thoroly described. The pictures of these features are thrown upon the screen, and each one is given several minutes of description, which includes everything, from the construction to method of repair in case of mishap. Then the employees are instructed as to how each appliance on the car should be worked. In each case one or more wrong methods are shown, and invariably these are followed by the right way of performing this certain piece of work. This is illustrated by the photograph of the reverser, which the operator is throwing over by means of his foot. It is explained that the hands should be used for this work, and a picture illustrating this proper method is shown.

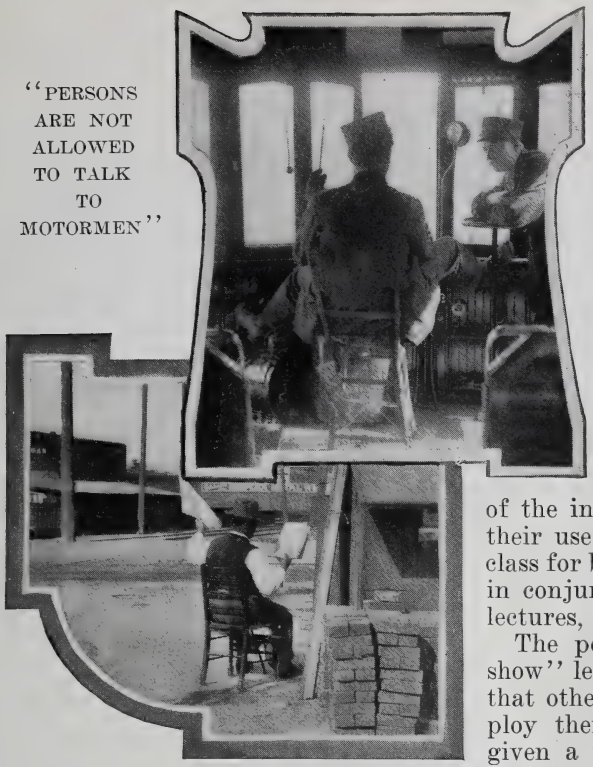


THE WRONG WAY AND THE RIGHT WAY, AND THE RESULTS

The question which is most strenuously emphasized in this course of illustrated lectures is that of public safety. The passenger must be given first consideration, after which the property of the company is to be thought of. In this connection the instructor reminds the employee that if the rules and regulations of the company are strictly adhered to the safety of the public will, in most cases, be assured, as well as the saving of the company's property. The instructor states in this regard that the employee who does not obey the company's orders cannot reasonably expect to be retained.

Another question, and one that is closely related to that of public safety, is that of attention and convenience to patrons of the line. It is taught that when a passenger pays his fare he is entitled to the very best treatment possible, and the employee who does not afford the passenger this consideration is not working for the best interests of the company. During the gathering of photographs for these lectures many "snaps" were taken of employees in various situations and positions. From these photos slides were made, and the pictures thrown upon the screen. As each picture is projected, the instructor explains what rules were being broken by these particular trainmen at the time the photographs were taken. The employment of this discourteous treatment is tabooed.

The Motion Picture plays a very important part in these lectures. Wherever action is necessary, the Motion Picture is used. In the flag-and-sign system it is extentively employed. A number of illustrations are given where the careless driver approaches the "STOP" flag or the "SLOW" sign, only to rush by without any abatement in speed. A little farther on he comes upon a derailed car or something of the like, but from the excessive rate at which he is going is unable to stop his car in time to avert an accident. The next picture is taken at the very same place, showing the train approaching, as did the other, but this time the driver, seeing the warning signs, applies the air, and when the broken switch or derailed car is seen, he is able to bring his car to a complete stop before the point of trouble is reached. There are many similar incidents, but this will serve as an example. The idea is that the wrong method of action is first shown, only to be followed by the right manner of doing the same thing. This is shown in the illustration of the flagman who is waving the train to "Proceed," while at the same time he retains his seat and continues to read



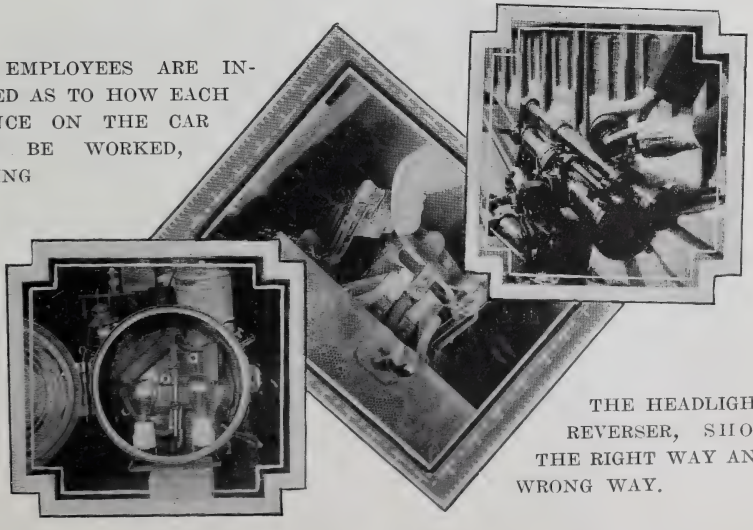
"PERSONS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TALK TO MOTORMEN"

THIS FLAGMAN WAVES THE TRAIN TO "PROCEED," AND CONTINUES TO READ HIS PAPER

his paper. The companion to this picture shows the right way to flag an approaching train.

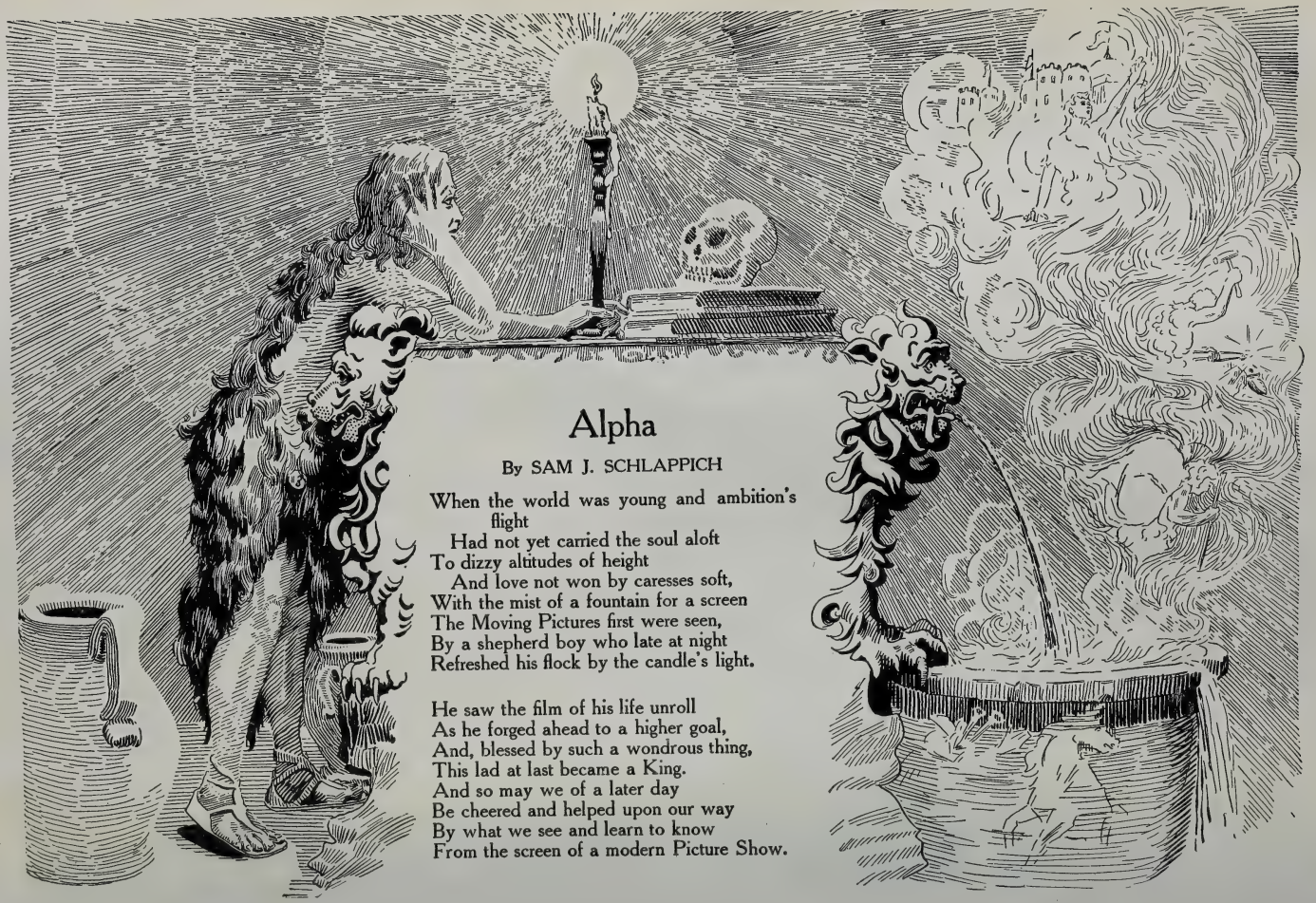
The trainmen are cautioned, also, against attaining unsightly positions while on duty. This is illustrated by the photograph showing the motorman sitting with his feet almost on a level with the window in front of him. In this picture, also, will be seen another trainman breaking a rule of the company which says that "Persons are not allowed to talk to motormen." Each of these points is fully illustrated in these lectures, and the remarks of the instructors tend to discourage their use. The "Chart and Figure" class for beginners, which is conducted in conjunction with these illustrated lectures, is proving very profitable.

The popularity of these "picture show" lectures is attested by the fact that other railroads are about to employ them, the system having been given a thoro investigation by their representatives. The importance of this method of instruction can be more fully realized when it is remembered that there are over 20,000 miles of street railroad track in the United States, and that the traction companies employ over 180,000 people.



THE EMPLOYEES ARE INSTRUCTED AS TO HOW EACH APPLIANCE ON THE CAR SHOULD BE WORKED, INCLUDING

THE HEADLIGHT AND REVERSER, SHOWING THE RIGHT WAY AND THE WRONG WAY.



Alpha

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

When the world was young and ambition's flight
Had not yet carried the soul aloft
To dizzy altitudes of height
And love not won by caresses soft,
With the mist of a fountain for a screen
The Moving Pictures first were seen,
By a shepherd boy who late at night
Refreshed his flock by the candle's light.

He saw the film of his life unroll
As he forged ahead to a higher goal,
And, blessed by such a wondrous thing,
This lad at last became a King.
And so may we of a later day
Be cheered and helped upon our way
By what we see and learn to know
From the screen of a modern Picture Show.



IN the last issue we gave four interesting pages from that wonderful little green book of Mary Fuller, the famous Edison player, and here are four more. The following extracts are copied verbatim from Miss Fuller's diary, all names being omitted:

APRIL 3D.—What delight to live in a place large enough to expand one's ideas in, sleep on a sumptuous bier in a lofty room as large as, say, the Grand Central Station rotunda! I would like that above all things. And long, columnated halls, and handsome slaves, and purple cushions with gold fringe, and men of science and art to discourse with, and no interference of Cupid, with his painful darts.

APRIL 4TH.—I had a delicious time today going to three theaters, dining at my Mexican restaurant on tamales and hot dishes, and driving in the limousine. Going down Fifth Avenue, a newsboy urchin jumped up on the running-board and thrust his head in the window. He treated me to an unconvincing line of begging and ended by saying, "I'll say a prayer for you, lady, if you help me out." I helped him out, but I dont think I have need of prayers so much that Fate should send so ill a messenger to offer them. Saw ——— in a feature picture today. He is one of the film actors that I like. It was the first time I had seen him, either on the screen or in person. I suppose I should see more pictures, but there are so many other things that claim my attention first.

APRIL 5TH.—The weather is sulking. I took an aristocratic leisure, dressing, this morning after my bath. It is such a solace to be able to live like a human one day in the week. In my journeyings I strolled into the Palace. There is nothing in vaudeville deader than a worn-out act. ——— was there, and I overheard him roasting ———. Some people haven't wit and imagination enough to make their own life interesting, so they meddle in the affairs of others. With my raincoat collar turned up and my hat down, I was the Invisible Angel standing amongst them.

APRIL 6TH.—They blew me up with a Black Hand bomb today, doing "Dolly of the Dailies" (No. 7). The charge of dynamite was very heavy. The shack was wrecked, my clothes were torn and blackened, and blood ran from a scalp wound. It was exciting. I hope my "fans" will like it.

APRIL 7TH.—We finished Frederick the Great today. In one of the platform scenes I wore the black velvet Watteau hat trimmed with lilies that I sat up making late last night. It turned out a great success. I hope they dont cut that scene out.

APRIL 8TH.—I received on this date a letter from one of my dear movie fans relative to the recent studio fire. She writes: "I read in the Philadelphia *Record* of the terrible fire and destruction of your studio. I am awfully sorry, dear; the papers stated that the studio was destroyed, the plays that were being made, four hundred actors and actresses lost their job, and the loss was $100,000. I shall tell you my first thought after reading it: Good Lord! I hope 'Dolly of the Dailies' is not destroyed!"

APRIL 9TH.—Today I received a request from a London magazine to write some articles for them—one entitled "My Real Love Romance," which I jotted down, typed and sent off to the editor. I believe they will be interesting reading. In writing "My Real Love Romance," I didn't know which one to choose, so began with the first serious one. Some day I will write a series of them, and I am sure it will be good "copy."

APRIL 10TH.—I was pulled up a coal-hole today. We were taking a scene from "Dolly of the Dailies" (No. 8), on Decatur Avenue, and when I emerged thru the coal-hole and scrambled out with face

and hands black with soot, hair down and dress torn, puffing and blowing like a grampus, the crowd shouted with glee. The worst of these outside scenes is that there is always such a crowd. And how they do eat me up!

April 11th.—Went to the opera this afternoon. I love Wagner; his ideas are mighty, his conceptions broad and full of poise. After the matinée I went to buy a hat. I just couldn't wear that last summer's Panama on Easter Sunday. Bought one of those burnt-to-a-crisp black hats with stove-polish ribbon. Beastly thing, but all the style. Look for it, dear children, in "Dolly of the Dailies" (No. 9). Went to my Mexican restaurant and



ate peppers and things until I felt like a Fourth of July celebration; then saw Frank Craven's new play. Amusing, but very light.

April 12th.—At 12 o'clock "X" called for me in the machine, and we motored over to Long Beach. He had brought one of his pet "props"—a striped blanket which had been around the world many times with him—to keep my feet warm. It looked dingy to me, and, as he put it conspicuously over my lap, I said, "Why feature the caterpillar blanket?" at which he was "sore," and was not to be mollified until I said, "Never mind, I am going to immortalize you by putting you into my diary—a distinction not bestowed on many," at which he smiled and said I was—well, never mind what he said. Long Beach was full of the Easter crowd, but we had no trouble in getting a table for dinner. The musicians played the pieces I like. We walked two miles on the beach and returned to town in time to attend a photoplay show and a Metropolitan concert.

April 13th.—How strange it is that many people who could help one by just a few words at the right moment—spiritual sign-posts, so to speak—never do so, out of sheer wantonness or selfishness or lack of perception! If the strong flourishing in their maturity would shed a ray of light into the darkness of the ignorant or weak or callow, they would be laying for themselves a living monument in the impressionable mind of the one who had caught some of the luster. Can you not think of some man or woman in your life who, by some look or gesture or noble remark, has lighted in you a like flame of something finer than had flourished in you before? And is it not sweet to be one of those who give forth such divine, psychic help? So many human shadows I have seen, with their eyes clouded with discouragement or bewildered by a rushing world, and I longed to take them in my arms and comfort them. I love everything my life touches. All things and people woven into the fabric of my existence I like, each for a different thing. I want to encourage and inspire those around me. It behooves us to be always at our best. For instance, I saw recently for the first time a well-known actress in a new play on Broadway. In her biggest scene she diligently picked her nose. (It sounds crass to write it down here; it looked the same way.) This was not necessary either for the realism of the play or as a sidelight on the character portrayed. It offended good taste and is one of the unpleasant things that is liable to remain as an after-impression. I am sure no actress wants to be remembered as the one who picked her nose—a reminder that is as salient as it is disagreeable. Therefore, never do anything to offend, for who knows what eyes, looking from afar, from a corner, from aloft, may carry that impression of you stamped indelibly. To foster in one's self the best things. Playing queens and thinking on what is good for the people begets ideas for one's own state, for we are all sovereign states, a little country within ourselves. I believe nobility of self and charity for others will be more universal as time goes on.

April 14th.—Thank fortune! We started the "Master Mummer" today. Took some of the convent scenes. I like the part (or parts). I hope it will be a success. Went to the Booth Theater in the evening. While we were having coffee in the lounge during intermission, I was introduced to the adorable ———, whom I have admired from afar for several years. He is not at all good-looking off the stage, but his manner and "atmosphere" are irresistible. After the show we picked up ——— at the Astor. He had

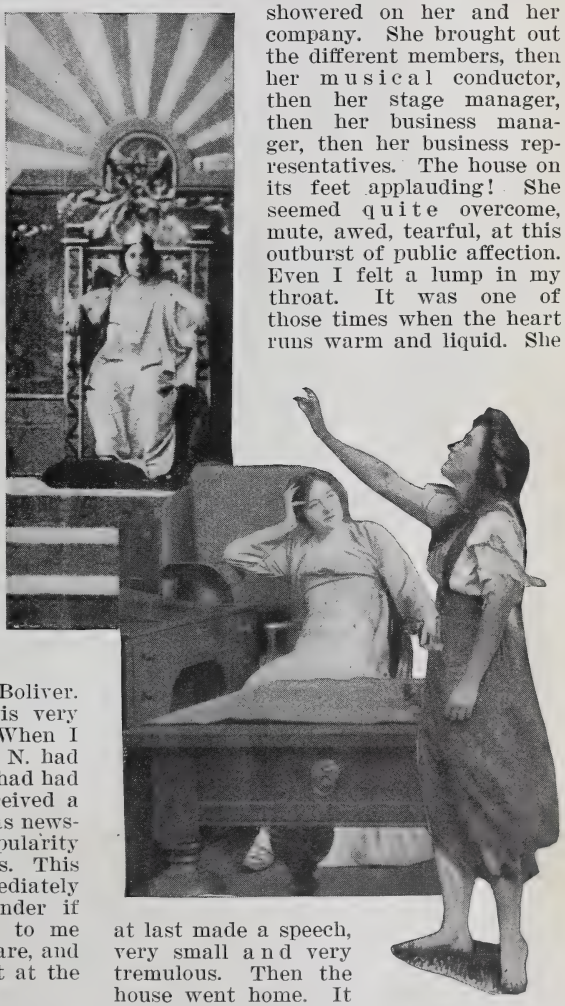
been to review Hitchcock—been enjoying the drollery of the time-table scene. (I saw it in Boston.) ——— was in excellent spirits and admired my hat—something he doesn't usually do. We supped at the McAlpin and discussed coming scenarios. He is such a dear; I am so fond of him. His fair hair curls around his chubby neck—a sweet, chubby neck—well, I shant say more.

April 15th.—Bought two junior dresses today for "The Master Mummer," one a blue serge, the other a shepherd plaid. I met ———, and we drove home together. He bought me a bunch of violets which I sniffed all the way home. A delightful lady from the Chicago *Tribune* interviewed me today. I liked her ever so much. She was slender, and her eyes, keen and intelligent, had that quintessential sweetness of pain. Another reason I liked her was because she didn't radiate commercialism. ——— came up to see our picture and was the one bright spot of the evening.

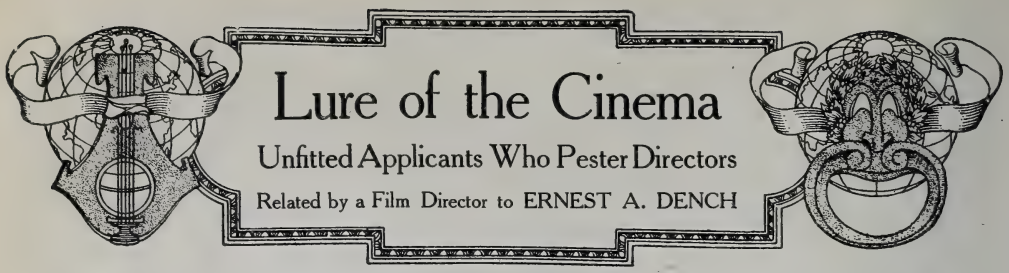
April 16th.—Went to see a Welch play at the matinée; well acted, but very gloomy. Nearly every one in the play was polished off before the end. The house was almost empty; only a few of us mourners attended. Bought two little frocks, and some magazines which I perused until 3 A. M., a very bad hour for a film actress to retire.

April 17th.—An early call took us to the Fourteenth Street studio to do Dolly No. 9. I turned the hose on Mr. Boliver. We had a late day, but ——— is very good and spoils me dreadfully. When I returned to the uptown studio, M. N. had left a mince pie for me which, as I had had no dinner, tasted very good. Received a telegram from the editor of a Dallas newspaper, saying I had won the Popularity Contest by a majority of 2,000 votes. This made me very happy, and I immediately telegraphed him a reply. I wonder if people will ever know how dear to me these expressions of their interest are, and what feelings well up in my heart at the thought of them.

April 18th.—A music firm wrote to me, asking permission to use my picture on the front of some music, and I had a letter today from a theater manager, offering me $200 to appear at his theater for one evening. Such appreciation is lovely. Went to the final New York appearance of Pavlowa, the dancer. She is making a world tour and has been visiting New York. She is rightly called "The Incomparable." Such fire, such abandon, and yet such faultless execution! It was a glorious farewell she received. The house was packed and fully appreciated the exquisite numbers on the program. At the end of the performance a long array of ushers filed down the aisle, carrying huge bunches of American Beauty roses. It looked like "the forest of Dunsinane was moving," truly. The house applauded continuously for twenty minutes. The flowers were heaped around her on the stage. A netting of flowers and petals was released from the "flies" and showered on her and her company. She brought out the different members, then her musical conductor, then her stage manager, then her business manager, then her business representatives. The house on its feet applauding! She seemed quite overcome, mute, awed, tearful, at this outburst of public affection. Even I felt a lump in my throat. It was one of those times when the heart runs warm and liquid. She at last made a speech, very small and very tremulous. Then the house went home. It was a real event, not one "worked up."



April 19th.—Had a lovely time today motoring around over Coney Island and Sheepshead with "Z." He had on a new spring hat and coat and was so proud of himself that he sat down on his nice cane and broke it all to pieces. I couldn't help laughing. I had fish and lobster, and later on Welsh rarebit—and lived thru it. Coming home in the evening—the frogs singing—the dusk falling like a benediction——



Lure of the Cinema

Unfitted Applicants Who Pester Directors

Related by a Film Director to ERNEST A. DENCH

"NOTHING troubles me more than the mania some folk have of wanting to act for the camera," a well-known director confided to the humble scribe t'other day; "altho they are not qualified in any way for such exacting and hard work as cinema acting. Years ago aspirants got stage-struck; now it is a case of being film-struck — the latest full-developed craze.

"I have had applications from retired policemen, court-officers and attorneys, soldiers, sailors and firemen, who fondly imagine that they could act their parts well. I do not doubt their abilities in their different spheres in real life, but when it comes to posing for Motion Pictures, well— In fact, I have had requests from people in all stations of life. They do not seem to realize that this new art is not near so easy as it looks.

"The reasons that some of them give are most astonishing. I have had an offer from the widow of a notorious murderer, who calmly suggested after his death that I engage her as a heroine at a high salary. She stated that her reflected fame would cause a sensation.

"On another occasion a weeping maiden paid me a visit, quite confident that she could play pathetic heroines with touching pathos and realism. Her lover had just thrown her over was the excuse, and there would be no need to pretend to be affected, for she could provide the real thing.

"Later on I received a letter from a young man who wrote that he had been practicing until he could hold his breath for a whole five minutes. He innocently explained that he accomplished this feat in order not to spoil the pictures by moving his face as the camera was grinding out the film. This enterprising young man has a sweetheart who has been assured that she possesses every qualification to win success on the screen. 'I can cry just whenever I like,' she states, 'and my young man says that when I stare at him real hard he feels quite tremulous, because it's as if I was accusing him of doing all sorts of awful things!'

"I heard the other day that two typists in a city office are testing their talents for silent acting in a manner that is certainly unique and amusing. Every lunch-time they decline to speak a word. When anything calls for the use of spoken words they try to express their meaning by the aid of gesture and facial expression. Sometimes the results prove to be disastrous. Recently, one of the girls attempted to order a glass of milk and a bun without speaking, and in all solemnness she found herself handling a box of cigarets and a railroad time-table instead. And then they think they are talented!

"One applicant that came to me hankering after a position as a film hero, impressed me so much that I cross-examined him. I told him that we required a man of wonderful facial expression, of dramatic action, and of commanding appearance. 'Do you consider yourself up to this description?' I asked; 'and can you make yourself understood without words?' 'Can I?' he laughingly replied. 'Look here, my wife is French, the boss that I work for is a Dutchman, and my boarder is a Jew, who talks nothing but Yiddish. I dont know a word of any foreign language, yet I have been making them understand me for years. How's that?'

"More than once, in the course of my experiences, have broken-hearted parents come to me, thinking, of course, that one or other of the runaways had joined film companies."

Expression of the Emotions

BY

Eugene V. Brewster

This is the second of a series of articles, the first having appeared in the July issue

Some persons have faces that are extremely expressive, while others have faces that are almost a blank. There is also a class of people who have such control over their emotions that their faces are always in repose, however intense may be the thoughts in their minds and however stirring their feelings. There seems to be a prevailing notion that dignity demands the suppression of all forms of expression of the emotions; that a king, or a judge, or a governor must never lose that repose of countenance which marks them as something above the common people. While it is true that the highest type of aristocracy that we can imagine would consist of people who were never perturbed, never ruffled, never aroused to intense emotions of any kind, and who were always calm and cool whatever the provocation, this conception leads us to a race of supermen. We are dealing with people that we see all around us. Violent passions are exhibited distinctly in the countenance of both man and animals, but the animals have very little power of expression. In brutes, the most marked expression is that of rage, which is quite what we could expect, since rage in this case is based on the law of self-preservation, the first law of nature. When we see the expression of rage, we may know that it means opposition, resistance and defense.

As we proceed from the lowest form of animal life to the highest type of mankind, we note that the capacity for emotion, feelings and sensations, and their expression, is increased. Thus, the lowly worm has very few sensations, while the learned philosopher has many; and the worm has but two or three ways of expressing those sensations, while the philosopher may have a hundred. An uncivilized man has fewer emotions than a civilized one has, and his face is correspondingly less expressive. A savage may express such primitive emotions as rage, fear and joy more clearly and decisively than a highly civilized man would, and so might one of the lower animals, such as a dog. For example, take a dog who is about to go out for a walk with its master; it wags its tail, prances, barks joyfully, even laughs, and its whole frame is expressive of ani-

mated, joyful anticipation. A philosopher does not exhibit his pleasures so expressively, but a child often does. Why? Because the philosopher has learnt to control his emotions, while the child is natural. And so with the lower types of man. The savage is natural. When he is angry, he shows it. In a natural and primitive state of society there is not so much deception and concealment of the inner workings of the mind; whereas, as we become civilized, we learn to cultivate repose, suppression of our passions and a poise and balance of our faculties. In other words, we become hypocrites. We learn to conceal our real emotions. We think that it is a sign of cowardice to exhibit fear; that it is undignified to laugh uproariously, and that it is unbecoming to weep. Thus, we strive to control the muscles of our faces so as to conceal from our fellows the inner workings of our minds. As we mix up with the intricate affairs of the world, we learn that life is a struggle for existence and that to succeed we must conceal our thoughts from our fellows and make a fight for a living. We learn to drive a sharp bargain, to put our best foot forward, to conceal our weaknesses, to exaggerate our good points, and in various ways to create a good impression, all of which necessitate acquiring control of our emotions and of our modes of expressing them. And in so doing we learn to express false emotions. We learn to express sorrow when we have none, hoping to gain sympathy, and we assume an expression of bravery and fearlessness, hoping thereby to frighten off our adversary. This deception and hypocrisy is natural, for we find it in the lowliest of animals. The expression, "playing 'possum," comes from the fact that the opossum, when in danger, assumes a semblance of death, so as to deceive the enemy. A hen, when she thinks her chicks in danger from an intruder, ruffles up her feathers until she is nearly twice her size, thinking thereby to deceive the enemy as to her frightfulness and power. All feathered animals do likewise, and most of the other animals have similar ways of deceiving the enemy—certain snakes dilate their necks to resemble the deadly cobra.



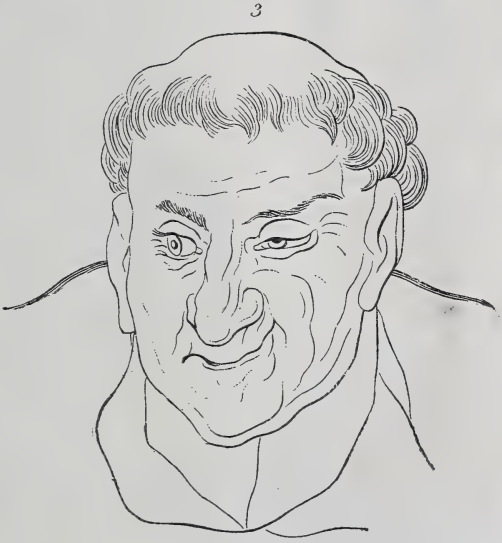
THE EXPRESSIVE FACE OF MAUDE EBURNE IS A FEATURE OF "A PAIR OF SIXES" AT THE LONGACRE THEATER, N. Y.

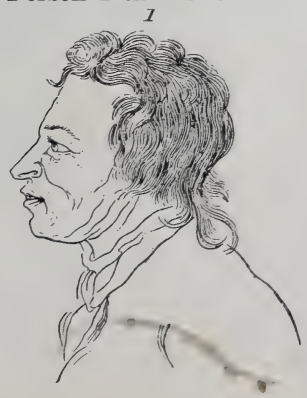
Thus, physical expression may be divided into two kinds: those which we adopt for deception purposes, and those which arise from the involuntary expression of the emotions. We are now concerned only with the latter.

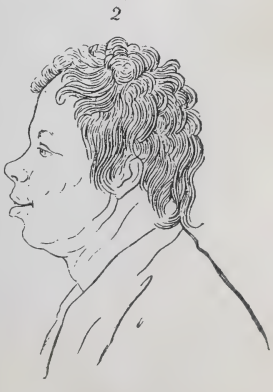


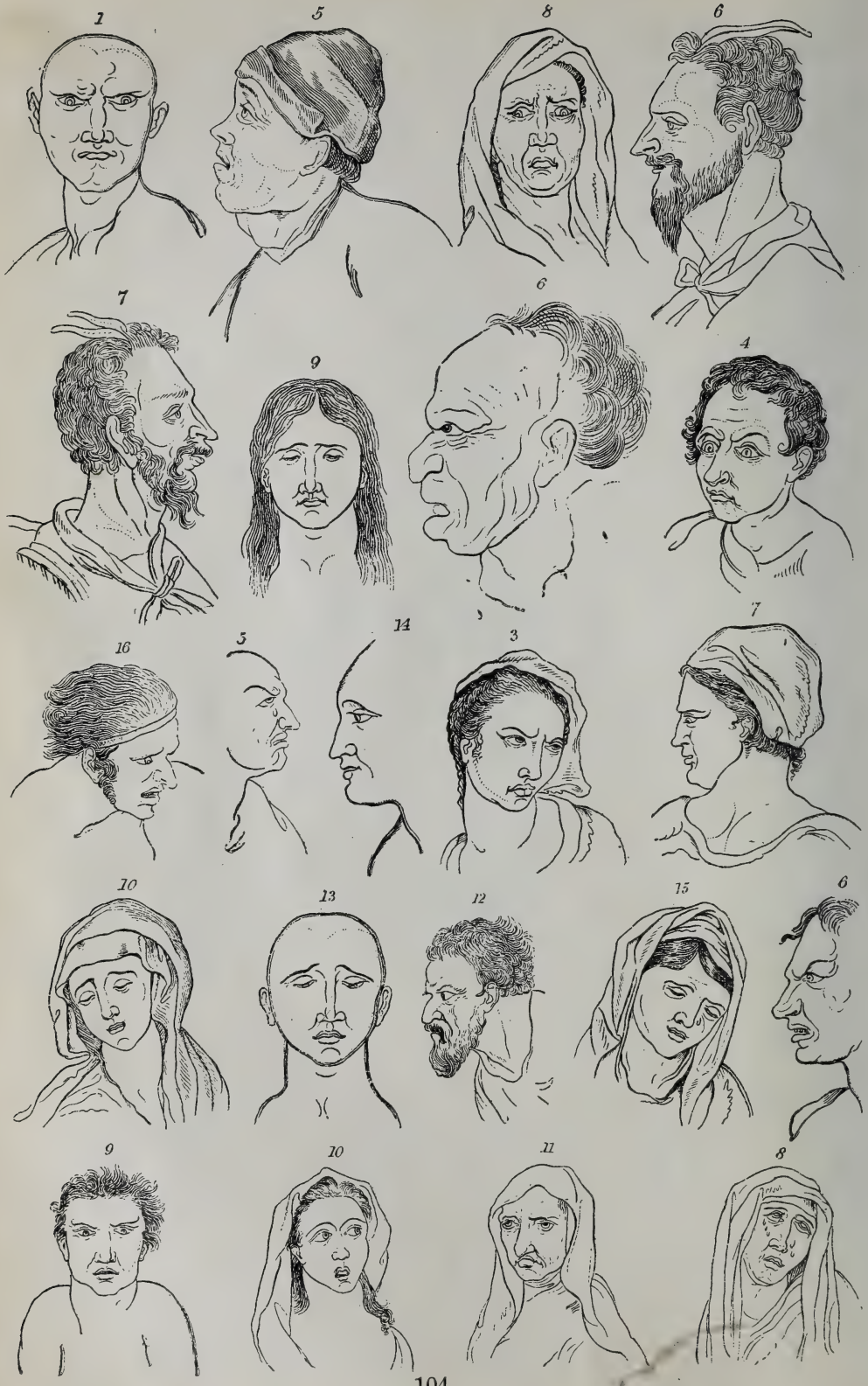
different way, and simple as the drawing is, you can almost imagine the chain of thoughts that has been started in each mind. And below are three others, all of different character and station, who heard the remark, and you will observe that the expression of mirth on each face differs materially from that of any other. Examine the lines of the face of Person 3, and you can imagine the cynical thoughts that are passing thru his mind. There is a slight expression of resentment as well as of mirth in the face of Person 1, and he might be saying to himself: "Very funny, but if he called *me* that, I would not stand for it." Person 2 sees the wit of the remark rather vaguely and is somewhat curious and yet indifferent. As simple as these drawings are, the more you examine them, the more you can read in the lines. And that is one of the purposes of this article — it is to make you think. The more you study facial expression, the more you will understand the minutest lines of the face, and the greater will be your enjoyment of the

In my last article I gave a list of over 165 different emotions that may be expressed by the face, and it is possible that each one of these may be subdivided into others. Take the accompanying illustration: three of the four faces indicate mirth, but it is quite clear that it is a different kind of mirth that has caused the laughter. Assume that Person 3 has called Person 4 by an uncomplimentary name; Person 4 is apparently amused, hardly angry; Person 1 thinks it rather funny, and Person 2 thinks it quite comic. The faces of all four indicate good-nature, and each expression is different. The mind of each person has been affected in a








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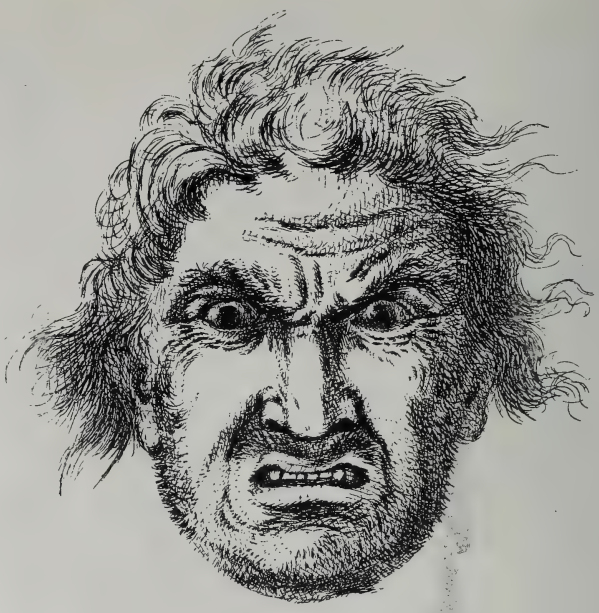
photoplay. And it is necessary here for you to understand that the impressions communicated by the external organs of sense *belong to the mind,* and that there is a mutual influence exercised by the mind and body on each other. In other words, what goes on in the mind is shown, more or less, on the face and body, and when the body suffers a sensation, such as pain, it is immediately shown on the face. I invite you to study the effects of emotion and sensation on the lines of the face, and I trust that you will bear with me if, in these introductory chapters, I find it necessary to lead you now and then into what might prove to be uninteresting fields of thought. Let us now turn, for a moment, to Darwin and see just what causes expression. Darwin gives three principles: I. *Serviceable associated habits;* II. *Antithesis;* III. *Actions due to the constitution of the Nervous System.*

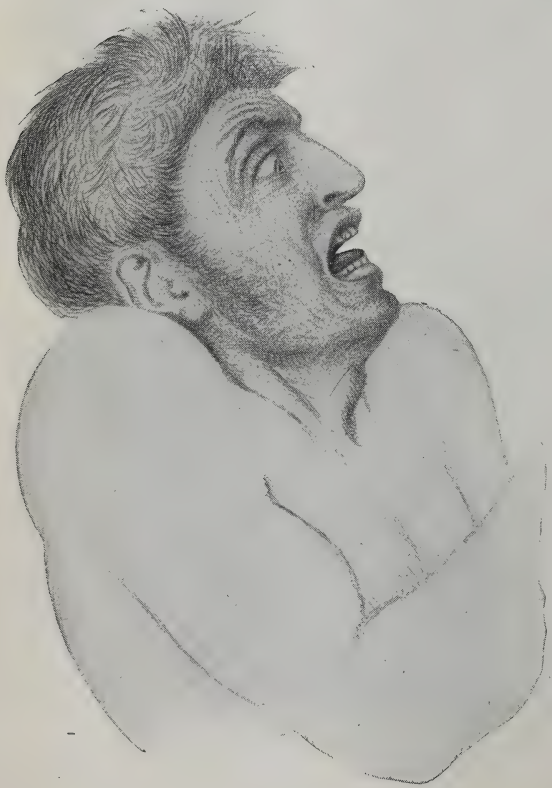
The first principle assumes that certain expressions are caused by our desire to relieve or gratify certain sensations, desires, etc., by making certain muscular movements that we have found to be helpful. The second principle assumes that, if a certain emotion causes us to make a certain facial expression, which we have found to be of service to relieve us (Principle I), when an opposite emotion is felt, there is a strong tendency to make an expression of an opposite nature, even if these expressions do not relieve us. The third principle assumes that when we are strongly excited, nerve-force is generated in excess and is transmitted thru the nerve-channels in certain definite directions, which



affects certain muscles of the face and body. But all this leads us into scientific and physiological fields, to which I do not intend to carry my readers.

Not only do different people express their emotions in different ways, but different people are affected in different ways by the same thing. On page 104 I have given a number of faces, each depicting an entirely different emotion. I ask you to examine each face closely and make up your mind what emotion or sensation each face represents. After this, I request that you imagine that each of these persons has just heard the important news, *"The king is dead!"* Of course, each person takes the news differently. The news arouses different sentiments in these different types of character. Can you not tell what is passing in their minds? At least, you have an idea, and while your idea may be different from mine, it is founded on a certain common instinct or knowledge. We all know laughter when we see it, and likewise pain. But can we always tell whether it is physical pain or mental pain? Here are two faces, each depicting fear. How different they are! Each of these persons may fear the very same thing, but they have different ways of showing it, because each is affected by more than one emotion. In other words, every emotion we might name is always accompanied by one or more other emotions or sensations, and each of these will have some effect on the muscles of expression.





It is remarkable that the expressions of pain, weeping, terror and laughing are quite similar, many of the same muscles being brought into use for each emotion. A person may laugh if told a

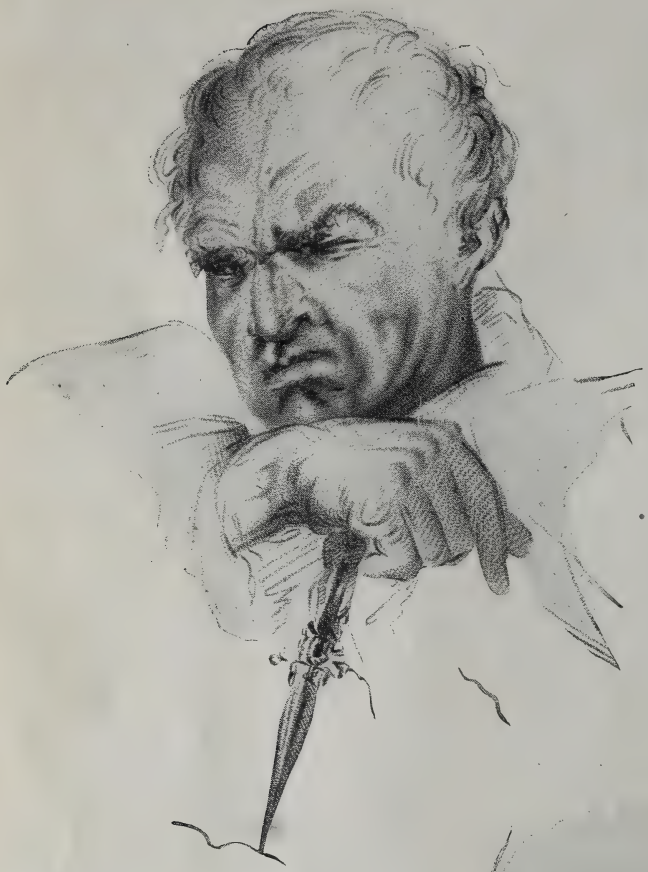
joke, and he may also laugh if tickled on the foot, one being purely mental and the other purely physical. Likewise, a person's face may show an expression of agony, and it may be caused by grief, purely mental, or by an ache, purely physical. We must not forget that the strongest emotions are sometimes expressed the least. No emotion is stronger than maternal love, but a mother may feel the deepest love for her helpless infant, and yet not show it by any outward sign.

Expression is very much like a language; we have to learn it. It is doubtful if children instinctively recognize any expression. They, no doubt, learn to read expression mostly by watching their elders; but when a child cries or laughs, it knows, in a general way, what it is doing and what it feels, and therefore it soon learns to recognize those emotions in others.

It is a curious fact that we recognize so many shades of expression without any conscious process of analysis on our part. We see a face, and we instantly recognize an expression of, say, cunning; but we cannot tell why, nor can we describe a cunning expression. There are various ways of reading character, with more or less correctness, such as phrenology, physiognomy, astrology, palmistry, chirography, etc., but there is nothing like the face. Some can read faces better than can others. Some faces are as an open book, while others are expressionless always. Some of our best actors on the stage and on the screen have faces that are extremely expressive when in repose, while others have to distort their faces out of all shape to tell the story of their emotions. Gestures are very helpful, but a great orator does not require gestures, and uses them sparingly. When an actor or speaker has not the power to express his emotions by his face, he resorts to extreme measures, which is called ranting. Did you ever observe Henry Walthall display an intense emotion? He does not wring his hands, distort his face and wildly cry, "My God!" His face is in repose, but you can read the whole story in his eyes and by the very slight movement of the muscles. That is one of the tricks of that master artist, David Griffith; for you will remember that he seldom allows his players to rant. He makes them turn toward the camera and tell the story with faces almost serene. In this regard, mention should be made of the expressive face of Earle Williams, also of Edith Storey and, in fact, of nearly all of the players in "The Christian," which has not yet been equaled as far as acting and facial expression are concerned.

I think it was Talleyrand who said that language was given us so that we could conceal our thoughts. It is true that we often say one thing and mean another, but when we have to look a person in the eye and say it, it is not so easy. The expression on our faces is likely to give us away. The movements of expression give vividness and energy to our spoken words. The players on the screen have but few words, and they must depend on expression almost solely to tell their story. And, lately, the art of photography has been carried to such an artistic extreme that the photoplayer is now given abundant opportunity to display his abilities in the art of facial expression. Formerly the faces on the screen were all chalky white, and the art of make-up was not understood by the players. The best camera in the world cannot give perfect modeling to faces that are plastered with grease-paint and white powder. The art of lighting has also been greatly improved, so that now there is no excuse for a player in a well-regulated company who cannot make his or her face tell the story without resorting to melodramatic ranting.

Again, some characters require violent gesture and intense facial expression. Take Mr. Bosworth in "The Sea-wolf"; here was a strong character, and it would be hard to overdo the acting of such a part. What I wish to impress is the fact that as the ladder of culture and in-

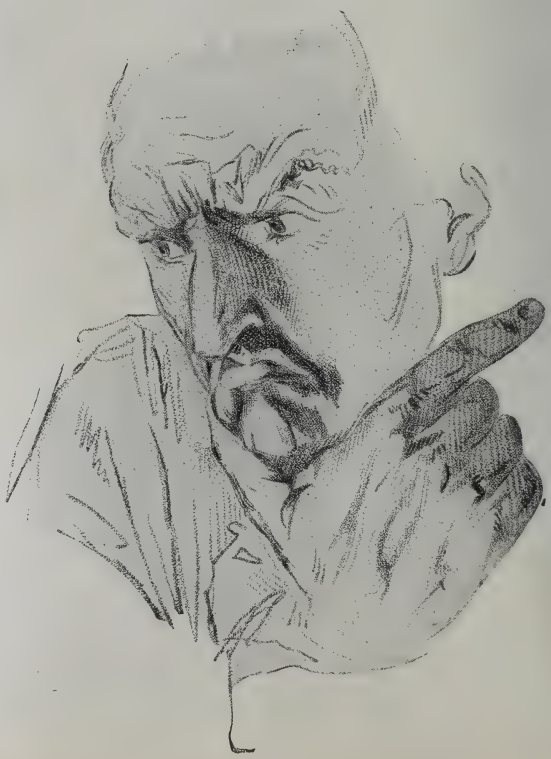


telligence is ascended, the players must learn to express their emotions by suppressing them, as it were; and when they are depicting characters of a low order, they must give their facial muscles fuller play, accompanied, if need be, with gestures and other accessories. It is comical to see the way some of our players depict a governor or other supposedly intelligent officials and men of affairs. Not having command of the facial muscles of expression, they resort to violence and vehemence that would do credit to an uncivilized backwoodsman. A good player can express almost any emotion, however intense, by the slightest movement of the facial muscles.

I have written to several of our leading photoplayers for photographs depicting various emotions, and may I ask those to whom I have not yet written, and who see this, to favor me with theirs? Thus far, my illustrations are general and are made from drawings; but my next article will be illuminated with familiar faces.

Here we have a man who has just committed a crime. The dagger is held loosely in his hand, and he is contemplating his deed with just a tinge of remorse in his heart, yet the hatred and revenge that prompted the crime have not entirely vanished.

Here we have a good example of jealousy





NORMA TALMADGE, OF THE VITAGRAPH PLAYERS, SHOWING HER REMARKABLY EXPRESSIVE FACE UNDER DIFFERENT EMOTIONS

and suspicion. But cover the hand so that only the face is visible, and you will recognize contempt, hatred, anger or cruelty. Can you imagine John Bunny or Alice Joyce posing so as to resemble the emotions in this picture? If not, why not? That is a phase of the subject which we shall soon explore. And we shall learn why we all express emotions practically the same. And why tears come to the eyes when we are in deep sorrow. And why we frown and scowl when we are displeased.

(*To be continued*)

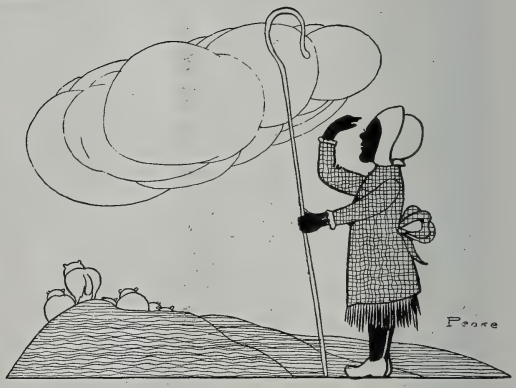
Mother Goose of Motion Pictures

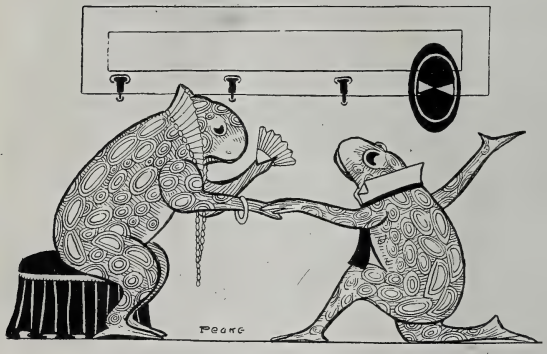
By HARVEY PEAKE



Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Leave behind your candle-stick;
Hustle up, you are far too slow,
You'll get no seat at the Picture Show.

Little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep,
And cried when they strayed away;
But she dried the tear when mother dear
Took her out to a Picture Play.





A frog who would a-wooing go,
Took his girl to a Picture Show;
She thought it was grand,
And he won her hand,
For your taste is good,
You have proved it so.

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter;
Where shall he go
For an evening gay?
To a Photoshow,
Just across the way.





ROSE TAPLEY, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY


Rose E. Tapley
(Vitagraph)

"Let's sit in the sunshine." We picked our way thru a vivacious company of lions, a cross-section—very cross—of a cowboy lynching and an embarrassingly fervent case of camera love-making, to a more or less retired part of the yard. Miss Tapley indicated a Florentine marble bench, made of New Jersey cement, and we sat down beside the scenic splendor of a Southern mansion with majestic canvas pillars.

"Local color——" said my pretty hostess; "maybe you wouldn't guess I was born in Petersburg, Virginia, tho?" —this hopefully.

"Well"—I was puzzled—"you have a Southern voice and an English accent and a New York emphasis, and you use New England expressions——"

"A real What-is-it, am I not?" smiled she. "You see, I was raised in the South, and my mother is a Knickerbocker Dutchwoman, and I went to Boston High School and Boston University——"

"You *did?*" cried I. "Why, I still think the world is a suburb of Boston. Dont you remember——" And we were off, interview forgotten.

The sun, painfully reminding me that I had not put on my thin ones yet, recalled my duty as a scribe. I applied my pencil severely to my note-book.

"Did you plan to be an actress when you were a child?"

"Mercy, no!" Miss Tapley laughed reminiscently. "I used to think I'd be a grand opera star. You see, I've loved music from the cradle on. Even now I sing a bit and play a trifle. And yet I'm a silent drama star! Dear, dear! what practical jokes Life plays on us!"

"But surely you're not sorry——"

"Sorry! No! I love it!" This went down in three exclamation points.

"I've been on the real stage with Mansfield, Chauncey Olcott, Larry Griffin, and in 'The Sign of the Cross' and 'The Lion and the Mouse,'" continued Miss Tapley, "but I like picture work better. I believe there are no finer speaking dramas than 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' and 'Tho His Sins Be as Scarlet,' for instance. I've played sixty parts with Vitagraph, and *felt* every one of them."

"A wide range of sensation," I commented. "Isn't it a bit wearing to feel like a deserted wife one morning, a cruel adventuress after lunch, a pious grandmother during the course of the afternoon, and a chorus girl to wind up the day?"

"I do emotional parts mostly, and they are a bit wearing," admitted Miss Tapley, "especially as I always cry real tears, unless we rehearse too often. But they vary damp characters by giving me a dash of comedy now and then. The best thing I've done? Well, perhaps in some ways the wife's part in 'Conscience' and *Amelia* in 'Vanity Fair.'"

She paused, glancing at me suspiciously.

"About five foot six," I murmured absently, "plump, brown-haired—I *beg* your pardon!"

"You look as tho you were writing an eye-witness description of a murder suspect or a tailor's measurements or something," she smiled, with a roguish twinkle of her grayish-bluish eyes, "I'm not 'wanted' for anything, am I?"

"Only for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE," said I, deftly angling. "Perhaps you see it, sometimes?"

"Always"—promptly—"I sent in ten subscriptions to it once. The stories are especially fine. They catch the atmosphere that we try to produce so encouragingly."

I suddenly caught the gleam of authorship in the lady's eyes.

"I believe you write yourself," I accused her.

"Only scenarios and stories and poems," she said modestly. "But I love to read. I like poems, too—truly. I read them when no one is around to be impressed, too! I knew Whittier when I was a little girl."

"Do you want to vote?" I asked cautiously.

"I'd rather sew and cook," exclaimed this remarkable woman. "If politics are to be purified, let the men do better themselves. If we women gave the world better food and darned more stockings, there would be fewer thieves and paupers, *I* believe."

"Long may she wave!" I cheered. "What do you do just for fun, Miss Tapley?"

"I walk, I ride, I swim," she recited promptly, "and I read the *Times* and my beloved poems, and then I spend some time just living. Have I ever done anything heroic or sensational? Well—no-o-o—unless you call bandaging up a Georgia negro woman who had been slashed in a little argument with her husband. I have the Southern feeling toward the dark people, I'm afraid, but—well, she was bleeding and praying, and there wasn't anybody else. I fainted afterward." She sighed plaintively. "My friends say I'm an 'easy mark' because I listen to every tale of woe that comes along, but I *do* feel things."

"In other words, you're a woman instead of a suffraget," said I.—THE TATTLER.



EDITH STOREY AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE VITAGRAPH CO., INCLUDING NED FINLEY, HARRY NORTHRUP, JAMES MORRISON AND PAUL KELLY

When somebody asked the question at the evening party as to which Bible story each would prefer to see on a Moving Picture film, there was a variety of opinions. The old maid, of course, said, "Joseph and His Brethren." Little Johnny thought he'd like to see "Daniel in the den of lions, just goin' to git et," or else David slaying the giant. A fellow, who is great on watching parades, said the march of the children of Israel thru the Red Sea, while the astronomer wanted a picture of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still. The blasé young man in the corner said it didn't make much odds to him, tho they might flash Adam and Eve in the garden, if it was all the same. It was ascertained that he didn't go to photoshows at all, but to the regular theaters.

Providence, R. I. JOHN P. ROBINSON.



Interesting Picture Figures

By IRVING CRUMP



THO California, with its perpetual sunshine and clear air, presents more attractions to the Motion Picture manufacturer, New York has been able to hold its own as the center of the world's Motion Picture industry. Indeed, more films are handled, shipped or displayed here than in any other city in the world. This can be well understood when it is stated that there are one thousand Motion Picture theaters and combination vaudeville and Motion Picture playhouses in Greater New York. Also in and about the Boro of Manhattan are located twenty-one Motion Picture studios and film-manufacturing establishments.

It has been estimated that, in the summer-time, when all of the open-air Motion Picture theaters are in full operation, more than fifteen million feet of film is displayed here during three daily performances. In fact, there is a theater for every five thousand people in the city, and since approximately eight hundred of each five thousand attend these theaters daily, more than eight hundred thousand men, women and children spend their leisure hours watching photo-dramas.

Estimating the average admission fee as five cents—which, by the way, is conservative, since there are many houses that charge twenty-five cents admission—it can be figured that forty thousand dollars is the amount spent each day by a "movie mad" public.

What a decade has meant to the Motion Picture industry can be readily understood when one looks back a bit. Ten years ago the Motion Picture theater was unknown in Manhattan, and about the only way that films were displayed to the general public was a reel at a time at the close of the evening's performance in the various vaudeville houses. At that time there were not more than two or three studios in the vicinity of New York, and these were small and of very little consequence. The Motion Picture play was unknown then also, the camera men having confined their art to photographing "Moving Train in Action" or "A Storm at Sea," or something just as simple. The film itself was a brief affair, not averaging more than one hundred feet. In fact, a five-hundred-foot reel was a complex reel then; today, it is a "split reel," and rarely manufactured. Today, the average length of a reel is one thousand feet, and quite frequently from five to seven of these reels are used in the production of a single photoplay. Trick photography was also indulged in in the olden days. Today, scenarios calling for trick photography are barred by nearly all manufacturers. The tendency has been to portray life, not the fanciful affairs called "magic pictures" a decade ago.

In those days, the projection machine was not what it is today, either. The contrivance with which Motion Pictures were displayed was a cumbersome affair, which since has been improved upon, until now it is almost perfect. The projection machine used today magnifies a three-quarter-inch picture thirty thousand times in order to produce an image to fill a twelve by twelve screen. In the old days the light used in the machine was filtered thru an alum bath before it came in contact with the film. This was done in order to keep the celluloid from bursting into flames. It was necessary to expose the film to the concentrated light rays only a single second to have them ignite. Now, automatically, the light is shut off from the film the moment the machine stops, and let on again the instant the machine is in motion. Since sixteen pictures pass in front of the projector when the machine is in motion, no one section of the film is exposed long

enough to permit its ignition, in a second's time.

All this and more has been accomplished in a decade. In the United States, according to best authorities, there are about fifteen thousand photoplay houses, not counting the vaudeville and legitimate houses that use Motion Pictures during the intermissions. There are perhaps three hundred and fifty manufacturers of films, with studios from Maine to California and Florida to Washington. Then, too, there are the traveling troupes of these same manufacturers. America supplies the Motion Picture plays for the world, for there are many more films made here than abroad.

For this reason American films find a ready market in Europe and other continents. Indeed, American-made films find their way to far-off Australia, China, India, Indo-China and other remote corners of the globe. What the daily output of American studios is cannot possibly be estimated. Some idea of the amount of film required can be had when one realizes that five million feet of new film must be turned out each day to satisfy New York's public alone.

It is estimated that there are at least ten thousand to twelve thousand Motion Picture theaters in the field outside of America. The bulk of these are located, of course, in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna and similar cities. Paris lays claim to the largest photoplay house in the world—the Gaumont Palace. This show-place seats more than seven thousand persons, and the photodrama there is put on an equal footing with legitimate plays.

The amount of money invested in Motion Picture theaters, studios, companies, advertising and the like cannot well be estimated. The studio equipment of some companies totals more than five hundred thousand dollars, while some of the photoplay theaters have been erected at a similar cost. The expense of manufacturing films is as great, if not greater, than that of the average manufacturing enterprise. In the first place, the film material, "raw film," costs from two to four cents a foot, depending upon the market. Then the cost of maintaining a company, or companies, whichever the case may be, is rather high. Actors are paid anywhere from twelve dollars a week to twenty thousand dollars a year.

But besides these overhead expenses there is another source of trouble. There are any number of inventors that have to be supplied with royalties on cameras, film, projection machines and various other appliances. Indeed, the weekly royalties exacted from the Motion Picture enterprise amounts to what would be considered a handsome profit in most lines.

Yet, withal, this industry, "founded on the nickels of the people," as one manufacturer puts it, is healthy and growing. It can hardly be called an infant industry, for seventeen years or more have passed since the first attempts were made to reproduce action in pictures. And during that time a score or more Americans have been made prominent and many more have been made rich as well.

Passing Pictures

By WILL R. JOYES

Spun from the present and wove for the past,
Glide the fleet films of today;
Only a flash and a picture is cast,
Actions and words to portray.
Whither they go, or their purpose or end,
Mortal may never conceive;
Ages and worlds on their infinite trend,
Into some destiny weave.

Funny Stories That Are True

By THE PLAYERS THEMSELVES

(Collected by ALBERT L. ROAT)

Making a Star

By BILLIE WEST

(Mutual)

A SUCCESSFUL picture player must bid herself goodby in the morning and begin work like she could eat it. And she cannot hope to



BILLIE WEST

"make good" unless she is not only willing but eager to attempt anything.

The very first "stunt" given me was to race a train riding a horse side-saddle. It was easy because I was bred in old Kentucky, synonymous with "dare" and horseflesh. I love horses, and I had the honor of riding the world-famous "Eagle" in the Pasadena Horse Show.

I won my spurs by aggressiveness and nerve. For instance, in a picture that I finished some time since, I jumped twenty-five feet from a broken bridge to the ground, ran an electric handcar at top speed, stood against a board and had knives thrown at me—all in a "two-reeler." Going some, eh? Another time I had to break a kitchen chair over a man's back to make a realistic scene.

Fun, too, is mixed in with the "thrillers." We made scenes in an orange grove, and we ate so many oranges that we turned pale for weeks after even at the mention of the fruit.

In a story, "The Thief and the Book," my grandfather was supposed to own a bookstore. Two men entered, and while one selected a book the other man robbed the cash register.

I happened to see him in the act, and called loudly for help. The robber ran outside. A real police officer was standing on the corner. He heard my cries and saw the man run, and started in hot pursuit. He didn't see the camera till he caught his man. Just to see the expression on his face, when we players laughed, was worth the time to take a new picture.

A Short Sermon

By JULIA STUART

(Eclair)

USUALLY, both the humorous and irritating incidents happen when a picture player cannot show the least concern, because a word, or even a gesture, might ruin hundreds of feet of precious film. Sometimes we do enjoy them inwardly, or feel an objection, and delay all outward expressions until we are out of range of the camera.

While taking scenes for a picture in the quiet suburbs of Philadelphia, I had a funny experience. I portrayed the character of an old woman. I wore a gray wig, a calico dress, a torn apron, and a shabby, black bonnet tied under my chin. I was the regulation beggar and walking merchant combined. My basket contained a few bananas, an assortment of candy and chewing gum.



JULIA STUART IN A "KIND OLD LADY" PART

I had just finished a scene with my son, in the picture, who was supposed to have fallen into evil ways, and had surreptitiously abstracted a bottle of whiskey from his pocket and hidden it in my basket under the bananas.

After the scene was over, I wandered down the road and seated myself on a low wall where the shade was most evident. It was exceptionally hot, and the next scene was made without my presence.

As I sat there watching the other players work, a well-dressed elderly woman came around the corner. She started to cross the road in range of the camera just as the camera man began to grind his machine.

Rather than have her presence spoil the picture, I sprang forward and grabbed her arm. "Wont you please wait a moment?" I almost demanded.

She shook my hand off her arm roughly. "Go away!" she returned, with a wry face. "I dont want to buy anything!"

Of course I was amused, but I coaxed her to wait.

She put her hand up to her ear, megaphone fashion. "I dont know what you are trying to say," she said crossly. "I cant hear very well."

I believe she must have been near-sighted, besides hard of hearing.

"Perhaps," she continued, in a milder tone, "you can direct me to the station."

I nodded pleasantly and pointed to

the station in the distance. She started off, turned and came back to me, and taking a nickel from her purse, dropped it into my basket. "I think I'll take a couple of bananas," she said.

As she selected two of the largest, she uncovered the whiskey flask. She gazed at it with horror. Then she dropped the bananas and picked up the nickel, fumbled in her handbag and produced several Bible tracts. She selected one and pushed it into my hand, and went off mumbling down the road.

I glanced at the tract. It was entitled: "*Watch and Be Sober!*"

When We Players Laugh

By GEORGE LARKIN

(Universal)

THERE is no monotony in picture work. It is one continuous-incident reality. During my career, I have successfully portrayed almost every character, which has given me the opportunity to laugh quite frequently.

Playing under the Edison standard, I portrayed the character of a drowning *woman* in a picture entitled "The Bridge of Sighs." In one of the scenes I clung to the side of a barge anchored in mid-stream, waiting for my cue to drift into the focus of the camera. A sailor aboard a revenue cutter coming upstream, noted my supposed plight and promptly went overboard and swam to my assistance. He rescued me, deaf to my protest, to the delight of the spectators lined on shore.

Recently, in a picture called "While Papa Telephoned," a Kalem portrayal, I rescued Miss Ruth Roland in a drowning scene, and emerged from the surf amid the plaudits of those assembled.

For the education of my audience, we "make up" for our parts with a thick grease-paint—black and white. Evidently, a certain young woman didn't know that fact. When I struggled out of the water on that particular day, she accosted me innocently.

"Please, sir," she began politely, "will you tell me the name of the *waterproof* face powder you use? I would like to paint my face before bathing tomorrow?"

Perhaps you dont know that Pawnee, Oklahoma, is a "dry" town. It is. The Eclair Company was taking scenes there. In a certain scene I was supposed to be shot and falling from the saddle. I rolled over a cliff into



GEORGE LARKIN

Big Bear Creek, which on that eventful morning was covered with a scum of ice.

Believe me, it was chilly, and I was extremely cold after the plunge into that icy bath, and rode post-haste to the studio to change my wet clothes.

Shortly after I entered, a real minister who had been a spectator at the scene strolled into the room. After assuring himself we were alone, he handed me a flask of whiskey and said advisedly: "Drink it all; it will prevent you catching cold."

I did. Then I thanked him and in-

vited him to call again. When the director returned, I surprised him. "Director," I said, "let me swim Big Bear Creek in a couple of more scenes, will you?"

He was perplexed. But, after I had explained the circumstances, he laughed.

Atmosphere

By ETHEL PHILLIPS

(Kalem)

A HUMOROUS incident occurred during one of our engagements in Australia. The action of the play was laid in the Australian bush, and, to gain "atmosphere," several emus were used. These birds acted quietly until the sun was supposed to set and the stage was flooded with a "yellow light." The orchestra was playing soft music.

Suddenly there was a crash—one of the emus was attracted by the soft, amber lights, and sauntered down to inspect it, curiously, his head to one side to assure himself all was well. He pecked a globe, which exploded with a pistol-like report.

That surprised bird left the stage, both feet at once, and landed among the orchestra. Every one of those "musicianers" dropped his instrument and fled, except the German 'cello player, who exclaimed: "Gott in Himmel! My 'cello!"

The bird was captured finally and quiet restored. But after that, needless to say, the "atmosphere" was sent back to the zoo.

Wailing and Whaling

By GEO. A. BERINGER

(Mutual)

WHEN I was a boy, I had the craving for adventure common to all reckless schoolboys. I read stories of the sea and the jungle with interest. But what fascinated my imagination most was the story of a "whaling expedition." I read and absorbed every whaling yarn I could lay my hands upon, and I determined, when I grew up to be a man, to spend all my time catching whales.

During the Christmas holidays, about nine years ago, my father took me to Wollongong, a coaling-town on the coast of New South Wales, and every morning, as the sun rose, I could be found on the beach looking for whales.

Two or three days before we returned to Sydney, I met a big man with an abundance of hair on his chest and arms and a thick, curly crop on his head. Imagine my joy when he told me he was a "whale-chaser."

"I'll return soon," he said, "when I get my breakfast and have said good-by to my wife and kiddie."

Of course, my cup of happiness was full, because I believed that man would take me with him on a whale-hunt. While I waited, I stretched myself out on the warm sand for a rest, having risen early that morning.

It seemed but a few minutes when the big, hairy man returned and carried me out to where his ship lay anchored. And when I awoke, we were already several miles from land. Nothing stirred until about eleven that morning, when the man at the masthead cried, in a strong, low voice: "There she blows!"

I leaned over the deckrail, and away to port I saw a strange jet of water shooting upwards from the ocean like a garden-hose spray. A boat was manned and equipment placed in it. As the big, hairy man ran past me, I followed and persisted in my desire to get into the boat with him. He told me I'd be drowned, but I assured him I didn't care, and so won his favor.

It was a treat to watch those strong arms propel that small boat thru the water. "Tom, you with the harpoon," one of the crew bellowed. In another minute the water swirled; the boat rolled. The man cast the harpoon. The line ran out rapidly—

stopped suddenly; then a furious catastrophe! The boat was smashed in two, and I felt myself going down into the depths of the sea, until two strong hands clutched me, and I was carried safely to the ship's side.

The whale had followed us. I saw it heading at a terrific rate toward the ship, and, just as it was about to make the dreadful impact, I felt the waves playing about my feet, and my father grabbed my arm and shouted: "'Come, Puddin'-head, breakfast is ready!" I woke up to find I had not been whale-hunting at all.

A short time after this "dream adventure" came the day of our departure, and, after a last paddle in the surf, I saw a woman leading a youngster by the hand. She was wiping her eyes with her apron. In the spirit of pity and inquisitiveness I followed them.

She stopped and talked with another woman, and soon there was a small crowd of women congregated together. From what I gathered from the "wailing" conversation, the big, hairy man had gone on his last expedition. My heart was heavy. All the way to Sydney I could view the ocean from the train window, and my craving for adventure suddenly ceased.



Movies of Poultry Raising

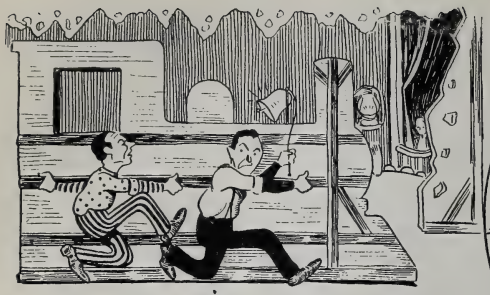
By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

THE Department of Agriculture has decided that Moving Pictures will prove exceedingly valuable for instruction work in poultry husbandry. Moving Picture lectures on poultry work already have been delivered and have been well received. The Moving Picture indelibly stamps its lesson on the audience. The lecturers explain the lesson, while the pictures tell the story.

The audience is personally conducted thru the various stages of poultry work and gets a lasting and helpful impression. It is ages ahead of the old-time lecture droned out to an audience that was half asleep and largely inattentive. There is no going to sleep at our Uncle Sam's poultry photoshows — everybody is wide awake and eager for more.

The last season has been a busy one in film-making. Uncle Sam now has films that already cover a wide field in practical poultry instruction work. The Moving Pictures begin with the cleaning and disinfection of the poultry house. The audience sees it done and is told all about it. Then come gathering and sorting eggs, all phases of handling of eggs during incubation and the care of chicks, both by natural and artificial means, to the minutest detail. The growth of the embryo chick is shown from the first day up to and including the twenty-first day. The pictures are good and have received favorable comment.

Besides the value of these pictures of the development of the chick in teaching embryology, there is a great object lesson for farmers and others, showing just what takes place in eggs when they are held in warm weather. Of course, the poultry movies are a new departure, and there is much yet to be done. It is only a beginning of a great educational work, and it has proved a very successful beginning.



A PAPIER-MACHÉ ENGINE PROPELLED BY A COUPLE OF STAGE HANDS WOULD FURNISH THE THRILLS.



IT TAKES THE REAL THING NOW.



THE PROPERTY MAN WITH THE AID OF TWO COCOANUT SHELLS AND A SLAB OF STONE WOULD IMITATE THE HORSE THE HERO MADE HIS DASHING RIDE ON.





BUT NOW THEY HAVE TO SHOW US.



A FEW YEARS AGO THIS POOR CHAP SAW NO FUTURE FOR THE PICTURES



IT IS A DIFFERNT STORY TODAY.



THE SHIPWRECK SCENE WAS A VERY TAME AFFAIR WHEN THE HERO COULD RECLINE GRACEFULLY ON THE STAGE AND HAVE A BLUE CANVAS WORKED UP AND DOWN FOR RAGING WAVES



THIS IS WHAT WE SEE TODAY

The Great Artist Contest

Last Month to Vote in the Most Interesting Contest Ever Conducted by a Publication

Ballots Continue to Pour In from the World Over

THIS issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE contains the final voting coupon in the Great Artist Contest. The ballot boxes will be sealed on August 20th, and the magazine's force of inspectors and ballot clerks will commence their labors of tabulating the final results. The October number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, appearing on sale September 15th, will contain a full announcement of the votes recorded, the photographs of the winning players, and all kinds of interesting write-ups commemorating the contest.

The popularity contests, which were inaugurated by this magazine over two years ago, and continued the following year, to give credit and recognition to photoplayers, brought out a large response from Moving Picture theater playgoers. Imitating and supplementing our endeavors to give photoplayers a proper standing in the theatrical world, other magazines and newspapers have since inaugurated similar contests. In practically all cases, the public has voted and campaigned for its favorites with a hearty response.

Continuing its policy of being the largest and most popular magazine devoted to photoplay and photoplayers, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE again pioneered by inaugurating the Great Artist Contest. Its editors realize that popularity does not always make for merit; that good looks, winning ways and publicity are not true standards of a photoplayer's artistic ability; and that prizes of money or other inducements add only an element of professionalism to a contest which detracts from its real worth. In this light the Great Artist Contest was conceived and has been conducted for the past seven months. Over six million unsolicited votes have been received by our contest department and recorded in our files. In this amazing tribute from lovers of photoplay and its translators, the great artists of photoplay, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has employed a contest editor and a staff of clerks whose sole business it is to count, classify, tabulate and record this mountain of ballots. All verses, letters and tributes of the players have been carefully preserved, and when the contest closes will be sent to the players themselves.

The expense of conducting such a stupendous and elaborate contest has been gladly borne by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE without hope of recompense. Our reward consists solely in advancing the cause of meritorious portrayers of the greatest of modern arts and sciences—photoplay.

Six million votes! Do our readers stop to realize what an enormous quantity of mail this represents and the significance of these figures? They are larger than all other similar contests combined. They represent over one-third of the entire vote cast for President of the United States in 1912. They are larger than the combined popular vote of the great states of New York, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, California and Texas. The entire length of the ballots placed end to end would make a paper highway that our readers could walk upon, stretching from New York to Chicago.

A glance at the result of the votes published on page 123 reveals some interesting deductions. There are four players who have passed the three hundred thousand mark, and fortunately two of them,

Earle Williams and J. Warren Kerrigan, are male, and the other two leaders, Mary Pickford and Mary Fuller, are of the gentler sex. This shows that there are few split ballots, and that there is no sex favoritism. The second group, consisting of Arthur Johnson, Marguerite Clayton, Clara Kimball Young, Carlyle Blackwell and Alice Joyce, shows a close struggle for position and is sufficiently close to the leaders to be able to overhaul them in this, the last month of voting. The third group, of Crane Wilbur, Francis X. Bushman and Edith Storey, are very closely bunched in the contest and also in a position to overtake the leaders. King Baggot and Florence Lawrence head the fourth group, and have received over one hundred thousand votes each closely followed by Anita Stewart, Romaine Fielding, Florence Turner, Lottie Briscoe and Maurice Costello, and treading on their heels is a large group of artistic players that are likely to rank well up when the last votes are counted.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE intends that such a monumental contest shall not die out with the announcement of the result. Just why the winning players are judged better than their competitors by the millions of photoplay critics who voted in this contest will be shown on the screen in a series of selected and prize-winning photoplays. Each company whose players have won a place in this contest have been asked to cast their players receiving the highest number of votes in this contest in a specially selected photoplay. These plays will be written by our readers, and a full announcement of the conditions of this contest are published on the following page.

We feel confident that, when the final ballot is recorded on our tabulating sheets, the most successful, the most reasonable and the most interesting contest ever conducted in behalf of the great artists of either the stage or the screen will have passed into history, never to be forgotten.

A few sample letters, accompanying the ballots received, will be found on page 164.

One-Hundred-Dollar Prize Photoplay

There have been many photoplay contests conducted in the past, but it has remained for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to plan and carry thru the most interesting one yet offered to the public. Each photoplay or synopsis submitted will be carefully read and passed upon by the editorial staff. After a selection of fifty photoplays has been made that are deemed worthy of and suitable to the famous photoplayers, they will be sent to the various studios whose photoplayers have won a place in the Great Artist Contest, and, in consultation with the editors of these companies, the final selection of the one best photoplay will be made. In other words, fifty selected plays will be submitted to each of the leading companies.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD

is the prize for the best play featuring the winners of the Great Artist Contest, and there will probably be fifteen or more other prizes for photoplays to be paid for and accepted at their regular rates by the studios whose artists win places in the Great Artist Contest. These photoplays will each be known as "Prize Plays of the Great Artist Contest," and their authors will receive recognition on the screen, in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in the trade papers, newspapers and theatrical reviews.

The unused photoplays will be returned to the competitors immediately after the announcement of the prize-winners, and the contestants may submit them to the studios for purchase direct, or may send them to the Photoplay Clearing House, who will act as their agent in the disposing of their product.

Dont send in your photoplay yet. Get your ideas ready, watch the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the results of the Great Artist Contest, and then submit your photoplay.

It may be true that the majority will compete for the one-hundred-dollar prize awarded to the best photoplay for the winning players, but the magazine believes that its readers are as much interested in the success of their favorites as of themselves, and that a large quantity of photoplays will be submitted, suited to the uses of the other great artists.

It is not the object of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to make its One-Hundred-Dollar Prize Photoplay Contest difficult, and as simple rules as are possible for such an important contest have been drawn up. Many contestants will enter who have never previously written a photoplay, and it is well to bear in mind that costume plays or those dealing with a past period are not as popular as modern American ones, and that large casts and plays requiring expensive settings or elaborate physical features, as railroad wrecks, sinking steamers, etc., are not usually desired.

It may readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together. Hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Earle Williams is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the largest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the prize-winning photoplay.

Further details as to just which artists will be eligible for cast will be published in a coming number of the magazine, but this announcement is sufficient for contestants to start to gather their ideas into shape. In the September issue the rules governing the contest will be published, and lots of other interesting details. The editor in charge of this contest is one of the best-known photoplaywrights in the country, and, as the contest progresses, will furnish readers and contestants a good deal of valuable information concerning photoplays that has not yet found its way into text-books, correspondence schools or photoplay departments.

STANDING OF THE GREAT ARTISTS TO DATE

(Containing names of all Players who have received over 17,000 votes)

Earle Williams (*Vita*)	356,070	
J. W. Kerrigan (*Vic*)	338,215	
Mary Pickford (*F. P.*)	326,565	
Mary Fuller (*Univ*)	300,050	
Marguerite Clayton (*Essanay*)	235,585	
Clara K. Young (*Vita*)	231,610	
Arthur Johnson (*Lub*)	226,620	
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	187,400	
Carlyle Blackwell (*F. P.*)	183,585	
Crane Wilbur (*Path*)	166,825	
F. X. Bushman (*Ess*)	166,490	
Edith Storey (*Vita*)	150,545	
King Baggot (*Imp*)	136,075	
Florence Lawrence (*Victor*)	135,050	
Anita Stewart (*Vita*)	127,885	
Romaine Fielding (*Lu*)	127,670	
Maurice Costello (*Vit*)	122,605	
Lottie Briscoe (*Lubin*)	122,010	
G. M. Anderson (*Ess*)	119,990	
Florence Turner (*F.T.*)	116,465	
Blanche Sweet (*Mut*)	105,900	
Vivian Rich (*Amer*)	91,870	
Lillian Walker (*Vita*)	89,950	
True Boardman (*Ess*)	89,785	
Norma Talmadge (*Vita*)	85,270	
Pauline Bush (*Univ*)	84,685	
Florence LaBadie (*Th*)	83,110	
Ethel Clayton (*Lubin*)	77,260	
Tom Moore (*Kalem*)	77,010	
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	76,900	
James Cruze (*Thanh*)	76,555	
Harry Myers (*Lubin*)	74,050	
Edwin August (*Balboa*)	73,360	
Ben. Wilson (*Edison*)	57,990	
Pearl White (*Pathé*)	57,755	
Rosemary Theby (*Lu*)	56,720	
Beverly Bayne (*Ess*)	56,365	
O. Moore (*Mutual*)	55,035	
Leah Baird (*Vita*)	54,675	
E. K. Lincoln	54,520	
Mabel Normand (*Key*)	53,685	
Leo Delaney	53,150	
Julia S. Gordon (*Vita*)	52,695	
Gertrude McCoy (*Ed*)	51,845	
Augustus Phillips (*Ed*)	49,140	
Anna Nilsson (*Kalem*)	46,840	
Jess. Van Trump (*Maj*)	46,755	
Kathlyn Williams (*Sel*)	46,615	
Marguerite Snow (*Th*)	45,965	
Dorothy Kelly (*Vita*)	45,380	
Irving Cummings (*Th*)	43,715	
Jack Richardson (*Am*)	43,630	
Guy Coombs (*Kalem*)	43,460	
Marc MacDermott (*Ed*)	43,215	
Wallace Reid (*Maj*)	43,180	
Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	43,170	
William Shay (*Imp*)	42,990	
Frederick Church (*Un*)	42,795	
Henry Walthall (*Mut*)	40,585	
Wallie Van (*Vita*)	39,560	
Mary Charleson (*Vita*)	39,075	
Mary Maurice (*Vita*)	37,995	
Harry Benham (*Than*)	33,710	
Claire McDowell (*Bio*)	33,615	
Earle Metcalfe (*Lubin*)	33,575	
Billie Rhodes (*Kalem*)	33,285	
John Bunny (*Vita*)	32,680	
Jas. Morrison (*Vita*)	32,575	
Helen Gardner (*Vita*)	32,400	
Betty Gray (*Bio*)	32,325	
Harry Carey (*Prog*)	32,140	
Marg. Courtot (*Kal*)	32,030	
Bessie Eyton (*Selig*)	31,810	
Muriel Ostriche (*Prin*)	31,630	
Sidney Drew (*Vita*)	31,595	
Octa. Handworth (*Ex*)	31,490	
Walter Miller (*Imp*)	31,250	
Phillips Smalley (*Rex*)	31,175	
Yale Boss (*Edison*)	30,480	
Mabel Trunnelle (*Ed*)	29,975	
Marg. Fischer (*Beauty*)	28,685	
Lois Weber (*Rex*)	27,355	
Ethel Grandin (*Small*)	25,435	
William Russell (*Bio*)	24,275	
Ford Sterling (*F.S.Co.*)	22,330	
Edward Coxen (*Am*)	21,550	
Chester Barnett (*War*)	20,215	
Lillian Gish (*Mutual*)	20,115	
Ruth Stonehouse (*Es*)	19,340	
W. C. Miller (*Bio*)	19,125	
Richard Travers (*Ess*)	18,290	
Louise Lester (*Amer*)	18,250	
Harold Lockwood (*F. P.*)	18,225	
Alice Hollister (*Kal*)	18,090	
Barbara Tennant (*Ecl*)	18,055	
Rogers Lytton (*Vita*)	17,970	
Harry Morey (*Vita*)	17,850	
Flora Finch (*Vita*)	17,830	
E. H. Calvert (*Ess*)	17,735	
Edgar Jones (*Lubin*)	17,715	
Mae Marsh (*Mutual*)	17,700	
Charlotte Burton (*Am*)	17,570	
William Mason	17,555	
Helen Costello (*Vita*)	17,545	
William Garwood (*Am*)	17,430	
Dorothy Gish (*Mut*)	17,340	
Reina Valdez	17,335	
Courtenay Foote	17,280	

The Spirit of the Play

By "JUNIUS"

THERE is one comment I wish to make this month which I consider more important than reviewing the numerous plays that I have seen. Comparing my visits to the various photoplay theaters this month with those made in the past, I find that we now have far too many "features" of a decidedly inferior sort. While there seems to be a great demand for more of the old, one-reel plays, it must not be forgotten that there is room and a place for both the short and the long plays. But the long plays, the "special features," are altogether too numerous and most of them are poor. And there are too many producing companies, many of which have no excuse for existence. American exhibitors must be hard pressed indeed when they permit these fly-by-night companies to replace those that have an established reputation for superior work. Judging from what I have seen at the prominent theaters, such as the Strand, Broadway, Duffield, Proctor's, New York, Weber's, Savoy and Herald Square, the showing this month has been far below the standard, and such as to make it discouraging and to make us long for the old days. It may be good policy to experiment with new, unknown and irresponsible producing companies, but too much of it will ruin the business.

I note with pleasure a notable increase in quality of the Lubin, Essanay, Kay-Bee, Imp, Thanhouser and American output lately. As a rule, the output of the General Film Company is of a high standard, and the same can be said, with almost equal force, of the productions of the Famous Players Company and of the Mutual Company. While the Universal Company have produced some excellent plays, their output, unfortunately, is not always of uniform excellence. Generally speaking, the numerous other producing companies, in my judgment, are not quite up to the standard mentioned, altho there are exceptions, such as the Lasky output. Let us hope that the law of "survival of the fittest" will soon work out to the best interests of photoplay patrons.

"Cabiria" must take rank as one of the, if not the, greatest of stupendous spectacles. I can recall nothing of the kind to equal it. Such things can only be done abroad. "The Merchant of Venice" (Rex) was good, but by no means great. "The Escape" (Griffith) may be classed as a preachment, dealing with the underworld, but while it is cleverly done, it contains several inconsistencies, and does not teach what it pretends to. "Paid in Full" has little to recommend it, and least of all a defective and poorly constructed script, altho it was written by a supposedly master hand. "The Violin of Monsieur" is one of the prettiest and most picturesque two-reel plays that I have seen since "Love's Sunset." It is full of heart interest and interesting situations and should rank among the classics of the screen. It might have been stronger at the climax when the old violinist is restored to his daughter, however. "Shadows of the Past" comes close to being one of the strongest pieces the Vitagraph has done. It is practically faultless, and the wreck scene is about the most realistic bit of craftsmanship that has yet been done. Pauline Bush and Murdock Macquarrie do remarkably good work in "The Forbidden Room," an excellent but grewsome play. "Bingle's Melodrama" will certainly amuse those who like burlesques, altho its similarity to Edison's "Why Girls Leave Home" is apparent. Those who are fond of baseball will surely enjoy Kalem's "Home-run Baker's Double." Perhaps Mr. Baker has missed his calling, after all.



HELEN GARDNER, Chas. L. Gaskill and Leah Baird have returned to their first love, the Vitagraph.

Alack the holiday for Pauline Bush! Twenty pounds has she gained, and must now either lose them or throw away 150 frocks—like the starving rat in the corn-bin who, after he fattened up, had to starve himself before he could get out.

Mignon Anderson owns a pet monkey that can play the piano. Must be quite a change after "the silent drama."

Mary Fuller says it isn't true that she is to be married. And now there are a lot of admirers who are wondering whether to crow or weep.

"I want to get them off my hands," sighs Anita Stewart, regarding a suit of men's clothes that she won at a dancing contest. (Wonder what she has them on her *hands* for!)

Charming Monsieur Beaucaire is again to gladden the hearts of the public, only this time it is to be James K. Hackett, and on the screen.

We do not approve of slang, except the kind that George Ade is putting up in fable packages for the Essanay Company.

William Shea, of the Vitagraph, now holds the record for versatility. In "Mr. Bingle's Melodrama" he plays six prominent parts, including the part of the battleship *Incubator*.

An ambitious Idaho child, hearing of John Bunny's statement that his face was his fortune, prays every night, "Dear God, please give me a face like Bunny when I grow up!"

Ethel Grandin has deserted Universal for the Smallwood Film Company, which is a new one.

Dorothy Gish, sixteen years old and five feet two and one-half inches long, is now a star, having played the lead in "The Mountain Rat," and her big sister had better watch out.

George W. Gage must have seen E. H. Sothern in "Lord Chumley" on the stage, or he never would have written:

> Mr. E. H. Sothern has not joined the movies yet—
> Become one of that host who act so dumbly;
> But if we're not mistaken he did some "screen work" once—
> Some very clever "screen work" in "Lord Chumley."

And Mr. Sothern is now to do his screen work on the screen.

Carlyle Blackwell's first as a Famous Player is as "The Spitfire."

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Robert Grey is now playing opposite Jane Novak, for the Western Vitagraph.

The Lillian Walker Waltzes is the latest, and it is a product of the Regent Music Company, of Lake Charles, La.

"It's lots of fun being a boy," said Marguerite Courtot, after playing the part of a barefoot youngster in overalls, in a Kalem play soon to be released.

Sidney Drew's Vitagraphers have returned from the country of perpetual youth and alligators, and Edith Storey was among them.

Forty snakes for an O. Henry play are wanted by the Eclair Company, at Tucson, Ariz. Dont all speak at once.

Jolly old Peter Lang has returned to the Lubin Company.

Charles Chaplin (Keystone) has been an "actor man" for sixteen years, yet he is now only twenty-four years young.

Frank Montgomery (Kalem) offers $100 in prizes for the best Indian songs sent to him at 5447 Russell Avenue, East Hollywood, Cal.

Anna Nilsson has a bear rug in her apartment, a trophy of her own skill with the rifle.

Ormi Hawley's name will go down in history as one of the world's greatest discoverers. It is a reliable "antifat" preparation, and she offers it to any of the players, with the exception of John Bunny and Roscoe Arbuckle, who do not need it.

If you ever meet William Garwood (American) and want to make his acquaintance—dont. He doesn't like it.

Tom Moore deserts heroic rôles for once, and in "The Beast," the Kalem photoplay produced at the recent Exposition, is seen as a bold, bad villain.

Violet Mesereau replaces Leah Baird at the Imp studio.

And here is more important news: Mary Fuller has left the Edison Company and has camped out with the Universal Company. She takes with her Charles Ogle and their director, Walter Edwin.

The next thing you know, our famous Answer Man will be leaving his desk here and organizing a Moving Picture company of his own. Anyway, the Correspondence Club has collected about $100 for a loving-cup for him, and what M. P. star can say that? How about "Rip Van Winkle"?

Pauline Bush's clever work in "The Forbidden Room" will no doubt make Romaine Fielding turn emerald with envy. Dr. Fielding has heretofore had a sort of monopoly of the Poe sort.

Claire Whitney (Blaché) won the silver cup for the best dancing at the Exposition.

It is not unusual for a photoplayer to lose his good-nature and his temper, but it is quite unusual for him to lose his teeth. Victor Potel actually had one pulled by Margaret Joslin in a Western Essanay comedy.

Carlyle Blackwell stepped into a Broadway theater recently, and while there saw himself in "The Detective's Sister." And then the manager saw Carlyle, and then the spotlight was turned on him, and then Carlyle made a speech.

Report has it that J. Warren Kerrigan has seceded from the Universal Company to form a company of his own.

Our gold prize this month for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Hope of Blind Alley"; second prize to the author of "My Official Wife."

Watch out for the intellectual scrap between John Bunny and the Answer Man in our next issue.

The shortest film on record is produced by the Kalem Company and is called "The Alice Joyce Curtain Call." It is seventeen feet long and is sold to the theaters for $1.75 a "reel."

Rosemary Theby (Lubin) recently entertained some of her old Vitagraph friends by motoring them from Philadelphia to Atlantic City.

Marie Dressler, of stage fame, is now doing a big comedy for the Keystone Company, in which she will try to show that she can provoke just as much mirth when silent as she can when noisy.

Dont forget that the last ballot in the Great Artist Contest appears in this issue. Next comes the prize scenario for the great artists to play in.

There have been three interesting races in the Great Artist Contest, Williams *vs.* Kerrigan, Pickford *vs.* Fuller, and Blackwell *vs.* Wilbur; and now a third is promised—Marguerite Clayton (G. M. Anderson's candidate) *vs.* Clara Young. Many of the Vitagraph players are now voting for Clara, Mr. Williams apparently being able to take care of himself. This is perhaps the only contest ever conducted in which mere money doesn't count for much, and where real merit, friends and popularity count for a whole lot.

The Photoplay Clearing House offers a subscription prize each month for the best photoplay offered to it from its patrons. This month the prize goes to Virginia O. Nesbit, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, for "A Modern Minerva." Since this excellent script wins here, it ought to win elsewhere and be quickly sold.

We have with us this evening our old friends: Mabel Trunnelle and Herbert Prior (page 38); Anna Luther and Earle Metcalf (page 53); F. X. Bushman and Ruth Stonehouse (page 66); Murdock Macquarrie (page 45), and seventeen other favorites (pages 9-25).

If reports received here be true, the Chicago film censors are about the weakest lot of old grannies that this country has been pestered with since the days of Salem.

Who would think, to look at pretty little Norma Talmadge, that she has been married 200 times, divorced 187, deserted 156, and has had 192 children?

If you ever wrote a story, or have a little capital, by all means start an M. P. company. It is quite the fashion. You will surely succeed—in spending the capital.

Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber have left Universal for the Bosworth.

Lina Cavalieri, in "Manon Lescaut," is almost as attractive on the screen as in grand opera.

Let us hope that the insane feature fever will soon subside.

Enter Thomas Chatterton (Kay-Bee) as Crane Wilbur's young double and rival.

Ethel Barrymore, who was recently playing on Broadway opposite John Drew, is to star in a new photoplay, "The Nightingale." So is Lew Dockstader, the minstrel, who is to appear in "Dan."

Fires are getting very popular at the studios. Closely following those of Eclair and Edison, was a $250,000 conflagration at the Lubin plant in Philadelphia.

Thirty-six new M. P. companies were incorporated at Albany last month. And still they come.

Mademoiselle Film *vs.* Mademoiselle Stage

"Are the Demands on a Film Actress More Exacting and Strenuous Than Those on Her Stage Sister?" Emphatically Affirmative

By HELEN MAR, 183 Pearl Street, Rochester, N. Y.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following essay won the gold prize offered by Florence Hackett, of the Lubin Company, the details of which were announced in the June issue of this magazine and in other publications. There were 381 essays received.]

THE film actress is, obviously, deprived of the most effective aid in acting—the voice. We are accustomed to receive our impressions of a stage character thru two avenues—the eye and ear; the resulting mental picture, registered by the eye, reinforced and corrected by the ear, being our idea of the character delineated. Mademoiselle Film, however, must concentrate all her efforts to get her characterization across by the eye-route alone. Therefore, she must choose her gesture language with the utmost care, eliminating all that might be confusing to her audience. To create a vivid impression thru one medium, and that a comparatively unaccustomed one, certainly makes a severe demand on her.

Her stage is extremely limited, yet she must move with the grace and freedom necessary to establish the proper atmosphere. She is denied the use of color in gowns and accessories, effective aids in suggesting a character. She is likewise barred from using many of the artifices of make-up, and the distance that lends enchantment (often) on the stage. She does most of her work under a merciless light that has "the strong white light that beats upon a throne" discounted for showing up flaws.

Deprived of long rehearsals, she must get inside her part almost immediately, developing the business of it without any possibility of discarding such as proves ineffective in pleasing her audience. Her creation of a character is finished when it is placed before an audience for the first time. Thus she must reach her highest standard unaided by long preparation and without the stimulus of an audience, surely more than is demanded of any stage actress.

And then Mademoiselle Film must DO THINGS. Her stage sister can, for example, come on with more or less badly distributed dust on her riding-togs, and talk excitedly about her splendid run to hounds; or be brought in, pale and limp, while a sympathizing cast tell each other and the audience of her terrible fall. Nothing like that for our Film Lady. She rides to hounds "in full view of the audience" and does the terrible fall, while the audience supplies the excited conversation. She must do everything acceptably but play a musical instrument and sing. Certainly the greater strenuosity of her work is proven in nine-tenths of the films we see.

She is called upon to play more parts, and those more widely diversified, than her stage sister, and if she be in a comedy company, she must be a gymnast, a contortionist, a Marathon performer; in short, a genuine "Injia rubber idjit on a spree."

To sum up: Mademoiselle Film must possess more in herself—of talent, more nerve, more adaptability, keener observation and more accomplishments—than her stage sister; all of which rightly entitles her to the high and loyal esteem in which she is held by us, the solid and discerning regiment of Film Fans.


DAN FROHMAN BELIEVES IN MOVIES
J. STUART BLACKTON TELLS THEM HE'S NOT A DEAD-ONE
JESSE LASKEY MAKING HIS MAIDEN SPEECH
AGUSTUS THOMAS DOING HIS JOVIAL KNOCKING
SOME OF THE SPEAKERS AT SECOND ANNUAL BANQUET HOTEL BILTMORE
JUDGE A.P. TUGWELL OF LOS ANGELES AND HIS MISTAKEN DRESS SUIT
MISS ELAINE STERNE WHO WON THE $1000.00 PRIZE SCENARIO-CONTEST
CHIEF DICK FULLER THE HONEST DOOR-MAN
IMPRESSIONS of INTL. MOTION PICTURE EXPOSITION & CONVENTION JUNE 8-13 1914 DRAWN ESPECIALLY for MOTION-PICTURE MAZAZINE by Alfred Jackson
Dorothy Kingdon


MISS ANNETTE COHEN WINS THE DANCING CONTEST CUP
MAY DOROTHY TELLES COLONIAL FILM CO
SOME OF THE FEATURE PICTURES ON THE ROOF
VANITY
PALS
HARRY REICHENBACH THE BUSIEST MAN OF THEM ALL
WHAT THE GUESTS SAW
AT THE JARDIN DE DANSE
NEW YORK ROOF
Baby Adelaide Lawrence



CHAPLIN



BROWER



SANTSCH



BRENNAN



BARRYMORE



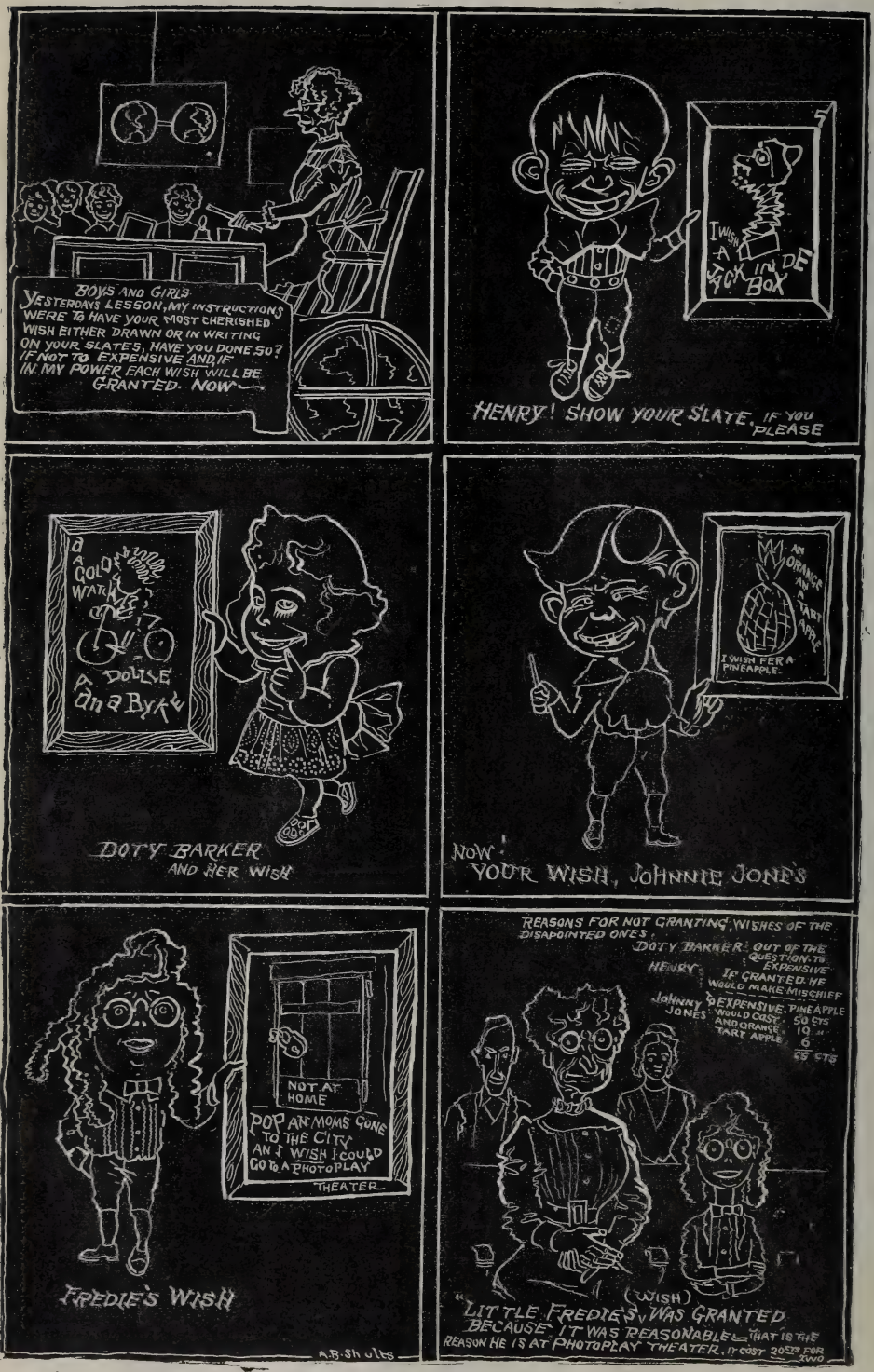


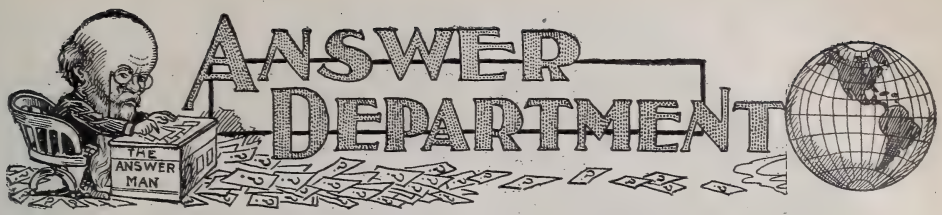
STERLING



ETHEL GRANDIN




BOYS AND GIRLS YESTERDAYS LESSON, MY INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO HAVE YOUR MOST CHERISHED WISH EITHER DRAWN OR IN WRITING ON YOUR SLATES, HAVE YOU DONE SO? IF NOT TO EXPENSIVE AND IF IN MY POWER EACH WISH WILL BE GRANTED. NOW—
I WISH A JACK IN DE BOX
HENRY! SHOW YOUR SLATE, IF YOU PLEASE
A COLD WATCH
A DOLLIE
DOTY BARKER AND HER WISH
AN ORANGE AN A TART APPLE
I WISH FER A PINEAPPLE.
NOW! YOUR WISH, JOHNNIE JONES
NOT AT HOME
POP AN MOMS GONE TO THE CITY AN I WISH I COULD GO TO A PHOTOPLAY
THEATER
FREDIE'S WISH
A.B. Shilles
REASONS FOR NOT GRANTING WISHES OF THE DISAPOINTED ONES
DOTY BARKER: OUT OF THE QUESTION TO EXPENSIVE
HENRY: IF GRANTED HE WOULD MAKE MISCHIEF
JOHNNY JONES: TO EXPENSIVE. PINEAPPLE WOULD COST 50 CTS AND ORANGE 10 " TART APPLE 6 " 65 CTS
(WISH)
"LITTLE FREDIE'S" WAS GRANTED BECAUSE IT WAS REASONABLE—THAT IS THE REASON HE IS AT PHOTOPLAY THEATER. IT COST 20CTS FOR TWO



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MARION E.—Sorry, but I haven't that Komic cast. Your criticisms are justified.

UNSIGNED, ST. LOUIS.—Florence Lawrence and Matt Moore had the leads in "The Honeymooners." Lee Beggs is playing and directing for Vitagraph.

MRS. C. B. B., OWENSBORO.—Thanks very much for the beautiful hand-crocheted tie. I appreciate it.

PAUL I. C.—Robert Harron and Lillian Gish were the children. Francis Bushman and Irene Warfield in "The Three Scratch Clue" (Essanay).

ALVA M. J.—I'll take it all back; Answer Man sounds more dignified than "Editor," so call me Answer Man hereafter. Yes. Flattery spoils some players and encourages and spurs others.

ESTHER.—Alice Joyce was last chatted in August, 1912. Oh, yes, the two Mrs. Moores are very good friends.

ABE C.—Sure, my lord, they all like it. Never an actor born who does not appreciate applause. As Cowper says, "O popular applause! what heart of man is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?" And since the players cannot hear your applause, they naturally like to read it.

ELEANOR W.—"The Strength of the Weak" (Pathé) was taken abroad. Oh yes. I prefer typewritten letters. I see so many thousands of different handwritings, and some look like chicken-tracks.

OLGA, 17.—Yes, I am deeply humiliated to record that the Federal League has not yet made me an offer. Wait until you see Crane Wilbur's diary.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Dolly Larkin was the daughter in "A Father's Heart" (Lubin). Rosetti Brice was Evelyn, and John Ince Brady in "The Puritan" (Lubin). The Strand Theater is much larger than the Vitagraph Theater.

MARGARET S.—You refer to William Campbell in that Lubin. Thanks. Your letter is very interesting. My grateful thanks are yours.

MAGGIE N.—Kindly amend or blow away; you write too much nonsense. Mlle. Verna Mersereau was the native girl in "The Dance of Death."

EDYTHE H.—Louise Orth was the girl in "Reggie, the Daredevil" (Biograph). If happiness is founded on the possession of what others cant get, I dont want any but the kind I have.

MIRIAM, 19.—You are in the wrong boat. Edwin La Roche is on the floor above me. Claire Rae was the girl in "The Ghost" (Pathé). Much obliged.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—You, too, are off the track. I'm not in "Hoo's Hoo in America." You either refer to Anne Schaffer or Myrtle Gonzalez. It was Ben Jonson who called midnight the noon of night. According to the census of 1910, there were 101,100,000 persons living under the American flag—long may she wave!

BENNIE S.—James Ryley was Roalf in "A Leech of Industry" (Pathé). Robyn Adair is with Broncho. I will not get angry, for it would never do for both of us to be angry at once.

MILWAUKEE.—Edward Peil in "The Price" (Lubin). Denton Vane and Irene Boyle in "The Strike" (Kalem). Mabel Normand with Keystone; Violet Horner was with Solax last, and Billy Quirk is now with Vitagraph. Princess films are taken at the Thanhouser studio.

G. D. M.—"A Nation's Peril" was produced by Pathé, and Crane Wilbur had the lead. Glendale, Cal., is located near Los Angeles. Probably isn't on the map, but soon will be.



SOCRATES.—E. K. Lincoln and Edith Storey, and Rogers Lytton and Anita Stewart in "The Prince of Evil" (Vitagraph). Laura Oakley was the mother in "McBride's Bride" (Kalem). Harold Vosburg the lead in "Lost in Mid-ocean."

B. A. MYSTERS.—Yes, the Editor goes thru the batch of drawings that have been submitted, about twice a month, and those that are not accepted are returned. Anita Stewart played in "Wood Violet" and "The Lost Millionaire." "Million Bid."

M. ALLENE.—Your letter is pretty long, but it was interesting. The "X" stands for Xavier. Since Australia is called a continent, Greenland is the largest island in the world.

KEWPIE.—Frankie Ritchie was the doctor in "The Restless Woman" (Biograph). Vivian Prescott was the girl who married. Fay Tincher was Cleo in "The Battle of the Sexes" (Griffith Mutual).

ADELE, 15.—Now, I really cant tell you whether your poem will be printed or not. Why not buy a few extra magazines and send in the coupons for Harold Lockwood? Keystone's studio is in Los Angeles.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH C. W.—Your letter is always interesting. Velma Whitman was the girl in "Telltale Star" (Lubin). You refer to Harriet Notter in "Redhead Introduces Herself" (Selig). Samuel Loweti was Sam in "The Passover Miracle" (Kalem). Alice Hollister was Bernice in "The Hidden Witness."

BRIDGEPORTER.—Your letter is very interesting. Clara Williams and Herschal Mayal were leads in "In the Days of the Padres" (Domino). Pennsylvania Avenue is Washington's principal street.

LOTTIE D. T.—Wilfred Lucas and Blanche Sweet in "The Massacre" (Biograph). Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (American). You refer to Florence LaBadie and Sidney Bracey in "Their Golden Wedding" (Thanhouser). Henry Walthall and Dorothy Gish in "The Mountain Rat" (Reliance). Ford Sterling and Velma Pearce in "Love and Dynamite."



Polly dearly loves to dip in the ocean blue;
Fanny 'd rather flirt upon the shore;
On the tennis court each day you'll find pretty Sue;
While Phyllis tangoes on the ballroom floor.

But tho each maiden spends her time
Each different from the rest,
They all agree that for a dime
The "Movies" please them best.

FILM FAN PHYLLIS.—Please sign your name. The picture looks good. Duncan McRae was the artist in "The Impersonator" (Edison). Mary Pickford is yet mourning for Los Angeles.

TABITLIA.—I am sorry you complain. James Morrison was Jack in "The Vanity Case" (Vitagraph). Tom Forman in "A Romance of the Northwest" (Lubin). Gaston Bell was Jefferson in "The Lion and the Mouse." You need not fear that I will wear out, or rust out, either.

WEE WILLIE.—Come right along. Marion Leonard, Helen Gardner and Gene Gauntier release thru Warner.

L. N. N., BROOKLYN.—Courtenay Foote has gone abroad. Jessalyn Van Trump has been very sick with eye trouble.

WILL H.—So Mary Pickford is more popular than Sarah Bernhardt ever was. Carlyle Blackwell was with Vitagraph in the dim and distant vista of the past. I did not feel a bit sheepish after stating that they pull the wool over your eyes so they can fleece you. You are my prime minister, and I cant do without you.

MARGUERITE K. T.—T. McEvoy was Dick, Henry Walthall was Strongheart and Allan Hale was Thorne in "Strongheart" (Klaw & Erlanger—Biograph). Gerda Holmes was the daughter in "Moon's Ray" (Essanay).

GERTIE R.—Our mail is all opened at one huge table, by four girls, four times a day. Olive Golden was the sister in that play. Dorothy Phillips has had stage experience. Come along any time now.

SOCRATES.—Benjamin Wilson was the lead in "The Mystery of the Laughing Death" (Edison). Edward Peil and Ormi Hawley in "The Price" (Lubin). Marion Leonard has her own company. Florence Lawrence is still with Victor, quite still.

SNOOKUMS, 19.—"Perils of Pauline" was started in March, 1914. Yes, that player attracts lots of attention; yet she is not particularly attractive.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—I would not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew so well. Alexander is the little fellow in the Biograph comedies. You refer to Roscoe Arbuckle. But he doesn't weigh 400 pounds.

OWL, 9.—Stella Razetto was the girl in "The Flirt's Repentance" (Selig). Art Ortega was the Indian and Mona Darkfeather his sweetheart, in "His Indian Nemesis" (Kalem). Yes; Edwin August's brother Hal.

F. H., GALESBURG.—Thanhouser produced "She." Marguerite Snow and James Cruze had the leads. Shorty Hamilton was the boy in "The Rightful Heir" (Kay-Bee). Lillian Gish was the woman with the baby in "Judith" (Biograph). Richard Travers was Brannon in "Let No Man Escape" (Essanay).

CANARSIE MERMAID. — Clara Kimball Young and Earle Williams had the leads, and Darwin Karr was the first husband, in "Her Husband" (Vitagraph). Sidney Drew (Vitagraph) was a "headliner" in the leading vaudeville programs everywhere a few years ago.

NOTWALT M.—Thomas Chatterton was Pierre in "The Barrier Royal" (Broncho). Charles Chaplin in "The Film Johnnie" (Keystone). Jackie Kirtley was Rachael in "Rebecca's Wedding Day" (Keystone).

IRMA A.—Richard Stanton had the lead in "Banzai" (Broncho). Justina Huff and John Smiley in "Thru Flaming Paths" (Lubin). I agree with you that the person who reads the subtitles aloud should be suppressed. But dont you know that reading aloud helps one to understand?



A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM

JONES, E. H.—Why be so silly? Ask me something worth while. Every fool is tickled with his own hobby.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH C. W.—Lila Chester and Madeline Fairbank in "The Eugenic Boy" (Thanhouser). Larry Peyton was Ira in "The District Attorney's Duty." Marin Sais the girl. Glad you enjoyed your visit to see Crane Wilbur.

BERTHA, DONA.—By all means keep up your vocal profession. It is almost impossible to secure a position in pictures.

LULU C., TULSA.—Kathlyn Kerrigan played only in "Samson." We may publish her picture, if she continues to play.

LILLIAN B.—Shorty Hamilton was Shorty in "Shorty's Sacrifice" (Broncho). Showers of blessings on you for your kind felicitations.

PEBBIE B.—Henry Stanley in "The Intrigue" (Kalem). Lillian Wade was Elizabeth in "Elizabeth's Prayer" (Selig). Harold Lockwood and Mabel Van Buren had the leads. Many thanks for the cards. The average annual temperature in New York City is 52.

FRED S.—*Bon soir!* Bliss Milford was the teacher in "Mr. Sniffkin's Widow" (Edison). Frances Ne Moyer and Ray McKee in "A Winning Mistake" (Lubin). James Morrison has light hair.

P. M. C.—M. A. after a person's name stands for *artium magister*—master of arts. That was O. C. Lund and Barbara Tennant in "When Pierrette Met Pierrot" (Eclair). Write directly to Universal.

ETTA T.—There, there, dry your eyes and calm your fears. All will come out right yet. Henry Walthall was Lord Chumley in "Strongheart" (Biograph).

ALLEN L. R.—J. Stuart Blackton was the first to discover the idea of this magazine. Helen L. R. doesn't live in L. Rock.

ELLIDE, 13.—Romaine Fielding played in all three plays you mention. Your mother is wrong. Norma Talmadge and Leo Delaney in the picture on the May cover. Goldie Colwell was Pundita in the "Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig).

JESSE JAMES.—Fred Church is with the Universal Company. Thanks for your advice. A suffragist is not one who thinks that her man's nose is a handle for her to lead him around by.

KITTY C.—Lawzy-massy, but you are long-winded. Asta Nielsen was Hanna in "The Devil's Assistant" (Pathé). Matt Moore and Jane Gail in "The Big Sister" (Imp). Harry Von Meter was opposite Vivian Rich in "In the Mountains of Virginia." You refer to Florence LaBadie in "The Star of Bethlehem" (Thanhouser). Darwin Karr was the villain in "Love's Sunset." Others answered later.

MRS. ETTA G.—Many thanks for the beautiful pictures. Neva Gerber in "In the Wiles of the Siren" (Kalem). No, no; the Thanhouser Kids are not Warren Kerrigan's children. Louise Vale in "Art and Melody" (Biograph).

Z. E. R. AND B. N. N.—Charles Ray was Red Mask in "Red Mask" (Kay-Bee). Marshall Neilan and Ruth Roland had the leads in "A Peaceful Offering" (Kalem). Saturday means Saturn's day, derived from the deity of that name.

GERTIE.—I thank you, but yours was the 11,699th joke I have received along the line of "If John Bunny was full of laughter, was Mary Fuller?" Have mercy! James Levering was the father in "So Long, Count." Theo Salem was the midget in the Lubin. Ray McKee was Jack, the lover.

VIOLIN, AUSTRALIA.—Thanks for the book. I know of no such book you want. Dont like to advise you. Margaret Thompson and Leona Hutton in "The Pitfall."

ANITA C. S.—Frank Powell was Hugh in "The Second Generation" (Pathé). Vivian Rich was born on the high seas in May, 1895. She played boy parts when a child. Brinsley Shaw was Milton in "A Deal in Real Estate" (Lubin).

LILLIAN T.—Wheeler Oakman was Nazare, and Frank Clark was the colonel in "The Cherry-pickers" (Selig).

JEWEL O'S.—Marshall Neilan was the sweetheart in that Biograph. Miss Mitchell in "A New England Idyl."



L. M. T., Rockford.—Alexander Gaden and Jay Morley were partners in "The Man Who Tried to Forget" (Nestor). David Thompson was the butler in "The Exclusive Diamond" (Thanhouser).

Polly P.—Kempton Greene was Jim in "A Question of Right" (Lubin). Thanks for the booklet on "How to Be Beautiful," but what do you think I want of it? The greatest known depth in the Pacific Ocean is six miles.

Socrates.—Ernest Truex had the lead in that play. "The French Spy" was a Vitagraph. Edith Storey and William Humphrey leads in "Chains of an Oath."

Vyrgynya.—The reason your last was not answered was perhaps because the printer ran out of Y's. Octavia Handworth opposite Crane Wilbur in "Unmasked" (Pathé).

Lincoln C. P.—Alma Russell was the wife in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig). Mabel Van Buren in "Tested by Fire" (Selig). Stella Razetto was Marjorie in "Memories" (Selig). Miss Ellis was Mrs. Grubbins in "The Golden Patch" (Selig). Charles Mailes was the dissolute husband, Louise Vale the wife, and William Russell the politician in "The Dilemma" (Biograph). Louise Vale was the dancer in "The Children of Destiny."

W. T. H.—Welcome to our city! But dont you call me a woman. And do you think that all a woman's heart is for is to have a man in it, like the moon? Oh, fie, fie! You will have the Suffering Cats after you. So you think Baggot more of a Beau Brummel, but Kerrigan more of a man, in appearance? Each has his defenders. Lots of others agree with you that those companies who do not supply me with information should be ostracised.

F. F. T.—Irene Warfield was Helen in "The Three Scratch Clue" (Essanay). Margarita Fischer was Polly in "The Peacock Feather Fan" (Beauty).

Charles B.—Please do not ask questions intended for other departments on the same letter with an inquiry. Ford Sterling was Schneizel, and George Nichols was the chief of police in "Mr. Baffle, the Gentleman Burglar" (Keystone). Mabel Normand's picture August, '11; June, '13; July, '14. Velma Pierce in "Between Showers" (Keystone). Mrs. Marshall P. Wilder died in New York recently. Paris and New York time are now exactly the same.

Lewis Mc.—Yes, it is always wise to tell the truth, but not always wise to speak it. Ormi Hawley was Alice in 'His Conscience" (Lubin). William Ehfe in "The Bully" (Kay-Bee).

Desperate Desmond.—True Boardman you refer to in "The End of the Circle" (Essanay). Ford Sterling was the bandmaster in "That Ragtime Band" (Keystone). William Shea in "Bunny's Birthday Party." James Cruze had the lead in "The Silver-tongued Orator."

E. B. B., New Orleans.—Yes; Harold Lockwood. That player did not dress the part correctly. Consistency may be a jewel, but some players prefer the other kind. Thanks.

Rae, N. J.—Excuse it, please. Solax have not that cast. Louise Glaum in "Chasing the Smugglers." Marguerite Snow was Princess Elizabeth in "Tannhauser."

Kerrigan Kid.—James Morrison appeared personally at the opening of the Vitagraph Theater and continued for a month. He makes up handsome. John Smiley and Justina Huff in "A Desperate Chance." Dolly Larkin and Webster Campbell in "The Secret Marriage."

Helen K.—Have heard nothing about that company buying Lubin. That's only an usher's rumor, or a Baron Munchausen.

I. B. Interested.—Your letter is very interesting, and so are you. We shall use a picture of Vera Sisson soon. (That last name sounds like the Fourth of July).

Ell-Cee-Cee.—Guy Standing was the priest in "Tru Irish Hearts" (Domino). Louise Huff the girl in "Vagaries of Fate."

Grace, 17.—Gertrude Short was the little girl in "Sins of the Father" (Nestor). Yes; Maurice Costello played opposite Florence Turner five or six years ago and later in Vitagraph pictures. No.

Charlotte C.—Phyllis Gordon was the girl in "The War on the Cattle Ranch" (Bison). Francis Ford was the director.

V. L. B.—Fools have their uses; if there were none, some of us could not make a living. John Ince was Jim in "Officer Jim" (Lubin). Beverly Bayne was the girl in "Dear Old Girl."

Elsa B.—Harold Lockwood was the doctor in "The Midnight Call." Joe King was Jack in "The Battle of Gettysburg."



"STRIKE HIM OUT!"

KITTY C.—Really, you ask too many questions in one letter. George Larkin in "Only One Shirt" (Kalem). Dell Henderson in "Blame the Wife" (Biograph). Ray Gallagher was the detective in "The Death-trap" (Lubin).

IRMA A., TACOMA.—I am overwhelmed with your gracious compliments. If all you say were true, I would indeed be proud. It reminds me of what Omar said of the Koran—"Burn the libraries, for their value is in this book."

V. O. N.—I laugh every chance I get and wish I had more chances. Your letter is fine. About six million acres of land are under tobacco cultivation in the world. What a waste of good land, eh?



"I fink I oughter be a Movie actor, 'tause mommer sez I'm best seen and not heard."

BILLIE, 17.—Nolan Gane, you refer to in the Princess. Frederick Weber was Horace in "Clothes" (Famous Players). Yes; Ormi Hawley. Hal August in "Hands Invisible." I look on candy as one of our greatest blessings—it has done so much to sweeten life. Thanks.

PEGGY ANN.—The picture you enclose is from "The Witness to the Will," and it is of Harry Beaumont. Lillian Drew was the ward in "The Other Girl."

ANTHONY.—Sorry you were disappointed. Haven't received questions from you for some time. Haven't heard that William Bailey joined any company as yet. Yes; Irving Cummings has not only settled down, but he is tied down. Know what that means?

PICKFORD-JOYCE.—William Stowell was the man, and Adele Lane the wife in "The Better Way" (Selig). I dont know how long Roosevelt's river is, but the Amazon is 4,200 miles from stem to stern.

GLADYS, BALTIMORE.—Earle Williams was John, and Darwin Karr the husband in "Her Husband." Ruth Roland was the girl in "The Confiscated Count" (Kalem). Benjamin Wilson was leading man in "The Mystery of the Laughing Death" (Edison). Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman in "The Salvation of Nancy O'S." (Selig). L. C. Shumoay and Velma Whitman in "Sealed Orders" (Lubin). Francis Bushman in "Thru the Storm."

FRANCES G.—Thanks for your conditional forgiveness, but it reminds me of that of the wounded negro who said: "If I dies, I forgive dat nigger; but if I lives, dat nigger better look out!" You refer to Harold Lockwood in both plays.

MARY W.—Helen Holmes and G. A. Williams had the lead in "The County Seat War" (Kalem). William Brunton in "A Million in Jewels" (Kalem). If it does you any good to unburden your troubles to me, go as far as you like, and if I can say a helping word, I am yours to command. John E. Brennan was Johnson in "The Widow of Winnipeg."

ELEANOR K.—Grace Cunard in that series. Yes; Rosemary Theby. Mabel Van Buren, Harold Lockwood and Henry Otto in "Thru the Centuries." Rhea Mitchell was Marie in "A Barrier Royal."

ZULU E. W.—Kathlyn Williams in that play. Lafayette McKee was the father.

H. A. S.—Thanks for the picture. Cant say that I admired Irene Hunt and Courtenay Foote in "Golden Dross" as much as you did.

M. K. J., FLINT.—Jane Gail was Jane in "Jane and the Stranger" (Imp). Virginia Clark was the little girl in "His First Love" (Majestic).

E. LUCILLE B.—I received the little note. Yes; Louise Vale was the girl artist in "Melody and Art" (Biograph).

FUSSIE.—Have heard nothing about Earle Williams being engaged to the person you mention. I think I will have to hire a fool-killer and set him on to you. I am getting goldarned tired of so much nonsense. (The printer will please omit all profanity.)

MELVA.—The lady who said that this department ought to be shortened or cut out stands a fair chance of being kidnapped, judging from what my readers are saying. Yes; Marguerite Clayton is one of the coming leading ladies.

EDNA H.—Louise Glaum in "Out in the Rain" (Kalem). Grace Barton was the daughter in "The Fighting Blood" (Lubin). Billie Rhodes and J. McGuire in "A Leap for a Life" (Kalem). You refer to Mignon Anderson and Carey Hastings in "The Elusive Diamond."

ARTHUR REALL, GERMANTOWN.—I think I can agree with all you say in your able letter. I think it is too bad that the theaters are running so many very poor features by unknown companies. It is getting hard now to find a good show.

ELFRIEDA.—Caroline Cooke was Vera in "The Call of the Traumerei" (American). Bill Noel was Jack in "The Success of Selfishness" (Thanhouser). Scotland's Tay Bridge is the world's longest—2 miles and 73 yards.

L. B., BROOKLYN.—Ray McKee was the Kid in "That Terrible Kid." Elsie MacLeod was the Indian girl in "The Silent Death" (Edison). Dont be impatient; the Crane Wilbur and Norma Talmadge chats will soon appear.

MARGUERITA MCQ.—You refer to Gwendoline Pates in that Pathé. George Nichols, man next door in "Some Nerve."

AAA 4.—Charles Ray was Tom in "Shortie's Sacrifice" (Broncho). We are always glad to mention about the Broncho players, but we get so little information from that company.

GOLDY, CHIC.—That must have been a great game you saw. Quite brilliant of you. We supply lists of film manufacturers, but we dont state which are buying photoplays. Thanks for your toast: "May your life be as a snowflake, which makes a mark but not a stain." Snowflakes are somewhat scarce around here, and their marks dont last long.

BESS, OF CHICAGO.—There were 11 plays to the Kathlyn series. Harry Myers was Dan in "His Wife" (Lubin). Anita Stewart in "The Wood Violet." Edith Bostwick in "The Man Between."

MARGARET L.—Richard Neil was Jack in "Courting Betty's Beau" (Edison). Gertrude Short was Marie in "The Sins of the Father" (Nestor). Edward Peil and Ormi Hawley in "The Two Roses" (Lubin). Harriet Notter and William Stowell in "Hilda of Heron Cove" (Selig).

OLGA, 17.—That's right, kick away; but for the kickers the world would go to sleep. Your baseball edition is great.

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Jerold Hevener was the sweetheart in "Just a Note" (Lubin). Mary Anderson was the stenographer in "A Change in Baggage Checks" (Vitagraph). Emily Hayes was Nell in "The Mischief-maker" (Vitagraph). Am not what you call a suffraget, but am willing to let the women suffer like the men if they want to.

CHARLOTTE.—Joe King and Anna Little in that Kay-Bee. Harry Myers' picture in April, 1913. No, dont send me a mirror. Where ignorance is bliss, etc. Billy Bowers was the fat boy in "Outwitting Dad" (Lubin).

W. T. H.—I am glad that in the censor you see no sense, sir. So you think that "The Great Lure of Paris" should never have been shown in this country? What makes you think I dont appreciate your able and helpful letters? I dont know why Leo Delaney left Vitagraph, nor why he never became more popular. *Henderson's Monthly* is immense this time.

E. G. S.—No; about one-third of the population of the world are Christians.



Aunty—Johnny, do you know where little boys go who dont put their money on the collection-plate?

Johnny—Yes, ma'm—to the Movin' Picture show.



AN ENDURING TEST!

MAYBELLE K.—Robert Grey was leading man in "Thru the Neighbor's Window" (American). Adrienne Kroell was the mother in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig).

LETTY, AUGUSTA.—Of course one man can play or appear to play two parts at the same time, which is done by double exposure. I did not see either of the plays you mention. Charles Chaplin was the lead in "A Film Johnny." Yes, he is fine. Perhaps Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid.

QUEENA.—Thanks so much for your beautiful letter. The poem is splendid. The king and queen of Great Britain and Ireland receive the mere trifle of $2,256,000 with which to pay their board and other necessaries. Is that what you mean?

HARRY M. T.—Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "Wanted—A Count" (Lubin). Helen Marten was the girl in "The Diamond Master" (Eclair). Stella Razetto was Helen, Mabel Van Buren was Mrs. Raymond, and Guy Oliver was Henry in "Blue Blood and Red." Billie Rhodes was the girl in "A Salt Mackerel Mine."

MRS. F. H., CHICAGO.—The Screen Club is only for male players. Address Miss Tennant at Eclair Studio, Fort Lee, N. Y.

SYLVIA S. B.—Neva Gerber in "The Secret Formula." Gerda Holmes in "In the Moon's Ray" (Essanay). Dolly Larkin was the girl in "A Father's Heart" (Lubin). Miss Beautiful in "The Miser's Reversion" (Thanhouser).

E. M. B.—Your letter is indeed very interesting. Anita Stewart told me once to spell her name Stuart. Write again.

PANSY.—Thomas Chatterton in "Shorty Escapes Matrimony" (Broncho). Rhea Mitchell was the girl. You refer to Miss Beautiful in the Thanhouser. Mabel Normand is the bathing beauty. Thanks.

M. A. D.—You seem to prefer to be an old man's darling rather than a young man's slave, but best be neither. Your letter is wonderfully bright.

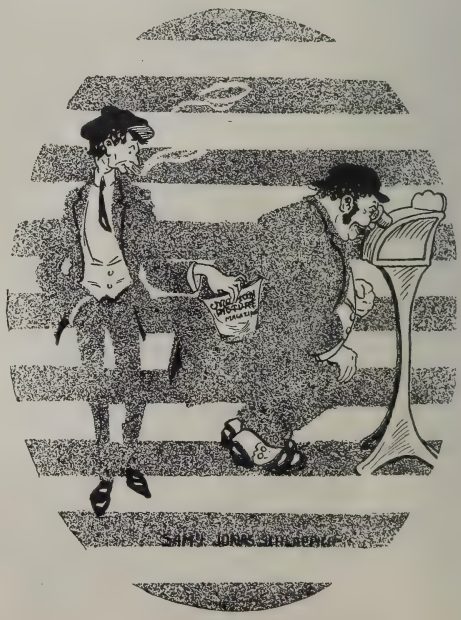
HELEN L. R.—Yes, I am opposed to using birds on hats, but I dont know if it is worse than using them on plates. Florence Lawrence was the only girl on the cast in "The Stepmother" (Victor). Robert Leonard and Marguerite Fischer were the leads in "The Boob" (Rex). Howard Missimer was the count in "Andy Plays Cupid" (Essanay). Haven't heard where Max Linder is.

A. R.—Yes, those were real, wet tears of Blanche Sweet in "Judith." E. K. Lincoln in "The Call" (Vitagraph).

STELLA C.—Anna Nilsson and Stephen Purdee had the leads in "Shot in the Night" (Kalem). L. Shumway was Tom in "On the Brink" (Lubin). Wheat is the most nutritious food, barley next.

LEAH C., NEW ZEALAND.—Walter Heirs was Sleepy Si in "A Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., about joining the club. Cant tell you whether Fred Mace ever was a real prizefighter, but I wouldn't like to receive one of his uppercuts. The Costello children still play for Vitagraph. Ruth Stonehouse, Francis Bushman and Lillian Drew in "The Other Girl" (Essanay).

SADIE E.—That's right; chat on with your nonsense. As Shakespeare says, I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad, yet I have both. "Dance of Death" was taken at Florida.



THE WRONG WAY OF TAKING THIS MAGAZINE

C. G. B.—You want a contest for the best-dressed man on the screen; that would never do, because there aren't enough of them. L. Shumway was Carlos in "The Signal" (Lubin).

CANARSIE MERMAID. — That's what everybody says, "The last issue is the best yet." We try to make each one the best yet. Leah Baird was the lead in "My Lady of Idleness" (Vitagraph). Betty Schade was the wife in "A Race with Death" (Rex). Tom Forman was the President in "His Excellency."

ELAINE H.—No, we do not intend to run a department showing how to operate machines and theaters, because this magazine is for the public, not for the trade. Ray Myers had the lead in "Sheridan's Ride" (Bison).

KITTY C.—Please, please dont ask twenty-two questions in one letter; you haven't time. Alma Russell in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). William Taylor was the stranger in "The Brute." That player has had lots of experience. He has played everything, from a horse-thief to one of the Twelve Apostles.

ALLEN L. R.—You refer either to Charles Chaplin or Roscoe Arbuckle in the Keystone. Mr. Fryer drew the "Motion Picture Picnic." You must get one of those Bunny statues; they are fine.

FIDELIS M.—Rosemary Theby and Joseph Kaufman in "The Drug Terror." Hal August was Hal in "Pitfalls."

MURL S.—I do not believe in making divorce too easy nor too difficult. Where marriage has plainly broken down and serves its purpose no more, and where to continue it would outrage the lives of children, wrong the innocent partner, injure society and tend to drive husband or wife to immorality, I think the law should dissolve the contract, which would be choosing the lesser evil.

CLYDE W. H.—Asta Neilsen was leading lady in "The Devil's Assistant" (Pathé).

HAZEL A.—The news-of-the-day pictures are taken in different places and countries, and the films are fastened together. You did right. A soft answer turneth away wrath, but a good pair of legs is often more desirable.

TILLIE AND BECKY.—Herschal Mayall was the father, William Ehfe the officer, and Enid Markie the daughter in "Love vs. Duty." Thomas Forman and Dolly Larkin in "A Romance of the Northwest."

MAXIXE.—I would not dare print your letter. Talk is cheap, except when it ends in a libel suit. Kindly affix your John Hancock at top of your letter hereafter.

HELEN R. C.—I read the clipping with much pleasure. Vera Sisson plays opposite Warren Kerrigan now.

ANNA D.—Rose Tapley was Mrs. O'Flynn in "The Idler" (Vitagraph). Brinsley Shaw was the husband, Rosemary Theby the wife, and Joseph Kaufman was Wilbur in "Madame Coquette."



WHEN THIS MAGAZINE COMES TO PRINCETON
(Drawn by a Princeton man)

DORCHESTER CENTER, MASS.—The last half of your letter is missing; but, tho lost to sight, to memory dear. I am not a college man, but you must be. Dont you know that we learn most after college days are over? Book knowledge is a small part of education. I enjoy letters from 22 Carruth Street. Dolly Larkin and Webster Campbell.

CHARLOTTE C.—Louise Glaum was the girl in "The Convict's Story" (Kalem). Marion Emmons was the little boy in "The Measure of a Man" (Lubin).

MRS. JACK, READING.—Francis Bushman has been with Essanay about three years. Yes; Alice Joyce was born in America. Thanks for comparing me to Horace for "mingling a little folly with my wisdom." Horace will feel flattered.

M. E. V.—Cleo Ridgely and Don Ridgely in "Captured by Mexicans" (Kalem). Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a shoemaker.

WILL H., CHICAGO.—No, I am not so great as you think. Anybody can look up answers like I do. But thanks for your amen. Let us all join in singing the long-meter doxology. You will have a full moon at 6:50 P.M., August 5.

DAISY.—We shall interview Ray Gallagher in the near future. Yes, we are going to chat Anna Nilsson also. Surely I am opposed to all official censorship. The present board is sufficient and efficient.

LAWRENCE H. B.—Your letter is very interesting. However, I have no money to invest in your proposition.

RUTH L. S.—Marshall Neilan and Gertrude Robinson in "Classmates" (Biograph). I agree with you that, as a rule, continued stories are not a success on the screen. We can never be sure of seeing all the instalments and in proper order.

DOROTHY N. W.—Bernardine Zuber was Barbara in "Brewster's Millions."

CHARLOTTE G.—Marshall Neilan was Jack in "McBride's Bride" (Kalem).

PRINCESS.—I honest and truly am not married; never have been; never will be, and dont want to be. This is so sudden. Donald Hall was the husband, Naomi Childers the mother, and Audrey Berry the child in "The Crucible of Fate" (Vitagraph). Our L. Case Russell was the author of the play.

F. E. K.—You have the right spirit. Slow to censure and quick to praise, happy you'll be thru all your days. George Hernandez was the farmer in "The Schooling of Mary Ann" (Selig). Lee Willard was the foreman in "Broncho Billy—Gunman" (Essanay).

CATHERINE V.—Wheeler Oakman was Jones in "Shot-gun Jones" (Selig). I have a regard for doctors, but hope they dont get me. There are three kinds: those who work to keep you well; those who work to keep you from getting sick, and those who work you whether you are sick or well. Everybody, tho, ought to see a good doctor once a year for an annual inspection, and a dentist and an oculist, too.

EMMA V. S.—Well, the reason a dog turns around before lying down is because his ancestors used to do likewise, so as to make a sort of nest in the dirt or grass to protect themselves. See the Editor's article on the Emotions. Rosetta Brice in "A Cruel Revenge" (Lubin). Yes; Mary Charleson in "Mr. Barnes of New York" (Vitagraph). Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid in "The Way of a Woman" (Nestor). Rosemary Theby is playing opposite Harry Myers.

GERTIE.—Joseph Kaufman was the lead in that Lubin. No; Anna Q. Nilsson is very much with Kalem. Lottie Briscoe had the lead in "Lord Algy."

C. G. B., CHICAGO.—Bill Nye was Izzy in "The Passing of Izzy" (Keystone). Millicent Evans was the wife in "The Fatal Wedding" (Biograph). President Wilson called an extra session of Congress to convene April 7, 1913, to revise the tariff. He seen his dooty, and he done it.

JACK D. F.—I am unable to tell you who weighs the most—Bunny, Arbuckle, Lackaye or Mack, but I know that each of them should pay three car-fares if there are people standing. You refer to Ernest Truex. Alice Joyce in "The Dance of Death" (Kalem).

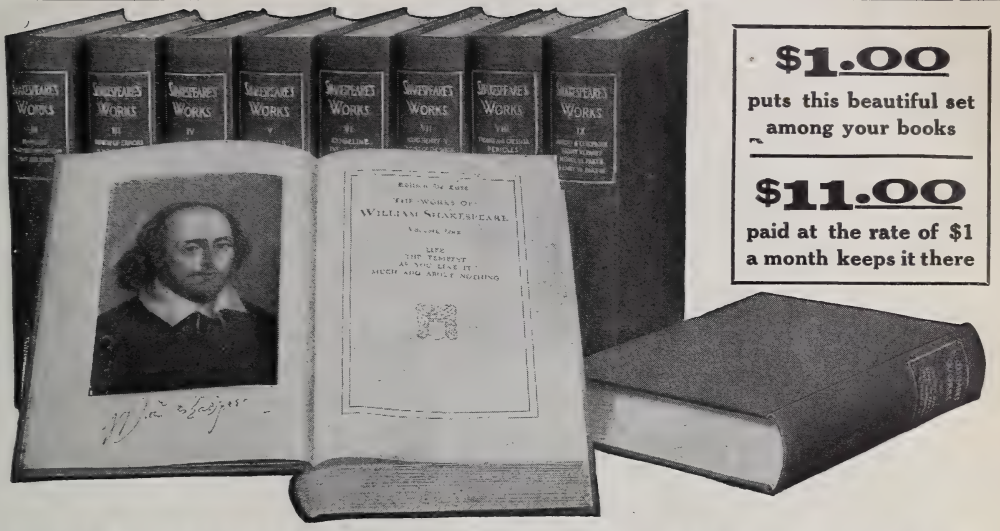
LOQUACIOUS EDNA.—Charles Ray was Jim in "Desert Gold" (Domino). Shorty Hamilton in the Broncho. Webster Campbell in "The Death Warrant" (Lubin). Yes, come right along.

LITTLE VICTOR.—Buddy Harris was the little boy in "The Little Bugler" (Vitagraph). Mayor Gaynor, of New York City, died September 10, 1913, at sea.

KERRIGAN KID.—Cleo Madison was the girl in "Sealed Orders" (Victor). Jack Standing was with Pathé last. W. Schappe was the son in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser). Charles Chaplin in "Mabel's Predicament" (Keystone).



She—If you dont take me to see a photoshow, I'll never come out with you again.
He—I would willingly, my dear, but all the theaters around here are showing so many "features" by unknown companies, and they are usually so poor, that I'm losing all interest in the Movies. Oh, for the good old days!



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ALICE M. K.—Your letter is O K. Glad to hear from you. I am just turned seventy-three, but feel as if I were thirty-seven.

PEBBIE B.—Donald MacDonald had the lead in "Too Much Married" (Powers). Carol Halloway in "The Roots of Evil" (Lubin). Romona Radcliffe and Richard Stanton in "The Colonel's Orderly."

K. R. S.—Your lines beginning, "O Answer Man, of patience rare, I should think you'd want to get more air, when people ask: Does Lottie B. dye her hair? And does Crane Wilbur stay out nights? But now I've caught you in a snare," are appreciated, and the "man with smooth, dark hair and Roman nose" is Lamar Johnstone. Harry Myers was Ebbets in "The Moth" (Lubin).

KITTY C.—Dolores Cassinelli and Clifford Bruce in "To Hate" (Selig). Bessie Eyton in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). The Editor expects to use my chat with Bunny in the next issue.

ROSA W.—Richard Stanton was the husband in "The Divorce" (Kay-Bee). Mildred Harris was the daughter.

HARRY G. H.—Louise Beaudet was the fashion leader in "Setting the Style" (Vitagraph). Yes, that was a fine comedy. Louise Huff was the wife in "A Pack of Cards" (Lubin). Darwin Karr was the sergeant in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vitagraph). Oh, it would never do to have an Answer Man's number with my picture on the front. Thanks.

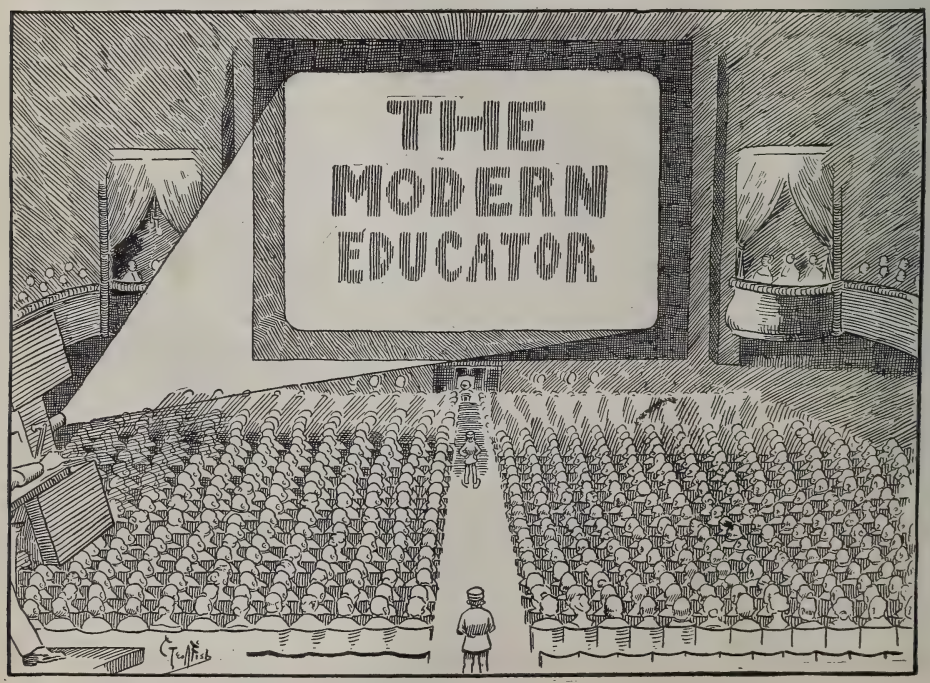
RETTA.—Whenever I see a fair percentage of handsome women in the suffraget business, I'm going to take my hat under my arm and join the procession. Arthur Allardt was Arthur, and Edythe Sterling was Edythe in "Poison" (Frontier). Harry Carter in "For the Family's Honor" (Rex). J. Arthur Nelson is slim.

RUTH C., BALTIMORE.—Please use a little better grade of paper than wrapping paper. It was so old that it tore. Gerda Holmes in the Essanay.

ETHEL P., SUFFOLK.—Hazel Buckham was the girl in "From Father to Son" (Rex). George Melford was the blind brother in "The Master Rogue." Of course I read everything in the magazine.

EDYTHE H.—Yes, we noticed the similarity between "The Compact" and "The Masquerader," and between "Way of a Woman" and "Misleading Lady." Dont know whether the "steals" were intentional or accidental, known or unknown, by the producing companies. Miss Clifton in "A Robust Romeo." Robyn Adair and Charles Ray in "For the Wearing of the Green." That home-made way of covering your magazine is clever. Lots of people cover their magazine, now that we are using paintings on the cover. Isn't it funny how much our magazines are handled? Each copy seems to go thru dozens of hands. Thanks for article on "Cheerfulness." Will try to be good now.

S. H.—Sorry I disappointed you, but I dont remember your last letter. Both Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse play opposite Francis Bushman. Step lively, please; I dont mind long letters—as long as they are short.



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JESSIE W.—Yes; Alice Joyce was the second wife in "The Shadows" (Kalem). No, "Here Lies" is not the book you want. It does not teach how to write, but what not to write. It will save you from writing what has been written before.

MILDRED E. H.—Yes, you can reach Dorothy Davenport at the Nestor studio.



"Say, missus, can we get in? This kid's father knows one of the actor's brother's sisters, and I know his father." (They got in.)

MRS. C. E. B. L.—Many, many thanks for the beautiful handmade tie. Very handsome, indeed. Alice and Ralph are unknown in "Hearts Adrift" (Famous Players). M. Manlone was Smithworth in "The Secret Well" (Eclair). It was a foreign picture. Hal Clarendon and Peter Lang in "An American Citizen" (Famous Players). I have no choice, and would just as soon answer questions in the magazine as by mail.

ALICE MURIEL.—So you have selected adjectives for your favorites: Ethel Grandin, cunning; Ruth Stonehouse, melancholy; Lillian Walker, winsome; Anita Stewart, dazzling; Alice Joyce, beautiful; Lillian Gish, dainty; Clara K. Young, exquisite; Edith Storey, fanciful, and Florence LaBadie and Mary Pickford simply beyond compare. Very bright, but what will Ruth say?

FLORA S.—I read all letters that come to me. Those that are short I answer at once, and the others I take home for a leisure hour. I like best those that contain the name at the top, and the questions next, so that I can fill in the answers from my records before taking them home. It doubles my work when the questions are mixed up with comments. You know animals are trained to do 'most anything. I hardly think the leopard was killed.

G. WALLACE.—Arthur Ashley was Billy in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vitagraph). Harry Carey was the crook in "The Crook and the Girl" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood in "Tony and Maloney" (Selig). Rosetta Brice in "In the Northland."

CLARENCE E. H.—You say Billy Mason is singing in Chicago. Heap much thanks for enclosures.

HERMAN, BUFFALO.—I am sorry that you're mad and wont play with me any more. I'll really miss you. A friend is like health—never missed till lost. Yes; Warren Kerrigan is much admired for his good words about his mother.

VONA L., NEWBURGH.—Thank you for the snapshots of Crane Wilbur and Pearl White. It will be impossible to use the same picture of Earle Williams that appears in the Motion Picture Picnic for the Gallery.

Louise Vale in that Biograph. The Panama-Pacific International Exposition is to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal, and will open February 20, 1915.

LURA R., EATON.—Frank Smith was the husband in "The Old Parlor" (Imp). Marie Hall was the nurse in "The Return of Tony" (Imp). You refer to Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "The Story the Gate Told" (Lubin). Ruth Roland the wife in "The Good Old Summer-time."

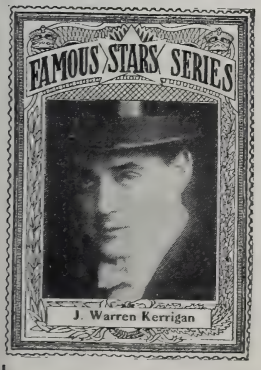
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It is the collecting of "postage stamps" bearing the latest portraits of American motion picture actors and actresses. Of course, these stamps are not actually good for postage, but otherwise they represent postage stamps.

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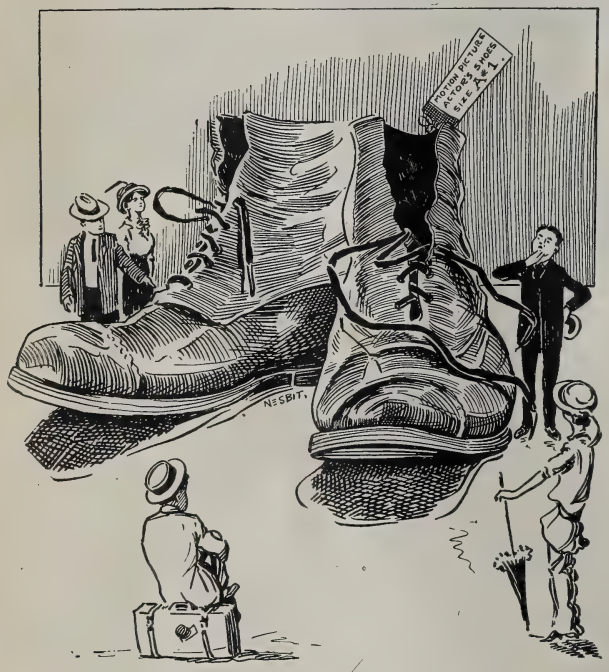
FRANK G., HALIFAX.—Rosemary Theby and Joseph Kaufman had the leads in "The Drug Terror" (Lubin). The salary of the President of Cuba is $25,000.

F. C. C.—Your letter was very fine. Thanks very much for the clippings. The only player I ever saw bring down the house was Warren Kerrigan in "Samson."

RUTHIE, 16.—Yes; Robert Harron is a clever player. Yes, the paper is very fine. You mistake a prejudice for a principle. Do not lose faith in humanity.

W. T. H.—You are right; everything must advance or retrograde, and we choose the former course. So do you. I look forward to your letters as I do to my meals. It is sad if, when your eyes lit on Clara Young's, you became the infinitesimal minutiæ of the merest atom—a zero with its rim torn off. What will Rosemary Theby say?

THESE ARE NOT CINDERELLA'S SLIPPERS, BUT MANY PEOPLE TRY THEM ON



IT TAKES A GOOD MAN TO FILL THEM

M. A. D.—Of course your letters are always interesting, and I like to get them. It takes two to make a quarrel, but only one to make peace.

MAE E. S.—Vera Sisson was the wife in "The Bolted Door" (Victor). I haven't heard where Florence Radinoff is.

ALICE MURIEL.—The first result of the Great Artist Contest appeared in our February number, and the leaders were Earle Williams, Mary Pickford, Warren Kerrigan, Mary Fuller, Arthur Johnson and Alice Joyce, in that order. I dont know which is the older, Lillian or Dorothy Gish, but suspect that it is the former—if not, the latter.

JOYCE-CARLYLE.—Thanks muchly. Your penmanship is improving. Olive Golden was the girl in "Tess of Storm County." Yes, dont know his age. If you think that play was risky, you ought to see "Shadows of the Past" (Vitagraph), at the Vitagraph Theater. That's one of the strongest plays ever done. Both Mary Pickford and Edwin August have been with Biograph.

G. E. H.—Sidney drew has been on the stage for years. Yes, the curls are Mary Pickford's own hair, and they are golden curls. Well, I can see that you haven't seen "Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph). Do you know that Pansy would like to correspond with you? Write in care of me.

RALPH J.—What's the matter with you? I said that Vitagraph release a film every day, and that out of the six releases every week, two are two-reel plays. Is that any clearer?

V. V. S.—Mildred Weston was the stenographer in "The Discovery" (Essanay). Dorothy Gish was the girl in "My Hero" (Biograph). Grace Lewis in "A Queer Elopement."

F. A. S.—Florence Turner can be found at Church Street, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey, London, England. Your letter evidently went to the Edison Electrical Company. The M. P. Studio address is 2826 Decatur Street, New York City.

HIDDEN H., CHICAGO.—The Vitagraph Theater changes its program whenever the old one ceases to draw. "Mr. Barnes of New York" ran for about a month, and was succeeded by "Captain Alvarez." Both will soon be shown all over the country in the regular M. P. theaters, large and small. Brinsley Shaw was the husband in that Lubin.

GERTIE.—Awfully glad to meet you. Ethel Jackson was Paula in "The Battle of the Weak" (Vitagraph). Lillian Burns was the sister. Adele Lane and Harry Lonsdale in "At Last They Are Alone."

ARCHIMEDES.—So you think I look like Archimedes? Thank you so much! The debate in this magazine on Censorship, between Canon Chase and Frank L. Dyer, was not officially decided, but John Collier said some very wise words as a last word. Mr. Dyer was for no censorship; Canon Chase was for all kinds of censorship, and Mr. Collier was for the present National Board only. I think Mr. Dyer was right in theory, and Mr. Collier in practice.

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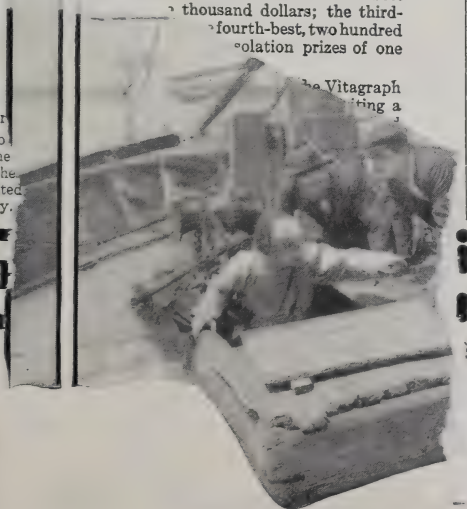
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ELBERT MOORE

(Former Scenario Editor)

...ox 772 MI, Chicago, Illinois

M. I., Oak Park.—The last form of this magazine is usually closed for the printery about the 24th of the month. Gertrude Robinson was Sylvia, Marshall Neilan was Bert, and Henry Walthall played opposite him in "Classmates" (Biograph). Any person over 10 years old may open an account in the Postal Savings Bank at the Post-Office.

G. M., Rochester.—Walter Miller in "An Hour of Terror" (Biograph). "Hearts Adrift" taken at Santa Monica.

Ray, Boston.—Walter Edwards was Ross in "The Relic" (Broncho). Miss Ashton was the wife, and Louise Vale was the dancer in "Children of Destiny" (Biograph). Paul Smith was the Mexican spy, L. Shumway was the lieutenant, and Velma Whitman the girl in "Sealed Orders" (Lubin). Miss Allen and Adele Lane in "Two Girls" (Selig).

Harry L. D.—I know of no daily or weekly newspaper devoted entirely to the pictures, except the trade papers, *Movie Pictorial* and *M. P. Stories*. The copyright on all of Poe's works has expired. "East Lynne" has been done. You may do any of Dumas' works.

M. F., St. Louis.—Those Selig pictures were made in California. Charles Chaplin had the lead in "Between Showers" (Keystone). He also played in "His Favorite Pastime" (Keystone). Thanks.

Grace K. R.—Lucille Young was the girl in "The Atonement" (Majestic). Rena Kuhn was the other girl in "The Ring" (Majestic). Fay Tincher was Cleo, and Lillian Gish was the daughter in "The Battle of the Sexes." Marie Walcamp was Mary in "Won in the Clouds."

Mrs. W. E.—It is impossible to tell you when and where you can see an Earle Williams picture in New York. Ask at some M. P. theater.

Lulu C., Tulsa.—No; Mrs. Baggot is not an actress. I know of no sister to Dorothy Davenport. Charles Swickard was Bud in "Shorty Escapes Matrimony." I have sent your letter to Miss Greenwood.

Jean B.—Kathlyn Williams in "The Love of Penelope" (Selig). Stella Razetto in "Memories" (Selig).

S. P. G., New York.—Earle Williams is still playing. If you got the Vitagraph *Bulletin* every month, you could tell just which plays your favorites played in.

A. N. Brakenridge.—I will have to know the name of the play in order to tell you the name of the tramps. I dont think they make special chairs for John Bunny and Hughey Mack.

Murl S.—I feel sorry for you. Good educationals are good, but bad ones there are. Better untaught than ill-taught.

Olga, 17.—I was indeed glad to have met you. Your letters are as interesting as ever.

Lottie D. T.—William Ehfe was the lead in "The Raiders" (Kay-Bee). Mary Charleson and Maurice Costello in "The Acid Test" (Vitagraph). Evie says she is too busy to write.

M. M., Wilmington.—I am sorry, but I cannot tell you whether Louise Huff is married to Edgar Jones—and wouldn't if I could. Is not pronounced like "Morris."

June Rose.—Rosemary Theby did not play in the three plays you name. Alice Hollister and Tom Moore in "The Primitive Man" (Kalem).

Bubbles, Utica.—Many thanks, my son, for the useful set of cuff-buttons. They are very welcome, and I'll wear them—out. Grace Cunard is with the Bison Company, Hollywood, Cal. I haven't her age, but it is somewhere between sixteen and sixty.

Ynez G.—Your letter was forwarded to Miss Gail. The last words of Napoleon were: "Tet d'Armée!"



———!

...one ...W. "Mr. Barnes of ...K" ran for about a ..., and was succeeded by ...Captain Alvarez." Both will soon be shown all over the country in the regular M. P. ...eaters, large and small. Brinsley Shaw ...s the husband in that Lubin.

THOUSANDS ARE UPLIFTED BY THE STRONG SERMON OF ... PICT...

Gertie.—Awfully glad to meet you. ...el Jackson was Paula in "The Battle ...the Weak" (Vitagraph). Lillian Burns ... the sister. Adele Lane and Harry ...sdale in "At Last They Are Alone."

...rchimedes.—So you think I look like ...chimedes? Thank you so much! The ...bate in this magazine on Censorship, ...tween Canon Chase and Frank L. Dyer, ...s not officially decided, but John Collier ...d some very wise words as a last word. ... Dyer was for no censorship; Canon ...ase was for all kinds of censorship, and ...r. Collier was for the present National ...oard only. I think Mr. Dyer was right in theory, and Mr. Collier in practice.

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SCENE FROM "THE YELLOW TRAFFIC" (PAGE 33)

HERMAN.—Yes, I have a few fools as correspondents, and I value them highly. If there were no fools in the world, some of us could not make a living, and my life would be a dull, dreary waste.

VYRGYNYA.—Be patient! we will have a chat with William Bailey when he gets permanently located. I'm not a sinner. Louise Huff was Lucille in "Love's Long Lane" (Lubin).

THE PHOTOPLAY PHIENDS.—You send in a long, signed petition for pictures of Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid in the Gallery. The Editor intends to comply with the request.

PEG O' WATERLOO.—Thanks for the pretty postals. I believe that Jack Richardson has played on the stage. That was a real airship. We have not used Charles Chaplin's portrait yet, but shall soon.

IRVING W.—My orders are not to give advice to the lovelorn, yet you and others persist. If I obey orders, *you* will not like it; if I do not, the *Editor* will not like it. I think you expect too much when you insist that the young lady shall not look at others. Let her look them all over, and you do the same. Otherwise, the result might be disastrous. Better do it now than after marriage.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Of course you are welcome. Ernest Truex opposite Mary Pickford in that Famous Players. Fine.

ALVIRA H.—It is very hard to get a position in the pictures. Marguerite Risser was the girl in "Good Pals" (Pathé). You refer to the Nash sisters.

JAIME E. J.—The only place to get a strip of film is from a manufacturer. Yes, she is a good, noble girl. Perhaps it is the "heaven within her that makes the heaven without."

OLGA, 17.—So you liked Mary Charleson in real life better than in the pictures? She is a lovely girl. Thanks for all the adjectives you called me.

LOTTIE D. T.—Miriam Cooper and Owen Moore in "The Smugglers of Sligo" (Reliance). Clara Williams and Walter Edwards in Broncho's "Breed o' the North." Edna Maison and Clarence Burton in "Heart-strings" (Powers). Leah Baird and Alexander Gaden in "His Last Chance" (Imp). R. A. Walsh and Mary Alden in "The Double Knot" (Majestic).

VYRGYNYA.—This isn't leap year. Your letter just sparkles with wit and humor. You must quit worrying. Every moment of worry weakens you. Wait till you get to the river before crossing it.

FLOWER E. G.—You say, "Truth is stranger than fiction, but it is seldom found among the six best-sellers." Right you be. Carlyle Blackwell was Fred, and R. Hadley was Decatur in "The Secret Formula" (Kalem).

FLORENCE P.—I shall announce later the name of the film that Gaby Deslys appears in. David Griffith prefers players who have not had experience, because he finds them more pliable. He usually tells them just what he wants, and often goes thru the parts himself, and expects the players to do just as he does. Experienced actors prefer to put a little of their own personality in their work.

MAE MARIE, NATCHEZ.—Ruth Stonehouse is still with Essanay. Ralph Ince and Francis Ford are supposed to be the best Lincolns.

MADGE J.—Charles Ray had the lead in "The Cow Country" (Kay-Bee).

MERRITT B. S.—Edwin Carewe was the hero in "The Story the Gate Told" (Lubin). Thomas Carrigan was the son in "A Modern Vendetta" (Selig). I am not sure that "Peg o' My Heart" would make a good photoplay. Its charm is in the dialog, as well as in the pleasing personality of Laurette Taylor, and it would be difficult to show the latter on the screen.

KENNETH B. H.—Harry Myers was Jim, and Ethel Clayton was the wife in "The Faith of a Girl." Rosemary Theby was Madame Coquette, and Joseph Kaufman was Wilbur in "Madame Coquette."

MAPLE LEAVES.—Norma Talmadge and Anita Stewart are very much the same in age, build and style, altho they do not resemble each other. I dont know who is the cleverer, but, of course, the latter has had better opportunities. Kempton Greene was Bob in "A Special Officer." James Morrison chatted in August, 1912.

ANNA G.—Myrtle Gonzalez was chatted in March, 1914; her pictures appeared in August and December, 1913. You refer to Buddy Harris.

THOMAS W., NEW ZEALAND.—So Ruth Roland is the best and prettiest, in your judgment? Marguerite Loveridge in "One-Round O'Brien's Flirtation" (Majestic).



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NETTIE, MERIDIAN.—Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "The Counterfeiter" (Kalem). Adele Lane was the daughter, and William Stowell was Thomas in "On the Minute" (Selig).

ELLA H. E. B.—Send in a stamped, addressed envelope for list of manufacturers.

F. R. D.—Most of the players answer letters, but it would be impossible for them to answer all their mail. So you think that John Collier put the sense in Censorship. Well, the National Board is about the only kind that I would stand for if I had anything to say about it.

POLLY A.—Yes, all the players were at the exhibition who were in this vicinity. They signed their names hundreds of times on the backs of fans, cards, booklets, etc. Guess every one enjoyed himself. I did, when I wasn't taking a Turkish bath. The place was a furnace.

LOTTIE D. T.—Ford Sterling and Jackie Kirtley in "The Clutches of a Gang" (Keystone). James Morrison and Naomi Childers in "The Portrait" (Vitagraph). Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Inventor's Wife" (Lubin). You refer to Herbert Rawlinson and Viola Barry in "The Sea-Wolf" (Bosworth). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "The Weaker Brother" (Lubin).

OLGA.—You're right; my advice may not make good players, but it will tend to prevent bad ones.

DAWN FLOW.—Miss Sackville was Winnie in the Kathlyn series. I believe that the suffragets control in the State of Colorado; also in the state of matrimony. Seventy-three years old, I be.

REDNEY.—Norma Phillips must be a very fickle girl if she changes her mind as often as she changes her clothes. She is a regular fashion-plate. Thanks for the clipping. I have eight scrap-books.

ARTHUR V. T.—Helen Holmes and J. P. McCowan had the leads in "A Man's Soul" (Kalem). All players have in them a reflector (from observation) and a condensor (from emotion).

LILLIAN R.—Some unknown person has favored me with a cigar-case. Whoever it was, my cordial thanks. Edgar Jones is in Philadelphia. Burton King was with the Western branch.

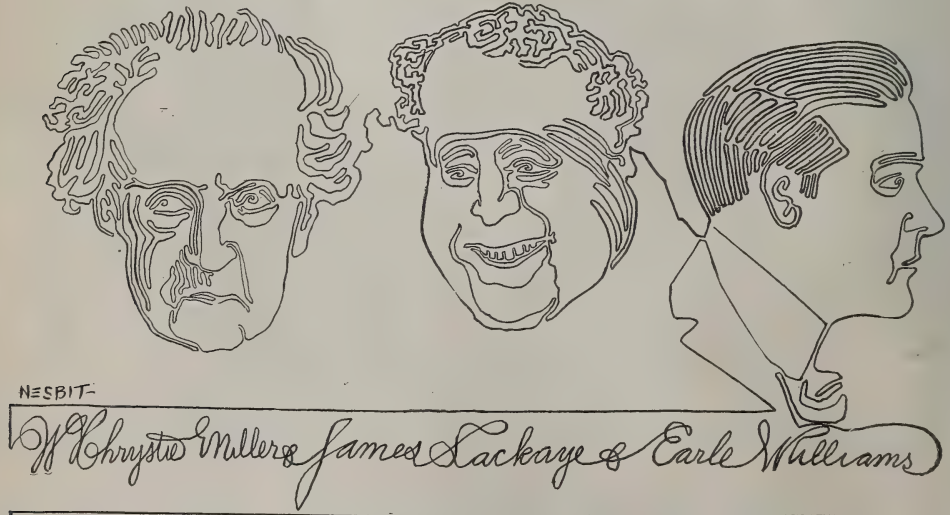
MARY F. B.—I really dont know where House Peters gets that name from. Your letter was charming. I think it is as much Mary Pickford's interesting personality as it is her acting.

FLORENTINE H.—Thanks for the beautiful flowers. We are going to have a picture of E. K. Lincoln soon.

LOTTIE D. T.—Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "The Triumph of Mind" (Bison). George Morgan and Louise Vale in "The Science of Crime" (Biograph). Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport in "The Passing of the Beast" (Nestor). Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "The Pursuit of Hate" (Rex). Frank Bennett and Billie West in "The Angel of the Gulch." You certainly are long-winded.

R. S.—What! you want us to print a book containing the "brightest" of my answers that have appeared? Why, my child, there isn't any "brightest"; they are all—well, it would take such a Big Book, dont you know? What'll we call it—"The Fool Killer"?

L. J. F., TROY.—"The Baggage Coach Ahead" was produced by Edison about three years ago. Anna Nilsson was the girl in "Tell-tale Stains" (Kalem). Clara Williams was Julia in "The Adventures of the Actress' Jewels" (Edison). No; Peggy O'Neill did not play in "Peg o' My Heart," on Broadway; she was lead in one of the traveling companies.



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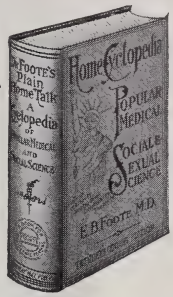
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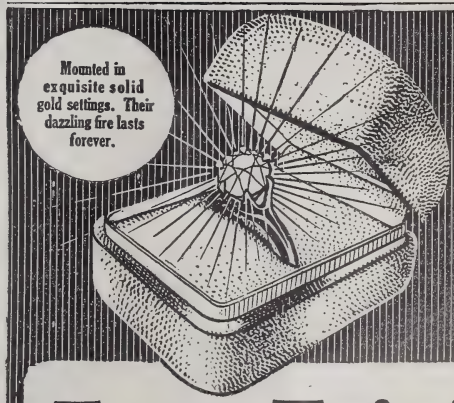
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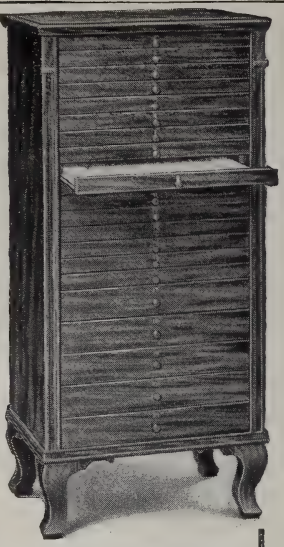
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IRMA.—Yes, there are too many companies nowadays trying to imitate the Keystone comedies with the ridiculous-looking policeman. King Baggot was Walter in "The Blood Test" (Imp).

LINCOLN C. P.—Mabel Van Buren and Helen Kendricks in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Selig). Stella Razetto was Mary Anne in "The Schooling of Mary Anne." Rhea Mitchell was Nell in "Shorty Escapes Matrimony."

SAMUEL S.—Write to the Belmar Company, sending a special delivery, about your script, requesting a receipt.

BILLY W.—Many others have asked that same question about that player, and for the benefit of all let me say that it is not true. As Ouida says, "A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run." Charles Ray in "Repaid."

(*Continued from page* 76)

machinations of the "loan shark"; that old-time plot termed "The House with the Closed Shutters," released years ago, has not been outclassed to this day as a Civil War drama of pathos and realism; "'Twixt Loyalty and Love," a picture five years old, released by the former Independent Motion Pictures Company, set the pace for newspaper dramas; the first John Bunny pictures, and the adventures of Miss Flora Finch with the elephants—who can forget their delightful refinement? The old-time Lubin political stories, exposing current politicians, were really ahead of their time, for, in a later period, many a corrupt politician was exposed and sent to prison, and the plots were not at all overdrawn.

Old films—yes, old friends! Let Vitagraph and others institute a revival of the old-time film favorites; let the newcomers to Photoplayland view and enjoy the masterpieces of former years, for they were masterpieces—"giants in those days"—that frequently will well compare with the pictures of 1914, despite the wonderful strides made in the plot, the acting, the photography and the general production of films.

And we venture to say that a "revival of former film favorites" will prove profitable as well as pleasurable. What company will lead the way?

RACHAEL S.—Belle Bennett in "The Puritan" (Lubin). Neva Gerber was the girl in "The Detective's Sister" (Kalem). Vivian Prescott in "The Restless Woman" (Biograph). Mary Pickford.

CECILE L.—The picture is of Fred Tidmarsh, now with Lubin. I never counted them, but I understand that there are 31,173 verses in the Bible, 773,746 words and 3,566,480 letters.

C. G. B., CHICAGO.—Walter Stull is not located at present, nor is Leo Delaney. Walter Miller is with Imp. Velma Pearce was the girl in "His Favorite Pastime" (Keystone). Charles Chaplin.

BILLY J.—Anna Nilsson is still with Kalem. Edward Coxen and Charlotte Burton are with American. Harry Myers is also directing. You know, Courtenay Foote played with Reliance for some time.

B. U. B., BEDFORD.—I haven't heard of a Satex picture with Martha Russell for some time. Haven't heard of Laura Sawyer changing her name. Owen Moore and Mary Pickford, his wife, were at the Exposition together.

W. G. R., WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Ford Sterling now has a company of his own. That proves the truth of the old proverb, "First impressions rule the mind."

MOVIE, WHITE PLAINS.—Darwin Karr and Blanche Cornwall in "In the Year 2000." Dont you know that the pictures appearing in our Gallery are not always our choice? We have to use what we get, and we often cant get good pictures of the players we want.

LORETTA, 16.—The picture from the *Red Book* is the same Maude Fealy who is now with Thanhouser. You refer to Alice Washburn and William Wadsworth in "Martha's Rebellion" (Edison).

J. K., NEWBURGH.—Tom Powers is no longer with Vitagraph. He is in Europe. Augustus Carney also went aboard. E. F. Roseman was the detective in "The Diamond Master" (Eclair). That's a safe plan—hit a man and help a woman.

FATTY, NEW ZEALAND.—We have about 15,000 readers in New Zealand now. You refer to Ford Sterling in that Keystone. A good many indoor pictures are taken with the overhead lights. Mabel Normand's picture appeared in July, 1914.

ANTHONY.—I dont think my advice would be accepted; anyway, you might write Pearl White again for her picture. I believe Alice Joyce is too busy to answer all her mail.

EVA L. B.—Letter is fine, but it fairly raves about Warren Kerrigan. It was discovered by an indolent man, which proves that laziness is the mother of invention. We have never used Frances Nelson's picture.

C. C. R.—Perhaps you refer to Henry King. The trouble is that we have too many people in this world giving advice, and too few who are willing to take it.



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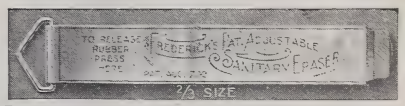
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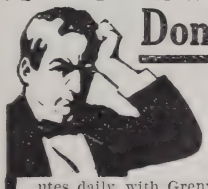
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LOTTIE D. T.—Neva Gerber in "The Secret Formula" (Kalem). Isabelle Rae was the wife in "The Burglar's Sacrifice" (Biograph). Romona Radcliff and Thomas Chatterton in "The Trap" (Kay-Bee). Miss Johnson was Diana, and Frank Newburg was Cupid in "The Story of Diana" (Selig). Richard Stanton and Clara Williams in "Divorce" (Kay-Bee).

FLORENCE K.—You can obtain all the back numbers of our magazine, except February, June, August and September, 1911. Anne Schaeffer is with Vitagraph.

OLIVE P. C.—Joseph Belmont was the detective in "Misplaced Love" (Crystal). Harry Von Meter was Joe in "Justice of the Wild" (Nestor). Vivian Rich was Pride, and Wallace Reid was Edward in "Pride of Lonesome" (American).

GERTIE.—Enid Markie was Mary, W. Mayhall was Dan, and William Ephee was the officer in "Love *vs.* Duty" (Kay-Bee). Edward Piel and Carol Hallaway in "Root of Evil" (Lubin).

M. A. D.—Thanks for the chocolates. I shall do that for you.

EDYTHE H.—Harriet Notter was the girl in "Redhead Ma's Suitors" (Selig). Rosetta Brice and John Ince in "Price of Victory" (Lubin). See ad. We sell the cover paintings without lettering for 25 cents each. They frame beautifully.

SHIRLEY B.—Please write only on one side of the paper. Charles Chaplin was the prime minister in "Caught in a Cabaret" (Keystone). I have no grandsons. Millicent Evans was the wife in "The Fatal Wedding" (Biograph).

IRISH.—Your letter is excellent. So you sat up until 1:30 finishing the June issue. Mary Alden was the wife in "The Battle of the Sexes" (Mutual).

M. R. L.—Yes; Bryant Washburn was the villain in that play. Harry Morey was Geoffrey in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph). E. K. Lincoln was the hero. No, no; Francis Bushman is not married; neither is Romaine Fielding. Francis Ford is the lover in "Lucille Love."

H. L. C.—You are as frisky as a devil's darning-needle and as stupid as a tree-toad. You try hard to be funny and succeed pretty well. Letters like yours make this job a delight.

J. V. C. BEACON.—Goldie Calwell and Horace Carpenter in that Selig. E. K. Lincoln had the lead in "Shadows of the Past" (Vitagraph). The Photoplay Philosopher will be back when he finishes writing the other articles appearing now. Your letter is very interesting.

JACK S.—Ormi Hawley had the lead in "The Strength of Family Ties" (Lubin). She was also lead in "The Two Roses" (Lubin). Edna Payne in "Caballero's Way" (Eclair).

C. W., BRONX.—Buttermilk is my staple beverage these days. It keeps the old-age germs off. The picture on the June cover is of Laura Sawyer and Ben Wilson.

DONALD L.—Thanks for the information. Our cards show that Wilfred Lucas played in "The Massacre," but it might have been a mistake. Thanks. Thomas Chatterton in "The Voice on the Telephone" (Kay-Bee). He is a regular young Crane Wilbur—looks like him and acts like him.

SHALOT C.—Jack Mathews was the conductor, and Gladys Brockwell the girl in "The Harmless One" (Lubin). Of course Romaine Fielding directed it, and he is hard to beat. Ernest Shields was French Harry in "The Mysterious Leopard Lady" (Gold Seal). You refer to House Peters in that Famous Players. Warren Kerrigan and Rose Gibbons in "The Man Who Lied" (Victor). Margaret Thompson and Walter Edwards in "Conscience."

AL P.—If you people insist on asking questions about myself, I'll have no room to talk about others. Edna Payne was Helen in "The Tale of the Desert."

MARIE Z.—Alice Washburn played the part of the grass widow. I suppose they call her the grass widow because she let no grass grow under her feet. Or perhaps because she wore weeds. Tom Forman was Roy in "Life's Lottery" (Lubin). G. Thomas was the violin player in "A Persian Garden" (Universal). Anita Stewart was Antoinette, and Julia S. Gordon was Helen in "The Shadow of the Past" (Vitagraph). Richard Travers in "The Great Game" (Essanay).

TOM, CAPE MAY.—Black Friday was December 6, 1745, and May 11, 1866, is also called Black Friday. Margaret Gibson was the poor girl in "The Little Madonna" (Vitagraph)—a clever play.

BODJA S.—Herbert Tracy and Irene Boyle in "The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem). Wallace Beery opposite Ruth Hennessy in "The Bargain Hunters."

M. FRAZIER, ST. LOUIS.—Since you address me as "O Illustrious One," I will give your question unusual thought and consideration. One fly, on June 1st, lays enough eggs to beget 4,353,564,672,000,000,000,000 flies by September 28th. So you see if you swatted 100 flies last spring that the printer has not enough type to answer for your deed. So you think I am young enough to be broad-minded, and old enough to be charitable? You're right; 73.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Dorothy Gish was the girl in "Silent Sandy" (Reliance). Jere Austin was the doctor in "Nina of the Theater" (Kalem). Louise Huff was 'Toinette in "A Pack of Cards" (Lubin). Irene Wallace was the daughter in "A Million in Pearls" (Victor).

GERTIE.—Thanks. Charles Bartlett. James Davis and Phyllis Gordon in "The Raid of the Red Marauders" (Kalem).

MARY I. C.—Charles Wells was Rodney in "The County Seat" (Kalem). "The Grip of Circumstance" was taken in Chicago. Send your verses to the Popular Plays and Players Department.

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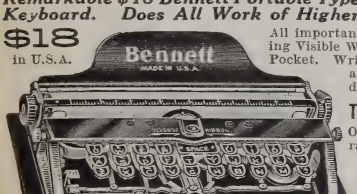


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FRED P. P., TULSA.—E. K. Lincoln and Edith Storey in "The Call" (Vitagraph). Mary Fuller and Benjamin Wilson in "The Romance of Rowena" (Edison). Gladys Hulette was Dora in "The Lucky Vest" (Edison). Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid in "The Way of a Woman."

F. M. C.—I have never heard of LeRoy L. Cramer, yet you say he is with Essanay.

TABITLIA, COHOSE.—William Stowell was Arthur, and Ethel Pierce was Marie in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig). L. C. Shumway was Carlos in "The Signal."

PAUL I. C.—Ruth Stonehouse was Ruth in "Mongrel and Master" (Essanay). Rapley Holmes was Denton, and John Cossar was Mr. Stone in the same. Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "Like Father, Like Son" (American). Ethel Grandin in that Imp.

BLANCHE L.—Well, you have made a good beginning, and, as Pythagoras says, that is half-way to the end. Mary Moore was Alice, and House Peters was Billy in "The Brute" (Famous Players). Warning—please dont ask again if Mary Moore is a sister to brothers Tom, Owen and Matt Moore. How many more do you want in that family? W. Ephee was Mr. Callihan, H. Mayhall was Dan, and Enid Markie was Mary in "Love vs. Duty" (Kay-Bee).

MORINE R.—Your letter is very interesting, but I will not advise you.

GUSSIE J.—Herbert Rawlinson was Ray in "Won in the Clouds." Crane Wilbur is located in Jersey City, N. J. Carlyle Blackwell was once with the Vitagraph.

T. R., NEW YORK.—Claire McDowell and William Randall in "Her Mother's Weakness" (Biograph). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Love's Long Lane" (Lubin). Florence Lawrence and Matt Moore in "Pawns of Destiny" (Victor). G. M. Anderson was Gilbert Sterling in "The Good-for-Nothing" (Essanay).

RAE K.—M. Evans was Bessie, Lionel Barrymore was her husband, and Vivian Prescott was Rachel in "Woman *vs.* Woman" (Biograph). Clifford Bruce was the sweetheart, and Marie Winheim was Lydia in "The Rube" (Selig). Dolly Larkin and Tom Forman in "In the Dredger's Claw" (Lubin). William Stowell was the husband, and Miss Ellis the wife in "In Remembrance" (Selig). Arthur Matthews was Christopher in "Strength of Family Ties" (Lubin). Edward Peil was the lead. Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "Blind Power."

MRS. H. B.—Thanks for the fee. I am glad you like the plays. Sorry to hear of your trouble.

HAZEL M. M.—There is a chat with Norma Talmadge being prepared. She is one true little player. The last form of this magazine is usually closed for the printery about the 24th of the month.

PAUL C.—Thanks for the picture. Marie Walcamp and Herbert Rawlinson had the leads in "Won in the Clouds."

PANSY.—Your letters are great. We do not get casts for Blaché Features. Richard Stanton was the gambler in "Shorty's Strategy" (Broncho). Glad you liked the autobiography.

R. M., VICTORIA.—Edwin August and Blanche Sweet in "One Is Business; the Other, Crime" (Biograph). Wilfred Lucas and Mary Pickford in "Home Folks" (Biograph). They also played in "Just Like a Woman" (Biograph). Wilfred Lucas and Dorothy West in "His Mother's Scarf" (Biograph). Tom Moore in "The Mystery of Grandfather's Clock" (Kalem). Gene Gauntier had the lead in "The Colleen Bawn" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson, Guy Coombs and Hal Clements in "The Romance of a Dixie Belle" (Kalem).

MOVIE BUG.—G. Gregory and Louise Orth in "Mixed Trails" (Biograph). Mr. Randall in "Her Mother's Weakness" (Biograph). Guy Coombs was the general in "The Swamp Fox" (Kalem).

FRED S.—Harold Lockwood seems to be Mary Pickford's permanent opposite. It must be fine to have somebody like that to look up to. Marguerite Courtot was the sister, James Roos the father, and Harry Millarde the brother in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem).

PRINCESS.—Dolly Larkin was Anna, and Dorris Baker was Amelia in "A Father's Heart" (Lubin). Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid in "The Sins of the Father."

MAYABELL, LONDON.—I believe Annette Kellerman and Mabel Normand are the champions in the bathing-suit line.

B. E.—Charles Clary was the prince, Horace Carpenter the banker, Lafayette McKee the colonel, and Miss Sackville the sister in the Kathlyn series.

MILDRED M. G.—No, alas, I am not in love, as you are. It always makes a young man sober and an old man gay, doesn't it? Justina Huff and Clarence Elmer in "The Windfall" (Lubin). Walter Miller was the husband in "A Bunch of Flowers" (Biograph). Louise Orth was the blonde.

THE OWL.—They are sisters. Miss Ellis and Adele Lane were the girls in "Two Girls" (Selig). So you thought Muriel Ostriche had too much make-up on and was dressed too flashily for a business woman in "The Grand Passion" (Princess). But she is a pretty little thing always. The verse is splendid.

FERN, 16.—Belle Adair was Leonora. Helen Martin was Alice, Stanley Walpole was the doctor, and Alex B. Francis was Mr. Price in "Wife" (Eclair). Dont trust me with your secrets. A man who can be trusted with secrets can be trusted with anything, and it is usually not safe to trust a man who is getting $7 per.

KIANAGA.—Yes; Madge Orlamond and Charles Brandt in "The Heavenly Voice" (Lubin). Yes; Ethel Clayton in "The Third Degree" (Lubin). Romaine Fielding had the lead in "The Good for Evil."

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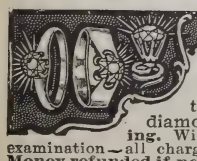
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WILLIAM TELL H.—Does that mean that I wont receive *Henderson's Monthly* until fall? Alas, alack! Anyway, I hope you have a nice vacation.

VYRGYNYA.—Really, your letters are gems. They are so full of nice things that it is a pleasure to read them.

B. U. B.—Why dont you write to Florence Lawrence? Players are always glad to receive criticism. "Know thyself" is good philosophy, but I have been acquainted with the Answer Man for seventy-three years, and dont know him yet. Romaine Fielding is the one.

LORA R., ST. LOUIS.—Thanks. We will use a picture of Darwin Karr as soon as we receive one from him. Verses received and passed along.

SPEED, CHICAGO.—Webster Campbell was Tom in "From Out the Dregs" (Kay-Bee). Herschal Mayall was the father. Marshall Neilan was McBride in "McBride's Bride" (Kalem).

DIC, DENVER.—Write to the different companies for pictures of the players, unless you would like to make your selection from our 24 by subscribing.

NANNY F.—Douglas Sibole was the gambler in "Officer Jim" (Lubin). Harry Benham in "Was She Right to Forgive Him?" (Thanhouser).

NELLIE M.—Thanks very much for the sweet Cape Jessamines. They were fresh when I received them. I did not see Norma Talmadge, so couldn't.

MISS D., NEWBURGH.—Thanks kindly for the fee. So you would like to see more plays with Earle Williams. Write to Edison Company for a picture of Ben Wilson. We shall use a picture of William Humphrey soon.

VYRG, ETC.—Please remember that the only resemblance between Rip Van Winkle and me is the age and beard, so dont call me Old Rip. I do not look upon the wine when it is red, nor do I sleep twenty years at a time. Your proposal is accepted just the same, and I wont do it again. Yes; Mr. Kerrigan wrote that autobiography all himself. You are my philosopher and inspiration.

HELEN L. R.—William Worthington and Bess Meredith in "Stolen Glory" (Powers). Wheeler Oakman was the husband in "The Uphill Climb" (Selig). Mrs. C. J. Williams was the mayoress in "When the Men Left Town" (Edison). W. E. Parsons had the title rôle in "Buffalo Jim" (Vitagraph).

GUINEVERE.—Arthur Johnson wishes to express his grateful appreciation for your kind letter to him.

EVA M.—You will have to write to Crane Wilbur direct about his picture.

W. C. E., FRANKFORT.—The wind is not always blowing in the pictures. Directors prefer it, because it adds to the picturesqueness and naturalness of the scene. But they usually pray for a fair day, rather than for a windy day.

LAWRENCE H. BISER, BERKELEY SPRINGS, W. VA.—Have heard of the wonderful waters of your place, but I am not suffering from rheumatism and am therefore not personally interested.

OLGA, 17.—Dont you think you have been seventeen long enough? Your letters are brimming over with wit and good cheer. Matter of opinion about the lowness of the gowns of Lubin's leading woman. So Mary Charleson won you in "Mr. Barnes." Poor Maurice!

LOTTIE D. T.—Richard Travers and Irene Warfield in "Chains of Bondage" (Essanay). G. Gregory and Louise Orth in "Skelley's Birthday" (Biograph). Lindsey J. Hall was Spider in "The Link in the Chain" (Eclair). J. Warren Kerrigan and Cleo Madison in "The Acid Test" (Victor). Robert Leonard and Hazel Buckham in "The Fox" (Rex).

AUDREY, 17.—Dolly Larkin was leading woman in "Black Beauty" (Lubin). Robert Grey in "Single-handed Jim" (American). Letter is very interesting.

SPEED, CHICAGO.—Yes, the *Correspondence News* is getting better all the time. Roy Watson was the convict in "On the Minute" (Selig).

THELMA, WASHINGTON.—Many thanks for the verse. W. Campbell and Enid Markie were Tom and Nell in "From Out the Dregs" (Kay-Bee).

M. O. W., NEW ZEALAND.—Thanks for the picture of you. Velma Pearce was the wife in "Some Nerve" (Keystone). Justina Huff was the girl in "Matchmaking Dads" (Lubin). Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "When the Cat Came Back" (Princess). You refer to Louise Orth in "The Suicide Pact" (Biograph). Norma Phillips in "Our Mutual Girl."

A. A. S.—The international yacht races will be on September 10th, 12th and 15th. Am not betting, but John Bull is taking everything from us this year, and Sir Thomas is game. Roy Laidlaw was the leading man in "The Substitute" (Kay-Bee). Winnifred Kingston was Peggy in "Brewster's Millions" (Lasky). Anita Stewart is still with Vitagraph.

S. C. H., COLUMBIA.—Marcia Moore was the girl, and N. Smith the boy in "A Romance of Sunshine Alley" (Broncho). Ernest Truex in that play.

MARY B.—Wallace Reid and George Field were the brothers in "The Brothers" (American). Irene Hunt and Courtenay Foote in "The Golden Dross" (Reliance).

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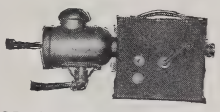
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GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

THE Great Artist Contest has brought us thousands of letters, but, unfortunately, we cannot print them all. The following are selected at random, the first being a clever appreciation of Clara Young, who, by the way, is moving up in the contest by leaps and bounds and is now close on the heels of charming little Marguerite Clayton:

In following, with deep interest, the progress of the Great Artist Contest, I have been somewhat disappointed in not noticing more comment upon, nor more votes for, Clara Kimball Young, of the Vitagraph Company. Without contradicting the opinions of many of your readers, I think that their judgment is sometimes biased by the parts that their favorites take rather than their ability to bring out all there is in the characterization of these parts.

Clara Young has an ideal face for photoplay. It is well modeled, the perfect oval, but with delicate features that are sufficiently covered with flesh not to appear sharp on the screen. Her eyes are wonderfully expressive and can alone "speak their lines," without the aid of gestures or facial play. Her face is particularly adapted to registering emotion. It never distorts nor grows grotesque when subject to the heavy play of anger or other passions; and it is particularly appealing when registering delicate shades of fancy, such as wistfulness, fond memories and the impish, boydenish qualities that have made Mary Pickford world-famous. To realize how emphatically expressive her face is, she should be seen in contrast with a cast of heavier-featured women. To the student, it will be noticed that the expression of many faces can be caught only from the context of the action, or that they will register only the simplest of emotions.

Her figure, poise, art of gesture and stage knowledge, and, I have no doubt, her intelligence also, supplement the artistic qualities of her face. As discerning critics begin to appear in photoplay, I feel confident that she will gain more and more recognition. The laws of close-range pictures demand exquisite facial play and control; otherwise, were it not for the appealing interest of the story, the artist's efforts would appear ridiculous. I will wager that Clara Kimball Young's face can be shown without context or story where many others could not survive this test.

RICHARD M. CHASE.

I consider Crane Wilbur the best-gifted photoplayer of the age, because, not only

being the "Greatest Artist," he is the best emotional actor on the screen. He plays every part to perfection. If necessary, he can portray all the passion of the Spanish, or the tenderness of the Germans, or the life and vivacity of the French, or the coldness and deliberation of the English, and play each and every part perfectly. Are these not artistic qualities? His work in "The Secret Formula" and "The Perils of Pauline" especially deserves credit. His acting is certainly wonderful, and I wish him all the success in the world.

KATHLEEN HERRMANN.

Natchez, Miss.

Enclosed please find my votes for the Great Artist Contest now being conducted in your magazine. Altho I have hitherto sent in no votes, I have followed the results with interest, as I am one of the countless number of "Movie" fans.

Mary Pickford's ability and charm have been so praised by the public that I can add very little to the genuine stamp of approval that the great audience of the screen has given her. But I wish to add a word to the praise of her wonderful facial expression, which I think is, more than anything else, the success of her work in the pictures. Certainly, a girl that can play the variety of rôles she has so beautifully done should be classed ahead of all her rivals in the "Movie" world.

MIRIAM E. WOOLLEY.

Woodbury, N. J.

Last night I saw "Lord Algy," a two-reel comedy released by Lubin, featuring Arthur Johnson in the title rôle. This is the nineteenth part I have seen Mr. Johnson play, and I cannot help but wonder if there is any limit to his versatility. I have been attending Motion Pictures for a little over a year, and among the licensed companies I do not think there is a single actor who can in the slightest way compare with him.

Some time ago the Photoplay Philosopher regretted the fact that no one would intentionally go to see a picture the second time. I agree with him as regards the average picture shown. There is no getting away from the fact that many are very mediocre, but the photoplays in which Arthur Johnson appears improve with the number of times one sees them —to me, at least. There is so much refinement in his acting that one misses when viewing the picture for the first time, because of following the plot. When one is familiar with the story and watches the acting alone, it is wonderful to observe each tiny change of expression; each move has a meaning—the way he wears his hats and stands and walks —all is expression; and yet, taken all in all, it is so very simple and completely lacks that frequent melodramatic and stagey touch.



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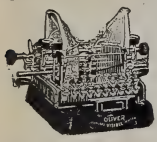
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What could be more wonderful or appealing than "The Endless Night"? The first time I saw that I was touched as no photoplay had ever touched me before. Later on, as a matter of interest, I watched the audience while it was shown. There was not a whisper nor a stir. All sat spellbound, and near me there was a sweet old lady, and two big tears were rolling down her cheeks. Was that because it recalled to her some incident of which she had known? I do not know; but I do know that in the part where darkness came, and later where the solitary figure walks into the waves, I was pretty near tears myself and felt as if I were compelled to go and hold him back.

It is one of the rules of your magazine that names and addresses must be given, but my name or address will make little difference to you or Mr. Johnson, and if you care to print this letter or send it to him, its purpose is accomplished, whether my name be Gwendolynne Astorbilt or plain Johnnie Jones; so I hope you will overlook my delinquency this time.

JOHNSON ADMIRER.

New York City.

I welcome the opportunity of saying my little word in praise of that incomparable artist, Mary Fuller. I have watched Miss Fuller's work for two years now, and my admiration and love for her have grown with astonishing rapidity during that time. She is so wonderfully versatile and has such unusual charm. You know, most players have one particular line of work in which he or she excels, whereas Miss Fuller plays *any* part well. As Mary Stuart she was very queenly and not a little sad; in "When Greek Meets Greek" imperious and strong-willed. How utterly different from either of these characters was she in "The Little Woolen Shoe" or in "The Romance of Rowena," in which she was just brimful of romance and mischief! Then again, in "On the Heights" ("Dolly of the Dailies" series) she was inexpressibly tender and womanly.

I could continue indefinitely writing in praise of "Our Mary," but I imagine you have read enough to realize *why* I gave both first and second place votes to her.

DOROTHY H. KELLEY.

902 Rose Ave., Piedmont, Cal.

Upon looking over the votes I find Harry T. Morey away down in the list. What a sad expression of a discriminating public's opinion! The rules state that the voting contest is to be regardless of good looks, etc., yet note the first twenty or thirty names in the list. ALL HANDSOME! Well, I am going to live up to the rules of the contest, and I am a woman, too. My favorite of them all is Harry T. Morey. He is not handsome, but watch his wonderful face when act-

ing. With an expressive face like his on one side, and a hundred like Costello's on the other, I would select Mr. Morey's every time. What is the matter with the public? Thousands must have seen Harry T. Morey in "The Million Bid," Vitagraph Theater, that picture which stood alone, and who, after seeing him act the part of the millionaire in the above picture, could refuse to vote for him? I am sending a few votes also for that charming actress, Anita Stewart. She is beautiful; but, unlike another American beauty who is all the rage, Miss Stewart is full of animation and can act, too. Please publish this and wake the public up. LORETTA BERGIN.
241 West 13th St.

I doubt if even you quite realize how complex a problem you have given us admirers of the silent drama in this your Great Artist Contest. Carefully I have saved each vote since the contest began, and I have seen over 20,000 feet of photoplays each week for the past four months, about an equal number of reels from the Mutual, General and Universal exchanges; but nothing has as yet changed my opinion, formed from seeing Clara Kimball Young in "Love's Sunset." How she can picture every shade of emotion and do so well in "The Pirates," the Brazilian nettle picture—the title I have forgotten—and then fairly outshine herself in "Love's Sunset," I am at a loss to even conjecture. My votes for the others are not based upon so logical conclusions as those for Miss Young, altho, upon careful study and much reflection, I have placed Earle Williams as the best of male actors, and followed closely with a second choice for Herbert Pryor and Mabel Trunnelle, probably due to the wonderful work by these artists in "Janet of the Dunes." F. H. PILLSBURY.
Barton, Vt.

The first choice, as you may see, is Miss Kathlyn Williams, of the Selig Polyscope Company. I am voting for this charming actress because I think she is truly the greatest artist I have ever seen on the screen. Her work has a certain finish which so many of the film stars lack. Her acting in the Kathlyn series and in "The Spoilers" is little short of marvelous, and not only is she a splendid actress, but she is gifted with beauty, youth and a charming personality.

DOROTHY JANEWAY.
323 West 138th St., New York City.

The votes I enclose for my favorite, Romaine Fielding, only partly express my wishes for his success in this contest. I found it very easy to decide who was the Greatest Artist after seeing Mr. Fielding in "The Clod," "The Accusing Hand," "The Harmless One," "Good for Evil"



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OUR cover this month is a reproduction of the painting by Louis Deschamps, the famous French artist. Last month, our cover was a reproduction of a painting by James G. Tyler, the well-known American marine painter. Next month, our cover will be a beautiful Mexican scene from the painting by Gilbert Gaul, N. A., who has received more honors, medals, etc., than perhaps any other American artist. It is entitled "The Tourist," and is remarkable for its strong color effect and for its "sketchy" handling, while losing nothing in its trueness to life. We bought these three paintings, among others, not only to add to the artistic appearance of our magazine, but to do our readers the favor of possessing copies for themselves. We have had made 500 copies of these paintings in all the exquisite colorings of the originals, on heavy coated paper, size 12 x 14, without any lettering save that of the artist's signature, suitable for framing, and we are prepared to mail them, carefully wrapped, to any address, prepaid, at 25c. each. We guarantee that these pictures are far superior to our covers (a quarter-of-a-million run is a different proposition from a special run of 500). As works of art they will adorn any gallery, parlor, or den. They have never been published before, and this is the only way you can secure them. Better secure a copy of one or all, while they last. We are also willing to sell the original paintings. If interested, write for information.

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and "The Cringer," and that is only a few from many.

His wonderful expression and ability to portray any character he assumes places him far above the ordinary Motion Picture actor. ELLA R. MOWREY.

Fort Plain, N. Y.

A girl who can, at a moment's notice, change from a gentle, devoted little ingénue to a hard-hearted, cold-blooded, black-souled adventuress, who takes no thought of self, but risks all for the art that she loves. I have known her, time and again, to risk her life without a quiver in order that a picture may be real and not faked. I, for one, take off my hat to Alice Hollister.

I consider Wallace Reid well fitted to stand beside her in this contest, for while I have not the honor of knowing him personally, as I do Miss Hollister, I consider him a "silent artist" without compare. As a writer, producer and leading man he's immense, and I vote for him every time I get a chance.

PEARL GADDIS.

235 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

Those who think that Earle Williams is receiving his votes chiefly on the strength of his work in "Love's Sunset" could not have had the privilege of seeing him in "The Vengeance of Durand." That was the photoplay that made Earle Williams famous. The ability and perception of a true artist were demanded by the character he played, and he met the demand with superb acting. Tenderness, passion, maniacal frenzy—one emotion after the other he portrayed with such wonderful skill and genius that the audience was held spellbound. I truly believe that Earle Williams is the only actor on the screen who could have handled this rôle with the delicacy and force with which he handled it.

Austin, Tex. DOROTHY MARR.

There is a charm about Lottie Briscoe's work and personality which appeals to me and to many others, for I know, in the district in which I live, whenever it is advertised that a Briscoe-Johnson film is to be exhibited, the place is crowded. She is so sweet and girlish, and yet possessed of such wonderful power as an actress, that, in my opinion, she ranks first. VICTA ROYAL.

1402 Broadway, New York City.

I vote Romaine Fielding, because he goes out of himself in every rôle he acts, and gets into the spirit of the character he is portraying. He gets one interested in the assumed person, and not in himself. His acting is unusually natural and extremely influential. His work in "The Man from the West" was superb and perfect. MERRITT C. SCHAUB.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE Answer Man has handed us a letter from one of his most interesting correspondents, and here it is. Judge for yourselves if it is not worthy of a place here:

DEAREST ANSWER MAN:

Good afternoon. Alas and Alack, my employer has went to the Ball Game, and left me all alone. Ain't that tuff?

And Oh Mr. Answer Man dear, aren't you just dippy over McGraw and Home Run Baker, and—and Crane? Whee! I am. Have I ever been to a baseball game? 'Course I have. Just Wunst. And do you know dearie, everyone told me I'd see baseball fans at the game, but blowed, if I saw a bloomin' one. And it was SO hot too. You see I went alone, and had no one to explain to me, so I gently tapped the gentleman to my right on the arm, and inquired of him as to the possible wherabouts of the "Baseball fans" I had heard so much about over in England, and Mr. Answer Man dear, he laught, and said "Well, what do you think a fan is?" just think of the nerve of the gent. I was not to be put off so easily, well so I ups and says "I don't think nothin', but a fan IS an instrument used by the ladies to agitate the air and cool the face. Ahem" This is the most pathetic part of it all Mr. Answer Man darling, that foolish fool told me *I*, (an innocent, unsophisticated, dear mama's girl that I am) just think of it, that *I* had his animal. Now what *could* he mean. I looked all around me but I didn't see any dog or cat or any other animal, and I'm positive he said that I had his dog . . . or was it sheep? I just cawn't remember which. DO enlighten me PLEASE. (Do pardon me a moment dear, I have such an AWFUL pain in my tympanum) Do you play the Cremona? I'm just crazy about the violin, also Crane.

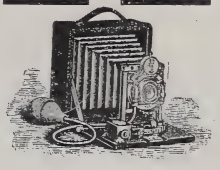
And I just COULDN'T get used to seeing the three "Pillows" on the ground. I'd see a man run from one pillow to another like a wild-cat. What was HE running for, no one was chasing him, was there? I didn't see anyone. And Rippy, dear, the funniest part of it all, was that after he'd run around the field like mad, he slid about three feet in the sand, almost accidentally killing himself, and touched the pillow he started from, the umpire shouted "SAFE". The big boob! That poor fellow almost killed himself. Some folks are SO foolish, arn't they? (But baseball is SO interesting, I think)

And Oh yes. While I was sitting intensely interested in the game, that same simple umpire shouts "Strike One," so I smote the gink nearest me (to my left) a delicious whack on the cupola, but no one

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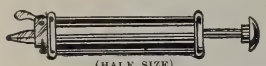
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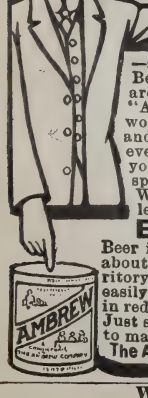
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else did. 'S funny, isn't it. He didn't seem to have much authority or superiority at the Polo grounds, seems t'me.

That rawther kind hearted gentleman sitting at my right volunteered all the information I wanted, but after I had asked him about ten or 'leven questions, he agin told me that I had possession of his lamb or sheep. The bloomin' fellow was foolish, for I looked once again, but I couldn't see anything like an animal, and I didn't want his old animal anyway. The idiocity of it all! He grew rather angry, and after telling me I had his sheep, he said some other cruel words, so I says to him says I "Do you mean to insinuate, that I should tolerate such a diabolical inferior as YOU. Leave me at once. Rise please," The brute never budged, but just laught. I wonder what under the comet they were laughing at (for by now everyone was looking and laughing at me) but I did perfectly right, didn't I? Oh put your arm around, PUT YOUR ARM AROUND ME, for I need consolation SO much. I'm SO young and SO unhappy.

I just couldn't ask that gentleman anything more, but you are a baseball fan, arn't you? Tell me dearie, why in the world that fellow with the birdless cage on his face, mattress covering the front of his body and cushions around his legs, stood in that awkard strenuous position? I longed to give him my seat, but it was immoveable. I'm ever SO kind even tho I am young, don't you think SO. But many of your inquirers have positively no hearts, they write you such long letters full of absolutely nothing, and take up your valuable time. If I ever came face to face with such a wretch, I'd—why I'd do something desperate I would. And why? Oh just because my love for you would demand and command me to, that's all. C?

But I just had to ask that gentleman at my right another question. You see Rippy, dear, I saw a few men on the outskirts of the field, so I asked him what they were doing 'way out there, and that simple little fish, who must have been mentally deficient (sort of mental derangement I shoud think) told me they were there to catch flies. Just think of the trouble his mother must have had trying to teach him something, with all those bats in his belfry. And the likes of HIM trying to impress upon my mind, that good U. S. people come and stand in the Polo grounds to catch flies. He naturally must have thunk I was looney too. But HOW mistaken SOME people are. When are you going to the POLO Grounds to catch flies? We'LL go together some day.

But I'm wasting your precious time, ain't I dearie? *Do* forgive me, but I love to write to you. You are SO interesting. I wish I could write you something nice,

bit Ish bin so doomb, you have no idea. Well bye-bye, and do answer all my questions, With all my love, and all that's coming to me, I am

Yours as ever and forever
"OLGA, 17"

P. S. Do you know anyone who specializes in siderography? I'm going now, don't throw it, PLEASE.

Miss Leonore McCurdy, of Pittsburg, Pa., "says what the rest of us but think":

It is a privilege to be permitted to express, thru the pages of your magazine, our admiration and appreciation of the players who amuse and interest us day after day on the Moving Picture screen.

The Moving Picture brings more pleasure to the public than any other entertainment in the whole world.

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And into the hardest heart will creep tender memories, and down the cheek will steal the long-forbidden tear, when Mrs. Mary Maurice looks out at us with tender "mother" eyes.

So I say long live the picture players, and good luck to them all.

We can well imagine that Mr. J. B. King, of Fort Warden, Wash., has been a soldier himself:

Please treat the following not as a criticism, but as a suggestion that some of the writers of military pictures might accidentally come across and give consideration.

I am a great picture fan, but a military photoplay can arouse my disgust almost as quickly as a personal insult. What is so ridiculous is that no apparent thought is given to insignia of rank, relations of superiors to inferiors, military customs, and a thousand other little details. This makes a continuous run out of harmony that would draw a laugh from a person who has been connected with the military service.

In one recent photoplay I saw a supposed colonel with the uniform of a brigadier-general, and, additional horror, he was in command of a company of infantry.

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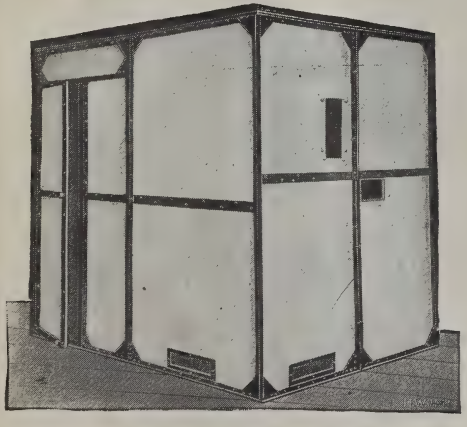
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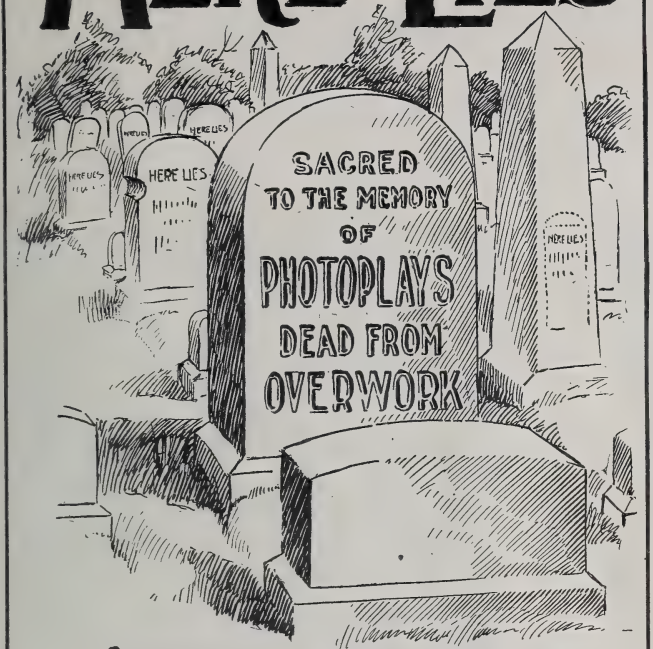
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Many thanks for the little booklet "Here Lies." I have read it carefully, and can only conclude that it is a most valuable contribution to the art of photoplay-writing, and I sincerely hope that it will fall into the hands of every person who makes any pretense of writing photoplays. Let's hope that as time passes further editions will appear.

KARL R. COOLIDGE,
Scenario Editor, St. Louis Motion Picture Co.

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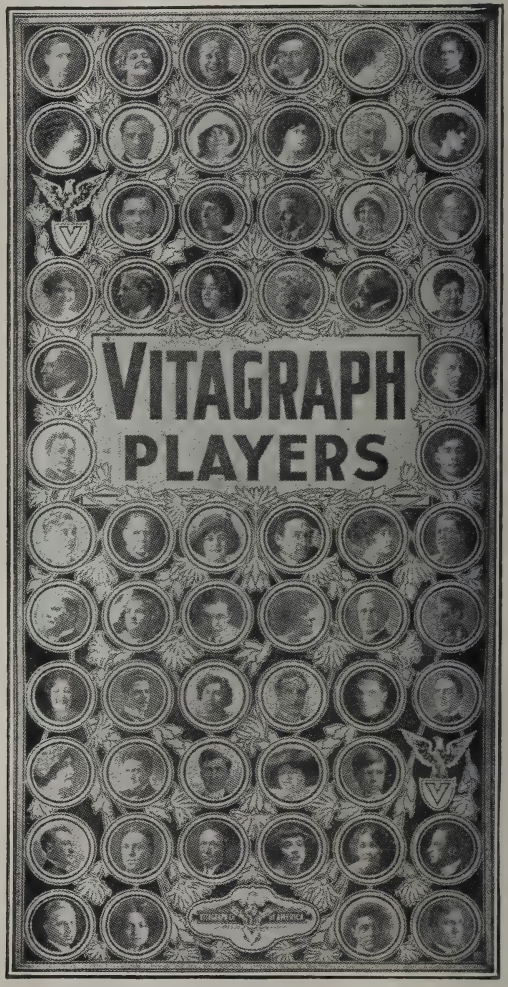
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I am in receipt of reconstructed photoplay, as above, and must compliment you on the play you sent me. It is a very beautiful piece of work, and the form is perfect. I can readily see the difference between your manuscript and the original I sent you.

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Scenario Department, Mutual Film Corporation.

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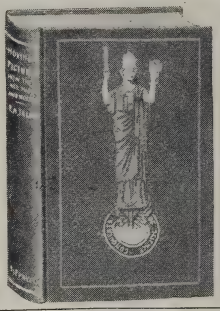
Here is a list of books that all who are interested in Motion Pictures will find invaluable. They form a complete library of Motion Picture information. Subjects from the art of picture play writing to how Motion Pictures are made, are covered in detail. You should be the possessor of one or more of these interesting books. Detailed description and prices given below will aid you in making a selection.

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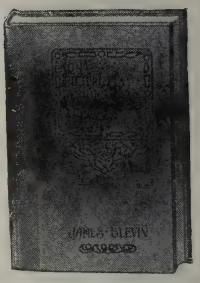
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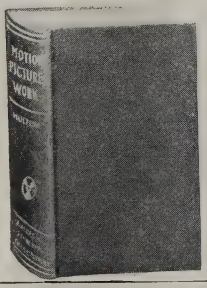
This book by James Slevin, authority on Motion Picture playwriting, is invaluable to those who desire to gain instruction in the writing of scenarios. It contains 92 pages, neatly bound in art boards. Every branch of scenario writing is covered. The beginner will find it especially valuable.



Motion Picture Work

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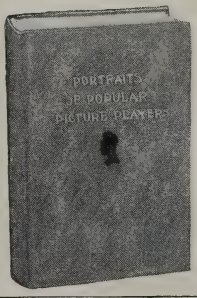


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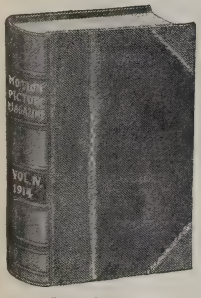
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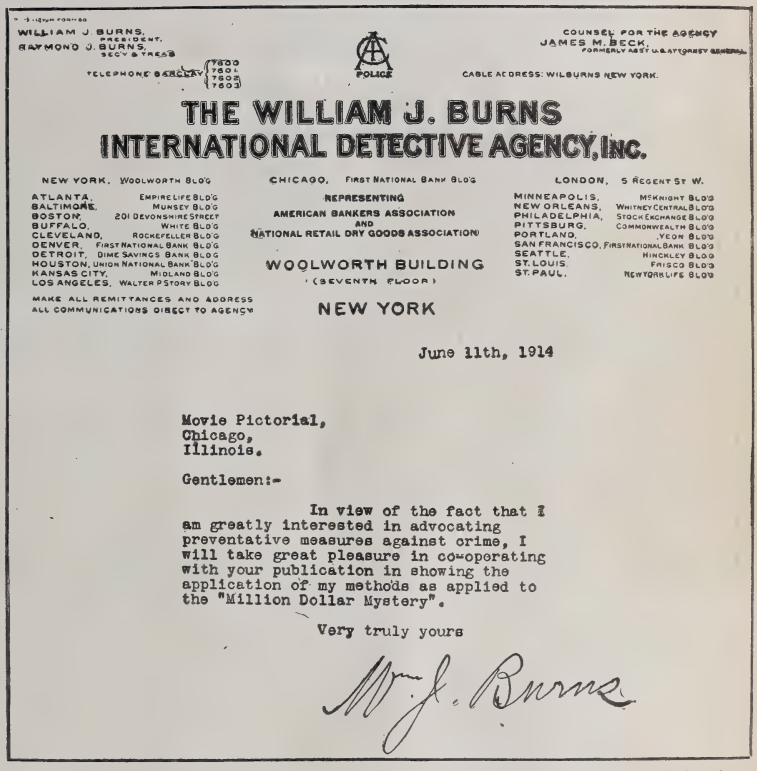
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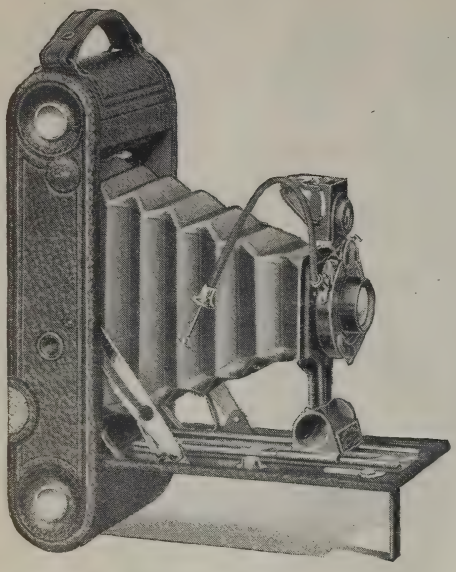
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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The October number will be designated the "Thrift Number," because it will contain a remarkable story by Edwin M. La Roche, entitled "The Reward of Thrift." The film by that name has been produced by the Vitagraph Company, in co-operation with the American Bankers' Association, who are taking a great interest in the photoplay and an equal interest in the magazine containing this clever story. While the moral lesson from this story and photoplay is very strong and convincing, and one that Benjamin Franklin himself would readily have endorsed, our readers will find the story and play just as interesting and exciting as any other. Every father and mother should read this gripping story, and then pass it along to their children.

And we have many other interesting features prepared for this number, and it will surely be, as usual, *the best yet.* Just glance at this list and see if you can afford to miss a single number of the "Motion Picture Classic," as our magazine is now called.

Saving Immigrant Girls with the Movies

This article is by Geraldine Ames, fully illustrated, and shows the many pitfalls that stand in the paths of the pretty girls who come to this country to make it their home.

Filming O. Henry at Tucson

This article is graphically written by Ralph E. Herron, and describes the methods adopted by the photoplay directors who chose the picturesque scenery of Arizona to film the stories of that master story-writer, O. Henry. Hardly less interesting is a companion article by Albert Marple, "Motion Pictures in California."

How I Became a Photoplayer

This is a series of articles by the players themselves, showing how they "got into the pictures." We receive thousands of letters every month from young men and women, and from older ones, too, asking how they can become photoplayers. These articles show how others have done it, and they will be equally interesting to those who have no such ambitions. These articles will be continued from month to month.

My Search for the Missing Link

Those who read in our August issue the extremely entertaining article by J. C. Hemment, the famous African explorer, will surely not want to miss this next one. It will be amply illustrated with pictures of wild animals.

Robert Grau
Henry Albert Phillips
Wm. Lord Wright

and other celebrated writers will be among our distinguished contributors, as also Eugene V. Brewster, who continues his series of instructive essays on "Expression of the Emotions." Those who think that the Motion Picture has a future in the world of art and science, and that something higher and deeper is in store for those who are devoting their lives to the photodrama, will be glad to read these enlightening articles by those who are rich in thought and experience. We want to give our readers something solid every month—something to make them think. Things light and frivolous have their place, but this magazine also aims higher.

Genesis of the Moving Picture

By Richard J. Hoffner. This, we maintain, is the first authentic article ever published in any book or paper, showing just how, when and where Motion Pictures were invented and first exhibited, and it will set at rest all the controversy and doubt that now pervades the field. We have the article, and we have the proof!

Intimate Talks with the Players

This department includes "A Week with Lottie Briscoe," "Peg o' the Movies" (Marguerite Snow), "An Hour with Norma Talmadge," and interviews with Alice Joyce, William Wadsworth, Marie Weirman, Donald Hall, Maude Fealy, and others. And then we shall continue the various other departments, such as Popular Plays and Players, Greenroom Jottings, Answers to Inquiries, Penographs of Leading Players, etc., and last but not least, the October number will contain a full report of the result of the Great Artist Contest, with photos of the winners. Dont miss this great October number. Order it now!

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AUG 6 1914

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N

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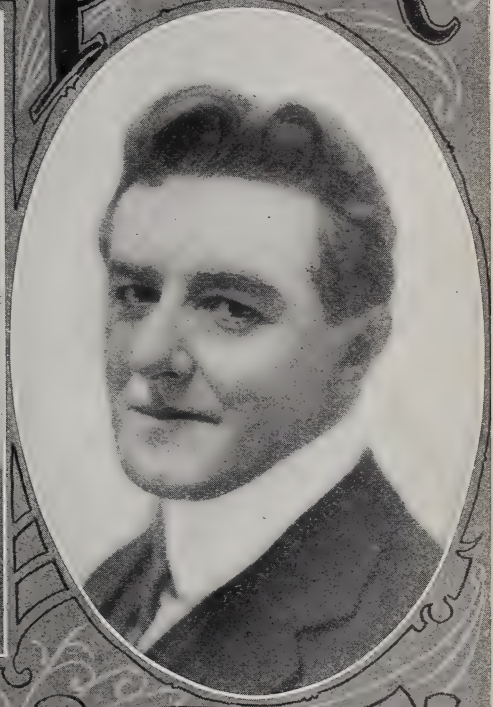


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Four Leading Edison Players



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THE SEVENTH PRELUDE

(Essanay)

Alice Warren, whose father has been mysteriously murdered while playing Chopin's Seventh Prelude, objects to James Cummings, who becomes her guardian under the will. Every night, at the very hour of her father's death, she continues to hear the Seventh Prelude, and Cummings consults a psychologist on the theory that she is insane. Jack Gordon, a private detective, becomes interested in the case, and at last discovers that Cummings had shrewdly secreted a phonograph in the Warren mansion, which he caused to play each night at the hour of Warren's death in order to drive the girl insane so that he would gain control over her fortune. Gerda Holmes as Alice Warren; Richard Travers as Jack Gordon.

CLB306378

Vol. VIII No. 8

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

SEPT., 1914

The Gilded Kidd

(Edison)

By PETER WADE

It was one of those kind of days in the "copy" room of the *Chronicle* when a man frantically jerks his index finger around inside of his melting collar and wishes he were dressed in pajamas and seated on an iceberg in Baffin Bay.

Now and then a typewriter ticked feebly, but mostly the boys sat around and swore softly at the city editor's closed door. There came the splash of an electric fan thru the transom, which tempered not the wind to the shorn lambs.

From the superheated street below the blatting of a "cut-out" on a law-defying auto tore the ambient air.

The office fixture, in the person of the city hall reporter, leaned lazily out of the window.

"It's the Gilded Kidd," he informed the others. "Lawsy! I thought he was sequestrated on a sheep-ranch in Arizona."

"Who's who?" demanded a cub.

The mouthpiece of the mayor eyed him in stony silence. "Back to the little, red schoolhouse, son," he admonished parentally; "even the boss knows all about the Gilded Kidd."

"We dont," chorused the hardened group.

"Well, well, well, and then well!" scorned the city-hallite. "Mayhap I'd better refer you to the files five years back, or the 'morgue,' or the library."

"Little schooners have big ears," suggested "police courts," humbly.

The senior reporter tilted his chair, pressed his finger-tips together and prepared to enlighten.

"Five years ago," he began, "K. K. Kidd owned about all the soap factories in the State—that was before the trust came along and slid him a cool five million."

"Some wash-out," explained the city hall sleuth.

"No levity, son, for this is no lye," admonished the senior reporter.

"To begin again, as it were, K. K. Kidd had an only son, Harry, known the town over as the Gilded Kidd.

"Now Harry was as prankish as the proverbial Puck, but he never could get into trouble—papa's money always came between him and his victims. Every one knew that K. K. Kidd doted on his offspring and would pay by the nose for his sky-larking; consequently, every one let him off easy—and sent in a thundering bill afterwards.

"Once the Gilded Kidd frisked off with a clothing-store dummy



"YOU MUST REMAIN SPOTLESS FOR SIX MONTHS"

rigged in a nine-dollar suit. Cohan nearly dropped off until he learnt that the thief was K. K. Kidd's son.

"The next morning papa got a bill itemized as follows: One figure, $80.00; one suit, $70.00. Total, $150.00. And he drew his check without a quiver and laughed his fat sides into a jelly over the escapade.

"Things went from bad to worse, until one day the Kidd attended a swell dance and fell head over heels in love with little Elsie Lucas.

"This didn't please Elsie at all, you know, for she happened to be engaged at the time to young Tom Grahame.

"But the Gilded Kidd buzzed around her like a bottle-fly; erased initials on her dance-card and finally dragged her off to the conservatory.

"He looked so love-sick that she finally asked him what his ailment was and suggested what a careless doctor he must have.

"Thereupon the Kidd turned pea-green, flopped down on his knees, got a strangle-hold on her hand and asked her to marry him.

"Elsie laughed—what else could she do?—and ended up by promising her hand if he remained spotlessly good for a period of six months.

"You see, she wasn't faithless to honest Tom, as she knew the Kidd would get himself into a scrape as soon as his back was turned.

"Sure enough, at the Owl Club the next afternoon the Kidd got into an argument about the blessings of the rich. Somebody hinted he wouldn't be arrested if he pinched the cemetery, while a poor hobo had just been calaboosed for merely sleeping in it.

"Words waxed warm, and Tom Grahame, the sly dog, took a hand in the baiting.

"The upshot of the matter was that Tom wagered the Kidd that he couldn't get himself arrested and confined in jail in the space of three days.

"It looked easy to the Kidd, and he proceeded to stack up his money against all comers, until he had them all covered and begging for mercy.

"Now you might think the Kidd had an easy chance turning off criminal concoctions, but remember—every one knew him; knew his father, old K. K., and a devilish fine chance for compound interest would go flitting if



WAGERS THAT THE KIDD CANNOT GET ARRESTED

they killed the goose that had laid the golden egg so often.

"The Kidd's first flirtation with crime was remarkable for its boldness, for no sooner had he left the club than he sneaked up back of a dozing cop and butted into him.

" 'Excuse me!' says the Kidd, as sweet as peaches and cream.

"The law reached out, seized him by the collar and held him in duress for exactly twenty seconds. Staring in the minion's face were the patrician features of the Gilded Kidd.

" 'Excuse me, Mr. Kidd,' apologized the officer, releasing his grip and escorting his honorable guest as far as the crossing; 'honest to goodness, I didn't know it was you.'

"Not the least put out, the Kidd ambled along until he stood in front of an Italian's fruit-stand.

"The Kidd slid an orange into his pocket. The Italian scowled and turned the color of anarchy. A bag of peanuts followed; some dates were pilfered, and the Kidd was prepared for a string of foreign oaths and the rude clutch of Sicily.

"Nothing unpleasant happened. The victim stared hard at the pilferer, smiled broadly and proceeded to keep tabs of his losses on the back of a paper bag. 'Good Keed!' he smiled toothsomely; 'da son of da reech Mista Keed.'

"Harry, in disgust, flung his collection on the pavement and wandered on. This getting arrested wasn't so easy, after all!

"It is needless to recount all his adventures of that blithesome but barren day. He smashed a window—and received a smile and a bill. He pretended sleep on a park bench, a dreadful breach of the law—but the park 'sparrow' cop hovered over him and tended him like a prize bull-pup.

"Late that night the luckless Kidd flung into K. K.'s library. His father thrust a pile of outrageous bills into his joyless face. The Kidd explained that he couldn't afford, for his father's sake, to be a piker. And so he was forgiven, and the bills promptly paid.

"One question of his set his father to wondering. 'Say, gov,' he pleaded, 'cant you buy a jail for me?'



A BEAUTIFUL PELT INHABITED BY AN IRISHMAN

"'The poor boy's conscience!' thought K. K., and attempted to kiss him good-night.

"Bright and early the following morning the Gilded Kidd started out to entangle himself with the law.

"As luck would have it, a soul-satisfying drama was being enacted in front of the Wine Shop, then the swaggerest resort in town. An intelligent gentleman leading an inebriated dog—or shall we put it the other way round?—was trying to gain an entrance. The proprietor and several waiters did not want their company. At last he and the dog were turned over to the ever-ready copper.

"The Kidd realized that here was his chance. The proprietor was smarting with outraged propriety, and another such attempt would bring the whole police force down on the luckless perpetrator.

"The Kidd decided to gamble high on this last attempt at getting arrested, and a near-by circus poster gave him a glorious inspiration.

"Why not steal a circus animal and try to lead it into the restaurant? The result would be immediately disastrous.

"Once inside the circus tent, the bulk and unloveliness of most of the animals somewhat abashed the Kidd. He passed up as uncompanionable a camel, a giraffe and a baby elephant.

"The clown bear—a beautiful pelt inhabited by a wild Irishman—took his fancy, however, and he made suitable financial arrangements with the bear to keep him in honey, or beer, for the rest of his life.

"The unexpected happened. The Kidd led his bear up a rear alley to the restaurant, and then boldly essayed the front doors.

"One sight of the hairy visitor, and the proprietor deserted the entrance and fled to parts unknown.

"The Kidd and his guest entered. There were all sorts of panics among the smart girls—jumping on tables and fainting in waiters' strong arms—but it ended up by the bear getting thirsty and cowardly peaceful.

"He drew up to a table and called loudly for a drink in rich Gaelic.

"Then the cat was out of the bag—or the bear bared—and when the squad of police arrived they laughed it off as another one of the Kidd's rich jokes.

"After this fiasco, the Gilded Kidd was naturally exhausted, and he spent the evening at Elsie's house, trying to hold her hand and exchanging threats with Tom Grahame.

"'One more day!' he hissed, as the Kidd departed, 'and then——'

"By this time you can imagine the Kidd was fairly desperate, and he resolved on desperate measures.

"Attempted s u i c i d e—where was his ever-ready wit?—that was the trick, and he rolled into bed concocting a thousand kinds of self-immolation.



EXCHANGING THREATS WITH TOM

"At an early hour the next morning he wandered into a drug-store and asked for a deadly poison. The alarmed clerk shook his head. But the Kidd was not to be thwarted, however, and when the clerk retired he calmly swiped a large jar marked with skull and cross-bones, and proceeded to decamp with it.

"Then came a chase—drug-clerks, dogs, baker-boys and stern police. And they found him in a dying condition, stretched on the cruel pavement.

"'I dont want to live,' he gasped, pointing to the deadly jar. The druggist recaptured his receptacle, rubbed his near-sighted glasses against it, and broke into a fiendish chuckle.

"'This jar has been empty for over a year,' he informed the sympathetic bystanders.

"The attempted suicidist arose, amid the jeers of the crowd, and made off into parts unknown.

"The happy thought finally struck him of wandering down to the jail and looking it over, anyway.

"The Kidd passed by gloomy cells, getting a sort of cold comfort from the sight of them, until a pudgy, bulbous man, adorned with flashy jewelry, called to him from his grating.

"It was Nabb, a ward politician, doing a bit of time for funny work, and the sight of him gave the Kidd a glorious idea.

"He explained his troubles in keeping at large to the large-hearted politician, and that gentleman actually wept tears of sympathy. Incidentally, he suggested that a bribe to the turnkey would grant him parole for a day, and 'I would be honored, deeply honored, to allow Mr. Kidd to take my place in the interim.'

"The Kidd almost kist him with joy and hung around feverishly until the substitution could be effected.

"At last he was in a cell, and he took an inhuman pleasure in getting the turnkey to telephone this information to Mr. Tom Grahame.

"Tom took the news like a man and sent a note to Elsie, sadly singing his swan-song of renunciation of her hand. Then he picked himself up mournfully and went down to tell the Gilded Kidd that he had done his part.

"A drink with the turnkey, off duty; a liberal tip, and Tom learnt the inside history of the Kidd's de-



RATHER TOM THAN A "FELON"

tention. In another moment he faced the smiling prisoner.

"'All bets are off!' he threatened sternly; 'you were not arrested; you bought your way into jail.'

"The Kidd's jaw dropped several inches and remained unhinged during the frightful experience that followed.

"Elsie and sympathizing friends had decided to visit the jail on a tour of inspection.

"Imagine her horror to see the Gilded Kidd decorating a felon's cell.

"'What crime is the poor fellow accused of?' she asked, with a catch in her voice.

"'Breach of promise under an assumed name,' said the turnkey, referring to the vacationing Nabb.

"Deaf to the Kidd's entreaties and pleas for a hearing, Elsie decided to faint, thought better of it, picked up her skirts and ran from the faithless place.

"Some weary hours later—to be exact, the next day—after the Kidd had ruminated long and bitterly upon the heartaches this world has in store, he called the turnkey to him and gently whispered these words: 'I'm ready to go home now.'

"The dignified turnkey scarcely heard him, but deigned an answer:

"'You've got me into a peck of trouble. Here, read this note.'

"It was from Nabb, and read:

I aint never comin' back. Forward my mail to Canada.

"'I guess you'll have to sojourn until this blows over,' said the turnkey, and turned the lock in the door.

"After that," said the senior reporter, knocking out his pipe, "the Gilded Kidd left town and gamboled with the silly sheep on an Arizona ranch. I'm glad he's back. It will make things livelier."



The Heart Rebellious



This story was written from the Photoplay of SHANNON FIFE

THE young man did not look drunk. He was one of those tall, capable-shouldered fellows, with the West stamped on his garments, and the mind of the West and the clean, strong life of the West in every vigorous muscle, in his clear, brown skin and the straight look of his eyes. Yet the policeman hesitated, watching his uncertain and erratic progress along the pavement with surly suspicion. Then an arc-light, falling across the man's face, gave the clue. The fat shoulders of the Law shook convulsively as he looked after the staggering one. There was infinite pity in his face, and a hint of that fellow-feeling that makes us all brothers under the skin.

"She's took 'im, 'Evin 'elp 'im," wheezed the policeman. " 'E's fair drunk wid 'appiness. 'E thinks 'e's got a loife sentence t' 'Evin, and all the time loikely 'tis th' other place. Oh," he apostrophized the cynical city moon, "oh, aint us pore men babes in arrums whin it comes t' th' loidies, God bless 'em!"

Bart Wendall went on thru the silent streets, unheeding. The heart within him kept step, singing a pean of praise. The universe itself seemed too small for the joy of him. He could have shouted it aloud—her looks, her words, her promise. The warmth of her small hand was a-tingle in his veins. No woman had ever touched him in a caress before. He was thirty years old, and to-night's kiss was his maiden one. Such a short time he had known her; such a long time he would have her—all her life, all his, "to have and to hold, love and cherish." The words said themselves, sacredly thrilling in his soul. And to think that she had refused at first, because——

"Foolish little girl!" he thought aloud, tenderly proud of her folly. "She could not—would not come to me *in debt*. Lucky I managed to get it out of her at last! Five hundred dollars—and it might have stood between me and my happiness! How she smiled when I gave it to her! Such a helpless, innocent *woman* thing! But her father——"

Bart changed the course of his thoughts abruptly. He did not want to remember her father—not on his night of nights. The covetous old eyes; the greedy hands; the shifty, peering way he had. No, he would think only of her, Helen, the woman

who had promised to be his wife. Suddenly the man halted. His face, upturned to the stars, was oddly grave. "God make me worthy of her," he said aloud. Then he looked away toward the west with eyes that saw beyond the piled roofs and garish lights to wide spaces swept with rude, clean winds. "I'll take her home," he cried exultantly; "back to God's country—the wide sweep of young land—the sweetest girl in all the world!"

I think the angels, hearing, must have wept piteously just then.

Two days later, the world came to an end. Every moment of every day this happens to some one. Yet any of his men friends—men who had not waited thirty years for their first kiss—could have told him the truth about Helen Burns at the first glimpse of her. Perhaps it was the marriage license, throbbing so warmly against his heart as he ran, two steps at a time, up the stairs to her flat, that blinded him, for a sick instant, to the truth. All he could see, at first, in the midst of the confusion of the room, the open trunks and piles of lacy undergarments, was her face, pale, subtle and sullenly beautiful.

"Helen!"—he motioned to the chaos—"Helen! Going away? I dont understand."

The girl—or woman, for she was one, in spite of her youth—faced him challengingly. Life had taught her that when she was cornered it was safest to come out into the open and ugly places of truth.

"Well, what have *you* got to say if I am?" she said harshly. "Stop me if you can!"

"Yes, stop her," snickered another voice. The sly face of her father peered and blinked over her shoulder. It was, oddly, as tho the evil spirit of the girl had slipped from the beautiful body of her and stood revealed in its rightful form. The man in the doorway winced with a gesture of intolerable pain. So faces look at the world's end. You can see the expression in the Vatican, in the great fresco of Michael Angelo. He raised his hands suddenly, as tho to shut the sight of her away. The girl laughed mirthlessly.

"It was only five hundred dollars," she sneered. "Isn't it worth that much not to marry me?"

"What do you mean?"

She backed away in terror, but his hands bruised her wrists. In his white face were bitten new, cruel lines of understanding. His eyes were scorched embers.

"I mean to marry you!" said Bart Wendall, slowly. "You promised to marry me, and now you're going to."

"Marry you!" Helen laughed shrilly. "Why, you poor fool, you dont want to marry me! Dont you see what I am? The game's over—you've lost. Marry me! Ha, ha! Men dont *marry* my kind."

"I'm going to marry your kind."

"You shant take her! You shant!" the miserable father screamed. He flung himself in front of the girl, and the table tottered, sending the lamp crashing into a pile of lingerie. Thru the flame and wreckage the Westerner reached the girl's side, brushing the other man aside as tho he were a child. His great arms seized her. His breath on her cheeks was hotter than the flame.

"I may be a fool and all that," he said, in slow, fierce accents—"I guess I'm too much of a fool to stop loving you. Anyhow, you're going to marry me, and I'm going to take you yonder—to the plains—*home!*"

"Man and wife," droned the voice, sing-song, dont-care, uncurious. The strange couple standing before the minister faced each other mutely—the girl angry-eyed, sullen, still; the man impassive.

"Man and wife—you heard that, Helen?" he said very low. He forced her eyes to meet his. "You're my wife, girl; let's forget and start even—now."

An instant her face softened. Then, with a vicious jerk, she turned away. Her small, white teeth worried her scarlet lip, curled contemptuously.



THE WESTERNER CARRIES OFF HIS WIFE-TO-BE

"*Wife!*" she sneered. "Saints in Heaven, *your wife!*"

"Here we are, Helen." The wagon creaked to a standstill before the low, wooden building. A dog came bounding to meet them with friendly tail-wags. In the doorway a big figure, in rolled-back shirt-sleeves, waved a frying-pan in hilarious welcome. The girl did not stir. The heavy lids, drooped obstinately over her eyes, did not lift. Bart Wendall, looking, drew a slow breath and squared his shoulders. He lifted the slight, motionless figure in his big grasp and set it down on the threshold of the house. Waves of cooking smells came out warmly to meet them. A cat padded sleepily to rub her back against the girl's skirt.

"Here we are," he said again, steadily. "Joe, this is my wife. Helen, this is my friend and right-hand man. Now take off your hat and get us some supper, dear."

She faced her husband rebelliously. But there was awe of him in her eyes. Never before had she known one like this. She had called him a fool; but was it not *she* who was the fool, after all? She looked down at her soft, untutored hands, at the coarse frying-pan, into the odorous semi-light of the cabin, and laughed aloud scornfully. Yet she dared not refuse to go. As the slight form disappeared, Bart turned, with a quiet gesture, to his friend.

"Think what you must, Joe, old fellow," he said sadly, "but dont forget she's my *wife,* and I love her. I hope she will see things differently —some of these days."

But for a long time it seemed that the hope was a hopeless one. Black days, those that followed—stormy scenes, sullen silences, tears, threats and reproaches. The girl was a fury and a spoiled child, in turn. She shed futile drops over her blistered, coarsening hands; she tongue-lashed her husband with floods of wild invective; she threatened him, broke the rude crockery, sulked and scowled. A wild tiger harnessed to a plow could be no more incongruous than this ease-loving, soft-lived woman creature, set to woman's work for the first time in her life. Bart Wendall could almost have taken pity on her and loosed her but for the memory—a sore one—of a certain look in her eyes when he had first

spoken to her of his love. For a little, blessed moment she had cared. The sordid weeks that followed were only endurable to him because of this memory. Yet the days were as years in their heaviness. His broad shoulders drooped, as tho under a burden; his brown hair grayed at the temples, and Life wiped forever from his eyes the child-trustfulness with her sponge that is moistened in tears. He spoke gently to the girl always; he was patient and silent, but quietly insistent that she fulfil her duties as housewife. Her rage was a fierce sea-wave beating harmlessly against a rock. At length, her impotent anger found a vent. Trembling and exultant, she penned a letter to her father, telling him of the safe full of money in the office below her room.

"It will be an easy job," she wrote, with vindictive jabs of the pen, "and you can take me back with you. I haven't seen a taxi or a jar of cold cream for months—my hands are a sight. Come quick, dad. I cant do anything with him. I hate him. I want to go home——" Then she added a postscript which was strangely significant, albeit her father was not a character-reader. "He doesn't beat me," she wrote conscientiously; "he's awfully *polite* to me. Maybe that's why he frightens me so. I'm not used to men being so *polite* to me."

Slow struggling back thru all the ages of the world and all the vague, leaden spaces of Infinity. She did not wish to come back. Vaguely she knew that that way lay a great, red-breathed, savage thing called Pain. Desperately she clung to unconsciousness, wrapping it about her as a garment, but she could not stay herself. Thru the darkness came light—chaos narrowed to the sickish white plastered walls of a tiny room. And there was Pain, but beside it something else—a face wrung with pity and tenderness. Somewhere, a long way off, a voice was speaking.

"You fell," it said, "over the cliff. The doctor will be here soon. Dont try to speak." The voice broke into a sob. "Oh, my God! you were running away—you hated me as much as that? Poor little girl!"

She saw the face of tenderness contort into deep, terrible lines. She would have reached up then to touch it, but her fingers could not move, and suddenly sight and sound slipped away as tho a blank white curtain were unrolled between her and her senses. Then nights—or years of fevered struggling, of sinking into an emptiness that had no bottom, of mad effort to keep from falling, of two hands always ready to her clutch, strong and firm. It was her hot, feeble hold on these that drew her, at last, out of the maelstrom of fever into sanity, a shadow of a girl, weak as a baby who has just been born. And there he sat beside her, and his face was radiant with joy as he saw the sense-look in her eyes. Yet there were other days, long, slow ones, to pass before she could speak to him. The fever had purged her, body and soul. One bright morning she put up her hand weakly and drew his face down to hers.

"Part of me—died," she whispered; "the rest of me is—ashamed."

"Hush," he said gently, "hush, dear; I understand. Just lie quietly and get well and strong—*my wife.*"

And so began for the two so strangely married a new life. The warm days brought healing. It was not long before she was rushing to meet him at the gate, flushed with dinner-getting, sleeves rolled up, breathless with triumph over some new feat of housewifery.

"I dont suppose you could—ever —*love* me?" she asked him shyly one evening, as they sat together on the rude porch.

He bent over her. His strong hands were on her shoulders.

"I do love you," he said gravely. And it was true. Not the old, first, lyric boy-passion, but a love that was made up of forgiveness and pity and affection. It shone in his eyes, and the light of it blinded her. Her hands fluttered to her face.



THE ATTACK

"Oh," she wailed brokenly, "I dont deserve it—it seems wrong for me to be so happy now."

Perhaps it was wrong. If so the scrawled and smeared note that a neighbor's boy thrust into her frightened hands a little later was her punishment. It was crueller than she had deserved.

"Father!" she muttered. "I'd forgotten all about my letter. And he is here—he will rob Bart—it is my fault. Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do?"

Tonight, she knew, the office safe held the money for paying off the harvest hands. It was already dusk, with a lemon wisp of a sickle moon drifting down the sky. In an hour —two at the longest—— Suddenly she turned, plunged into the waist-high field of grain beside the house and began to run. He was waiting, lean, yellow, sinister as ever—the evil genius that had swayed her destiny ever since she was a child.

"Ah-ha, so you're here?" he greeted her. "Well, thanks to your letter I think we're going to be able to pull off a neat little job."

"Hush!" The girl cast a hunted glance around her. "Listen. Please go away. Forget what I wrote you. I was crazy—a fool. There is no money in the house."

The ruse failed.

"We'll see about that," he snarled.

"Oh, father!" She flung out her small, shaking hands desperately. "Listen! If you ever—even when I was a tiny baby—felt a single spark of love for me, go away now. Cant you see I'm—I'm different now? I'm straight. I'll never play another low-down trick to get hold of money again. And—and I love him—my husband. Oh, please go away—for the love of heaven, go away and leave me my happiness!"

He growled an oath and flung her aside. Between anger and derision his face was not good to see.

"Like fury I'll go away," he said. "And as for you, you keep out o' my game, or I'll show your letter to that precious husband o' yours."



"MY HUSBAND—MY DEAR ONE!"

The girl crept back thru the grain hopelessly. Untutored in meeting crises, she faced the situation hopelessly. Not daring to see Bart's eyes, she fled by the office door, thru which sounded voices, to her own room, where she locked herself in and fell upon her knees. Prayer came hard to her unaccustomed lips. After a while she gave it up and remained crouched in the darkness, waiting dumbly. She heard minute sounds, tiny night-noises magnified by her fear. In her agony she visioned them creeping nearer and nearer, pistol in hand. She could see, in her mind's eye, her husband and his partner below, the money spread on the table. Why did they laugh so heartily? Couldn't they hear that noise there, yonder on the gravel at the window's edge—— Hark!

She quivered to her feet. Shouts! Scuffling! A chair overturned! Her fault—hers. With cold fingers she wrenched a drawer open and groped for something within. She went out on the landing and looked down. Locked in a death-grip, her father and her husband were struggling silently below. Beyond, in the next room, the others fought, with groans and fierce words. She watched in a strange calm. Her brain worked clearly. Pitilessly she read the alternatives: her husband would know of the letter and would hate her, as she hated herself; or her father would kill him. Either way she had lost him. For an instant she hesitated. Love clamored wildly to let him die rather than live to turn from her. Then, strongly, she thrust self aside. The knife upraised in her father's hand clattered harmlessly to the floor as her pistol spoke. His hand was shattered forever. Bruised and exhausted, Bart sank to the floor, unconscious.

"Bart, Bart!" she cried, on her knees. "Come back to me—my husband—my dear one!"

His eyes opened slowly and smiled into hers. Her old life—her father, with a snarl of helpless rage—crept from the room of new-found souls.



The Barefoot Boy

(Biograph)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of MRS. OWEN BRONSON

THE air of the studio was as rarefied as that of Olympus, albeit to the lay mind somewhat lacking in oxygen. Joss-sticks, a quaint Persian rose-bowl ajar on its essence of memories, and the exotic-breathed draperies of the women visitors overburdened the atmosphere. Culture, rampant, moved slinkily from easel to easel. In the center of the room Art, in a velvet jacket and flowing tie, discoursed miserably and fluently of the Pre-Raphaelites with a bespectacled, large-toothed female in a vampire gown.

"He was a painter of soul-colors." the lady was saying—"of auras. The face, the form—what are they, dear Mr. Rives? A mere nothing; but the aura, ah! that is everything. I myself have a faint green aura——"

"Er-r, yes, certainly," murmured the painter. His eyes, wandering from the bony fascinations of his companion, searched the group about the easel; then lightened as tho a shade were unrolled in their somber depths. With a hasty farewell to the green-auraed enchantress, he strode across the studio to where, in an embattled embrasure of disarrayed armor, a slender girl, in an expensively simple gown, was staring enraptured at nothing at all. Whispers and nudges followed him. The tranquil waters of conversation were roiled into muddy eddies of gossip.

"Absolutely crazy about her—any one can see that by his *face.*"

"My dear, it's positively indecent to *look* so much in love before people. Anyhow, he's too poor for *her.*"

"They say—— Walter Hastings, that Western ranchman, who was in Bert's college class—awfully rich—"

In the alcove two hands met in a conventional clasp.

"Elinor," said the young painter, calmly, "you are the most extraordinarily beautiful woman in the world!"

"Dont!" the girl protested faintly. "This isn't the time to talk like that, dear."



ELINOR IS WON BY WALTER HASTINGS, THE WESTERN RANCHMAN

"Any time is the time to talk like that," retorted the man. His eyes drank her in thirstily. "Do you realize I haven't seen you for two weeks? I've had to read about your comings and goings in the society columns; I've had to torture myself imagining other fellows dancing with you and making love to you; I've had to remember that you're a society success, with an aunt who cant count lower than a million looking for a brilliant match for you. Oh, little girl, how do you think a man is going to paint and make good in *hell!*"

The girl stirred uneasily away from him, with a half-frightened glance about her. A swift tide of color washed away from her temples, leaving her face chalk-white. She was as much in love with the handsome young painter at her side as she was capable of being. A man less infatuated than Harold Rives might have pondered whether the large, shallow eyes and the weak, indecisive chin were not weather-vanes to an indecisive character; but he had never really seen her—only his idea of her, which was a very different and glorified thing. She was a being of borrowed decisions and compromises. She wished Rives's love, but not marriage with him.

"I—I must go, truly, Harold—see, auntie is beckoning——" Yet, characteristically, she made no move to leave. The man, suddenly desperate, drew her into the shadow of a curtained window and took her into his arms.

"Elinor, you shall go when you tell me you will wait for me and marry me."

She freed herself hurriedly. Yet the contagion of his emotion had seized her. She raised her shallow eyes, sweet with tears, to his face.

"I—I love you, Hal," she whispered. "Isn't that enough for now?"

He laughed triumphantly. It was his master-moment, for he trusted her as he did his soul.

"It is enough," he said—"enough—oh, Elinor—my girl, my girl!"

The next morning he read in the paper the announcement of her engagement to Walter Hastings.

The prairies swept to the edge of the earth, a still, characterless ocean of grass and grain. Stretch her eyes as far as she might, she could not see a single object that was of her world. It was unreal to think that somewhere at this very moment women and men were laughing and living, wooing and winning. She closed her eyes and visioned it: the snap of tennis balls; the club-house beyond; the women in dresses like flowers; the men with their white flannels—not sweaty and

sunburned in hideous, slack corduroys. She saw the automobiles moving sluggishly along the avenue, the windows like jewels; now was the tea-hour in the hotels—orchestras, movement; wonderful gowns drifting by—a lazy tide of pleasure. Tears burned under her lids.

"Oh, God!" moaned Elinor Hastings, hopelessly. "Oh, why did I ever come out here to this hateful country? I'm buried alive here—I'm *suffocating*. He likes it—he wont listen to me!" Her hard-wrung hands pressed a great ring on her fourth finger into the delicate flesh, bruising it. She examined the hurt; it seemed a symbol. Marriage had bruised her. She had thought it a silken bond, and now she could feel the shackles of it bruising her desires and dreams. Perhaps she is not to be blamed wholly. Transplant a hot-house rose to a wheat-field—loose a pampered bird into the terrifying freedom of the sky——

"Oh, my God! I cant stand it," she moaned for the thousandth time. She hated the low, ugly, board ranch-house, its gracelessness, even her wonderful rose-room in it, whose furniture Walter Hastings had had sent from the East for his bride. She hated the long, empty days, thru which she wandered in terror of loneliness. She was not one who could live inwardly, and now her outward life seemed swept away. She knew nothing of housework—sewing made her nervous; there was no one to admire her new gowns. The papers from home were aggravations, with their tales of dances and dinners dotted with familiar names—her débutante sister Elsa—Harold Rives "arrived" at last——

A wail from the house pierced the still, parched air like a needle of sound. She started up in nervous irritation; then sank back hopelessly. Yes, sometimes she could almost hate her husband and that strange little newcomer in there, whose wee, frail life had nearly cost her own. Again the tears of self-pity drowned her eyes. It hurt her vanity to remember that she had only herself to blame. The poor, weak, selfish love that was, nevertheless, all she was capable of, she had tossed aside like a crumpled ribbon, and too late she had found that she could not live without it.



ELINOR PINES FOR THE GAY LIFE OF HER EASTERN HOME

A rattle of hard hoofs sounded down the lane. In a cloud of dust her husband wheeled up to the veranda, sprang down and tossed the reins to the disreputable Chinaman who answered his hullo.



THE BAREFOOT BOY

"How's my girl?" he cried loudly —"been lonely for your old man, sweetheart?" He kissed her cheerfully, oblivious to the salt of tears on her lips. His noisy happiness was an irritant to her raw feelings. She shrank back sulkily and wiped the kiss off with her handkerchief, looking at him distastefully from the shelter of lowered lids. His flannel shirt was dust-streaked and clung wetly to his shoulders; an odor of acrid dust came to her wincing nostrils. He did not look like one with almost a million dollars to his credit.

Intentionally or not, he ignored her silence, calling loudly for the baby and tossing the tiny girl-creature on high, to her shrieks of joy. The small, blurry face was oddly like the father's. Elinor wondered, looking at them both, whether that was why the baby meant so little to her.

"Yer supper's spread——"

The woman shivered at the stentorian call, but Walter was hungry, not dainty.

"Come along, girlie," he called. "I'll wash up, but you wont care if I dont change my clothes, will you? I'm starved."

Swift, soft-shod waiters; hidden music; the flash of the river below the terraces; white shoulders blooming from satin and lace sheaths; men in black, alert, well-groomed——

"Oh!" she cried, gasped and flung out passionate arms. She stood alone on the uneven board porch and faced the far-away west, dim now with swift evening gray. A ragged moon, hot as melted copper, hung in the dusk, low like an electric sign. She could almost hear the low murmur of voices, the tinkle of laughter, the cool clink of glass. Her thin throat pulsed and beat.

"I shall *go home!*" she said aloud, tonelessly; then, in a glad cry— "home! home!"

Later, the man said it in a dreadful and different tone. The letter rustled in his fingers, a dead thing, yet alive in its power to wound. He stared long at it, gray of face, with eyes like burnt-out embers. At length, the wail

of his child from the other room aroused him. He rose and went to it, but tiny Frances shrieked in fright at the face he bent to her. At the sight of her hate seized him—hate for her, the woman who had left him, hate for mankind. It scorched the young sap of his life, shriveling him, heart and soul. In the devastating wake of the flame only one human thing was left: love for the tiny bone of his bone in the cradle before him. He thanked God now that she was all for him—had none of the mother in her face.

"Home!" shouted Walter Hastings, in ungovernable anger. "A pretty home she has left us! We'll leave it—I'll go to the woods! I'll save my baby from going her mother's



THE MOTHERLESS BAREFOOT BOY ENJOYS HIS NEW LIFE WITH HIS HERMIT FATHER



THE SURVEYOR BRINGS THE NOW FATHERLESS FRANCES TO HIS OWN HOME

road! Home! There's no such thing in this miserable, false world!"

Elinor Hastings stared into her mirror hopefully. To one who lives with herself from day to day the years seem to bring no perceptible change. She saw a sleek, perfectly cared-for face, unshadowed by line or wrinkle. Her hair was as brown as on the sixteen-year-ago day she had betrayed her marriage vows and fled cravenly home to the soft life she craved. In those years had been heartaches and despairs, but they had left—she thought fondly—no traces. She had known humiliation. She had tasted her desire and found it Dead Sea fruit. Yet with each new gown she donned, her hope raised its head and artfully whispered to her that Harold Rives would love her at last. It had been a terrible shock to her to find him callous and cynical. Reproaches she had expected, bitter words, anger, grief—but not indifference. At times, in the years that followed her return, it seemed to her that her punishment was more than she could bear. She had crude, child-like ideas of her own behavior; she could defend herself fatuously, save when she read the verdict of scorn and distaste in her former lover's eyes. Yet her pride, like the rest of her, was too weak and spineless a thing to send her away from him. She must go on, dressing for Harold Rives, straining every effort to please him when they met, dreaming of him and quivering under his easy malice, that took generous toll from her for his past sufferings.

Now, as she pinned on her hat in anxious preparation for the tea at his studio, she wondered dully whether at last he would not be glad to see her. He had been away on a painting trip in the West for months. Surely he must have missed her—surely he would be kind. She went purposely very late. The big, luxurious studio was nearly empty. On an easel beside the window was a new canvas, about which a few belated admirers stood chatting with the artist.

"What a remarkable model!" cried a fellow painter, enviously. "Give us the boy's address, Rives."

"Not for sale," said the artist, lazily. "Yes, he was a remarkable lad—curious how I found him. He had lived ever since he could remember with a half-crazy hermit father in the woods. Never known any one else, as far as I could make out. He was as absolutely innocent and unspotted as—as——"

"A girl," supplemented a hearer.

"I was going to say a wild animal," finished Rives, imperturbably. "Such droll ideas as he would get off while he was posing. A young seraph would be worldly-minded in comparison. And he was as lovely as any woman I ever saw—lovelier——"

The last words were meant for Elinor's hearing. She whitened at the taunt of them, knowing it. But when he turned back from saying farewell to his guests, he found her at the easel, staring in strange intentness at the picture thereon. "The Barefoot Boy," the name ran. It was a study in lights and shades; leaves seemed to move gently on the overhanging willow boughs. The late afternoon glow lay in warm yellows and browns on the slender little figure poised so easily against the trunk, hands idly whittling a small stick, brown, slim legs bare. But it was the face that drew her so strangely. Almost it seemed familiar, like a face dreamed of and loved in the dream. It held a pure, clear beauty, wistful as all young things are wistful. It had a compelling charm and heartache in it that made one think, heartsickly, of one's far, fair youth and old, sweet, gentle, innocent thoughts and imaginings. With a slow, shuddering sigh, the woman who had lived too much turned to the man who had lost his faith in life. The two disillusioned ones met each other's eyes, shamed before the picture's gaze. Then the woman of her flared up.

"I hate your picture!" she cried. "It is vapid—empty—inane!"

"It is wonderful," corrected the artist, dreamily. "If the lad ever finds his way Eastward, I shall paint him again. I gave him my address."

"I hope he never comes!" she cried jealously, but he was not looking at her at all. He was gazing down at his picture with a light in his eyes that all her gowns, all her eager efforts had never brought there. And suddenly she felt immeasurably old.

"But I cannot get over it," said



THE PAINTING OF "THE BAREFOOT BOY," AND ITS MODEL, ARE MUCH ADMIRED

Rives. His brush hovered over the canvas, dangerously dripping, while his eyes gloated over the small, dainty figure on the model-stand. The girl laughed out elfishly.

"Dont I make as nice a girl as I did a boy?" she cried saucily. "And didn't my 'Barefoot Boy' win the medal for you? And oughtn't you to



IT WAS LIKE THIS THAT ELINOR CAME UPON THEM

be grateful to me, instead of scolding me for growing skirts?"

"Scolding! Heaven forbid, child!" the artist said. His weary eyes were mocking, but it was himself he mocked. This girl, virginal as a Greek cameo—how should she dream of the old, buried emotions she had aroused in his heart?

"When daddy died I was so frightened," she prattled on, retelling her tale for the tenth time, "but Mr. Meade, the surveyor, took me home, and Mrs. Meade was awfully surprised when I told her about being a girl. Daddy hated women, you see, and never let me wear skirts. But I like me in them," she confided shyly —"dont you?"

The man clenched his hands hard. Since a month ago, when she had appeared blithely in the radiance of her young loveliness, begging a chance to pose, he had known desperately that the time would come when he must tell her he loved her. From very shame of himself he had put it off, but now the clamor in his heart was not to be denied. Why not? he asked himself fiercely, and thrust back the voice that whispered to him of his bitter life, his cynicism, his worldly-mindedness.

"Little Frances," he said slowly—"Little Frances, I wonder whether you can guess how well I like you, dear."

Puzzled, she looked at him. Then a blinding wave of color flooded her face. She held out small, quivering hands.

"You—you mean? I—I dont believe I understand——"

So he told her, very gently, for she must not be frightened; very wistfully, for all his lonely, saddened years; very tenderly, for the youth of her and the innocence. At the end she came down to him, unafraid, shyly joyful, and his empty arms went out to her.

"Why, of course I love you," she cried. "Yes, I *do* know what love means. Mrs. Meade loved Mr. Meade. Sometimes"—she lifted her face to his—"sometimes," she whispered, "they kist each other——"

It was like this that Elinor came upon them. At her furious cry they



This story was written from the Photoplay of ROBERT LEONARD

THERE came a rap at the door, a little, timid rap; then more firmly, as if impelled by a courage of desperation. Earl dropped his violin hastily. "Who can it be," he asked his mother, "at this hour of the night?"

On the threshold, under the feebly struggling gas-jet that laid bare in its wan piteousness the sordidness of the ailing stairs, the gaping plaster of the walls, the mouldy touch of unlovely poverty, stood a slip of a girl, with delicate, white face. Two black eyes looked up into Earl's—eyes with a strange pain in them.

"Are you"—the voice was very low-pitched and tremulous—"are you the melody man?"

"I am Earl Dean," he answered gently. "Wont you please come in?"

Tears struggled to the black eyes. "I *want* to," she said brokenly. "I —I live across the hall; my mother worked for us because I—I cant see. Last week she—died. It's been so lonely since—I thought you might—"

She got no further. Two enfolding arms drew her across the doorway and into the room. A voice, vibrant with the mother-note, whispered tendernesses in her ear. The sorrow at her heart gave vent to an ecstasy of tears.

It is a bitter thing when a soul aflame with genius, surcharged with melody, has for its boon companion poverty. It is a bitter thing when the heaven-born music in a heart must well up thru hosts of strangling fears, petty anxieties, fearful dependencies.

It had been so with Earl Dean. The music in him had lived because it had its birth in a fount of depthless purity. He had had no rainbow-hued inspiration to give him stimulus and urge. Living from hand to mouth, eking out a precarious livelihood for his aging mother and himself, Genius had had much ado to keep her roseate wings unfurled. And now into his life came a love as pure as the well-spring of his genius, a love that lived and had its being like some lovely flower—"the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." It unfolded itself to him in the long evenings when he sat



THE BIRTH OF THE GREAT SYMPHONY

and played to her, while his mother nodded and slumbered intermittently.

Timidly at first, then with a greater freedom impelled by the gentle sympathy of him, the little Elaine told of the many hours he had made beautiful for her with the song of his violin.

"So many times," she told him, "when mother was very late and I sat alone waiting for her, I would be afraid—afraid for us both—we were so defenseless and weak. And then I would go up close to the door and listen. Your music seemed to lift me up, beyond it all. It seemed to say 'Have faith—have faith'; and it spoke the truth—for now mother has gone Home, indeed, and I have found one, too."

In the tiny, sky-high home, where genius lived, hard-pressed by poverty, the little, blind girl lent a lovely grace. Sightless, she glimpsed for them, with the clear eyes of her soul, a loftier height—a sweeter goal—than they had visioned in many a weary year.

To Earl's mother she came as a foretaste of heaven—a touch gently soothing and miraculously dear. To Earl himself she was the spirit of his violin—the soul-self of the genius he worshiped. She was song—she was melody—she was music freed of the finite touch. In the sweet pain of her sightless eyes he read his truest joy; in the innocent love of her heart he knew this truth: "On earth as it is in heaven." And from the glowing sanctity of this high love Genius bent low and offered her thrilling lips.

She told them much of their life—her mother's and hers—in the long, communing evenings: of the father who had caused her mother's disinheritance and then deserted her before the little Elaine came into being; of the mother's lacerated heart and rudely shattered youth; of her own birth and the quenched light of her eyes; of her mother's utter heartbreak.

"She would be so glad," she told him simply, "if she could know that you and your music have *made* me see. I do not need the light of my eyes when I have the light your music gives me—and your love."

"You do love me, my little Elaine?"

"I have always loved you," she an-



HER MOTHER'S FATHER CAME FOR HER

swered him. And the gentle mother, hearing, smiled to herself at the unconscious harmony they made.

And nearer the reluctant lips of Genius bent, and ever nearer, drawing from these hearts a symphony of souls—a symphony of tears and high desire and calling blood—an ecstasy—a twilight prayer—a mating cry—a divinity of sound.

And then, one evening, as Earl was returning from an unsuccessful interview with a publisher, a little notice in the paper caught his eye—a few little words sandwiched in between world-disturbing items. "Information Wanted," it read; then the words, "Lydia Austen, *née* Vance, or daughter Elaine——" Lydia! Elaine! Why, Lydia was the daughter who had left her father's home for the man who broke her heart and sent her tiny daughter into the world with blinded eyes! And Elaine—Elaine was his love, his Spirit of the Violin, *his own.* And some one else was wanting her! A great pain grew in the musician's soul—a pain that swept aside all barriers and gripped him in its vise. Genius leaned low and tempted him. He felt the throbbing of a dirge in his keen finger-tips, but he swept it aside. "It would be a dead thing," he muttered, "with the soul of it gone."

All the weary homeward way he pondered on the thing that he had read. She was happy—he knew that well. She was his; and from the love of their souls, the blood of their hearts, the lance-true faith of them, they were giving to the world one perfect thing. And now money stepped in—money, with its fleshly power, its paved ways, its padded luxuries. What had *she* to do with money? Had they not justified poverty by their love? What had she to do with money? Somehow that phrase stuck. He thought for an instant of the flower-stem slenderness of her—the way her great, night-dim eyes burned in the moon-whiteness of



EARL DEAN WAS DIRECTING HIS WONDROUS SYMPHONY

her face—the fragile, tender fingers that touched his hair with evanescent caresses. She had *great* need of money! The realization came poignantly home. Else would her radiant, prisoned spirit break its thread-like mooring. "She must go," he muttered to himself, "but her love will stay, and our spirit will be one in the Symphony of Souls."

He came for her the following day —her mother's father—a courtly, white-haired man, with face whose sternness had been softly blurred by time. He was a man whose proud soul had been many times misjudged. Behind the artifice of words—the mask of deeds—he had been misunderstood. When his daughter, his most dearly beloved of earthly things, had left him for the man on whose profligate face not a trace of her father's gentle breeding showed, he had been cruelly hurt. And around the death-wound in his heart and pride he had builded him a fortress of anger and contempt. Now time, the great clarifier, had toppled over the fortress, and the man-heart of him beat in an agonized sympathy with the pitiful blindnesses, the tragic mistakes of all erring humanity—chiefly with the little daughter who had thrown her life away.

A great sob welled in his throat when Earl led the little Elaine to him and placed her hand in his. The pain in her blind eyes was her mother's pain—the pain of all those wronged—the unearned pain of the pure in heart. And thus, bearing that sorrow of his own little daughter in her darkened eyes, he took her home, striving to build over the bleeding wound of the years a mausoleum of golden ease.

She had not wanted to go, but Earl had told her, with the simplicity of truth they ever employed, just why she must.

"It will not be for long," he promised her; "then I shall come to you again. Your memory will always be seeking a melody in me. It shall be when I have given to the world our love in a heaven of song."

(*Continued on page* 158)



This story was written from the Photoplay of JAMES YOUNG

"LADY, by yonder blessed moon I swear——"

The girl swayed forward in the box. The gray-green stage moonlight filled her young, impressionable face with yearning shadows and wistful lines. Her white cloak, slipping back from round, tense shoulders, shivered with the tremble that ran thru her. From her soul out, Ada Ingot was a-quiver with the pulse of Romance. The disapproving relatives in the rear of the box, the dark well of the theater afloat with white blurs of faces, the stage itself, even, were non-existent. But the man with the voice of liquid moonshine, the man who was pleading his love down yonder as all the girls of all the world have dreamed love would come to them, the man whom the program black-lettered as the famous David Garrick—she drew a long breath of fine ecstasy as at last the velvet curtain unfolded across the World of Make-Believe. Not that she was the only woman in the theater who had been able to locate her heart-strings during the last half-hour, but she *had* been the only one to receive a glance from the dark eyes below the curls of Romeo.

"How wonderfully Juliet read her lines!" gushed her aunt's voice behind. Ada listened eagerly for praise of her beloved. Juliet, indeed!

"H-m! Pretty poor performance," yawned her uncle, disgustedly. "The leading woman is too fat—might be fifty instead of fourteen——"

Ada nodded. She was not even jealous of Juliet, which describes the actress more clearly than words; but what was this they were saying?

"As for Garrick, he rants like a barnstormer and simpers like a fool! Wish we'd gone to a comedy with some spirit to it——"

An indignant young voice interrupted him; an indignant young face blazed scarlet. "I think he's splendid!" cried Ada, stormily. "This is the tenth time I've seen him, and he's got splendider every time. He's the handsomest, bravest, noblest man I've ever seen! He's got a voice as velvet as my dress, and the most wonderful eyes. Oh, how *can* you call him a—a *barnstormer!*"

The lucky rise of the curtain diverted her attention before it caught the significant glances between her elders. During the remainder of the performance she sat, wrapped about with a mantle of aloofness, in a sort of a dream. Overpowered with delicious woe, she did not move as the lights sprang out finally and the pandemonium of departure engulfed her.

"Look at the girl—clean daft over a fancy face and a curly wig," growled the uncle. "And did you catch the rascal staring at her—the whole living time? Heaven be thanked, she's no concern of mine!"

"You had better drop her father a hint," advised his wife, the feminine relish for a family fuss lurking in her unctuous tone. "He's got his heart set on Chivy, you know, and Chivy may be good and rich and all that, but he is *not* handsome, the best you can say of him."

The seed of suspicion having been

planted in fertile soil, soon bloomed into a quarrel. Simon Ingot, a fanatic on family, niggardly of acquaintances who "were not born," a man who spelled "right" *race*, was infuriated at the very notion of his daughter's infatuation for a play-actor. He would not have been more annoyed if she had fallen in love with his butler. That there could



"A FOOLISH THING FOR A GIRL TO BE READING"

be birth, pride and worth across the footlights had certainly not occurred to him. But a small modicum of common sense told him that to precipitate matters would be fatal. Contrariness was a trait in his daughter's character that had sent her, after strict parental warnings to the contrary, straight to dabble in the very danger denied her. She had, as a consequence, nearly been drowned, burned alive and run over by a coach and four before experience had taught her wisdom. However, Ingot's wrath did not have to smoulder long in concealment. One morning, soon after the theater party, he came on Ada buried to the hilt, so to speak, in a volume of Shakespeare's tragedies, young breast heaving, cheeks pale and red by turn. Trying to keep his temper, the father took possession of the book.

"A foolish thing for a girl to be reading," he reproved. "Better your fancy-work or some other improving occupation."

"Fancy-work does not reach the heart, father," flamed the girl. "Didn't the minister himself quote Shakespeare last Sunday?"

"Is that your reason for reading it, child?"

Ada hung her head. Thru her soft hair her cheeks burned crimson. Then, with a sudden gallant gesture, she looked straight into her father's eyes.

"No, sir," she said deliberately; "I heard David Garrick at the theater the other night——"

"I thought as much!" shouted Ingot, flinging the book across the room. "A cursed pasteboard man—a scented, bewigged fool—a common, cowardly knave of a play-actor! Mind my words, young woman, I'll have no such disgraceful folly going on in my house—d'you dare to tell me that you're *in love* with him?"

Love feeds on remonstrance. What had begun in a girl's extravagant admiration for a handsome face and golden voice, suddenly loomed into more serious proportions. It was as much anger against her father as it was any tenderer emotion that put the conviction into Ada's voice as she retorted:

"You cant forbid the wind to blow, father; no more can you refuse to let me love whom I choose."

Before he could reply, the door slammed across her departure. Ingot furrowed his brows some moments in

thought. Then he strode to his desk and scrawled a note, which he addressed and sealed with grim satisfaction.

"A knave can be bullied," he muttered aloud, as he rang for a servant, "a fool can be bought, and there's more ways than one of guiding an unruly girl."

With which cryptic remark he handed the letter to the butler and settled back to await the outcome.

Some three hours later by the mahogany clock—pure family in every aristocratic line—a well set-up stranger, in high beaver hat, strolled nonchalantly into the severe nicety of the Ingot drawing-room and bowed coolly to the master of the house, who advanced to meet him.

"David Garrick, at your service, sir," he said, and waited politely. There is nothing so disconcerting as a wait. It throws the burden of the conversation on the complainant, who has not yet got his temper properly worked up and, moreover, has no speech of his adversary's to complain of. Ingot hastily revised and expurgated some of the remarks he had intended to make, but came to the point at once, nevertheless.

"My daughter," he began, in measured tones, "has confessed that she is in love with you." He breathed heavily and glared at the actor, who looked distinctly pleased instead of ruffled. "Of course," he continued angrily, "of course it is preposterous —horrible. I appeal to you to leave town immediately, sir."

" 'Pon my word!" drawled Garrick, "a pretty pass when a man must dance at the bidding of any one who happens to own a pretty daughter. I've spoken no word to the girl. Surely 'tis not demanded of me to toss my profession aside——"

Ingot thrust a hand into his pocket. Silver jingled from it. "Oh, *that!*" he snarled. "I'll make it worth your while!"

"How dare you, sir!"

Ingot drew back from his angry visitor with an uncomfortable sense of unhinged knees. Gad! the fellow was playing the gentleman, was he? He had not counted on his having human feelings beneath that insolently handsome exterior. For a moment the two men glared at one another in silence. Then Garrick's eyes found a picture on the wall. From a prim, ebony frame Ada smiled out, youngly charming, primally innocent, with eyes that seemed to see only the beauty and goodness and wonder of the world. The actor's face changed subtly.

"Mr. Ingot," he said at last, very quietly, "perhaps you are right in wishing your child a better husband than I. At least, I assure you I will marry no man's daughter unless he comes to me hat in hand and begs the honor of the match. Yet we must not let the young lady waste her affections. If you will consent, I have a plan——"

Some moments later, an impetuous young man in a very decided rage, hurling himself against the drawing-room door, collided with another young man just leaving. That the stranger was finely set up and well-looking did not decrease his ill-humor. With a frown as black as his hair, the newcomer confronted Ingot, pointed back with the acerbity of bruised shins, and demanded heatedly:

"Who in hades was the fellow I just met?"

"That, my dear Chivy," replied Ingot, pleasantly—"that was Mr. David Garrick, the actor with whom Ada is in love!"

"Ada! In love! That—that—" Chivy danced gently. "So that's why she just threw me over, is it? The cursed rascal—I'll—I'll—I'll have his blood, damme if I wont!"

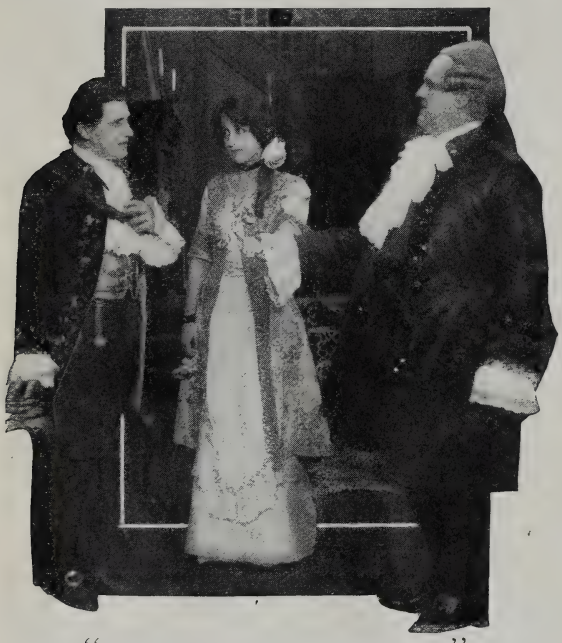
Before Ingot could check him, the impetuous lover had bolted from the room. The sputter of his rage sounded faintly from a distance.

"Chivy is hasty," murmured the father, complacently, "but he is like tow, quick to flame, quicker to die down. As for Garrick, he's a clever chap and—yes—hang it, but he has some of the marks of a gentleman. That idea of his now"—laughter

seized him—"it's worthy of myself. Ada will never suspect—she dearly loves a dinner-party. Gad! but I could almost like the fellow for his ready wit!"

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith," droned the butler, "Miss Araminta Jones."

Ada hurried forward, pleasantly flushed with hostessing. The business of shaking hands, of exchanging polite nothings, of introducing and being introduced, delighted her. She



"MR. DAVID GARRICK, MY DEAR"

fluttered among the guests like a butterfly at a gathering of earthworms; for it must be confessed that the company gathered on this occasion beneath the Ingot roof-tree was somewhat peculiar. Knowing what might occur during the course of the evening, the host had selected the less easily offended ones among his friends as guests—a couple of dull and worthy married people; a bachelor who dealt in coal and coke, and stuttered; a maiden of uncertain age, but very positive notions of color harmonies in costume. All these Ada had seen before; but who was this advancing toward her, led by her father? She felt her cheeks burn. "Mr. David Garrick, my dear," she heard her father saying. "Sir, my daughter wishes an opportunity to tell you how much she enjoys your talent."

"I shall hope to have the pleasure of taking her in to dinner, then——"

Could she believe her senses? That mellow, velvet tone—those dark eyes—— Timidly she laid her hand on Garrick's proffered arm. He could feel it fluttering there, very small and white. With a sudden distaste of the hideous rôle he had promised to play, the actor bit his lips as he looked down at it. Women—many of them—had admired him, had flattered and fêted and pursued him with gifts, hysterical notes and tearful affection; but this girl *was* different. She was a white page that had never been written on, a rose that had never guessed its own sweetness. These and other figurative thoughts passed rapidly thru his brain; then, one and all reared back from the insurmountable barrier of a fact. He had given his word! With set face, he led his partner after the other guests into the dining-room.

Having once undertaken the part, his artistic conscience demanded a thoro job of it. The actor in him elbowed the man aside. As the wines were passed, he made a great show of drinking freely, refusing to see the horror of him that began to dawn in the girl's eyes. As he drank he talked; at first to her, then loudly to the whole table. His hand grew unsteady, his laughter frequent. He made wide, sweeping gestures that threatened the cutlery and punctuated his remarks by pounding on the table till the glasses sang.

"I love—th' ladies!" he informed the company sentimentally. "They're fon' o' me, too—bresh 'em! I love all—th' ladies——" His eyes wan-

dered about the table, resting at length on the coquettish green feather meadows of Miss Araminta Jones's hair. "I love—you!" A wavering finger indexed his choice. "You're loveliest—lady—'f all th' lovely ladies—sush femnine grace—sush—sush——"

Ada shrank back in her seat, very pale. Her father noted, with satisfaction, that his nefarious scheme



"I LOVE—TH' LADIES!" HE INFORMED THE COMPANY SENTIMENTALLY

was succeeding better than he had hoped. Gad! that fellow certainly was an actor. Look at him now, would you, waving his napkin in a maudlin, Chatauqua salute to Miss Araminta. Smith was trying to remonstrate.

"Shir-r!" complained Garrick, swaying to his feet, "shir-r, I—co'-sider—your wor's ninsult—it's m' painfu' duty to pull y' hair——"

"Hold on there, Garrick!" Ingot sprang to his feet warningly, but too late. Dangling from the actor's hands were two wigs, one of rich chestnut curls that had a moment before graced the head of Mr. Aloysius Smith, and the other a snow-white toppiece and false curls that adorned the head of Mrs. Aloysius Smith. The table was in an uproar. Alone of all of them, Ada was calm. Standing very straightly, she faced Garrick with blazing eyes.

"I *never* dreamed you were like this," she said slowly. "It hurts me to think what a fool I was when I believed you to be a gentleman. Dont speak to me! Go—do you hear me? Go!"

The man straightened as tho her words lashed him. An instant he let the cloak of drunkenness slip from his face, and in his eyes she read amazedly—or did she dream it?—pain and shame. A moment later, leering and swaying, he was gone. At the door a servant touched his arm.

"A note for you, sir."

Garrick read it, folded it with nice care and laughed shortly.

"My fatal beauty!" he burlesqued. "Here, fellow, get me my hat and coat, will you? I've got an important engagement to keep!"

There is a lonely spot back of Bedford House and just outside the pales of the Duke's Park, which the moon rides high over and bathes with a pallid, clear light. And strange sights this bit of smooth turf has revealed to the sleepy watch making its rounds. Bits of torn lace, a blood-soaked cambric frill, jeweled buckles with torn leather clasps, a trampled purse, sometimes a broken, red-stained rapier, are the souvenirs of departed guests.

And on such a moon-clear night two men in shirt-sleeves faced each other on the duelling-ground, their blades a-quiver with light, like fairy wands.

"I'm a fool!" thought one, a fine-figured man, in plum-colored breeches and cambric frilled shirt—"a twice discovered fool." And with that he gave his salute and set his narrow blade at play against his opponent's.

There were resentment, rage, murder in the close-set eyes of the slighted lover, Chivy, the discarded one, and his wrist was a-tremble to seek the actor's heart and be done with it.

A lunge—a parry—a shivering of steel, and Chivy drew back, to find that his blade had been turned neatly aside.

Then the nerve-jarring scraping of steel against steel again; the quick turn of a wrist; the soft pound of slippered feet on the sod, and always the nonchalant actor stood unhurt before the seeking sword.

A madness fell upon Chivy, flooding his brain with hot blood, and he pressed closer and closer, seeking the still heart beneath the frail shirt. "Kill, kill, kill!" sang the words in his tortured brain.



DANGLING FROM THE ACTOR'S HANDS WERE TWO WIGS

"I must not harm him—she is dear to him." With each deft parry the thought echoed in Garrick's mind and steeled his passions against a riposte. Solemnly, calmly, with his sad face turned as pallid as the moon, he defended his life against the attack of the infuriated lover.

A maddened thrust at close range—the grip of fingers on his blade.

"You cur!"

Garrick twisted his rapier free, and

the blood leaped and surged madly in his head.

"Ah!"

Chivy slowly sank to his knees, his hand pressed against his shoulder. And from under the fingers a crimson stain was slowly widening.

Garrick threw down his weapon.

"I am thru," he said, "thru forever with the tricks and treachery, sordidness and counterfeit of my lords and ladies. My adieux. Tomorrow I start for a tour of the provinces."

"Please, father," she sighed, "I'd rather not talk about it."

Guilt makes men garrulous. Ingot would have gone on explaining and protesting until he had talked himself blameless, but was interrupted by a knock. One of the servants handed him a note, explaining that it had been found on the floor of the hall, and he thought perhaps the master should see it. Ingot, reading it, agreed with him. He grew as pale as a permanent rosiness of coun-



"WHAT A FOOL I WAS WHEN I BELIEVED YOU TO BE A GENTLEMAN"

Ada had passed thru the sprightly variations of hysterics, and now, wept dry, she lay back listlessly on the divan, staring out of the window. Her father had attempted to bolster up his conscience all night with the assurance that it would be better to grieve a few hours than repent a lifetime. Yet the words did not ring quite true even to himself. He looked remorsefully down now at his daughter, with the unease that all men feel in the presence of tears.

"My dear, actors are all like that," he said—"vinous; cowardly; abusers of women. Some day you will be glad you found him out when you did."

tenance permitted and avoided meeting his daughter's eyes.

"Nothing—nothing at all, my dear," he mumbled, but the scrap of paper shook in his fingers. Forgetting her prostration, Ada sprang to her feet, with a cry of exasperation, and snatched the note from him.

"Oh!" she wailed, as the words flowed under her eyes, "oh—a duel! Father, why should Chivy fight with Mr. Garrick? Was it about—*me?*"

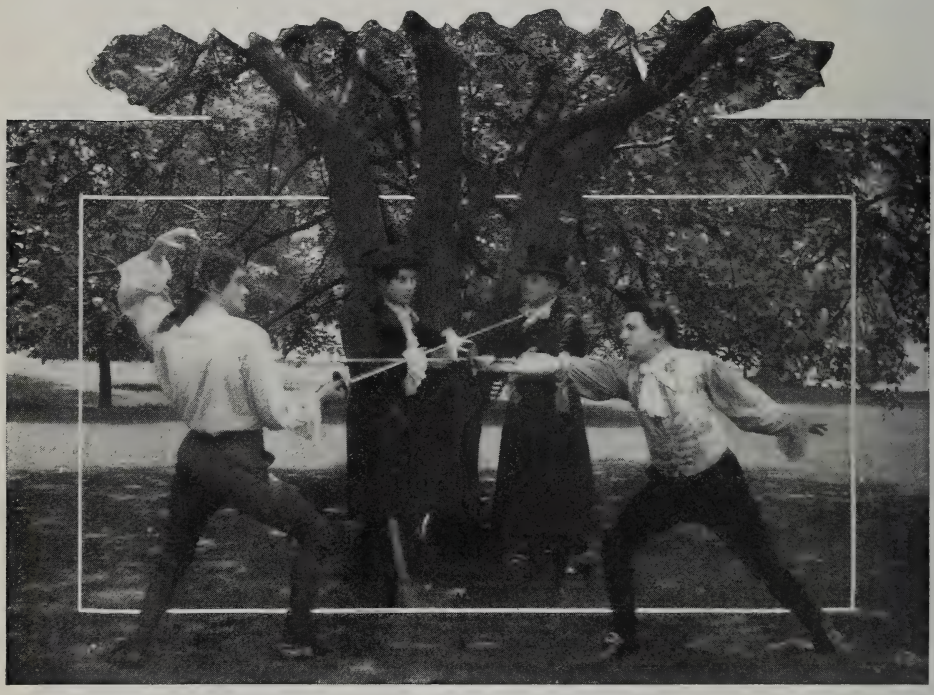
Ingot sank nervelessly into a chair, rested his head upon his hands and poured out the whole wretched business. By some trick of destiny his practical joke had become a tragedy.

He had meant no harm—he had been thinking of her own good——

Finishing, he waited her verdict, but silence alone answered him. Ada was gone.

"Ada!" he shouted frantically—"Ada!" Far below in the vitals of the house a door slammed. The sound jarred him to action. Hat at a rakish angle, coat askew, he plunged down the steps and hailed a passing cab.

rubbed democratic elbows with a shabby, dispirited priest's cassock. A long pair of tights, dangling its legs from the gas-jet, jigged grotesquely. The footsteps paused outside the door. Ingot glanced about desperately—a screen—a stride—the door opened to admit Garrick. The actor sank into the single, creaky chair before the dressing-table and buried his head in his hands. Ensued



TWO MEN FACED EACH OTHER ON THE DUELING-GROUND, THEIR BLADES A-QUIVER

"The Garrick Theater!" yelled Ingot—"double quick—double pay!"

The dressing-room was very hot and stuffy and small. Ingot drew in a lungful of grease-paint, cold cream, cigarets and dust and wiped his forehead. Whatever else there was here—and there seemed to be nearly everything in the alphabet—Ada was not present—yet. Footsteps sounded outside; a cold draught of air, following in their wake, set the limp garments on the hooks a-dance. A kingly robe of blue cotton-velvet

a silence, broken now and then by a heart-sick groan, which is a very different sound from a stage groan and not noble at all, only human. Suddenly both men in the room started violently. She had crept in so quietly that neither guessed her presence till she spoke.

"Are you *dead?*" begged Ada. "Was there a duel? Did anybody get killed? Oh, please, are *you* dead?"

Garrick sprang to his feet and took his stand by her side, looking down into the piteous, stained little



"BUT YOU MUST GO—I AM GOING TO TAKE YOU HOME"

face. His mouth was grim, but his eyes yearned.

"You ought not to be here, you know," his stern mouth said, but—"I'm glad! glad!" shone his eyes.

The girl began to laugh a trifle hysterically. "You *look* awfully *alive,*" she whimpered. "I dont care if you did kill Chivy. He used to w-wear m-m-musk on his handkerchief!"

"He got a scratch—not serious," he said implacably. Suddenly he clenched his hands savagely and folded his arms for fear they would go around her. She had cared! She had been afraid for him! She was different from any other woman he had ever known! Therefore it behooved him to be circumspect.

"I thank you for coming," he said slowly. "It's given me a warm thing to remember. But you must go now. I am going to take you home."

"You—dont want me?"

Suddenly the longing heart of him would have its way. Yet he did not come any nearer to her.

"Yes—that is why I'm going to take you home," he said steadily—"because I want you. It is hard on a moth to be so near a candle. I tried to make you hate me—and I failed, thank God! But you shall at least forget me. I promised your father."

"There was a condition, tho, to that promise," said a voice behind them. Ingot held out his hand.

"I have come to you, Mr. David Garrick, to beg the honor of your marriage to my daughter," he said, parrotwise by rote. "And, as you stipulated, my hat is in my hand."



WITH FATHER'S BLESSINGS

In Woods of Green

By George Wildey



I've pitched my tent in woods of green,
That late were somber brown,
Where tufted firs reflect the sheen
Of sun-rays sifting down;
My soul wings skyward strong and clean,
That weary drooped in town.



The fevered haunts of strife and stress,
The bootless greed and grind,
The heart-aches and the weariness
Are gladly left behind;
The balm of nature's soft caress
I've woodward flown to find.



I dally long thru forest aisles
Incensed with spruce and pine;
The wood-flowers woo me with their smiles,
For me the blossoms shine;
Alone I trail the wind-swept miles,
And all the world is mine.



I sally forth with wingèd feet
Along the charmful way,
And scale the mountain-top to greet
The lusty dawn of day,
And hasten campward back to meet
The mystic twilight gray.

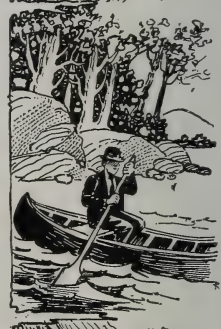


Enringed with foliage rich and rare,
There gleams a lake remote,
Stirred softly by the sun-kist air,
Where idly rocks my boat;
I dream and drift, unmindful where
My bark may chance to float.

I thought the place, by men forgot,
Reserved for me alone;
Alas! the dream was selfish rot,
And now I'm glad 'tis flown;
The photo folk have found the spot,
And marked it for their own!













A Bit of Human Driftwood

(BIOGRAPH)

BY GLADYS HALL

"I HAVE been expelled. Our marriage *must* be kept inviolate."

These were the words, curtly, decisively spoken, that caused Annie Lee's world to spin round her in dizzy revolutions. Her heart turned faint and sick; her soul quivered as under some poignant sting. She raised her face, fear-stricken, to him who had plundered her life, despoiling her of youth's untouchedness—taking greedily, *giving* naught.

"Where——" she faltered—"what—of—of—*me?*"

"I'm going home." Jack Morgan averted his gaze from the anguished eyes. They were unpleasantly the eyes of an innocent, wounded thing—something implicitly trusting that has been betrayed. "As for you," he resumed, "you must remain where you are for the present—afterwards, when I have scraped some cash together, why, then—we will see——"

"But, Jack—I——"

"For God's sake, girl, dont pester me now! I'm about all in. Leave the future to me, as you have the past. It will take care of itself."

The Past! The Future! Annie saw herself shrinking from the one—dreading the other—standing a hapless victim between the two. Ah, Heart of Man! how many fragile outcasts are pleading at your hearth, where your fires are banked and cold!

To those who come bearing the proud insignia of Success all men give acclaim. With the failures, the undesirables, it is different. They have been tried and found wanting, and the metal of which they are made is proven.

So when Jack Morgan returned disgraced, his father, a man among men, turned from him, sickened. He had sent his son into the world, and the world had turned him out. He had equipped him well for life's warfare, and the ne'er-do-well had trampled his equipments underfoot. Now, a second time, he would send him forth—this time empty-handed. Perhaps in naked conflict life and he might prove more nearly equal.

"Your allowance ceases," he told Jack the day he returned to his home. "Money has not been to you a sacred tool with which you might have carved a niche for yourself in the medical world. On the contrary, it has been a means of abasement. You might have wielded a mighty scepter—might have made of your life a power to heal and bless. Instead, you have chosen to smirch your career and my name by pandering to loose living. Now we will see how you can stand unaided."

"Father!" Jack stretched out an unsteady, supplicating hand. "You dont know what you are doing—you—you cant realize——"

"Cant realize, eh? Well, my lad, it doesn't appear to me that the

'realizing' is exactly my part of the transaction. That's the way with your type, my boy. You play the game to the very end and leave the aftermath to others—women more often than not——"

Jack turned on his heels. In his ears rang the words: "the aftermath to others—women more often than not——" And his mind's eye saw his mother—felt the gentle pillowing of the breast that had havened his head so often and had not failed him

gilded over generously with fervid promises and tinsel avowals—"the aftermath to others—women more often than not—women more often than not."

While Jack Morgan roamed the streets, torn between sullen resentment and shamed anxiety, a slender figure, neatly clad, was presenting itself at the rear entrance of his father's home—the servants' entrance—and inquiring, in accents that trembled a little, for the maid's posi-



HE IS EXPELLED FROM COLLEGE

now—noted the blanched hairs among the brown, put there, no doubt, by sleepless hours over him. These mothers of men! He quickened his pace restlessly. He was seeing now a small, white face, with sorrow-stricken eyes. He was remembering. And in the remembrance loomed large a garden of roses—a girl, reed-slender, armed with an overflowing basket and greeting him with glowing, morning face. It had been the fleet, clandestine romance of the wealthy college student and the humbler maid, resulting in the equally clandestine marriage, and

tion advertised. Mrs. Morgan, compassionate of the young face so unyouthfully drawn and pale, engaged her.

It was nearing midnight when Jack retraced his footsteps and mounted the steps of his home. The blue mark of clenched knuckles decorated his eye, his lips were swollen, his whole aspect was that of the profligate, unrepentant. In the dim night-light of the hallway he stumbled, cursing under his breath, when suddenly a figure confronted him—a slight figure, with small, pale face and sorrow-stricken eyes.

"Annie!" he gasped; then, grasping her thin arm roughly, "what the devil does this mean?"

"Dont, dear." The girl pulled herself away with a little gasp. "Oh, I *thought* you were a burglar," she finished hysterically.

"Well, I'm not—I'm your prodigal husband who begs to inquire what his charming wife is doing in his father's home. Perhaps she has s-seen fit to announce herself as d-daughter-in-law, eh?" Jack leaned against the post at the foot of the stairway and regarded her with unpleasant jocoseness of manner.

"I'm—I'm the maid here," Annie told him, head cast down as the humiliation of the confession pierced her. "I—Jack, dear, I *had* to come—you see——"

"I dont see anything but that it's time to turn in," he interrupted her. "And tomorrow *you* make some excuse and clear out. I'm—I'm sorry, old girl, but really this would mess things up forever. You'll have to quit——"

"Oh, Jack—listen—listen, *please.*"

"Jack"—Mrs. Morgan's voice came down the stairs—"to whom are you talking?"

"To me, Mrs. Morgan," came Annie's voice, cool and unshaken. "I thought Mr. Jack was a burglar, not—not knowing. Good-night, Mr. Morgan."

In the days that followed, Annie tasted the bitterness of an aftermath that even the elder Morgan could not have grasped. Hers was the hopelessness of the utterly defenseless—the despairing fear of the unalterable. She had nowhere to turn—no friendly hand to give her cheer and strength.

"I am afraid," she would sob to herself in the still of night, when the only sounds in the silence would be Jack's stumbling footsteps on the stairs; "I am afraid—I am afraid—"

Whenever she dared speak to the man who was her husband and protector, it was met with urgings and pleas and threats to go—or else advances impelled by drink. The romance of the roses and the sunshine had become the sad story of cypress and rue. The "cash to be scraped together," of which Jack had spoken so optimistically, was not



HE LOSES HEAVILY AT PLAY

forthcoming. Drink was asserting its sway, and even his club had ousted him. His father looked on, scornful and sore of soul. Two women watched with hearts that bled.

"Jack"—Annie accosted him in the hall one noon as he came in, looking curiously haggard and old—"Jack," your aunt has come—she looks so sweet. Dear, go to your mother and to her. Tell them of your trouble—tell them of the note from Wright—his threat. They are true-loving women and will help you—and you can start again—*please.*"

"Well, *that* chance's gone," he muttered; "never 'll get my nerve keyed up again. God! but her eyes dig in—— What's this!"

On the dresser, flung down in a shimmery, alluring heap, lay what appeared to be a handful of diamonds. Jack picked them up, first curiously, then admiringly, then greedily.

"Why not?" he whispered; "why—not? She dont need 'em—they'd never suspect—it'd fix things up for—us—I'll—do—it."

Downstairs, at the luncheon-table,



"I THOUGHT MR. JACK WAS A BURGLAR"

Something in the eyes that begged so piteously, so much more eloquently than the faltering words, impelled Jack's laggard determination.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"In your mother's room. Oh, my dear, if you can straighten things out—if we can start anew—I will bless you so—*God* will bless you——"

They were not in his mother's room, and Jack went on to his aunt's. From below her window he could hear voices, and as he entered and looked down, saw that they were beginning a tour of the grounds, arm in arm.

he was amusingly witty and carefree. His mother felt hope spring anew in her breast; his father deigned an occasional smile, and his aunt was captivated and privately considered that her sister and brother-in-law had overestimated the enormity of Jack's misdemeanors. Only the little waitress was mutely white, and her heart was sick within her. She probed the mask Jack had donned and saw no good beneath it. From the sound, sweet depths of her own sincerity she understood his guile, and yet so great was the love she bore him that the

ache in her breast was for his pain—his pitiful wrongdoings.

"Norton!"—the exclamation rang out affrightedly—"I've left my diamonds on my dresser—oh, quickly!"

The swift following of that cry seemed to Jack Morgan to have been predestined. He felt like one apart—a spectator—an unreal being who is called upon to witness a sorry play and who remains unwillingly but rapt. The diamonds were gone! They had been left there but a very little while. Some one in the house?

In an instant, during the excitement of the loss and the flurry of the search, Jack and his wife stood alone and apart. His eyes were feverish. His breath came quickly. He grasped her cold little hand importunately.

"Annie," he whispered hoarsely, "they are ringing for the police—there will be a search—they will find them—they will find them—*on me.* Oh, girl, I want to make a name for myself — for us — *us,* do you understand? — and I will—I swear to you I will—I know I've sworn before but I'll make good this time, so help me heaven! If I am branded, we are done for forever. My name as thief would create a furore—it would never be forgotten—yours—well, yours—— You *will?* Here, *take them.* Bless you—bless you—I'll make it up——"

In a public ward of the prison hospital, on a sultry autumn day, one life went out as another came in. One bruised heart went gladly home and left behind a tiny baby girl with staring, sightless eyes—". . . *the aftermath to others—women more often than not.*"

"She's a wonder—the marvel of the age." The "Collector of Voices," as he was termed, rose and clapped Dr. Morgan on the shoulder. "You must come," he said insistently. "You're too much of a recluse—and, besides, she'll interest you." After the "Collector" had gone, Dr. Morgan sat alone in his study. On every side of him were tokens of a luxury practically limitless. His finely modeled face bore evidence of deep thinking, study, achievement. His long, slender fingers were steady and capable. "Jack" Morgan had made good. Yet ever in his mind, coming between him and the fair face of



THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

Success, were two sorrow-stricken eyes—a sentence pronounced in a crowded courtroom—a narrow prison cell—an obscure grave. Deep at his heart's core lay the remembrance of these things, and keenest of all, the life that had gone out on that dread autumn day nearly twenty-five years ago, as another life came in. He had "made good," but the faithful heart to whom he had promised the first-fruits of his achievement was far beyond his giving. And the *other* life? That had no place in his life. They had known only each other, and when she had gone, it had been over for him.

The doctor stirred with a sigh.

"Why is it we cannot know, when we are young," he murmured, "the ghosts that will haunt us in later years? Why cannot we realize that of all potent things *memory* is the *most* potent? If we did, how very, very different we would be; how near and dear we would hold the hearts that loved us—poor, tired hearts—the suffering we cause!"

Many said that Mary Morse, famous blind soprano, had never sung as she sang that night. There was a thrilling sweetness to her voice that evoked in heart and soul dim, fragile memories clad in their fragrant cerements of the Past. For one man, at least, her voice roused an ecstasy that he had never thought to know again. It was as if his vanished youth rose suddenly, shaking off the grave-mould and eagerly alive.

"Introduce me to her," he besought the "Collector of Voices," as that gentleman tarried a moment in his box—"perhaps, who knows, her eyesight may be restored——"

"I think not." The "Collector" shook his head. "She is the adopted daughter of the Grayson Morses, you know, and they have spared no trouble and no money——"

Dr. Morgan smiled. "Love has never operated," he said absently.

"Since when has *Love* become a surgeon?" queried the "Collector." And then he introduced them.

At the beginning a rare sympathy existed between them. In Dr. Morgan new hopes came to birth, new faith, new desires. He lived again, and the soft touch of love was drawing near after many barren years. And into Mary Morse's life came something that had never been there before, save in the dreams that were coming true at last. In the moments of his comradeship she expanded like some rarely fragrant flower, and the perfume of her being became the very essence of life to the doctor. She seemed, in some subtle way, the *soul* of Annie Lee come back to him, bearing in her palms the spirit-roses



JACK SHIFTS THE RESPONSIBILITY TO ANNIE

of that old-time garden. That had been the love of his youth, and how he had sullied it! This was the idolatry of his manhood, and how he would cherish it! And one night, after a long interview with her adopted parents, he whispered to her softly: "Mary, if I give you your eyesight for all time, will you give me your life and love?" And she told him "Yes."

It was a marvelous thing to see! In Mary Morse's life there came one golden day—a purely golden day—with skies of blue, so wondrous blue they hurt—with flowers so radiant they seemed lost bits of heaven—with such a vividness of green—with such a boundless wealth of vision that her soul ached with the vast wonder of it all. Love had operated—and had been successful. Dr. Morgan had achieved another surgical triumph—the "Blind Soprano" was blind no longer. And now, in a garden of roses, she awaited his coming to claim the reward he had been promised. She was ethereally lovely, reed-slender, and she carried a basket overflowing.

When he came, they walked together for a space in that sweet silence whose charm is sympathy.

"Tell me," he said presently, "something of the life that has made you what you are."

"There is not much to tell." A note of sadness touched the clear gladness of her voice; "I believe that my birthday was a sorrowful one. I only know that my true mother is dead—that I have no father—that Mr. and Mrs. Morse took me from an asylum when I was six years old. My voice attracted them, I believe,



THE NECKLACE IS FOUND

for I could sing even then. They have made my life a very happy one—for they have loved me; but of course"—a trifle wistfully—"they could not make up for one's very *own*—could they?"

"Of course not." Dr. Morgan took her hand in his. "But now," he said, "you are to have a 'very own'—that own myself. And as one token of it I want you to wear this little locket and to give me your own."

Thru the smoked glasses that protected the delicate, new sight from the unaccustomed sun, Mary could not see the ashen pallor that sheeted the doctor's face as he gazed at the opened locket. The faces that it

held! Looking up at him with lips that seemed to say, "At last—at last," two sorrow-stricken eyes set in a small, white face; and next it, debonair, heedless, smiling—*his own!*

"They are my mother and father," Mary Morse was saying. "The last thing my mother did was to clasp it round my neck—— Oh, are you going?"

But the doctor broke roughly from her constraining hand. The horror of the truth smote him with a rending intensity. Mary looked after him affrightedly; then opened the little locket he had left with her. The same face as the face of her own father! She snatched off the smoked glasses and gazed at his retreating figure. Her lover—her father! Dear God, what could it mean? Then the horrible abyss that had threatened to engulf her mercifully robbed her of thought.

Home in the den that showed on every hand how truly Jack Morgan had "made good," the doctor sat, with taut, blanched face. Thru the crack of the door his valet watched him, fearfully.

" . . . the aftermath to others," he heard him say—"women more often than not—women—more often —than—not——"

Then the valet cried out and jumped forward—too late! A sharp report—a tiny puff of smoke!

A Farmer's Confession

By EMMA WALZ



Yes, sir, I've been tew the city,
Sold every bale of my hay,
Got thru my bizness so gol darned quick
Thought I'd lay round for a day.



Went tew a queer-lookin' theater,
Spent a whole dime for a seat,
Thought that I'd see a gymnast or claown
Do some impossible feat.
But they wa'n't no such thing in the program,
No livin' man on the stage;
Nuthin' but pitchers of acters—
Gol darned if they aint the rage!
At first I was real disappointed,
Payin' good money for that;
But the first thing I knew I was dreamin',
An' I wasn't sure where I was at.
They was Indians an' cowboys a-shootin',
An' soldiers a-raisin' old Ned,
An' lions and tigers escapin',
Till I thought I'd go out of my head.

Then along comes a pretty young lady,
With a baby tucked under her arm;
An' just as a burglar sneaked up behind,
I yelled, "Dont yew do her no harm!"
Well, sir, that sure caused a rumpus,
People was glad she was saved;
An' tew tell yew the truth, I was kind of set up
At the bravery I had displayed.
Now I aint sayin' this to be braggin',
An' I wa'n't throwin' money away,
But I just couldn't help from seein'
Another show that very day.
When I had to start home I was sorry,
An' I aint quite got over it yet;
But I'm going ag'in, and this time I'll see
Every gol blasted show, yew can bet!

ROBBING the SEA of its SECRETS



BY KEVILLE GLENNAN

ABOUT ten years ago the navigation of the air was something looked upon with eyes of doubt all over the world. The first flights of the Wrights were hailed with amazement, and the newspapers and magazines were filled with accounts of their achievements. At that time it was regarded as a marvelous thing to reach an altitude of a hundred feet and to maintain a biplane in the air for more than a few minutes.

Still, the air had been conquered. The way had been opened for almost unlimited progress in the development of aerial navigation. The desire of man to fly—a desire that had lurked in his breast since he first observed the birds—was about to be gratified.

Today it is not uncommon to read of new altitude records being made by airmen who have mounted more than three miles above the earth and of flights that have lasted for hours. Even now preparations are under way for an aerial voyage between the Old World and the New, while there is under contemplation a race between air-craft around the world. Only a few years ago the first flight across the English Channel was the sensation of the hour.

How strange it seems that, while so much brain-toil, financial energy and heroism have been expended in mastering the air, so little has been done toward solving the riddle of the sea! Since man first embarked in craft propelled by brawn, the struggle to triumph over the surface of the deep has been relentless, and now we have, plowing the waves at express-train speed, giant steel liners nearly 1,000 feet long and carrying enough people to populate the average town. But as they make their way from continent to continent, simply skimming the surface of the oceans, the water goes down beneath them thousands of feet, and this is the part of the ocean that man knows little about.

Except from the lips of divers who have descended on the edges of the coasts to a puny depth of a hundred feet, we are in ignorance of what lies beneath the waves. And the divers, with the limited field of observation accorded them by the crude appliances of their trade, have been able to tell us but little of the nature of things in that vast area beneath the waters which embraces three-fourths of the earth's surface. By the weight of a lump of lead on the end of an inanimate wire we have sounded

the depths and learnt that there are places where the ocean's bottom spreads full five miles beneath the surface. From samples of soil hauled up by mechanical means we know, in a small way, the character of this bottom.

And now the riddle of the deep is about to be solved.

What the initial flight of the Wrights was to aviation, the experiments just concluded on the ocean's bottom in the Bahama Islands will be to submarine exploration.

For hours at a time men have sat in comfort within six inches of the bottom and fifty or sixty feet beneath the surface. There they have smoked and talked and breathed as naturally as tho they were upon the shore. And they looked, with ever-widening eyes, at the wonders and beauties of subaqueous forests; studied, with never-ceasing amazement, the countless thousands of brightly colored tropical fish; watched, with increasing admiration and surprise, the panorama afforded by the lacelike length of a coral reef, with hosts of brilliantly hued fish swimming in and out of its pearl caverns; and observed, with wonder and awe, the skeletons of once proud ships, with backbones and ribs exposed, as they rested where they struck and disappeared from human ken generations ago.

What these men saw beneath the sea they photographed, and some of the wonderful pictures they secured are reproduced with this article, giving to the readers of this publication the first authentic views ever taken in the depths of the ocean.

The apparatus used in the experiments was subjected to a thoro submarine test and structural analysis at the Norfolk Navy Yard by officers of the navy, who reported that it would be perfectly safe, in its present form of construction, at a depth of 800 feet. To make it strong enough to go even deeper is simply a mechanical detail.

The experiments in the waters of the Bahamas were made to secure a scientific Motion Picture film; one that would show the actual conditions on the bottom and the daily life of the many forms of sea life that abound in the waters of the tropics. Before describing the way in which the photographs were secured, an outline of the apparatus used will give an insight into the mechanical features of the experiments.

Several years ago Captain C. Williamson, of Norfolk, began working to perfect an invention that would take the place of the ordinary diving-suit. It was his idea that some means should be developed by which a man could go down into the water unhampered by weights and ropes and compressed air and water pressure. His experiments extended over a long time, but finally he was successful, and the Government granted him a basis patent.

Broadly considered, his apparatus is in three parts: (1) floating vessel of any suitable design; (2) submersible terminal operating chamber in which work or observations can be carried on at the bottom of the water; and (3) a collapsible, flexible tube of metal, connecting the floating vessel and the submersible chamber. The main feature of the invention is the tube, which is made of steel in sections of varying lengths.

The idea of taking submarine Motion Pictures came to the sons of the inventor while watching the projection of a scientic film showing fish swimming in a small glass aquarium tank. These two boys, J. Ernest Williamson and his brother, George M. Williamson, had worked with their father in the development of the tube ever since they could remember, and while watching this film they got into a discussion over the feasibility of placing a camera in the apparatus and photographing submarine life in its natural haunts and surroundings. They both had often been down in the tube in the waters of Norfolk Harbor and seen fish swimming about as they looked thru the glass ports. They did not let the idea rest. The very next day they set about arranging experiments, and in a few weeks had secured excellent

snapshots, with an ordinary camera, of fish swimming along the bottom of Hampton Roads.

It is a fitting coincidence that the first successful Motion Pictures ever taken beneath the ocean were made at a spot only a few miles from the place where Columbus's ships first dropped anchor in the New World.





NATURE HAS HER OWN GARDENS UNDER THE SEA

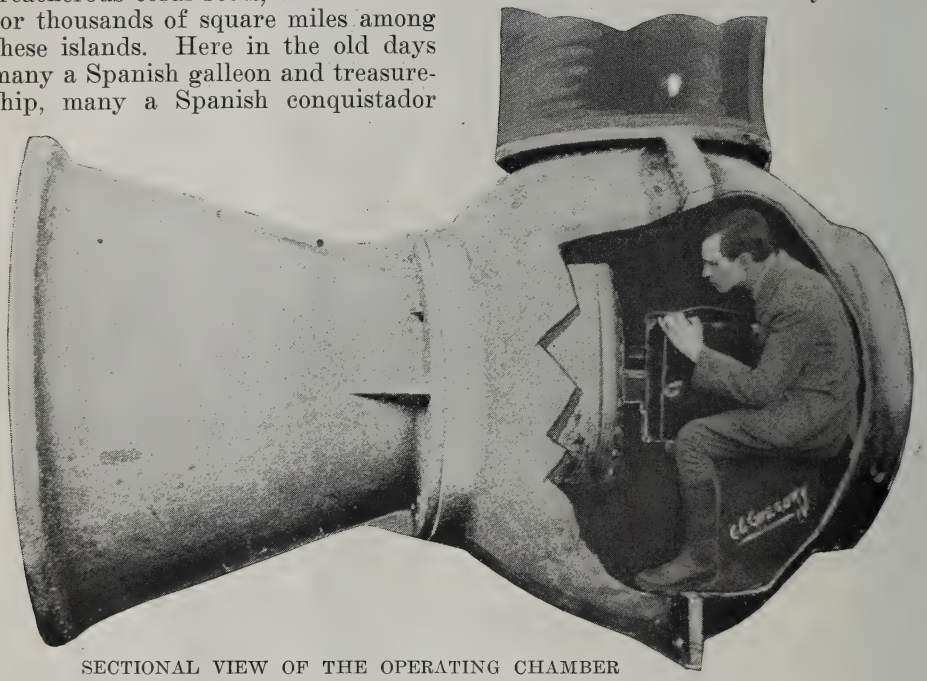


The Williamson boys designed a special chamber for the photographic work and also drew the plans for a vessel from which to lower the tube and chamber. This chamber is a hollow sphere of steel with an inside diameter of five feet. From its center a cone of steel. five feet long and five feet in diameter at the large end, projects horizontally. This cone penetrates the sphere, and at its small end, where it is eighteen inches in diameter, a steel bulkhead is fitted. In this bulkhead there are two glass ports, three inches in diameter, and placed one above the other, with about five inches between them. They are the eyes for the photographer and the camera. The large end of the cone is closed by a piece of plate glass an inch and one-half thick and five feet in diameter. It was manufactured in Germany especially for the purpose and is optically flawless.

To protect this glass from the pressure of the water, gauges and pumps were installed in the sphere. One gauge showed the water pressure against the outside of the glass. The other showed the air pressure within the cone. The pump was used to keep these two pressures equal.

Nassau, N. P., was selected as the central point about which the expedition was to work. Nassau is a splendid winter resort, with which American tourists are unfortunately but little acquainted.

Not only are the Marine Gardens there more beautiful than any others in this part of the world, but there are many wrecks strewn along the treacherous coral reefs, which extend for thousands of square miles among these islands. Here in the old days many a Spanish galleon and treasure-ship, many a Spanish conquistador and many a rich merchant-ship came to grief, and in the lagoons and inlets famous pirates found their refuge—Black Beard, Sir Henry Morgan, the infamous Teach, Captain Kidd, and many another notorious freebooter, beached their boats and scraped their hulls and sought the wood and water.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE OPERATING CHAMBER

Here, in later days, thrive the beach-combers—many of them descendants of these old pirates—none the less savage and avaricious in their greed for ill-gotten salvage.

In these clear waters the fish attain the most gorgeous colors and the most beautiful and fantastic forms.

Photographing under water thru water is something new. Density and light values had to be studied carefully to avoid improper exposure and faulty focus. Besides, the problem of finding good locations was a troublesome one. Prior to starting work with the camera, Mr. Gregory and the writer cruised around the waters near Nassau, carefully scanning the bottom thru plates of glass inserted in the bottom of their boat. Whenever a spot of unusual beauty was seen the boat was buoyed. So were the old wrecks that could be discerned resting against the very reefs that destroyed the fine ships they once were. The prettiest stretches of coral reefs were similarly marked, and so were several deep caves in the bottom that were the abodes of thousands of brightly colored fish.

With this preparatory work completed, the barge, loaded with the chamber and a hundred feet of tube, was taken in tow by a power-boat, and actual photographic work began.

The first film was made in the celebrated Marine Gardens, at a depth varying from fifteen to twenty-five feet, according to the surface of the bottom. These gardens are in a narrow strait between the eastern end of

Hog Island and the western end of Athol Island, and thru this strait there is always a very strong current running, estimated at about seven knots an hour. It was just the place to give the tube a severe test at the very beginning of the work, and the result was eminently satisfactory. By mooring the barge to four anchors across the tide and then slacking the cables on one side and taking in those on the other, it was possible to let it swing with the tide. While it was swinging, Mr. Gregory, down in the chamber, turned the crank of his camera and photographed a panorama of sea-bottom, wonderful in the luxuriant growth that makes the Marine Gardens so beautiful and unlike anything that can be found above the surface of the waters. The clearness of the water and the perfect illumination afforded by the sunlight coming thru it and striking the white coral bottom was remarkable. In the deep recesses of coral caverns it was not at all unusual to secure perfectly exposed negatives at 1-75th of a second with lens-opening of f6.3.

The barge was named the *Jules Verne,* in honor of the writer whose imagination saw what the camera has now taken for the whole world to see, and it was a strange coincidence that the power-boat that towed it was named the *Nautilus.* Superstitious ones in the party at once decided it to be a good omen, and Colonial Governor Haddon-Smith, of the Bahamas, was struck by the two names the day he came out to the barge to go down in the tube and take a first look at some of the territory over which he presides. He was amazed by the beauty of the spectacle revealed and would not be content until Lady Haddon-Smith, who accompanied him, also went down. Captain Haddon-Smith, of the English army, and his wife, and Colonial Secretary Hart-Bennett also were in the party, and so was American Consul Doty. They all took turns in descending into the chamber, and were loath to leave the beautiful view that was unfolded before their eyes.



WRECK OF CIVIL WAR BLOCKADE-RUNNER

In looking down thru the water by

means of a water-glass, the vegetation in the sea-gardens is much foreshortened, and the greatest height is, seemingly, about three feet. Thru the glass of the chamber, however, all of this foreshortening is lost, and the beautiful ferns, sea-palms and other species of subaqueous growth are seen in the full dignity of their real height. Looking at them from the bottom, they wave and sway in the tide to a height of eight or ten feet.

Nearly every one who has toured in tropical waters has seen the native black boys dive for coins. One of the most interesting of the films is that which shows these boys while they are beneath the surface, fighting each other for the elusive bit of silver. Sometimes three of them were caught at once struggling to get the piece of money at a depth of twenty-five feet. A very remarkable photograph was taken at a speed of 1-300th of a second, and caught one of these divers at the instant his head and shoulders appeared beneath the surface when he was diving.



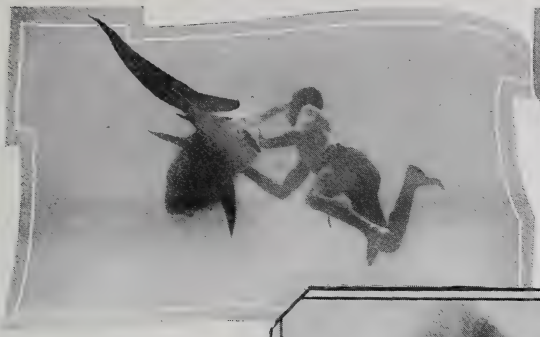
FISH NIBBLING AT BAIT FORTY FEET UNDER WATER

For the first time in the world, photographs were taken of deep-sea divers working on a wreck. Near Nassau there is the hulk of an old blockade-runner that came to grief while seeking safety in that harbor during the Civil War. She lies at a depth of fifty feet, and scattered on the bottom near her are some rust-encrusted cannon and many cannon-balls. George Williamson volunteered to be a diver, and a suit was borrowed from the Colonial Government. Altho he had never been beneath the surface in this sort of garb before, Mr. Williamson gamely went down and strolled about the wreck, picking up cannon-balls and sending them aloft in a wire basket attached to a line. While he was so engaged, Mr. Gregory, safe and dry in the chamber, was photographing him.

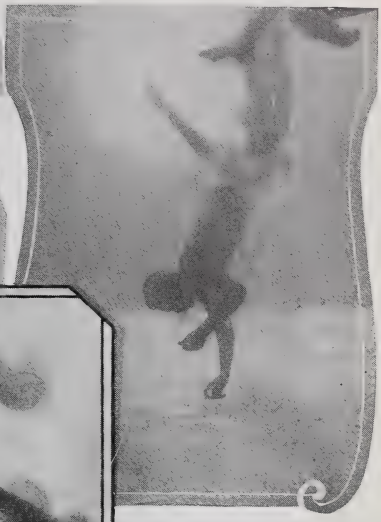
Another very interesting film was made to show the entire workings of the sponge industry. The fleet of a hundred or more sponge schooners was filmed at the quay in Nassau. Then the barge was towed out to the sponge bottoms, and the chamber lowered where a full view of the sponges could be had. Instead of diving, the spongers use a bucket with a glass bottom, which they look thru into the water. When they see a sponge, they push down a long pole with two iron hooks on its end, twist the hooks into the roots of the sponge and pull it from its bed on the bottom. This process was photographed, both below the water and on the deck of the sponge boat. Then the marketing and trimming of the sponges was filmed on shore.

Many feet of film were made of the hundreds of different kinds of fish that abound in the Bahama waters. Some were caught as they swam about in their natural haunts among the coral reefs, and others, by means of a baited line, were drawn close up to the chamber. Color plates were taken to be used as a guide in coloring the film by hand, so that the world may see in their natural tints the fish, the wrecks, the reefs and the marine gardens. Also, these plates will afford

an authentic record of what was seen on the first step toward robbing the sea of its secrets with a camera.



NATIVE DIVER KILLING A SHARK



NATIVE DIVERS AFTER COINS



STERN-POST OF A WRECKED VESSEL





THE CARCASS OF A HORSE USED FOR SHARK BAIT

As in all tropical waters, the sea around the Bahamas abounds in sharks, and a film that has no counterpart in the annals of photography was secured of a battle between two of these monsters. Specimens 18 and 20 feet long are common, and no ordinary-sized bait would last long enough for the purpose of photographing them.

After, however, unwinding many miles of British red tape, for the law does not permit an animal to be wantonly killed, no matter how incapable of work it may be, a lame horse was secured and put to death by a special agent from the police department, at a convenient place on the shore, whence it was towed out to sea and anchored in the water near the apparatus. The carcass was slashed

with a knife, so that the blood might flow out on the outgoing tide, and in less than an hour after there were twenty to twenty-five of these huge fish milling around the bait. They are the natural scavengers of the sea, but some instinct seemed to tell them that the carcass anchored there augured no good for them, and they swam around and around it, several at a time, and swallowed eagerly huge chunks of meat which were thrown overboard from the barge.

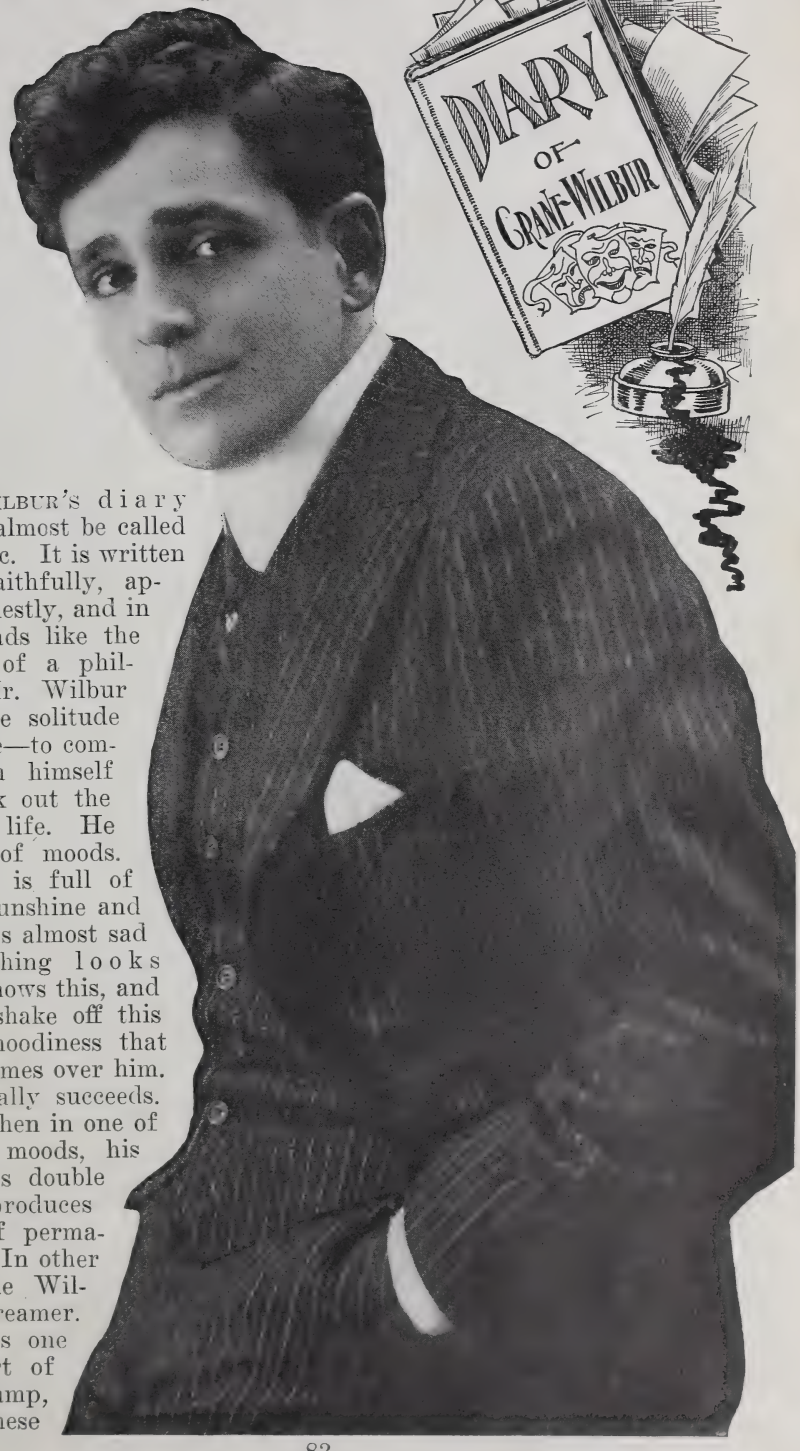
The crew caught half-a-dozen of these monsters with large hooks attached to chains. After losing several hooks which were used with heavy woven wire, but which snapped between their serrated teeth like pack-threads, one of the largest of these freshly hooked monsters was drawn close to the chamber to permit the taking of a good view of his leviathan struggles. A portion of the hunch of meat which was used for bait still protruded from his jaws, and, while he struggled thus, another huge shark swam in view and wrested it from his jaws. He swallowed it at one gulp and seemed infuriated that there was no more. He swerved about like an angry bull, swam away for a few feet; then turned and, with open jaws, darted like an arrow at the fish still imprisoned by the hook. He snatched at one of the huge fins and tore it to shreds in his razor-like teeth. The imprisoned animal, which had not struggled much at the hook up to now, became infuriated. Appalled at the danger of the man in the chamber, for should one of these huge animals have struck the glass at full tilt it would certainly have been broken and the operator drowned beneath the deluge of tons of water, the men on deck slackened away on the line, and the two huge animals engaged in battle-royal, each plunging toward the other with wide-open mouth, tearing one another at every available point, each bite tearing the flesh and streaming blood; but finally, despite the hook, which still hung to his jaws, the wounded shark beat off the other one.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—J. E. WILLIAMSON, CARL L. GREGORY (CAMERAMAN) AND G. M. WILLIAMSON

The ocean is their home, their hunting-ground and their battlefield, and to photograph them you must go to them in their own domain. Many stories have been written of hand-to-hand conflicts with man-eating sharks; but when it comes to finding a native diver who will actually go down armed with nothing but a short knife and engage in a single-handed combat with one of these brutes, it means considerably more effort than an exercise of a fertile imagination with a pencil and paper. Such a man was at last found, however, and Motion Pictures made of a naked diver meeting one of these kings of the deep in his own element and, with a long, sweeping stroke of his keen knife, disemboweling an immense shark who darts toward him with open mouth, escaping the yawning jaws as a matador dodges a bull and, with one swift thrust of quivering steel, landing a death-stroke in the monster's vitals.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF CRANE WILBUR



CRANE WILBUR'S diary might almost be called a classic. It is written carefully, faithfully, apparently honestly, and in places it reads like the meditations of a philosopher. Mr. Wilbur seems to like solitude—to be alone—to commune with himself and to think out the problems of life. He is a man of moods. One day he is full of gaiety and sunshine and the next he is almost sad and everything looks dark. He knows this, and he tries to shake off this feeling of moodiness that sometimes comes over him. And he usually succeeds. But often, when in one of these quiet moods, his mind works double time and produces something of permanent value. In other words, Crane Wilbur is a dreamer. And there is one thing, a sort of Aladdin's lamp, that helps these

dreams to reality—to make them come true; and that is—his pipe. The Havana perfecto, of which he smokes about eight a day and which is considered the more elegant for public places, does not produce dreams and ideas—it is the pipe. A sleepy-hollow chair, a soft, high footstool, a dim light—preferably twilight or a hearth fire—and a pipe—these are the ideal conditions for dreams that come true. And then there are the mountains—what more inspiring setting for a great dream? Mr. Wilbur, like William Tell of old, loves the grandeur and the freedom of the mountains. He marvels at their vastness; at the wonderfulness of Nature; of the unlimited power of their Creator; of the possibilities of life and of its mysteries. He was born at Athens, N. Y., which is in the Catskill Mountains, where he goes occasionally to visit his mother, who still lives there. Those Athenians always were great people, and the modern ones seem not to have lost all of the valor and wisdom of the ancients. For has not little Athens in the Catskills produced one of the greatest of photoplay artists?



MR. WILBUR IN ONE OF HIS FAVORITE CHARACTER RÔLES

Mr. Wilbur is at present living in what are called studio-apartments on Madison Avenue. It is no secret that his little family has been shipwrecked, and that his apartments are now unoccupied, except by himself and his two pets, "Queeny" and "Rowdy," which are two large, brindle bulldogs—"the pride of his heart and the joy of his life," as he calls them.

Nearly every morning, in the grill-room of the Hotel McAlpin, which is not far from his apartment, Mr. Wilbur may be seen sipping his black coffee, of which he always takes two cups, about as strong as they can make it. A couple of boiled eggs and some buttered toast usually go with the coffee, and, most important of all, a large plate of strawberries and cream. Be it June or December, it is always strawberries and cream, three hundred and sixty-five times a year—leap year, three hundred and sixty-six. The head waiter knows that if they dont scour the markets and provide strawberries, they will lose one of their best customers.

After breakfast Mr. Wilbur stops in at his office before going over to the Pathé studio in Jersey City. To prove that his dreams come true, he has several plays and vaudeville

sketches to his credit, and several of these are now playing on the road. At night he dines well—usually a fillet mignon, hashed-brown potatoes and ice-cream or pastry—his favorite dinner. In the evening he sometimes takes in the vaudeville show at the Palace, and sometimes the picture show at the Vitagraph Theater — he is a great admirer of the Vitagraph plays and of Earle Williams, and is often deeply moved by such dramas as "Million Bid," "Captain Alvarez," "The Christian" and "Shadows of the Past."

Mr. Wilbur is passionately fond of music, but is not what we call a dancer. He is always carefully dressed, and is a close student of costumes and fashions. While he is frequently pointed out as he is walking along or sitting in a theater, car or restaurant, he prefers to pass unobserved, yet he is always very observing—"the observed of all observers." He stands five feet ten and a half inches in his stocking feet, weighs 175 pounds, and his eyes are gray. He speaks the Italian dialect fluently, and often appears at photoplay theaters, where he entertains his many admirers.

The foregoing facts were extracted from the diary of Crane Wilbur, and the reason that the extracts are not given *verbatim* is because Mr. Wilbur so requested.

Mr. Wilbur is said to be one of the handsomest men on the screen. The worst that has ever been said of him is that he is just a trifle theatrical, but some critics think that this adds to his charm. Before joining the Pathé Frères Company, he had twelve years' experience on the stage, including four seasons with Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala." His first "leading" part was with Henry Irving, and consisted of leading a mule across the stage. His first speaking part was in "Robespierre," in which he had to say only "*Oui, oui, monsieur!*" but he forgot his line and lost his job. Later on, however, he was reëngaged by the same company for a tour in Australia. Mr. Wilbur is now well known all over the globe, and there are few, if any, leading men who can excel him in popularity.



He has added largely to his renown by playing the leading male part in the much-advertised "Perils of Pauline," which is a continued story of pretentious proportions. Pearl White plays the title rôle, and these two admirable photoplay artists make a very acceptable team.

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

BABY DORIS BAKER

(Universal)



Baby Doris Baker, one of the clever children at the Universal Western studios, is five years old and a versatile child. She is well suited to Motion Picture work, being intelligent and good at either pathetic or humorous parts. Possessed of a sweet nature, she is a general favorite at the studios. She is a splendid little swimmer, and at the age of four went over the vaudeville circuits as a cornetist. Before joining the Universal, Doris worked for Biograph and Pathé.

MARGARITA FISCHER

(Beauty)



Margarita Fischer possesses one of the most lovable personalities on the screen. She has not one trace of snobbishness and is kindness personified — a charming little lady. She started at the age of eight, and since that time has played in stock, repertoire, vaudeville and grand opera. For some time Miss Fischer had her own company, and was induced to desert the "legitimate" for the Moving Picture stage by the salary offered and the desire for a fixed home. She first joined the Selig Polyscope Company, in Chicago, and then came the Imp and the Universal. She is now under the direction of Harry Pollard and plays under the "Beauty" brand of the American Company. She loves automobiling and does *not* love housework, and is absolutely absorbed in her work—her work reflects it. She is very popular and deserves her popularity.

JOHN RICHARDSON

(American)



Jack Richardson possibly stands alone in the field as being the handsomest and the most villainous character appearing on the screen.

This dual, or "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" qualification, is a decided compliment to the histrionic ability of Mr. Richardson. His larger circle of acquaintances is made up of screen fans who know him as the villain or as "Mr. Hyde."

Some of the acidified compliments he receives are made with such evident sincerity that they are almost alarming. One woman, signing "Mother," writes that she has raised

four boys, but if any of them were to develop as evil looks as Jack has, she would sure poison them. A preacher writes that "no man could act the parts so realistically without being a bad man at heart."

The other somewhat smaller circle of friends know him more intimately as the "handsome" or the "Dr. Jekyll" and vouch for his sincerity of purpose and kindness of heart.

His success is due to the singleness of purpose with which he undertakes his work.

He is five feet eleven inches in his stocking feet, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and has brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion.

WINIFRED GREENWOOD

(American)



Miss Greenwood has enjoyed a thoro training in the "legitimate," and for a number of years has appeared as leading lady. Her appearance in the popular "Flying A" pictures will be pleasing indeed to her hosts of friends, who have been watching her every movement with profoundest interest.

Her first experience was acquired in vaudeville, when she toured the States and Canada with the King's Carnival Company. The first speaking part was as ingénue lead in "Zig-Zag Alley." From musical comedy she went to melodrama, starring with J. J. Kennedy in the "Midnight Express." She scored big successes in "Sapho" and "Camille," and acquired an enviable popularity thruout the country in various well-known stock companies.

This extensive experience makes her a very versatile lead, and she is ranked among the foremost stars of the silent drama. Her favorite pastimes are the popular athletic sports, riding, swimming, tennis, golf, etc.

The key to her phenomenal success is traceable to her innate desire to please her audience.

THOMAS SANTSCHI

(Selig)



Thomas is not, in reality, Santschi's correct first name. It is Paul W. He is called Tom by his friends, and Thomas by the Selig officials. The name of Tom has stuck to him ever since he appeared in his first Moving Picture for the Selig Company. This happened back in 1907, when he joined the Selig forces at their Chicago studios. The director under whom he was working had difficulty in remembering his name. For this reason he was dubbed "Tom," that being the name of the part he was playing at the time. He made good in this first picture, and from then on Tom was in demand by the producers.

Santschi is one of the most interesting members of the Western branch of the Selig Polyscope Company. Big in physical development, taciturn in disposition and possessing a keen sense of humor, this popular leading man has won for himself a following so large that his adopted name is almost a byword among picture fans. Lucerne, Switzerland, the very name of which fills one with poetic fancies, was his birthplace. Early in life his soul developed the wanderlust, and he turned toward the United States. St. Louis claimed Tom for its own, and here it was that he received his schooling. This completed, he turned his attention to the trade of watch-

maker. Having a great love for music, he spent many hours each day at the piano. Always possessed of an overpowering ambition for the stage, he spent his days at the jeweler's bench and his nights at the "show shops," doing extra work whenever opportunity afforded.

The inevitable soon happened. The jewelry business began to lose its hold on Tom, and the boards claimed him. Theatrical experiences came fast and furious after that, and Tom always made good. One day he walked into the Selig studios and announced that he was ready for work. He was tried out and put into "leads." Here he remained until he became leading man of the Western company, of which he was an original member. He accompanied the first Motion Picture camera man into California and has remained in that fairyland ever since.

Mr. Santschi has an unusual talent for music and plays almost entirely by "ear" and "inspiration," often improvising, to the everlasting pleasure of his friends, who never tire of hearing him. His dressing-room diary, which is incomplete, shows that he has portrayed over eleven hundred different parts during his five years as a picture player. His greatest success was in "The Spoilers," sharing the honors with Mr. Farnham.

LILLIAN WALKER

(Vitagraph)



Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., the 21st of April, 1888. The name Walker is a combination of her own family name and a stage nom-de-plume, her father being Andrew Wolke, which generally has developed into Walker in English. Her mother was Caroline Petersen. Both parents were born and raised in Sweden; three generations before on the father's side having emigrated from Germany, and her mother's family being Swedish.

Miss Walker was educated in the Brooklyn public schools and at Erasmus Hall High School. Her first position was as a telephone operator, but upon the death of her father it devolved on her to become the main support of the family, so she cast about for more profitable employment. At first she worked as a professional model, and as such gained sufficient local reputation to secure her first theatrical engagement, which was the ingénue part in the melodrama called "The Little Organ Grinder," in which Maurice Costello was the leading man and Mrs. Mary Maurice was the "old lady."

When Miss Walker returned to New York she secured an engagement with the "Follies of 1910," in which she was the end dancer and did specialties thruout the performance. Later on she entered vaudeville and scored only a mild success, because of the fact that her voice is so light that she cannot be heard in large theaters. It was the lack of voice that forced her to abandon the dramatic stage.

Preferring to remain in New York, she again adopted the calling of a model, and while thus employed many of her photographs were seen by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, one of the Vitagraph owners. Her photographs made her look possible for Motion Pictures, and she was given a try-out, with wonderful results, inasmuch as blondes with light eyes have an exceptionally hard task before them to succeed in Motion Pictures. Her ability as a comedienne was soon established, and since then she has generally appeared in the lighter form of Motion Pictures, her greatest success being in "Cinderella's Slippers," "The Wonderful Statue," "Love's Quarantine" and "Love, Luck and Gasoline."

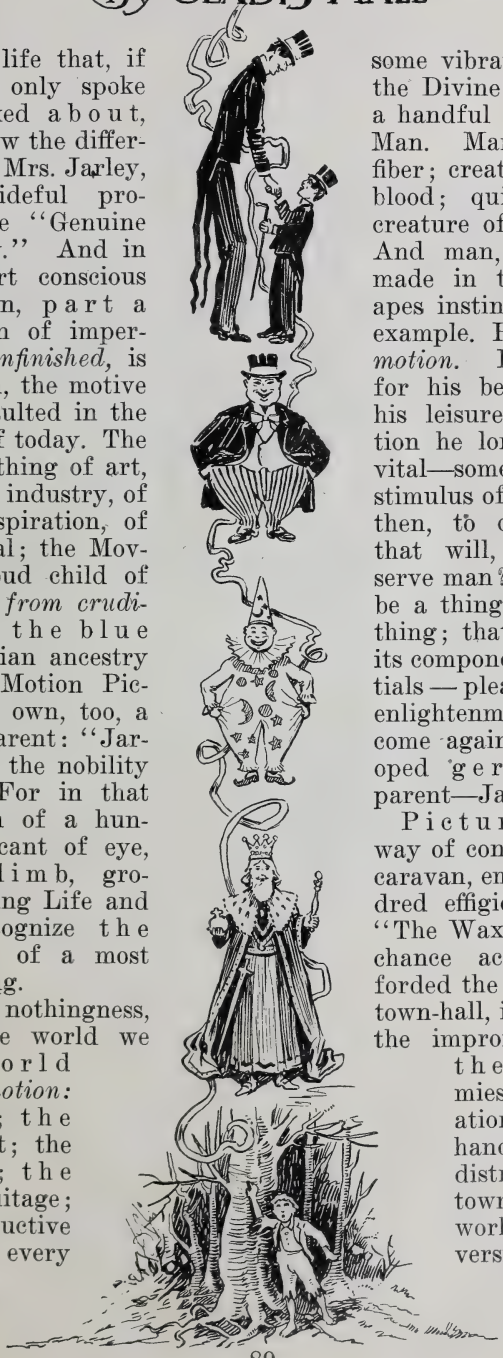
She is an excellent swimmer, a good rider and has made many trips in aeroplanes.

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORK

PARENTING THE MOTION PICTURE OF TODAY.

BY GLADYS HALL

"AND so like life that, if waxwork only spoke and walked about, you'd hardly know the difference." So spoke Mrs. Jarley, comfortable, prideful proprietress of the "Genuine and Only Jarley." And in that speech, part conscious self-congratulation, part a wistful admission of imperfection of the *unfinished,* is typified the germ, the motive idea that has resulted in the Motion Picture of today. The Motion Picture, thing of art, of instruction, of industry, of pleasure and inspiration, of insight and moral; the Moving Picture, proud child of science—*evolved from crudities!* Whatever the blue blood and patrician ancestry of the modern Motion Pictures, they must own, too, a more plebeian parent: "Jarley's—delight of the nobility and gentry." For in that motley collection of a hundred figures, vacant of eye, impossible of limb, grotesquely simulating Life and Motion, we recognize the rude progenitor of a most splendid offspring.



Out of chaos, nothingness, God evolved the world we live in—a world *athrill with motion:* the air-currents; the dancing sunlight; the tireless seas; the flowers; the fruitage; the ever-productive earth—each and every one of these has some special motion, some vibratory power. It is the Divine example. Out of a handful of dust God made Man. Man—alive in every fiber; creative mind; leaping blood; quickening pulse—a creature of intensive *motion.* And man, in turn, being made in the Divine image, apes instinctively the Divine example. He strives to *create motion.* For his pleasure, for his better learning, for his leisure and his occupation he longs for something vital—something with the stimulus of actual life. How, then, to create the motion that will, all bountifully, serve man?—Motion that will be a thing apart—a sentient thing; that will comprise in its component parts the essentials — pleasure, instruction, enlightenment. And thus we come again to that undeveloped germ—that plebeian parent—Jarley's waxwork.

Picture to yourself, by way of contrast, the creaking caravan, embowering the hundred effigies which were "The Waxwork." Recall the chance accommodations afforded the show: some musty town-hall, in all probability—the impromptu erecting of the incongrous dummies—the hasty decoration. Recall the handbills profusely distributed about the town wherein the waxwork held court—the versifying and parodying of which they were comprised —

all the crude unfinishedness of it. And then—enter the hall and gaze on the miracle itself. Wondrous that from those cumbersome imitations of living motion comes, directly or indirectly, the vital photoplay of today—the screen whereon move and have a magic being the graceful forms of *men and women!*

And yet, the origin may be traced. The family-tree is clear in every branch. And there are two main

attire—in the striving for expression—in the overdone poses—is the germ of the Motion Picture thought. Life! Motion! Those are the ends they strove to attain, the impressions they struggled to convey. One was to see beyond the things of paint and artifice—above the grotesque simulation of life—and witness life ITSELF. And one endeavored to, but could not be content. The illusion was produced; but illusions, built of illusive



"AND IN THIS STATE AND CEREMONY RODE SLOWLY THRU THE TOWN EVERY MORNING"

(From an old print found in an early copy of "Old Curiosity Shop")

branches—two sources of origin most distinctly clear. The one—

Enter again the problematic town-hall, chance and all unworthy shelterer of Jarley's. Note the raised platform, the crimson rope cutting off a too-eager public from desecrating contact with the waxwork, and come, at last, cautiously, reverently, to the waxwork itself. With that motley group, heavily painted, painfully expressionless, elaborately posed, what vivid imagination could connect the picture screen of today? And yet, in the very intensity of the paint and

fabric, fade. One came all-credulous, afire with enthusiasm; one left knowing that one had been fooled—that one had looked on waxwork, not on life. All the particularity, all the minute attention to detail, all the attempted realism could not continue to satisfy a public instinct with the *truth* of motion.

Picture Queen Elizabeth's maid of honor, who died as a consequence of sewing on Sunday, with waxen blood trickling from her waxen finger, the tip of her needle gold-hued in the style of the day. Then slip into our

modern photoplay and witness the "Divine Sarah" on the screen, the convincing atmosphere of Elizabeth's era—the pomp and circumstance; the scope and magnitude of the production; the all-satisfying impression, the rock foundation of the illusion given. Is it not a far, far cry?

Recall the effigy of Jasper Packle-



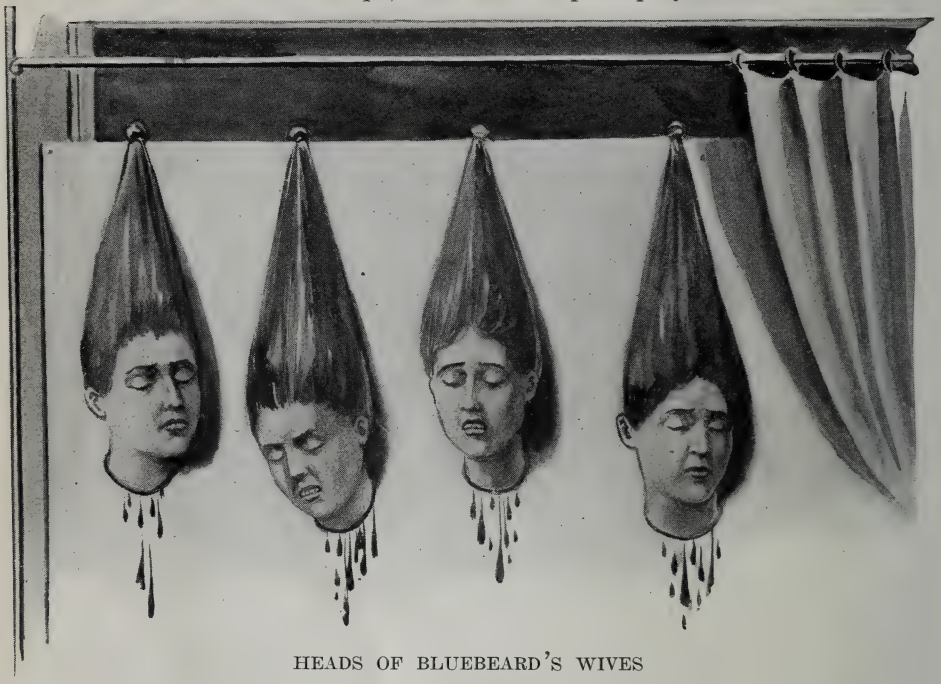
MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORK, SHOWING MRS. JARLEY AT THE LEFT AND LITTLE NELL AT THE RIGHT, DESCRIBING THE FIGURES AS THEY ARE MADE TO MOVE

merton, who murdered fourteen wives by the ingenious method of tickling the soles of their feet—how he was represented with curled fingers, as in the act, and a wink, malicious and awful to behold, on his face. Then turn to the comedy of the present-day picture show (for we refuse to consider Mr. Packlemerton as other than an unwilling comedian) and grasp the ground it has covered. There is no side-splitting act too difficult to accomplish; there is no realism impossible of portrayal by the comedians of the screen—the world may laugh, indeed.

Consider the characters of the waxwork—the thin man, the tall man, the short man, the wild boy of the woods, the nun, the clown, the members of royalty and those prominent in politics, the historical personages—the pathos of the tawdry imitation—and come again to the magic screen, with its wide company of men and women capable of bringing to thousands upon thousands these characters and many others; and not only the characters, but the lives they've lived, fictional and realistic—their emotions, their stories, their truths

and beliefs—the marvelous kaleidoscope of their very being. From Jarley's waxwork has sprung an offspring limitless. From each and every waxen image portraying a personage in some specific act, an era, an emblem, there have evolved fields beyond scope—an endless cloth-of-gold for the science and imaginative power of man to work his miracles with.

And from the crimson rope, the pomp of the raised platform, the lyrical and parodical handbills, the embellishments of Jarley's temporary halting-places, we come to the homes of the modern photoplay—places restful to the body and restful to the eye, with music for the ear; places wherein decorative instinct has been combined with practical sense and taste, with a result of pleasurable comfort. And it is comfort that brings us to that other main branch of the photoplay's family-tree. We have seen how Jarley's "Wonder of Royalty" simulated motion and *stimulated* man into further perfecting the crude beginning; but when motion should advance—what of man? Was he to continue to be in motion, too, that he might enjoy the fruits of his labor? Was he to go the rounds, as he was compelled to do at Jarley's, in order that the full effect might be obtained? Here, then, is the other branch—the most rational explanation, perhaps, of the evolution of the photoplay: the restful seats—the ease and comfort of the world-wide audience.

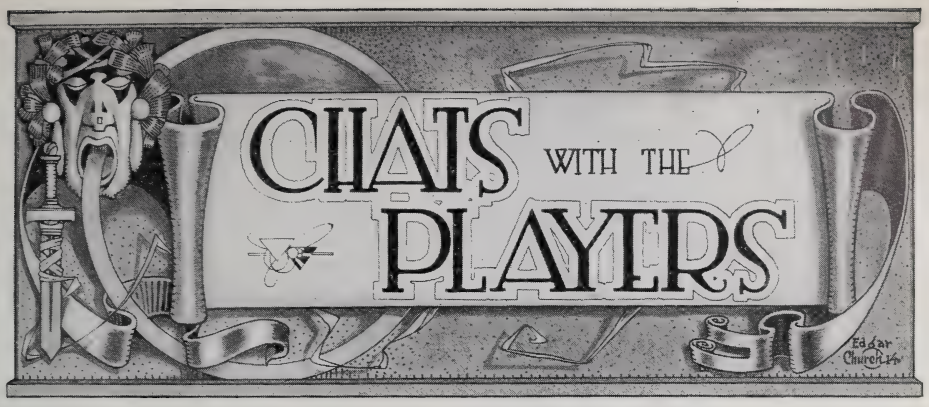


HEADS OF BLUEBEARD'S WIVES

(This is a variation of the waxwork, and is produced by having some young ladies protrude their heads thru holes in a sheet, with their hair gathered up and fastened above. With the faces properly made up, and a few splashes of carmine on the sheet, this makes a realistic and interesting form of parlor entertainment, tho perhaps a grewsome one.)

In the time of Jarley's, consider the distances one had to go—the inconveniences of the excursion oft-times—the weariness of following the crimson rope while Mrs. Jarley ceremoniously introduced the various images in turn, with appropriate discourses on their peculiarities, habits, age and customs. How wonderful, thought man, if one might recline restfully while Jarley's waxwork paraded before one's grateful eyes! How infinitely superior that would

(*Continued on page* 156)



PAULINE BUSH, OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

THE keynote to this young lady's character (for she IS young and she IS a lady) is intense seriousness, but, as is the case with all really serious people, there is the saving grace of underlying humor. I do not believe that Pauline Bush was ever frivolous or flighty, and I can almost see her as a small girl, with long, brown, wavy hair and gray-blue eyes, regarding a boy or girl performing foolish antics, and saying seriously, "Dont be so silly; what does it all mean?"

She is a mightily restful lady to talk to, and she responded to my questions with composure and candor; and, dressed in thoro good taste, and with her expressive eyes and fine complexion, she is good and wholesome to look upon. I asked her where she first saw the light.

"At Wahoo, a suburb of Lincoln, Nebraska, and, by the way, Sam Crawford, the Detroit baseball player, and Karl Eckstrom, the actor, also come from the same place, as well as the proprietors of 'Shredded Wheat,' so you see we provide both amusement and nourishment for the public."

"Tell me something about your people and your early life," I requested her.

"My father was a physician, and I can safely say that I inherited any talent I possess, for my mother was quite a noted singer and sang in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City on a visit to that place. My aunts and uncles, on my mother's side, are all possessed of artistic talents and are either artists, elocutionists or musicians. My grandfather and father's brothers were all physicians and surgeons.

"As a child I had a peculiarly romantic idea—fad we will call it if you like—in that I wanted to go to the South to school, and so I was sent to a girls' private school in Virginia, where a great deal of attention was paid to deportment and the arts. I was a strange child in some ways, and was far more fond of animals than I was of the society of other children. I loved horses and learnt to ride early in life, and I had quite a collection of coyotes, lambs, pigeons, dogs, cats, raccoons and cute little prairie dogs, to whom I used to talk as tho they were human beings; and how I did love them all!

"Later, I attended the University of Nebraska, where I laid the foundation for my future work. I specialized in music generally, and the piano in particular.

"I was never a very robust child, and altho I had a hankering for New York, I was persuaded to go to Los Angeles for my health's sake and to forget the big metropolis for the summer months."

"Did you go to New York?"

"Not at once. In Los Angeles I attended the Cumnock Institution and took a course of expression and a literary course in Shakespearian and other literature. I consider this



PAULINE BUSH

course was quite invaluable to me, and it helped shape my after-life considerably."

"And then?" I asked.

"And then big, bustling, wonderful New York, with its composite life, its joys and its cruelties. I learnt much there. My parents begged me to keep to music. They feared that a stage career would be injurious to my health, but I had leanings toward the stage, and I studied constantly and made many visits to many agents and tasted the bitterness of longing and waiting. Eventually I secured a position in 'Kitty Grey' and was assigned a small speaking part. Julia Sanderson and G. P. Huntley took the leads, you will remember. I also understudied the part of Lady Binfield, and my delight was great when I eventually played the part."

"What followed?"

"I returned to California and played in stock at the Liberty Theater, Oakland, and afterwards went to Los Angeles, to be with my mother. That ended my career on the legitimate stage."

"How did you get in the Motion Pictures?" I asked.

"Quite by accident," said Miss Bush. "I was at the Belasco Theater, talking to Helaine Sullivan, when one of the directors of the American Film Manufacturing Company happened along, looking for a good woman lead. One of the actors pointed me out, and I had a conversation with him."

"And you felt quite insulted at being asked to act for the ornery movies," I suggested.

"Of course," and we both laughed.

"However, I decided I would try it out for the novelty of the thing, and made the trip to Santa Barbara. The first photoplay was a Western, with a lot of hard riding; this suited me, and I know I surprised them all, and secretly I blessed my early training and my love for horses. The second picture was produced by Allan Dwan, and I have been with him ever since. I really owe my present position to his training."

"How long were you with the 'Flying A'?" I queried.

"Two years, and then I came to the Universal with Mr. Dwan, and have been here a year."

"Do you do anything else besides act?"

"Yes, I write a number of photoplays and keep up my music. Then I have written, under an assumed name, for the magazines for three or four years now. I must have an outlet for my thoughts, and I give expression to them in psychological form in my articles. They bring me in some good dress-money, too. In spare time I study dancing, ride, fence and go automobiling."

"Any particular fads or whims?"

"I think not. I am the firmest kind of a believer in the art of expression on the Motion Picture stage.

The old idea of violent pantomime is dead, and I never cease to study just expression and to watch my pictures carefully to see how it 'gets over.' "

RICHARD WILLIS.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, OF THE KEYSTONE COMPANY

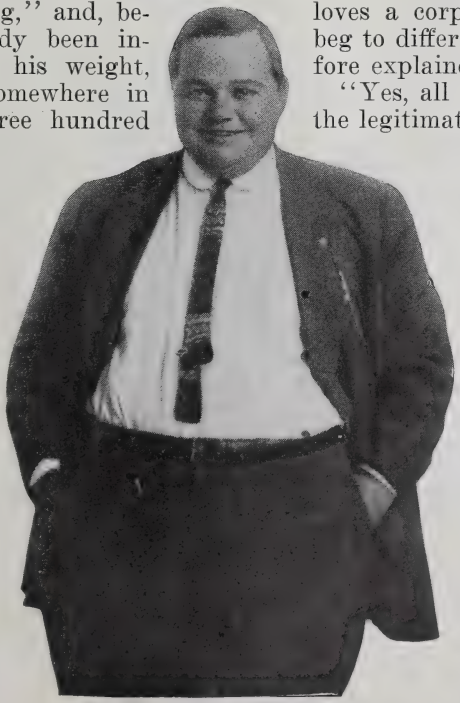
WHEN Roscoe Arbuckle had completed the task of binding the helpless and hapless Mabel Normand to a dreadful-looking contrivance that must surely have contained a dynamite bomb, and had been promptly and energetically rebuffed by Ford Sterling and a villainous-looking coterie of police officers, to the entire satisfaction of Director Mack Sennett, he lumbered toward me, deposited himself upon the safest two of several rather doubtful-appearing chairs, rolled a cigaret with a one-armed sweep, lit it, took a puff, got it going, settled back and sighed.

"Fire away," he uttered, puffing away contentedly, "but before you proceed, dont ask me how much I weigh. That question's barred."

I gently assured him that I could not ask him concerning his weight *without* "proceeding," and, besides, I had already been informed concerning his weight, and that it was somewhere in the vicinity of three hundred pounds.

"He's a falsifier" (or something to that effect), glared Roscoe, "whoever told you that. I don't weigh a pound above two hundred and eighty, and, what's more, I never did."

"That so?" I inquired, making a note of the fact. "That so? And—please pardon my curiosity—is it also a—ah—misstatement that you are—er—a married man?"



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

"Well, no," he admitted; "I am married—have been for five years. But dont tell that.

"You see," he added hastily, "my wife (whose stage name is Minta Durfee) and I do have such times reading the love-letters I receive (imagine!), and, besides, being single does make so for popularity." I solemnly assured him that I would keep his secret, and he continued: "And another untruth that I desire to hammer (these are the interviewer's words) is that one concerning my having played in 'The Round-up.' That is distinctly a case of mistaken identity, altho the crime is one yours truly would fain plead guilty to, did not habitual integrity forbid. As for that historic utterance of Maclyn Arbuckle (get that right, please—Maclyn) to the effect that nobody loves a corpulent man, I must beg to differ, for reasons heretofore explained.

"Yes, all I have ever done in the legitimate stage line, outside of those few sweet years spent on the Loop circuit, were the nine months spent with Ferris Hartman and 'The Campus' Company on an Oriental tour, during which we toured China, Japan, India, Honolulu, the Philippine Islands, and even more civilized places, and during which critics were very kind. The tour ended January, Nineteen Thirteen, and I have been in the

pictures ever since. My first experience in Motion Pictures? At the Universal's Hollywood studio, under Director Albert Christie, to whom I had been introduced by Robert Leonard, a close friend. I had been there four weeks, when Fred Mace left Keystone, and I was taken to fill the vacancy. I have been here ever since.

"Yes, I have done my worst in 'Two Old Tars,' 'A Noise from the Deep,' 'The Riot' and 'The Gangsters.' But outside of falling on my ear, being chased by bears and surrounded by snakes, or doing forty-five-foot dives off the long wharf at Santa Monica, my work has been rather uneventful."

Nothing but golden silence from Roscoe for several minutes, while he must envelop himself in a cloud of cigaret smoke, which made him seem like one of the genii of an Arabian Nights tale.

"As you were going to say," I finally ventured encouragingly.

"Just this." He suddenly became enthusiastic. "That I am a member of the Keystone Baseball Team, and a finer little aggregation of ball-players never existed in this immediate vicinity, nor for a good distance around."

"Let me see," I mused. "Wasn't that the team that was defeated so badly by a bunch of boys from the high school up on the——"

"Excuse me," said Roscoe, hurriedly. "I hear the director calling me. I must be back to work. Give them all my regards, will you?"

Whereupon Roscoe returned to the fray, pounced upon Ford Sterling and his villainous-looking satellites, dispersed them with a few hefty stage-clouts, took possession of the hapless Mabel Normand and dragged her off for further torture, to the clicking of the clicky camera—and I proceeded on my way. GEORGE A. POSNER.



POPULAR PLAYER PUZZLE

The foregoing is a miniature reproduction of the puzzle picture that appeared in our July issue. The correct answers are as follows: Pickford, Johnson, Blackwell, Bushman, Clayton, Storey, Turner, Sweet, Walker, Anderson, Rich, Bush, August, Lincoln, Coombs, Reid, Church, Rhodes, Metcalf, Drew, Bunny, Miller, Van, Ostriche, Gardner, Fischer, Fielding, West, Stonehouse, Tennant, Darkfeather, Brooke, Shay, Case, Mann, De Grasse, Standing, Foote, Field, Mailes, Lane, Shade, Ford, Boss. The prize-winners will be announced in the October issue.

Expression of the Emotions

By Eugene V. Brewster

This is the third of a series of articles, the first having appeared in the July issue

Since my first article on this subject appeared in the July issue, I have received numerous appreciations from the players, and this is gratifying, because it proves that the photoplayer's art is beginning to be taken seriously, and that it has come to be more than crude pantomime. The future will have no place for the antiquated player who does not understand the art of expression of the emotions, unless it be as a clown in a circus. The art of facial expression must be mastered by the actor of the screen just as much as the art of speech must be mastered by the actor of the stage. The art of facial expression is more important to the photoplayer than to the stage actor, because the latter may compensate with superior elocution, while the former must rely almost solely on facial expression. It is unfortunate that so many players rely on the emotions themselves, trusting that the proper expression must follow as a matter of course; for example, if the player desires to express grief, he works his emotions up into a state of imaginary grief, trusting that the muscles of his face will express without what he is trying to feel within. This method will not always work out satisfactorily. Have you not noticed some players who, when trying to weep, screw their faces up so that we cannot tell whether they are about to laugh or to weep? In such cases the result is ludicrous rather than pathetic. On the following page is a picture which that estimable player, Mary Fuller, sent me at my request to illustrate this article. According to Miss Fuller's interpretation, her face, gesture and posture denote surprise, but others might interpret the emotion as eagerness or pleasurable anticipation. She might be saying: "Isn't it beautiful—give it to me"; or "I see that you are innocent—I beg of you, forgive me." It should be noted here that the hands are also expressive. The palms held down would tend to illustrate something dark or gloomy; if held upward, something bright and cheerful. It is quite difficult to express surprise with the palm held upward. The upward palm in this case would denote a request, an appeal or an invitation; but if the palm were held downward, it would perhaps denote fear, repulsion, antagonism, or



SURPRISE; MARY FULLER

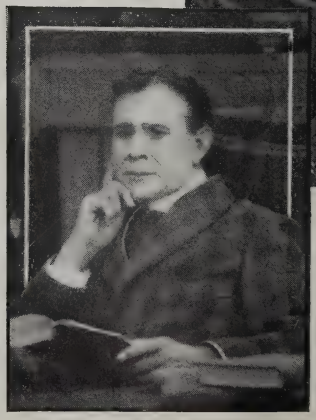
some negative. The soundness of this theory is apparent when you hold out your hands and ask a child to come to you. You hold the palms upward, do you not? And if you wish to tell the child to keep away from you, you hold the palms downward, or toward the child. Nearly all the emotions, and their various expressions, can be analyzed in this way, but not all.

After reading carefully the authoritative works on the subject, which, by the way, every artist, photoplayer and actor should study, I find myself at a loss to explain certain phenomena of the expression and the causes. Many writers confess the whole subject of expression as inexplicable. Even such an eminent physiologist as Müller says: "The completely different expression of the features in different passions shows that, according to the kind of feeling excited, entirely different groups of the facial nerves are acted on. Of the cause of this we are quite ignorant." Nevertheless, Darwin has

CONTEMPT; RICHARD NEILL



APPREHENSION; MARC MACDERMOTT



WORRY; CHARLES OGLE

since covered the entire field so exhaustively that very little now remains which cannot be accounted for, and I shall endeavor, in this and in succeeding articles, to simplify the subject as much as possible.

A word or two on the anatomy of the face seems to be necessary, however, and I, therefore, quote a paragraph from Francis Walker's "Physical Expression":

The face includes the anterior portion of the skull, with the soft parts attached thereto. These soft parts consist of the facial muscles which move the features of the face, and certain muscles of mastication; the interstices between the muscles are filled in with fat. Skin covers the whole face; it is in part adherent to the adjacent muscles, and is moved by them. The skin is continuous with the mucous membrane at the openings for the mouth, nose and eyes.

The facial muscles proper, the muscles of expression, are supplied with motor stimulus by branches of the facial nerve, the muscles of mastication being supplied by the motor division of the fifth pair of brain nerves. Vessels supply blood to all these parts and to the skin. Branches of the sympathetic nerve supply the muscular walls of the small arteries, and by their action control the amount of blood supply. Palsy of the sympathetic nerve on one side leads to flushing of that half of the face; thus the mobile color of the face is largely controlled by the sympathetic nerve. . . . The face is an index of the brain: the mobile conditions of the face are so many direct expressions of the brain conditions; especially are those fine shades of variation expressive which accompany emotions and mentations.

In studying such a difficult and complex subject as the direct expression of the face, certain methods must be followed, and the



DISTRUST; JACK RICHARDSON

DOUBT; PEARL WHITE

YEARNING: VINNIE BURNS



COMPLACENCY; KING BAGGOT

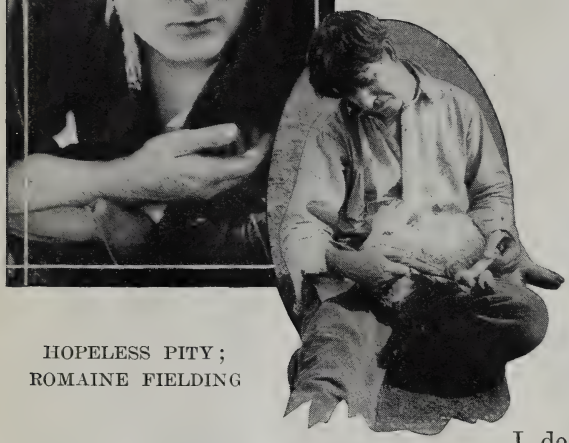


ANXIETY AND ALARM; MARGUERITE CLAYTON

TERROR; DARWIN KARR



MEDITATION; WARREN KERRIGAN



HOPELESS PITY; ROMAINE FIELDING

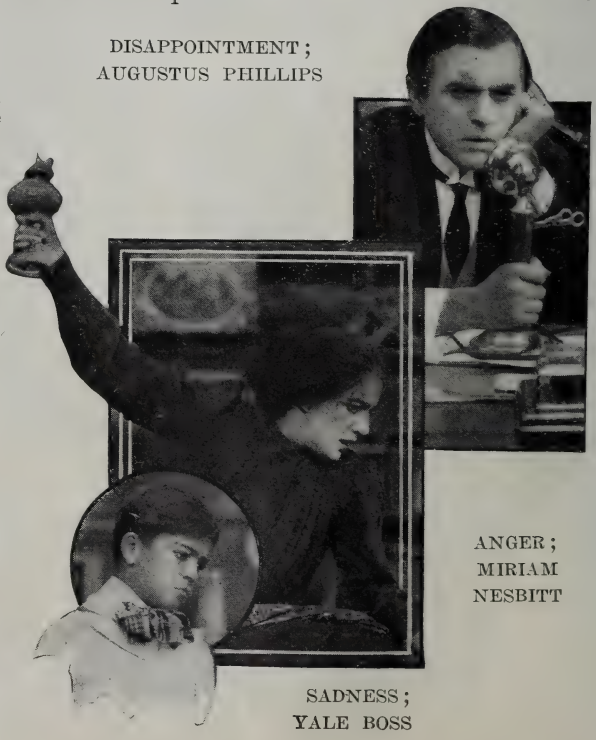
different facial expressions that have been observed must be analyzed and described. The principal movements of the facial muscles are:

1. Dilation and contraction of the facial foramina—the openings of the eyes, nose, and mouth.
2. Elevation and depression of parts, as the eyebrows, the angles of the mouth, etc.
3. Retraction and drawing forward of the parts, as in grinning and screwing up the mouth, corrugation of the forehead.

Those who desire to go deeper into the subject are referred to Bell's "Anatomy of Expression" and Darwin's "Expression of the Emotions," which can be found in any good library. Herbert Spencer has also contributed some valuable ideas, among which might be mentioned "the general law that feeling, passing a certain pitch, habitually vents itself in bodily action," meaning that when our excessive emotions overflow, they act on our muscles.

It is not true, as some have stated, that an expressive face indicates unusual intelligence. The faces of children are usually expressive in the extreme, and monkeys have facial muscles so flexible that they can make every conceivable combination, from a hideous grimace to a ludicrous grin. I believe that it was Lillian Russell who said that she never laughs and never allows any expression of emotion to pass over her countenance. Perhaps she had read Darwin's line, "Strongly contracted facial muscles destroy beauty." And perhaps this is why, as we become more intelligent, we learn to express our thoughts and emotions with words rather than by the lines of our faces.

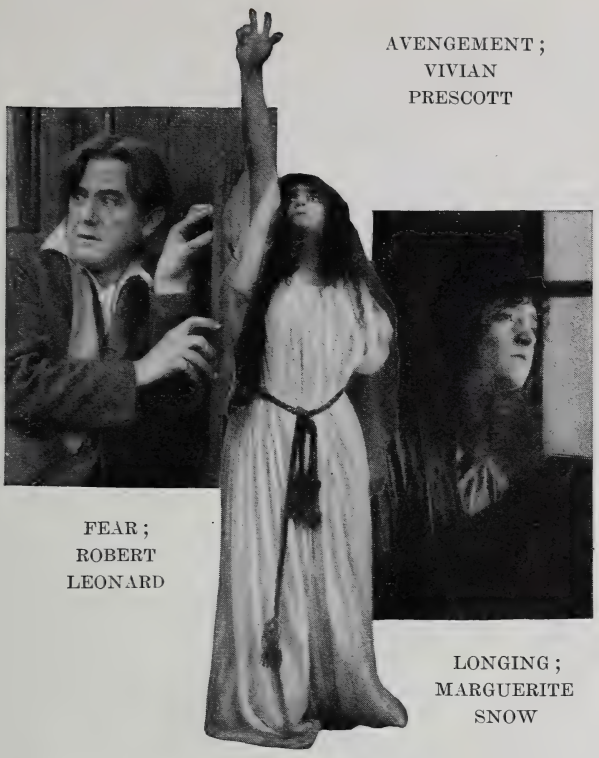
I do not wish it understood that I am opposed to the display of intense emotions by means of facial expression. In this connection let



DISAPPOINTMENT; AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS

ANGER; MIRIAM NESBITT

SADNESS; YALE BOSS



AVENGEMENT; VIVIAN PRESCOTT

FEAR; ROBERT LEONARD

LONGING; MARGUERITE SNOW

Burke says: "A man in great pain has his teeth set; his eyebrows are contracted; his forehead is wrinkled; his eyes are dragged inwards and rolled with great vehemence; his hair stands on end; his voice is forced out in short shrieks and groans, and the whole fabric totters. Fear or terror which is apprehensive of pain or death exhibits exactly the same effects, approaching in violence to those just mentioned, in proportion to the nearness of the cause and the weakness of the subject."

But it must be borne in mind that everybody does not express these emotions as Burke describes. And this brings us to an important branch of the subject—that of characterization. As there are no two things precisely alike in this world, so there are no two persons alike, nor can two different persons express an emotion precisely the same. Two players may be given the parts of two butchers to play. They

me quote a paragraph from Darwin: "He who gives way to violent gestures will increase his rage; he who does not control the signs of fear will experience fear in a greater degree; and he who remains passive when overwhelmed with grief loses his best chance of recovering elasticity of mind."

Some photoplayers are given to excessive exaggeration. They waste their most intense expressions on trivial emotions, and then have nothing left when they are called on to express an intense emotion. For example, suppose a woman is in fear of a mouse or of a fly. If she has only one way of expressing fear, and only one degree of intensity, she will look just the same when attacked by a bee as by a lion. And when in pain from a pin-prick, she looks just the same as when she has a broken heart.



HORROR, REVENGE, HATRED, DREAD; HENRY WALTHALL

may look alike and dress alike, and be of equal intelligence, yet they will be different personalities, and they will express their emotions differently, and their emotions will be different under precisely the same set of circumstances. The first thing a player should do, when given a part to portray, is to *think* that character until he knows it thoroly. He should have the personality so firmly fixed in his mind that he knows just what that character would do under various sets of circumstances. And then, when that character has an emotion to express, it must be expressed in harmony with the player's conception of the



character. In other words, create a real, genuine, new character and stick to it. Those players who play every part the same, will never be a success in the future, for there is now too much competition by players who are making a study of characterization and of expression of the emotions. And it is not sufficient merely to know that habitual suspicion and jealousy, for example, are symptoms and accompaniments of melancholy; that envy may be classed with these expressions, but that envy is an ungenerous repining and not a momentary passion; that suspicion is characterized by earnest attention, with a certain timorous obliquity of the eyes; that jealousy is marked by a more frowning and dark obliquity of the eyes, as if it said, "I have an eye on you," with the lowering eyebrow and a cruel expression in the lower part of the face. The player must do more than learn the recognized expressions of the principal emotions; he must learn how to fit them into his own mechanism, and particularly into the personality of the character he is portraying.

One thing that makes the photoplay seem more real than the stage is the fact that in photoplay genuine types are largely used. When an old man is required, an old man is assigned the part; whereas, on the stage a young man is required to make-up for the part. While the photoplay directors often show cleverness in assigning parts in which racial peculiarities should predominate, they often err with regard to physiognomical and phrenological points. For example, suppose we have two characters to cast, both strong, determined, compelling types, one of whom accomplishes his designs by force of will, and the other by brute strength. The former type usually holds his temples forward and chin somewhat close to his chest, while the latter has a tendency to protrude his chin. The accompanying cuts serve to illustrate, altho originally designed to show racial differences. Thus, it would hardly do to cast Earle Williams for a prize-fighter, because he does not look like a man who fights his battles with his fists. While we cannot lay down many hard-and-fast rules that hold true in all cases, there are certain mouldings of the facial bones and muscles and certain expressions of the countenance that everybody recognizes as denoting certain tendencies. Indeed, as I shall show later, the face gradually moulds itself in conformity to our emotions, feelings, thoughts and disposition.

(To be continued)



CONFESSIONS OF A WOULD-BE SCENARIO WRITER

BY BALUSTRADE ERWIN

THIS is the tale of a soul fired with all the creative zeal of the artist, in conflict with the gross vulgarity of an unappreciative and unsympathetic master; or, to be more explicit, an amateur's experience with scenario editors.

In the first place, let me state that I entered the ring brimful of enthusiasm, and, altho knocked out scores of times, I have not lost one iota of that enthusiasm, altho many times sadly disappointed. My hopes are for revenge—horrible, bloodthirsty revenge, and I live only for the day when, with the editors on their knees before me begging for even a half-reel work of mine, I shall coldly spurn 'em all and place the coveted works with hitherto unknown companies, contenting myself to see the aforesaid editors writhing in jealous and hopeless rage!

From the time of the first Motion Pictures, ambition smouldered deep within me. I painfully concealed it for years, half-ashamed, and only recently by chance did it become known to a friend. Did I say a friend? My worst enemy, rather, as you shall judge of the results. Formerly, a journey to my daily toil was accomplished peaceably and in undisturbed tranquillity. Now I am hailed from every alley and doorway by the apologetic countenances of neighbors: a few mysterious passes thru the air—a cryptic phrase or two—and behold! I find myself in the presence of a companion in misery. The early Christians at Rome had not more secretive or meaning signs than these poor deluded people who aspire to the heights of the profession.

For every one writes photoplays! Would-be playwrights spring up overnight like mushrooms. Folks whom I have regarded for years with respect and veneration I find to be hopelessly entangled in synopses, plots, cut-backs and leaders. One no longer, passing an acquaintance on the street, bids him the time of day, but rather sidles up to him and, in passing, drops one's voice to a stage whisper, and in strained accents, hoarse with suspense, asks: "Did you get it back?"

Scenario writing is a disease which, for contagiousness, eclipses anything heretofore known to the realms of science. The symptoms are very pronounced, but if the victim be living amid unsympathetic surroundings, the family doctor is apt to convict him of any affliction known to the medical brotherhood. It used to be that insanity could be judged by a person's fits of abstraction, loss of appetite and desire for solitude. Alas, it is so no longer. Your budding genius falls from a normal state



A NEW FORM OF INSANITY FROM WHICH NOBODY IS IMMUNE

of behavior into the most prolonged fits of morbid abstraction. He may be walking along the street, drinking in the beauties of the morning, when, presto! his countenance undergoes a rapid transformation. The eyes are drawn to sharp, fiendish points; a fitful, fleeting smile plays about the lips; the hands are clenched in a veritable death-grip. It is the birth of a new plot! Or it may happen at the dinner-table. Father is discussing the latest phase of the Mexican situation, with mother and sister rehashing the scenes of last night's reception. The genius of the family sits in bored silence. Suddenly his face is transfixed; a crash as his knife strikes the scarcely touched plate; a gurgle as the mouthful of food disappears, and he hastily retires to the seclusion of the den, leaving the family in terrified silence. His feelings are too intense for words. Yes! This one will be fit for Biograph's best efforts!



HE HAS THE DISEASE

Following the conception of the plot, come the golden hours in which the story is completed and the manuscript typed. This period is one of total withdrawal from all human society. The night-watches are filled with phantom characters gliding to and fro before the admiring eyes of the sleepless dreamer. Troops of Earle Williams pass in endless procession; Crane Wilburs pose boyishly on the bedposts; while Mary Fullers breathe defiance from the mantelpiece to the dimples of Lillian Walkers peering coquettishly from the curtains. John Bunny entirely fills the fireplace, with Flora Finch ruthlessly kindling the grate and laughing in fiendish glee as J. B. groans pitifully. Edith Storey parades daringly across the curtain poles, while Clara Kimball Young's eyes drift entrancingly on the moonlight. They are gone; and about dawn, wrecked in body and mind, the subject sleeps from complete exhaustion, only to arise feverishly the next hour and work, work, work——

Then come the days after the mailing of the precious packet—wretched, cold, miserable days of waiting, when the patient stares vacantly into space, groaning now and then in nervous anxiety, and occasionally starting with blood-curdling yells as he pictures his beautiful heroine heartlessly strangled by the vile editor. And when he is about hardened to the delay and can see a mail-carrier without fainting, his fears are realized, and hope is once more submerged in the ice-cold water of refusal. Disappointment reigns supreme until the next story is conceived; then the fires of illusion are rekindled—and another attack is undergone.

Oh, the hours when hopes burn brightest and realization seems within the grasp! And oh, the hours of keenest disappointment when, all hopes gone, one curses the editors and pictures them as the vilest and meanest of creatures. But tomorrow is another day, and each day, to the devotee, holds untold possibilities.

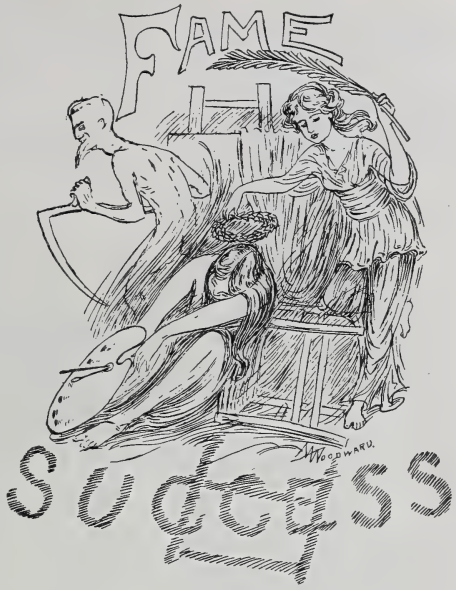


DISAPPOINTMENT REIGNS SUPREME

I have read hundreds of sample scenarios; I have digested hints and suggestions for the beginner galore; I have spent hours unnumbered in study-

ing the form, structure and requirements of the silent drama in the strongholds of the films—all to no avail. I have not sold one of the dozens of plays I have written. Why?

One company tells me they want comedies; I take my pad and pencil and write the cleverest, the wittiest little comedy you ever saw. Do they take it? No. Another says, We want plays with a moral. I write a touching drama in which the drinker and the card-player are depicted in the vilest tortures this cruel world affords. Do they want it? No. I read that another company will take Indian and Western plays. I immediately mix up a few Indians and cowboys in a ripping two-reeler. Do they buy it? No. What is the matter?



In vain I give Lillian Walker a chance to smile and show her dimples at least twice in each scene; in vain I cast a distinguished, gentlemanly part for Earle Williams, in which he moves thru eighteen minutes of bachelorhood and succumbs, in the last sixty seconds, to Miss Young's eyes; in vain I give Mary Fuller the best of opportunities to hurl defiance in the face of her hard-hearted employer, and equally vain are my efforts in displaying Warren Kerrigan lazily astride his pony. Some way or other, the editors blindly shut their eyes to the beauty of the theme—and heartlessly return the manuscript.

But determination glows brightly in my breast, and from the ashes of the rejected shall rise new plays, and I shall yet see my little heroines greet their lovers in real Mary Pickford style, and my heroes stroll nonchalantly before me in true Costello manner; all the prejudiced editors in filmdom shant discourage me! With what eagerness, not unmixed with envy, I read of the little typist who has won the $1,000 prize play!

My course lies before me, but I fear my followers in distress shall some day gather my bones from the wayside and, with fresh determination, pass on to victory; unless my family sooner drags me to the madhouse with the rest of the nuts.



Mother Goose of the Picture Play

By HARVEY PEAKE



See-saw, Margery Daw;
Johnny now has a new master;
He poses each day
For a new picture play,
And this makes the boy work
much faster!

Eni, meni, mini, mo,
Take old grouch to the picture
show;
If he wont laugh I'll make him
pay
My way to another every day!





Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
But he said he'd rather go
To a Motion Picture show
Than to listen to his fiddlers
three!

"Will you walk into my play-
house?"
Said a manager to me;
"'Tis the prettiest little playhouse
That ever you did see!"

I accepted his kind offer
And saw the picture play;
And I liked it all so very much,
I now go every day!



DAME FASHION AND THE MOVIES by William Lord Wright

WHEN the Motion Picture show first entered the entertainment field, many thought they saw in it but "a passing show." But as time goes on and more and more capital is being invested in buildings, in equipment and in the production of films, it becomes apparent that we have, in the Motion Picture, a potent and a permanent force in modern life.

There is no doubt that the Motion Pictures have come to stay. They will continue to enlighten, entertain and instruct people. They are being adopted by school, lecture-room and church. They are forming one of the most powerful agencies of education and reform the world has ever known, and they will be improved, elevated and kept near the people.



ALICE JOYCE

Dame Fashion has finally consented to become a photoplay fan. For a long time Dame Fashion confined her interest to the fashion papers, women's magazines and latest patterns. Now all these devices to catch the feminine eye have experienced a slump in business and prosperity, for Dame Fashion is attending the Motion Pictures.





ANNA Q. NILSSON

Whisper it not in Gath and tell it not in the streets of Ascalon, but many of the modishly gowned ladies are obtaining their ideas of dress in the Motion Picture theater. Many a fashionable dressmaker also visits the Motion Pictures with the same intent and purpose, namely, to see the latest in frills and foibles.

These students of dress can be seen when the society photoplay is on the program, particularly when the ladies of the Vitagraph, Lubin, Pathé, Mutual, Essanay, and other companies appear in the society drama. The wise women, who are ambitious to keep even with, or just a little ahead of, Dame Fashion, will seek her out, and they now find that eccentric dame in the Motion Picture show.

Alice Joyce's name on a poster is an immediate signal for a large attendance of women. The same fact will be noted when Edith Storey, Florence Lawrence, Norma Phillips, Lois Weber, and other film favorites appear in high-class drama or comedy.

These actresses have wardrobes costing hundreds and sometimes thousands of dollars. We know of one well-known actress in Motion Pictures who paid three hundred dollars for a garment to wear in just one multiple-reel feature. The gowns worn by these actresses are necessarily of the latest styles. Their employers demand that the latest modes be worn, and the gowns are the highest item of expense to these actresses.

No more can it be asserted that "any old thing will do for the movies." Any old thing will no longer accomplish the purpose, and the "very latest thing" is demanded and expected, not only by the high-class manufacturer, but by the discerning women in the audiences.

West of New York City the women have learnt that a visit to the Motion Picture theater, when certain actresses are announced on the day's program, is time well spent, from the standpoint of Dame Fashion. If there is anything startling in feminine headgear, the Motion Picture

actress can be depended upon to exploit it; if there is anything new in Parisian gowns, the ladies of the animated screen can be depended upon to wear the thing of beauty, to the delight and the edification of feminine admirers in all parts of America.

Mr. Jenkins, of Jonesville, has long been puzzled why wifey insists on issuing forth on a dark and



NORMA PHILLIPS

stormy night to see her favorite actress in a society play, and sometimes refuses to attend the theater on the nights when Western or tropical programs are given. Now, perhaps, he will understand. Mrs. Jenkins keeps a wary eye on the latest styles. She knows that the Motion Picture actresses wear the latest modes, and that she can revel in the style of a gown much better in the picture show than she can in the pages of some fashion journal.



ADRIENNE KROELL



EDITH COOKE BENHAM

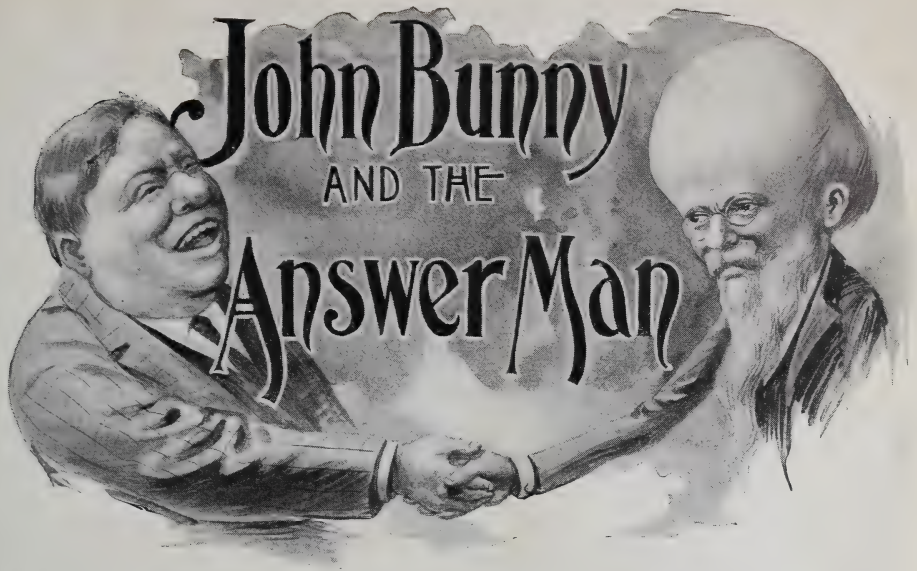
Dame Fashion, by transferring her affections to the movies, has added to the popularity of Cinematography. The more astute manufacturers are realizing what an effect modish gowns are having on the popularity of their output, and more and more expensive wardrobes are now very essential.

We formerly talked of elaborately gowned women in this and that stage production. We are now beginning to discuss the beautiful gowns shown in the Motion Picture plays, and we have long appreciated the pretty and accomplished actresses who wear them.

And the fashion leader of Pleasant Corners, Ind., has just as good an opportunity to view the latest modes, as worn by the movie actresses, as has the fashion leader of a larger city. And this fact is just one of many that cause the ladies to crowd the picture shows every time a first-class company announces a society play, and is often the drawing card—we hate to say it—that holds them spellbound with admiration. The drama may be good, but, oh, the dresses!



MABEL NORMAND



WHEN Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war. And it befalls me, the Managing Editor of this magazine, to record, in my humble way, the result of the memorable conflict between these two well-known wits; and, whereas I doubtless have omitted many of their most interesting sallies—tho lost to print, to memory dear.

John Bunny is not the man you think he is. You imagine that he can only laugh and make funny faces. But you are wrong. He is just as serious as a philosopher, and he is just brimming over with good ideas and common sense. And if he is interesting on the screen, he is doubly so off. As to the Answer Man, dubbed "Old Rip" among the other editors, he is to be known by what he says, rather than by how he looks, his identity and personality to remain a deep, dark mystery—at his request.

One fine day we heard the chug-chug of a motor-car at our door, and the call-boy came up to the editorial sanctum and announced to the Answer Man, "Mr. John Bunny below!"

"Send the gentleman up on deck," replied the Answer Man, clearing a passageway among a small carload of letters. Soon a ruddy-faced, smiling, little (or shall we say big?), fat man panted in, and the two faced each other.

"So this be you, be it?" smiled Bunny.

"Sure; who did you think it was—somebody else?" retorted the A. M.

"Well, I'd never know you from your pictures—they flatter you terribly. Where's that massive dome, that colossal brain-case, that the artist has adorned you with?"

"Oh, that's partly—only partly—imaginary. You see, the artist knew the vast accumulation of gray matter within, and he had to picture it without."

"Ah, but does the size of a cask indicate its contents?"

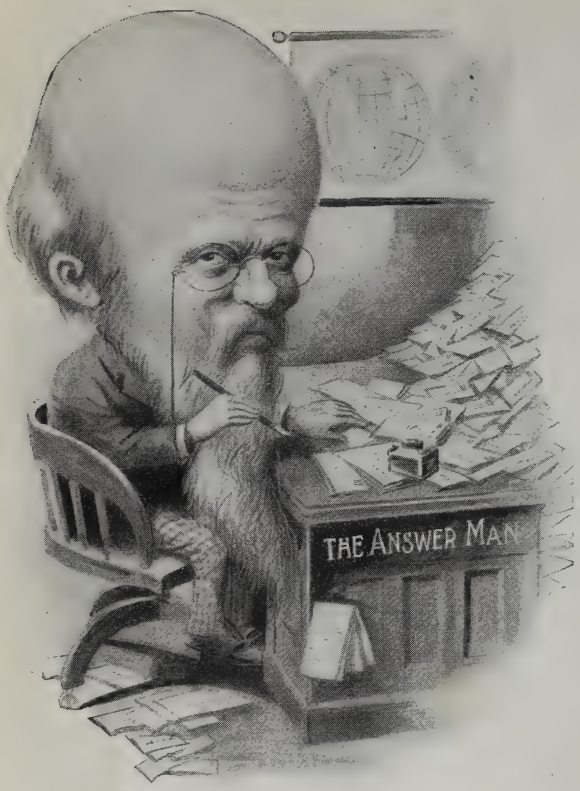
"No more than does your abdomen indicate your mentality. You see, you are abnormally large *there,* while I am abnormally large *here,*" replied the A. M., placing a bony, temperamental finger on his brow and adroitly closing one eye.

"But," retorted Bunny, "if *this* were all brains, and *that* were but a hollow dome, the advantage——"

"The advantage would all be mine," interrupted the A. M., "because I would still have a field in which to plant, while your plot would be so crowded that nothing would grow in it but weeds."

Then they both laughed—for the first time—for up to this moment both were apparently as serious as senators. Then they shook hands.

"First, we want to show you



OUR ARTIST'S CONCEPTION

around the place," I said, "and after that you two can have it out."

We three then went upstairs to the "Bohemian Kitchen," where around a large table dined a dozen girls from the circulation room. Of course, no introduction was necessary.

"Oh! Mr. Bunny," came the chorus, "wont you join us?"

"No, my dears, I never eat," said Bunny; "that is, at noon. What a clever room you have here! You're fortunate. Good luck to you all"; and then we moved along to the Photoplay Clearing House, where Mr. La Roche and his staff greeted our guest. Thence to the library, then to the garden (where each employee has a small plot), thence to the recreation room and other departments, and finally we found ourselves in the Editor's own room.

"I must say," remarked Bunny, as he examined the thirty or forty oil paintings that adorned the walls, "that this is the most artistic publication office I have ever been in, and I have been in many. It must be a pleasure to work amid such inspiring surroundings. And now let's get busy, for my director, Mr. Baker, will have forty fits if I'm not back by two, as promised.

"What is your name, where were you born, when, what is your business, married or single?" asked Bunny of the A. M. in his most serious fashion.

THE A. M.—I object! There is a misjoinder of parties defendant. In other words, I am the interviewer, and not the interviewed.

THE M. E. — Objection overruled. Witness must answer the question.

BUNNY (*sotto voce*)—*Now,* Rip, will you be good?



AN IMAGINARY FLIRTATION

THE A. M.—Exception. Witness declines to answer, on the ground that it might incriminate him.

THE M. E.—You stand committed for contempt of court. Please hand me another cigar. Court is adjourned on account of the heat.



A PAIR OF RABBITS

BUNNY—This is great fun. But really I must be going, so let me relate briefly the sad story of my life. I reside at 1416 Avenue G, Brooklyn, N. Y. Married twenty-five years the 23rd of January next. Have two boys, one twenty, and one twenty-two. Both are expert camera men, and one has taken up the chemistry side of color photography. The younger has started to act for the Vitagraph Company now. I was not stout at the age of twenty, so dont look for the Bunny, juniors, to be stout. I was born in New York City, July, 1863. Started as a clerk in the New York Central Railroad and saw no advancement. In the meantime, I was appearing on the stage in a melodrama around Brooklyn. When the railroad objected to dividing its officers' salaries with me, I left. It did not interrupt the train service. Started in professionally in 1883, when I was twenty years old, in a melodrama called "The Stranglers of Paris." David Belasco was the director, and it was the first play he directed in New York. Agnes Booth was leading lady of the com-



A PAIR OF WORLD-FAMOUS FUNMAKERS











put you in a picture and give you $5 a day, and by the end of the first picture I will be able to judge." I accepted, and before the first picture was completed he asked if I would go into another one. Then I went home and told my wife: "I guess it's caught." Mr. Smith said: "Mr. Bunny, I think you will be a very valuable addition to our force, but there is nothing in the Vitagraph that I can offer you. Mr. Frohman paid you $150, and Mr. Liebler paid you $200 a week, and your last contract with the Shuberts was not less than twenty weeks in New York." I said: "How far can I go here?" Smith said: "If you make good, there is no limit to where you can go." I asked him to make me an offer and assured him that I wouldn't be offended by his offer, so he offered me $40 a week, and I accepted, and that is all the contract I have ever had with the pany. My father then offered me a share of his business (he was a paper broker) if I wouldn't go on the stage, but I wanted to go. If at the end of three years I couldn't make a living, my father agreed to take me in partnership. But I made it go. Four years ago, after discovering that the Moving Picture business was hurting my profession, I went to every studio in New York and offered my services, and many of the studios would not give me even an interview. I offered my services to Mark Dintinfass, who refused me. My income is now $52,000 a year. Mark is perhaps sorry—I dont know. Later I met George Hall, who asked me to come down to the Vitagraph Company, which I did. and had an interview with Mr. Smith, to whom I offered my services for nothing for one week. Mr. Smith said: "We dont do that here, but I will

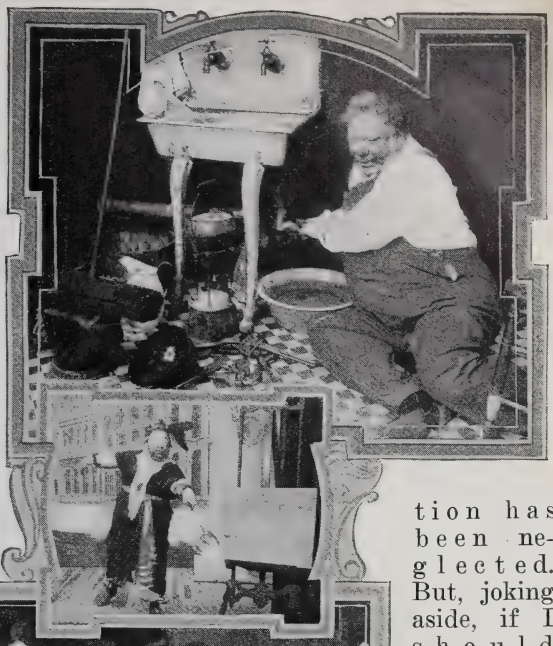
Vitagraph Company. By the way, Charles Frohman once said that he would never engage an actor that appeared in the pictures. (Loud laughter.)

THE A. M.—Good! You are the champion interviewee of the world. Do you know, I almost envy you your popularity. I saw you at the World Series baseball game and at the exposition and elsewhere, with crowds following you around and cheering, when *real* celebrities like myself, the Mayor, the Governor, etc., pass almost unnoticed.

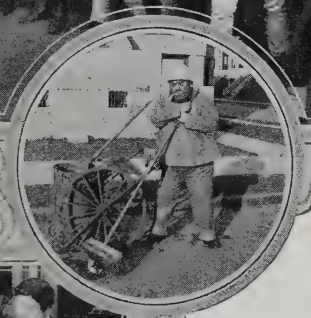
BUNNY—That is one of the penalties of being good-looking.

THE A. M.—I admit that you are good to look at, but I question seriously the probability of your winning a blue ribbon in a beauty show.

BUNNY—I fear your art education has been neglected. But, joking aside, if I should break my leg and be sent to the dust-pile, they would forget me tomorrow. The popularity of an actor is short-lived. They enjoy themselves while living, because they'll be a long time dead.









THE A. M.—I dont agree with you about your popularity. Will the names of Booth, Henry Irving, Joe Jefferson, and such, ever be forgotten? They left nothing behind them, while you are making records that are more or less permanent. You will be seen and talked about when your children's children are gone. By the way, what do you eat?

BUNNY—Here's my daily time-table: Arise at 7; put in just one hour in the bath, shaving, etc.; eat a nice, hearty breakfast—say four soft-boiled eggs, coffee and toast

and quantities of fruit; walk to the studio (about a mile and a half); work all day; a few apples for luncheon; walk home in time for dinner—big dinner, but, mind you, I'm a moderate eater—birds for dinner.

THE A. M.—How many and what kind—turkeys?

BUNNY—Young ones—squabs, or a part of a duck or chicken or anything that's flying——"

THE A. M.—Or ceased to fly.

BUNNY—Yes. I dont eat them alive. I take no sugar—too fattening—use saccharine; no starchy foods nor sweets; very little butter; some marmalade. I take lots of cold water, within and without, without whisky, and acres of fresh air, no red meat, and all vegetables that grow above ground. I drink lots of vichy—trying to reduce.

THE A. M.—Is that your prescription for getting lean?

BUNNY—Yes.

THE A. M.—No doubt all of our thin readers will soon be taking your prescription. (A merry chuckle.)

BUNNY—Then they'll get thinner. I weighed 280 a few months ago and am now down to 250, which is about right.

THE A. M.—Dont you ever get tired carrying all that around?

BUNNY—No; it's good exercise. Walking would be monotonous if I were a bone-yard.

THE A. M.—I see you have gray hair, blue eyes and a——

BUNNY—Crimson complexion.

THE A. M.—They all ask me if you have to have special furniture made for you; if you ever break chairs——

BUNNY—Nonsense! The only time I ever broke a chair was over a fellow's head who was too fresh. Hobbies? Yes, boating. I want a boat—a nice sixty-five-foot yawl, with a good engine, so that when there is no wind I wont have to get out and swim. I am the ninth generation of Bunnys——

THE A. M.—I have heard that rabbits are very——

BUNNY—And my father was the first of nine who was not in the Royal Navy in England. My children could swim before they could walk. When two years old one of them was found sitting in the bay, with the water up to his neck.

THE A. M.—Quite different from the rabbit family.

BUNNY—Yes; more like fish. No; I dont do much calling. By the time I finish my correspondence and the necessary amount of reading, the nights are pretty well gone.

Just then we heard loud talking in the street below. One boy was telling "ma" that he wanted to wait till Bunny came out.

THE M. E.—Dont the crowds annoy you? There's a mob of boys outside.

BUNNY—There will be some boys late for school, I fear. No, I dont mind crowds. I cant see that I'm anything to be conceited about. This kind of popularity is a very superficial thing.

THE A. M.—I see you are inclined to be serious. Ever play, or do you like to play, serious parts?

BUNNY—I've done some of my best work in Shakespeare.

THE A. M.—Every comedian aspires to play Hamlet.

BUNNY—Not that—my appearance is against me; but wait—some day I'll get a part that will surprise them.

THE M. E.—Would you mind giving us a little Shakespeare?

BUNNY—"Oh, I have passed a miserable night," etc., etc. And Mr. Bunny then recited, with fine feeling and emphasis, the familiar lines from Richard, which we fully appreciated.

THE A. M.—Bravo! And hereafter, when I see you on the screen, and you make me uncomfortable with laughter, I'll think of Bunny as Clarence, and be cured.

BUNNY—If everybody did that, I would be ruined. So dont. I want you to laugh and be merry.

THE A. M.—So be it; I agree to forget Shakespeare and think only of my merry friend John Bunny, the best-known man in the world.

We then saw our guest to his car, and soon his fifty horse-power motor succeeded in hauling him out of sight.

Funny Stories That Are True

By THE PLAYERS THEMSELVES

(Collected by ALBERT L. ROAT)

A Close Call

By CARLYLE BLACKWELL

An incident in my career, which strikes me as being humorous now, did not seem so very amusing at the time it occurred.

I was playing the hero in a melodrama down South, principally "one-night" stands. One hot afternoon we landed in a small town near the river. I sauntered to the bank, and the water looked so cool and inviting that I hired about the only boat in sight and, with a negro at the oars, navigated 'round where the shade was most evident.

I basked there in the cool breeze, giving myself just time to return for a hasty meal and to "make up" for the play. As we approached the bank, a man rose up to the water's edge to meet us.

"Come ashore!" he shouted. "Bring that boat in, you nigger, and you—(addressing me)—thought you could make a getaway, eh? Well, I'm too smart for you!"

Naturally, I was perplexed and ordered my oarsman to halt. Then, from a safe distance offshore, I explained to the stranger who I was, but to no purpose. Evidently the negro became suspicious and bumped the boat into the bank. I had visions of a night in the town jail. I sprang ashore, at the same time giving the boat a vigorous push with my foot, upsetting the darkey. The gentleman with the chin whiskers had dismounted. He made a grab at me. I eluded him and, adding a well-directed left to his jaw, turned and ran and had the satisfaction of hearing a second splash.

When I arrived at the theater, I told my story. The manager made inquiries and learnt that the stranger was a constable. He had been ordered to watch for a young forger whose appearance corresponded with mine. I left town that night, with a false mustache and a different suit of clothes. I have since played the forger lots of times — but not in real life!



CARLYLE BLACKWELL

The Blue Box

By AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS

An actor's wardrobe is a cumbersome affair when on the road. My first season "out" I traveled with my brother, a promi-



AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS

nent actor. He carried large "prop" boxes like those used in a circus, with ropes set in the ends for handles.

The second season I went with another manager, and when I changed cars at Logansport, Ind., I asked the baggage-master (the regulation, sassy chap) to check my trunk.

He walked down the platform. Presently he returned and eyed me suspiciously. "There aint any trunk out there!" he exclaimed decidedly.

"Yes, there is," I returned promptly; "I saw the trainman throw it off!" And I walked to the platform. He accompanied me.

"Thunder!" he said disgustedly. "I thought that thing was a tool-chest!"

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

By CHARLES ARLING

In the making of a picture many incidents occur that are unlooked for at the time. Sometimes, however, they assist to make realistic scenes. An amusing incident happened when I was playing in a story entitled "Easy Money."

As the story runs, a "Johnnie" is informed by the father of his sweetheart that he cannot hope to marry until he has proved his ability to earn money. The Johnnie is in love with the woman, and he determines to find employment. After many trials, he becomes an actor in a picture company and is cast to play a tramp.

I was that tramp. In one of the scenes I was obliged to grab a pocketbook from a passing woman. A policeman happens along and arrests the tramp. Just at that precise moment a clerical gentleman with a book under his arm passed by, and, not seeing the camera, but noting the crowd, *the tramp,* the shrieking woman, and the patrolman, he paused and, in a very churchly tone, said:

"Ah, my poor man, they've got you —the ways of evil are hard!"



CHARLES ARLING

Immediately I sized up the situation and grunted, "Yep!" And the old gentleman went on his way, unconscious that he had very materially aided the realism of the scene. Some day I hope that clergyman sees that picture as a vindication (as they say in melodrama) to do *me* honor.

At the Rope's End

By FRANCES NE MOYER

BALD HEAD CLIFF, Maine, is exactly what the name implies. It was there I experienced the most thrilling episode of my career as a film artist.

The Lubin Company sent several players to Bald Head Cliff to make "The Smuggler's Daughter." I was cast as the leading lady, and I was supposed to be shot and fall over a cliff—not an imaginary cliff, but a real, rocky one.

A suitable location was selected that would appear dangerous in the finished picture, but where the real peril attending my fall would be reduced to the minimum of risk every player takes almost every day.

The work progressed satisfactorily to the director and players alike, till this particular scene. Two men, who had been previously directed to position themselves behind and below the cliff and catch me as I rolled down the side, obstructed from the camera's lens, awaited the shot which would announce my coming.

The word was given; a rifle popped. I dropped and rolled over the cliff, screaming, as my companions supposed, with imaginary pain. But it was fear—real, every ounce of it—I had eluded those two men, and my body shot down into space, gaining momentum every second.

Altho frightened almost beyond reason, because I realized what my fate would be at the base of the cliff, I snatched and grabbed at every object in sight. A small, scrub bush, protruding from between the rocks, brushed my hand. Instantly my fingers closed on it. I clung desperately to it and shouted for assistance, as my body swung over that dangerous chasm.



FRANCES NE MOYER

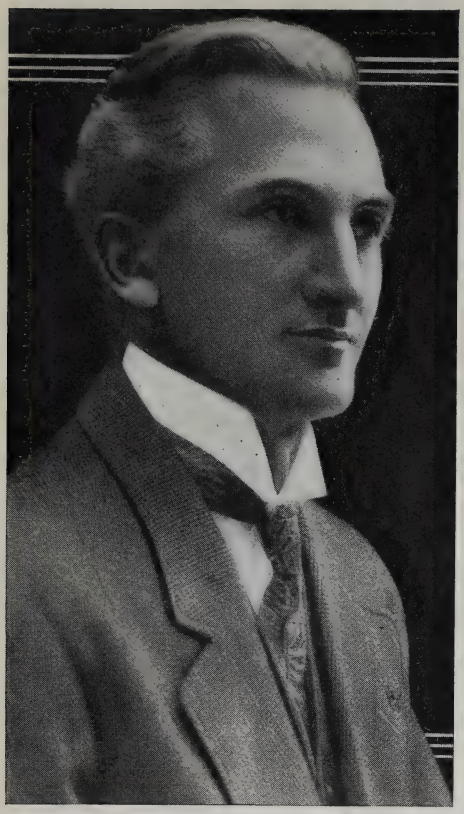
My piercing cries brought the director and the entire company to the spot where I had disappeared. The two men were frantic with excitement, believing I had been dashed upon the rocks below.

I had ceased my cries, because I understood I must preserve every ounce of strength if I would cling to my frail support till assistance arrived.

A shower of dirt and loose stones made me close my eyes; but when I opened them again, I was delighted to see the earnest face of the director gazing down upon me.

"Hold tight!" he shouted, and he drew his head back over the edge.

My position there in mid-air made it very difficult for any one to reach me. It was utterly impossible for a man to climb down that cliff; it was almost perpendicular—a blank wall.



WILLIAM SHEERER

Soon a shout of encouragement came to me from above. One of the heroes of the company, a rope tied securely under his armpits, was carefully lowered over the side of the cliff. Slowly but surely he came to my assistance. And, when almost at the rope's end he took me in his arms, I realized that what might have been a fearful tragedy had been averted by my own presence of mind in grasping that bush as I flew toward certain death.

The Laugh Is On Me

By WILLIAM SHEERER

TWENTY years in legitimate, vaudeville and Motion Pictures has given me varied experiences.

I was playing interlocutor with the Leon Concert Company, once one of the most pretentious minstrel offerings on the road. One night, as I was "making up," I received a telegram which read: "Regiment ordered out; if coming, report tomorrow."

As is often the case with an actor, I was "flat," and, in order to raise the necessary carfare, I "hocked" my trunk and sold various parts of my wardrobe—wigs, hats, shoes, etc.

I succeeded in raising the fare and returned to the theater just before I was to sing Paul Dresser's then famous song, entitled "The Lone Gray." The gentleman who had taken my place as interlocutor rose and, with a long face, addressed the audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen: As you doubtless know, the Spanish War has been declared, and there are a number of people in this audience tonight whose husbands, sweethearts, fathers and brothers will be leaving for the front. Mr. Will Sheerer, one of our members, is a sergeant in the Seventy-first Regiment of New York. Mr. Sheerer has just received a telegram to report to his regiment in New York City, and I beg to announce that tonight he will sing for the last time Paul Dresser's famous song, 'The Lone Gray.'"

Lake Placid is the ideal country for picture-making. We were taking scenes for a Scotch picture called "Rob Roy," in which I portrayed several characters, or, in other words, "doubled." I believed I was thru for the day, when the director asked me to play one of the dead men on the battlefield. I donned the costume of kilts and assumed the graceful position of a "dead one."

As I lay there meditating upon the hardships of a player's life, the director shouted at me, "Your kilt!"

"I know I am," I retorted.

"No, no," he cried; "your kilt!"

"I know I am kilt," I bellowed. "I have seen more dead men on the battlefield than you have ever seen in a picture."

"No, no," he insisted, "your kilt!" And he rushed over and adjusted my fancy plaids to his own liking.

The Great Artist Contest

Six Million Votes Will Soon Be Counted, and the Result Given to the Public

Widespread Interest in Electing the Players to Unusual Honors

PERHAPS many of our readers do not fully appreciate one of the strongest motives back of the Great Artist Contest—a motive that has helped impel the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE into the hearts and homes of over a million readers. We frankly confess that the Great Artist Contest was started and carried thru with the idea of bettering the Motion Picture industry.

In the past few years, ever since the dramatic element has been injected into Motion Pictures, it has ceased to be purely a manufacturing industry—used at the tail of the program as a "chaser" in a few theaters—and is fast shaping itself toward becoming one of the greatest arts that the world has ever seen. The stampede to manufacture Motion Pictures is steadily on the increase, over forty companies having incorporated in New York State alone during the present year. We charge that many of these promoters are poorly fitted to better the business from an artistic standpoint. It is well known that some of them are merely promoting the sale of their stock, having had no dramatic experience, and that their output is shockingly below the standard required of picture-lovers.

This contest desires to champion the artistry and performance of the actors who can make or mar a play by their interpretation of the rôles. A part can be made appealing, beautiful, full of delicate shades of meaning, and on the other hand will be merely a series of stock gestures and facial grimaces in the hands of a poor actor. In this light the Great Artist Contest may be judged as an unerring index of public opinion. A few thousand votes might make a poor selection, but the voice of six million will come pretty close to speaking the truth.

A glance at the standing of the players shows that Earle Williams, Warren Kerrigan, Mary Pickford and Mary Fuller have shared practically a million and one-half votes and continue to hold their places as artists of the first water in the public's estimation. In the past few months many changes have occurred in the players' standing, noteworthy of which is the rapid rise of the brilliant Clara Kimball Young, of the Vitagraph players, from twelfth place to sixth, and of the charming Marguerite Clayton, of the Essanay Company, from tenth place to fifth. Anita Stewart, whose wonderful interpretation of life's passions in "A Million Bid" brought her into instant fame, has received over one hundred thousand votes since she became a full-fledged star. That sterling actor and interpreter of character, King Baggot, has gradually passed his competitors on the road to fame, going from twenty-third place in the column to twelfth, and increasing in popular approval by one hundred and eighteen thousand votes. Nor must we forget Romaine Fielding, Lubin's picturesque and rugged genius from out of the West, who has rapidly jumped over the heads of twenty fellow players and is now in sixteenth place, with over one hundred and fifty-nine thousand votes to his credit. The artistry of Vivian Rich, of the American Company, also is appreciated, with a showing of one hundred and eight thousand votes—an increase of seventy-five thousand in three months. If beauty and winning ways alone were a standard, such sterling actors as Benjamin Wilson,

of the Edison players; James Cruze, of the Thanhouser Company, and Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin Company, would not now have received the fund of appreciation from the public that their record of votes shows.

The October number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, appearing on sale September 15th, will contain a full announcement of the votes recorded, the photographs of the winning players, and all sorts of interesting write-ups commemorating the contest.

We desire to thank our readers and the countless audience of picture playgoers for the interest and support that they have given this contest, for their critical appreciation, and for the incalculable benefit that it will be to the industry at large.

The account of the balloting on page 123 is down to noon of July 15th and must not be taken as final, because tens of thousands of votes still remain uncounted, and doubtless an equal number will continue to pour in during the closing days of the contest. The last ballot must be at this office by noon, August 20th.

One-Hundred-Dollar Prize Photoplay

By arrangement with the leading manufacturers, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has decided to inaugurate a photoplay contest which will commence in the October number, or as soon as the winners of the Great Artist Contest are announced.

Each photoplay or synopsis submitted will be carefully read and passed upon by the magazine's staff. After a selection of fifty photoplays have been made that are deemed worthy of and suitable to the winners of the Great Artist Contest, they will be sent to the various studios, and, in consultation with the editors of these companies, the final selection of the one best photoplay will be made. In other words, fifty selected plays will be submitted to each of the leading companies.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD

is the prize for the best play featuring the winners of the Great Artist Contest, and there will probably be fifteen or more other prizes for photoplays to be paid for and accepted at their regular rates by the studios whose artists win places in the Great Artist Contest. These photoplays will be known as "Prize Plays of the Great Artist Contest," and their authors will receive recognition on the screen, in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in the trade papers, newspapers and theatrical reviews.

The unused photoplays will be returned to the competitors immediately after the announcement of the prize-winners, and the contestants may submit them to the studios for purchase direct, or may send them to the Photoplay Clearing House, who will act as their agent in the disposing of their product.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE announces that Edwin M. LaRoche, associate editor of the magazine and editor of the Photoplay Clearing House, will act as chief judge of the prize photoplay contest. Mr. LaRoche is widely known in the literary world and among the studios as a brilliant writer and a fair and able judge of photoplays. In conjunction with Maurice Costello and John Bunny, he recently acted as judge of the Vitagraph-*Evening Sun* Contest, in which four thousand scripts were handled, and, after the judges had reviewed them, many of them were purchased by the Vitagraph Company.

The rules have been made as simple as possible, and are published herewith:

(1) Photoplays may be submitted in detailed synopsis form or as complete photoplays, containing synopsis, cast and action. Only one- and two-reel photoplays are desired. Each contestant may submit not more than two photoplays, and no employees of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or any Motion Picture company may compete.

(2) Photoplays should feature two predominant principals: a lead-

ing man player and a leading woman player of the same company. By reference to the table of votes in the October number of the magazine, the leading male and female player of each company can be picked out, and the photoplay written to suit their style of acting.

(3) No type of play is barred, but contestants should use discretion. Comedies are not wanted for dramatic actors, nor vice versa, and costume plays or those of a past period, and those containing large casts, expensive settings or elaborate physical features, such as railroad wrecks, sinking steamers, etc., are not usually desired. Also foreign and inacccessible locations are not generally favored by the manufacturers.

(4) Photoplays should be addressed to Editor Prize Photoplay Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

(5) Photoplays should be typewritten, mailed folded, not rolled, and only original work will be considered. Adaptations of novels, short stories, poems, or other printed works are not acceptable.

The One-Hundred-Dollar Prize Photoplay Contest will run for a few months only, and, as the contest progresses, contestants will be furnished with a good deal of valuable information concerning photoplays that has not yet found its way into text-books, correspondence schools or photoplay departments.

The Answer Man has consented to answer inquiries relative to photoplays, and during the contest these answers will be incorporated into his popular department.

Many of our readers have already expressed a desire of submitting plays for their favorite players, and the studios have shown their intention of coöperating with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. No more fitting climax to the Great Artist Contest can be devised than that a series of fine photoplays should give the public a chance to see and to enjoy the interpretation of selected rôles by the prize-winning players of the Great Artist Contest.

STANDING OF THE GREAT ARTISTS TO JULY 15

(Containing only those who have received over 19,000 votes)

Earle Williams (*Vita*)	416,000	Beverly Bayne (*Ess*)..	65,795	Bessie Eyton (*Selig*)..	36,825
Warren Kerrigan (*Vic*)	397,315	Owen Moore (*Maj*)...	64,290	Muriel Ostriche (*Prin*)	36,650
Mary Pickford (*F. P.*)	389,625	Leah Baird (*Vita*)....	64,070	Sidney Drew (*Vita*)..	36,625
Clara K. Young (*Vita*)	387,995	Pearl White (*Pathé*)..	63,790	Octa. Handworth (*Ex*)	36,500
Mary Fuller (*Univ*)..	354,675	E. K. Lincoln (*P.P.*)..	63,720	Walter Miller (*Vic*)..	36,275
Marguerite Clayton (*Essanay*)	279,885	Ben Wilson (*Edison*).	63,685	Phillips Smalley (*Bos*)	36,230
Arthur Johnson (*Lub*)	269,325	Mabel Normand (*Key*)	63,080	Yale Boss (*Edison*)...	35,725
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)..	226,145	Leo Delaney.....	62,400	Mabel Trunnelle (*Ed*).	35,045
Carlyle Blackwell (*C. B. Co.*).....	221,085	Julia S. Gordon (*Vita*)	61,870	Marg. Fischer (*Beauty*)	32,820
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé*)	205,235	Gertrude McCoy (*Ed*)	60,940	Lois Weber (*Bos*)....	31,390
F. X. Bushman (*Ess*)	205,225	Augustus Phillips (*Ed*)	57,250	Ethel Grandin (*Small*)	29,565
Edith Storey (*Vita*)..	188,775	Kathlyn Williams (*Sel*)	55,285	William Russell (*Bio*).	29,340
King Baggot (*Imp*)...	167,055	Anna Nilsson (*Kalem*)	55,050	Ford Sterling (*F.S.*)..	26,460
Florence Lawrence (*Victor*)	166,555	Jessalyn Van Trump..	54,815	Edward Coxen (*Am*)..	25,695
Anita Stewart (*Vita*)..	160,860	Marguerite Snow (*Th*)	54,290	Lillian Gish (*Mutual*).	24,350
Romaine Fielding (*Lu*)	159,910	Dorothy Kelly (*Vita*).	53,680	Chester Barnett (*War*)	24,275
Maurice Costello (*Vit*)	148,785	Irving Cummings (*Th*)	51,775	Ruth Stonehouse (*Ess*)	22,990
Lottie Briscoe (*Lubin*)	147,590	Jack Richardson (*Am*)	51,765	W. C. Miller (*Bio*)...	22,125
G. M. Anderson (*Ess*)	145,800	Guy Coombs (*Kalem*).	51,725	Harold Lockwood (*F.P.*)	21,915
Florence Turner (*F.T.*)	136,695	Wallace Reid (*Maj*)..	50,435	Richard Travers (*Ess*)	21,515
Blanche Sweet (*Rel*)..	126,350	Marc MacDermott (*Ed*)	50,425	Louise Lester (*Amer*)	21,350
Vivian Rich (*Am*)....	108,045	Ruth Roland (*Kalem*).	50,260	Barbara Tennant	21,190
True Boardman (*Ess*)	106,775	William Shay (*Imp*)..	50,035	Alice Hollister (*Kal*).	21,090
Lillian Walker (*Vita*)	106,025	Frederick Church (*Un*)	48,925	Rogers Lytton (*Vita*).	20,975
Norma Talmadge (*Vit*)	95,895	Henry Walthall (*Mut*)	48,100	Flora Finch (*Vita*)...	20,920
Pauline Bush (*Univ*).	95,125	Wallie Van (*Vita*)....	45,715	Harry Morey (*Vita*)..	20,880
Florence LaBadie (*Th*)	93,450	Mary Charleson (*Vita*)	45,135	E. H. Calvert (*Ess*)..	20,870
Ethel Clayton (*Lubin*)	83,580	Mary Maurice (*Vita*).	44,000	Mae Marsh (*Maj*)....	20,750
Tom Moore (*Kalem*)..	83,005	Harry Benham (*Than*)	39,840	Edgar Jones (*Lub*)...	20,725
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*).	82,050	Claire McDowell (*Bio*)	38,780	Charlotte Burton (*Am*)	20,570
James Cruze (*Than*)..	81,895	Earle Metcalfe (*Lubin*)	38,585	William Mason	20,560
Harry Myers (*Lubin*).	79,435	Billie Rhodes (*Kalem*)	38,320	Helen Costello (*Vita*).	19,580
Edwin August (*Balboa*)	79,060	John Bunny (*Vita*)...	38,300	William Garwood (*Am*)	19,480
Rosemary Theby (*Lu*)	66,015	Jas. Morrison (*Vita*).	37,890	Dorothy Gish (*Maj*)..	19,385
		Betty Gray (*Bio*)....	37,345	Reina Valdez.....	19,335
		Harry Carey (*Prog*)..	37,240	Courtenay Foote (*Mut*)	19,295
		Marg. Courtot (*Kalem*)	37,140	Bryant Washburn (Es)	19,005

The Spirit of the Play

By "JUNIUS"

A NUMBER of letters have come to this department recently, several of which complained because Famous Players plays were classed ahead of Mutual, and because Universal was not classed ahead of Mutual. I cannot hope to please everybody. Furthermore, my classification was not intended as permanent, for, as is well known, the output of all the companies varies very much in merit each month. One point on which my correspondents seem to be almost unanimous—they prefer to see the familiar faces and brands rather than new ones. Nearly everybody enjoys most those plays in which he recognizes his old friends, and the same is true of baseball, the stage and everything. The reason that the "Lambs' Gambol" was popular was because we wanted to see John Drew, Raymond Hitchcock, De Wolf Hopper, and all the other stage stars that we knew or had heard about. This film was a disappointment, however. It should have been in one reel, rather than in three, and there was little to recommend it, except the novelty of seeing many stars of the stage in citizen's attire. This is another of those much-advertised "special features" that make a big noise and accomplish but little.

It has been my misfortune lately to run into several serials, about which there has been such a tempest in a teapot. For my part, I have no interest in such things as "Lucille Love," "Perils of Pauline," "Adventures of Katherine" and "Million Dollar Mystery," and I think they tend to cheapen the business. I cannot speak too highly of the type of comedy that the Essanay Company are putting out, such as George Ade's satire, entitled "The Fable of the Good Fairy," and also of some of Kalem's, such as "Wanted — An Heir." Contrast these wholesome comedies with the general run—for example, "Bess the Detectress; or, The Dog-watch," which to me was disgusting. The mere fact that in this farce we are asked to laugh at the misfortunes of others, and particularly at the nauseating sight of numerous vomitings from seasickness, is sufficient to condemn it. By far the best comedy that has yet been produced is "Uncle Bill." It is indeed a relief to see such a high-class play, after witnessing so many of those very popular rough-and-tumble farces that mean nothing and which are all practically alike. Keystone excels in this type of farce, and some of their numerous imitators are pitifully weak and uninteresting.

I note that many plays are still padded and long drawn out. Take, for example, Victor's "Beggar Prince of India," which was well photographed and well costumed, but it grew wearisome because it contained a plot that could have been fully told in one reel better than in three. To compare this with such as "My Official Wife" or with "Eagle's Mate" would be cruel.

I note with pleasure a return to form of the Méliès Company. Three years ago this company was producing some of our best Westerns, with Edith Storey, William Clifford and Francis Ford. Later, they deserted Westerns and took up society dramas and comedies, which were far from satisfactory, and the popular Méliès brand became almost a thing of the past. Lately, however, this company has been surprising its competitors, and it has turned out some high-class society plays—among them "A Sublime Deception"—that must be ranked with those of our top-notch companies. Speaking of Westerns, G. M. Anderson's company seems to have a shade the best of the others, altho I have seen nothing quite so picturesque as Vitagraph's "The Poor Folk's Boy," in which Paul Willis, a most charming lad, was featured.



THE honors for deeds of daring go this month to Florence LaBadie, who jumped overboard from a swift-moving ocean liner. Marc MacDermott wins second prize. Among other things, he had a fistic battle on top of a twenty-story building—and fell off!

Born to King and Queen Baggot, a son and heir, weight ten pounds.

Wanted—Players made of India rubber. Apply to Keystone Company.

The Eastern Eclair Company is no more.

Ford Sterling has a rival in little Matty Roubert. He imitates F. S. so that you cannot tell them apart, except for size.

And now they are saying that Cissy Fitzgerald (Vitagraph) has the brightest face on the screen. She doesn't use Sapolio, either. When her face lights up, the directors have to turn off the other lights to prevent over-exposure.

Herbert Kelsey and Effie Shannon, who twenty-five years ago were New York's favorites, have just played in a film of "After the Ball."

"Alkali Ike" Augustus Carney has returned from abroad and expects soon to get in harness again.

The biggest omelette ever made was used in "Captain Kidd's Priceless Treasure," and contained fifty dozen eggs. The cowboys at Universal City partook thereof and enjoyed the cackleberry pudding.

Daniel Frohman has written a magazine article on "How to Write a Moving Picture Play"! Well, it doesn't take long to learn how to write how.

Sidney Drew was united in the holy bonds of matrimony on July 25th, in the present year of our Lord. Oh, yes, his wife—she was Lucille McVey, and she is beautiful and accomplished.

William Clifford (101 Bison), on returning home from the Hawaiian Islands, found that his wife had presented him with a daughter. Both daughter and father are doing nicely.

By the way, aren't these Frohmans the same ones who, a few years ago, would not deign to allow their stage stars to appear in Moving Pictures?

Octavia Handworth, of the Excelsior Company, is becoming a golf expert—a gallery follows her daily over the course at Lake Placid; a score of 45 for the nine holes is a common achievement.

William Garwood has a "strong" leaning for his onion farm at Santa Barbara when not on duty. Dont breathe this to a soul!

Carlyle Blackwell is now starting a company of his own. He will produce one feature a month.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Eleanor Blevins has returned to the Western Essanay Company. She is now *Miss* Blevins.

Antonio Moreno (Vitagraph) spends his spare evenings playing the violin, which he does excellently.

Ned Burton, for fourteen months with Pathé, has joined the new Peerless Company.

"Broncho Billy" Anderson was a real hero recently. He really rescued pretty little Marguerite Clayton, who was lashed to a runaway broncho. All three were severely injured, but the broncho got the worst of it.

"Peter the Great" is mighty lucky to have such a name. He is none other than Margarita Fischer's bulldog. He met with a slight accident while trying to walk on pond-lilies, and you know the result.

Harold Lockwood, the tall, handsome one, has just finished "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," who is none other than our old friend, Henrietta Crossman, of stage fame.

We shall soon see more of Helen and Dolores Costello, because they have spent most of their school vacation at the Vitagraph studio.

No denial is forthcoming that J. Warren Kerrigan intends leaving the Universal to form a company of his own.

Rex and Don have had a bitter fight to a draw. Rex is Mae Marsh's English bull terrier, and Don is Dorothy Gish's pedigreed Airedale pup. The owners and others tried to stop the fight, and the camera man was clever enough to film it all, which will now be used as part of a comedy.

Loel Stewart, of the five Stewarts, will be Ethel Barrymore's son in Augustus Thomas's "The Nightingale."

Edwin Arden, Andrew Mack and William Elliott have been at the Lubin studio, making pictures, and Harry Myers says they allowed him to talk to them. We congratulate Mr. Myers.

Barry O'Moore has left the Edison Company and will do a little farming on his Ulster County farm before "going to work" again.

John E. Ince (Lubin) has decided to become an exhibitor as well as a director and player. He heads a company that is to control a chain of theaters. Another hobby of his is collecting antique candlesticks. He owns one that was formerly Marie Antoinette's, and another that was once the property of Martin Luther.

Gene Gauntier is visiting her sister, Mlle. Marguerite Gauntier, of the Royal Opera at Stockholm. Jack J. Clark is in charge of her studio.

Alexander Gaden and Dorothy Phillips spent a week at sea in an old ship, making "On the High Seas," which, they say, is the best melodramatic romance yet.

Pity Pauline Bush. Her director, Joseph De Grasse, has her doing a three-reel feature close to the edge of the crater of the active volcano at Mount Lassen, Cal.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Barefoot Boy"; second prize to the author of "Moonshine Molly."

Whatever criticism you may have of serials, you mustn't say anything to Pearl White, Grace Cunard, Kathlyn Williams, Cleo Madison or Florence LaBadie, for they are too busy answering their extra mail.

Owing to the temporary indisposition of our Gladys Hall, our Popular Plays and Players Department must be omitted this month.

Mary Fuller is at Shohola, Pa., doing her first Universal play, "The Heart of the Night Wind."

Wilfred Lucas is suffering from a snapped bone near his shoulder, just around the corner from "The Trey of Hearts," in which he and Cleo Madison are said to be doing great work.

Paul Panzer is still lecturing at the M. P. theaters, when he is not playing for Pathé, for he simply cant keep silent.

Earle Metcalf and Anna Luther seem to be attracting attention as a good team, and they may yet gain the popularity of that famous old one—Johnson and Lawrence.

We have with us this evening our old friends—Elsie McLeod and Arthur Housman (page 28); John Ince and Villeth Stringer (page 33); Mae Marsh, Wallace Reid and Robert Harron (page 51); Robert Leonard and Ella Hall (page 53); Marguerite Courtot and Tom Moore (page 39); Louise Vale, Kate Toncray and George Morgan (page 70); Clara Young, James Young, Flora Finch, Kate Price, and Albert Roccardi (page 62); Arthur Ashley (page 64), and Mr. Kimball (page 58).

An employee in a film exchange writes that the reason we see so many poor "special features" is because the market is so overflooded that they are being offered at less than cost, and the exhibitors are always susceptible to bargains.

Ruth Roland has invented a new dance—the Kalem Glide.

Where is Warren Kerrigan's "lion strength" in "Scooped by Cupid"? Oh well, a star reporter cannot show much strength when scooped by a pretty girl.

Christy Mathewson, the great pitcher, has signed to play with the Universal, but that doesn't mean that he is not going to play as hard as ever for the Giants.

Everybody but Mary Pickford will be pleased to learn that Biograph and Imp are going to reissue all of their old "Little Mary" plays.

Robert Ellis and Irene Boyle found the water quite wet and the rocks quite hard while shooting the rapids at Nyack, N. Y., for "Old Man Higginbotham's Daughter" (Kalem).

One of Selig's big elephants has fallen in love with Adele Lane, and we can say with authority that Miss Lane rather fancies the elephant.

Marie Corelli's "Vendetta" is Kleine's latest importation.

The Photoplay Clearing House's prize goes to Miss Leah C. Randolph, 217 T Street N. E., Washington, D. C., who submitted "Still Waters," which is considered the best play received this month.

Marin Sais has certainly proved, in "The Rajah's Vow" (Kalem), that she is not afraid of snakes, but her courage will remain in dispute until she shows an equal freedom with that much more dangerous animal —the mouse.

The next thing you know, Helen Holmes will be opening a school to teach engineers how to run an engine and telegraphers how to click. "The Operator at Black Rock" is her latest Kalem railroad play.

Jack Richardson came near being arrested as a tramp by a Santa Barbara policeman while playing in "Their Worldly Goods."

One of the saddest misfortunes that we have to record this month is that while Lillian Walker was in bathing at Coney Island, her big toe was bitten by a crab. Both are doing nicely, however, and Miss Walker was able to complete her bath without further molestation.

Selig has a new play entitled "A Five Hundred Dollar Kiss." Humph! That's nothing. We know of lots of them that cost much more than that!

Edison is to perpetuate our young friend, "Buster Brown," hero of many a Sunday "funny sheet." Meantime, the poor little "Yellow Kid" is nearly forgotten.

Margaret Gibson Wins

First Prize for Having the Prettiest Bathing Suit

By GRACE LAVENDER



THE WINNING BATHING COSTUMES—MARGARET GIBSON CENTER, MABEL VAN BUREN TO HER LEFT

WHEN the annual bathing girls' automobile parade was held at Ocean Park, Cal., all the swimmers around the beach started to get busy making bathing-suits. Little Miss Margaret Gibson, the charming leading lady of the Western Vitagraph, also got busy and, knowing the heart interest of Elks, bethought herself to represent that grand lodge in the parade. Forthwith she went to a fancy dressmaker and posed for a bathing-suit. The suit was made of silk, purple and white, and when the day of the big parade on the promenade came, Margaret was the applauded one.

The first prize carried with it the honor of being the handsomest girl with the niftiest suit, $50 and a beautiful silver and gold loving-cup. Of course this little champion of the screen had to carry off first prize, and she did it well, too. Eddie Dillon, of Mutual fame, and W. H. Clune, the Southern California movie magnate, were two of the judges, and they decided right away that Miss Gibson was the winner of first prize, and it was on no account of kindredism for being in the same business, either. It was for the merits of the girl and her original bathing-suit.

In the morning one of the city papers had the pink sheet first page devoted to the film star, and many cartoons told the tale of the beach parade.

Miss Gibson is studying the tango, and has become quite adept at dancing the latest steps, which are being seen much in Los Angeles hotels and at the beach resort dance pavilions, where the society people dance.


VITAGRAPH-ITES
ANITA STEWART
VITAGRAPHS LITTLE WOOD-NYMPH
EARLE WILLIAMS and EDITH STOREY in a MILITARY DRAMA
DOROTHY KELLY and her "DENTAL SMILE"
HOLMES
BUNNY— KING of "KOMEDIANS"
BUNNY as a HEN-PECKED SAILOR MAN—
LUCKY GUY, ME!
LILLIAN WALKER
WALLIE VAN
MAURICE COSTELLO and CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
"BROADWAY STARS"



MABEL TRUNNELLE



BUSHMAN



BAGGOT



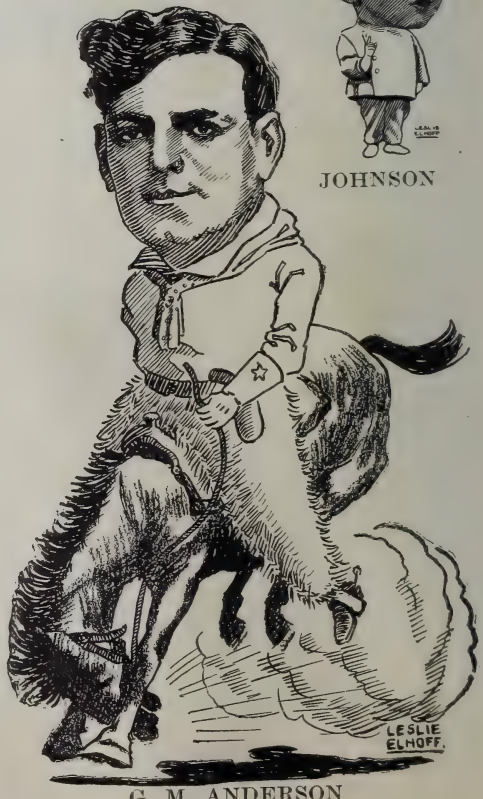
ROSEMARY THEBY



JOHNSON



MARGARITA FISCHER



G. M. ANDERSON



MIRIAM NESBITT



RED WING



MACE



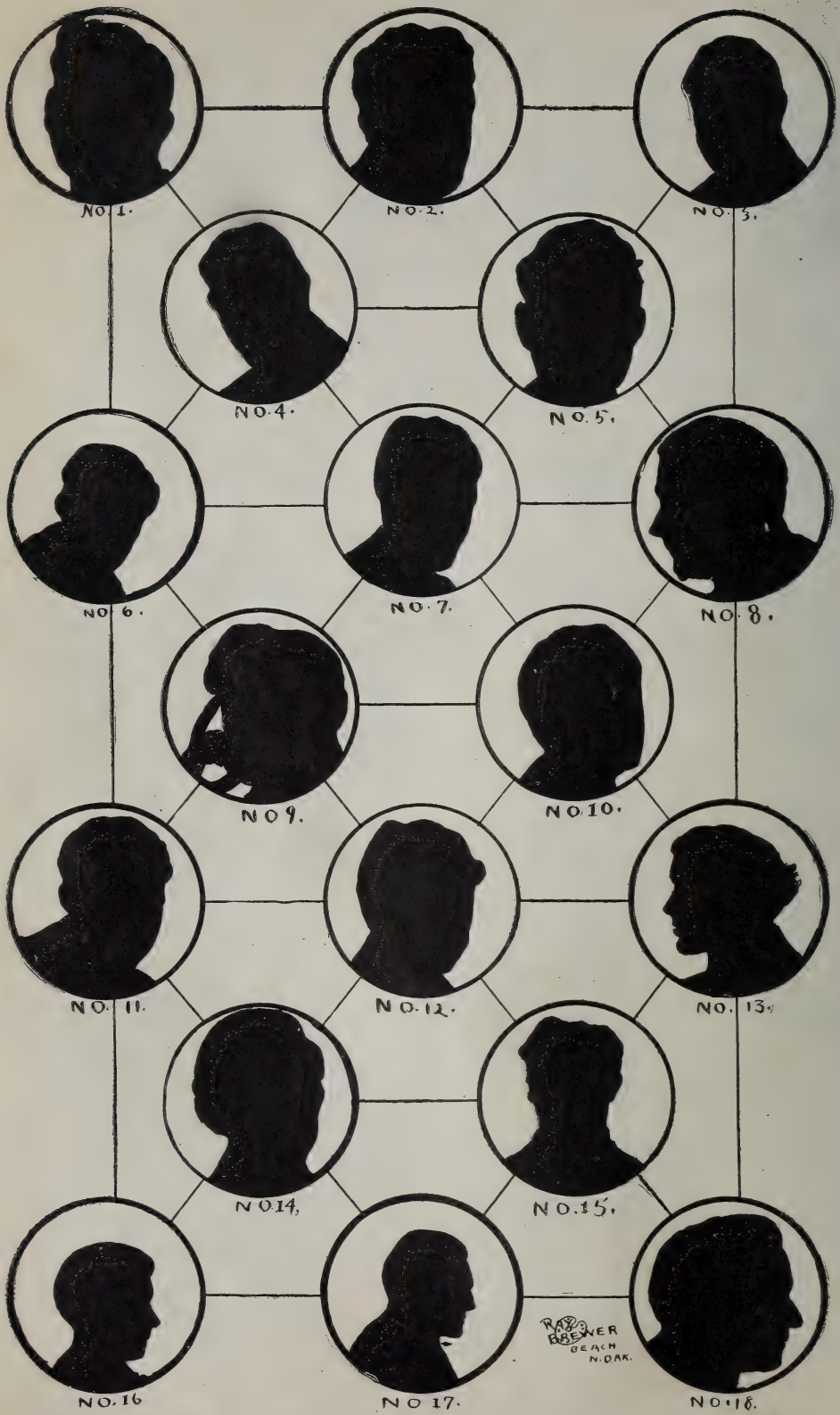
EDNA MAISON



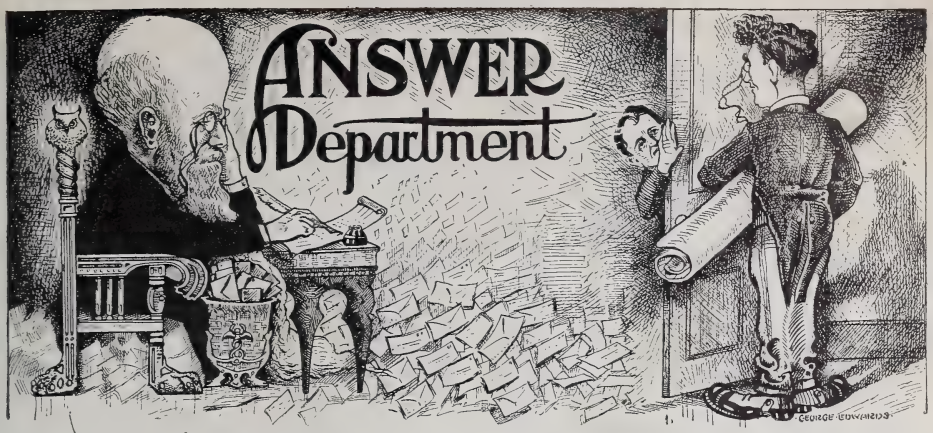
MONA DARKFEATHER



CRANE WILBUR



Here is another puzzle. We offer five prizes for the best solutions. Address SILHOUETTE PUZZLE EDITOR, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

VIOLET M. B.—Tom Moore and Alice Joyce in "An Unseen Terror" (Kalem). I read all letters that come to me. Those that are short I answer at once, and the others I take home for a leisure hour. I like best those that contain the name at the top, and the questions next, so that I can fill in the answers from my records before taking them home. It doubles my work when the questions are mixed up with comments.

AN M. P. FAN.—You ask me to state that J. Warren Kerrigan's nose is too crooked, G. M. Anderson's hands are too prominent, Arthur Johnson's clothes too sloppy, Francis Bushman too conceited, Carlyle Blackwell's hair too long, Earle Williams too sour-looking, and that it remains for M. Costello to fill the bill. Well, I have stated it, and the public will no doubt be much enlightened by your masterly review.

ANNA M. F.—You have the wrong title. The cause of the defect is that in taking the pictures too much is sacrificed for rapid action. The director imagines that everything must move along like a cyclone.

SNOW-CRUZE FAN.—Next month we expect to have a write-up about Marguerite Snow, but the Editor has so many good things in store that it is hard telling just when they will appear.

N. M. M.—The Vitagraph Theater changes its program whenever the old one ceases to draw. "Mr. Barnes of New York" ran for about a month, and was succeeded by "Captain Alvarez." "Shadows of the Past" came next.

DOLLIE VARDEN.—Nixamarie, I will not tell you who is the best player and which the best company. They are all my children, and I like them all alike. Gerda Holmes Judith in "In the Moon's Ray."

YVONNE, JUNE BUG.—You refer to Earle Williams. Yes, we have interviewers out after Arthur Johnson's diary, but his secretary is taking pretty good care of it. Thanks for clipping.

MRS. A. W., BROOKLYN.—So you say "The reason why Arthur Johnson is the best player is because he never looks or acts like himself, but always like the character he portrays." He is playing in and directing his plays now.

M. L., LEWISTON.—I am glad that you are learning to appreciate artistic pictures. Every up-to-date director knows that every film must now be replete with art pictures.

KAY.—Please sign your name hereafter. You refer to Helen Holmes in that Kalem. Edward Peil was leading man in "At His Expense" (Lubin). Louise Orth was the girl in "Blame the Tailor."

FLORA A.—Yes, to your first. Address all players in care of the manufacturers. We dont run a verse factory, but our readers do. The editor prints about one in every hundred received. Poets are as plentiful as flies.

MR. HENDERSON.—Please come back. You are in error.



MARIE T., JERSEY.—Charles Chaplin was the "funny fellow" in "Caught in the Rain" (Keystone).

MELVA.—Ethel Grandin had the lead in "Miss Nobody from Nowhere" (Imp). Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "Like Father, Like Son" (American). Helen Martin was Alice in "Wife" (Eclair). Stanley Walpole was the doctor in that play.

KENTUCKY LASS.—Rex Downs was the captain, Billie Rhodes was the sweetheart, and Charles Bartlett was the lieutenant in "Tigers of the Hills" (Kalem). Henry Walthall in "Judith." You refer to Ray McKee in "Getting Even" (Lubin). Charles Stine was the baby in "Mrs. Manly's Baby" (Essanay). Shorty Hamilton was Shorty in "Shorty Makes a Bet" (Biograph).

A READER, NEW ALBANY, IND.—You say that Warren Kerrigan was born in your town, where his father and brother still live, and that his giving his birthplace as Louisville has made him unpopular.

IRENE M.—I am sorry indeed, but Majestic will not give the name of Billie West's opposite in "Wheels of Destiny."

LILLIAN B. A.—William Gorman in "If It Were Not for Polly" (Biograph). Eleanor Woodruff was the girl in "Haunts of Fear" (Pathé). Mary Fuller has left Edison to join Universal; just which branch is not yet decided.

JESS, OF MEADVILLE.—Thanks very much for the pin. They are handsome. Joe King and Mabel Van Buren in "Charmed Arrow" (Selig). Thomas Santschi and Harriet Notter in "Bringing Up Hubby" (Selig). Margaret Prussing was Marion in "The Ways of Life."

LULU C., TULSA.—So you think Dorothy Davenport is the cutest and most beautiful of all actresses. It is impossible for me to tell you here where all the studios are located, but the majority of them are in California. Thanks.

MURL S.—Glad you liked the Warren Kerrigan autobiography. Yes, he wrote it himself. Sunday is the first day of the week, while the Sabbath is the day of the festival of the ancient Jewish church.

GERTIE.—I was indeed glad to make your acquaintance. Clara Williams was Madge, and Walter Edwards was the father in "The Gringo" (Kay-Bee). Donald Hall was Dr. Lowell in "Crucible of Fate" (Vitagraph). Thanks for the little envelope, also for what was in it.

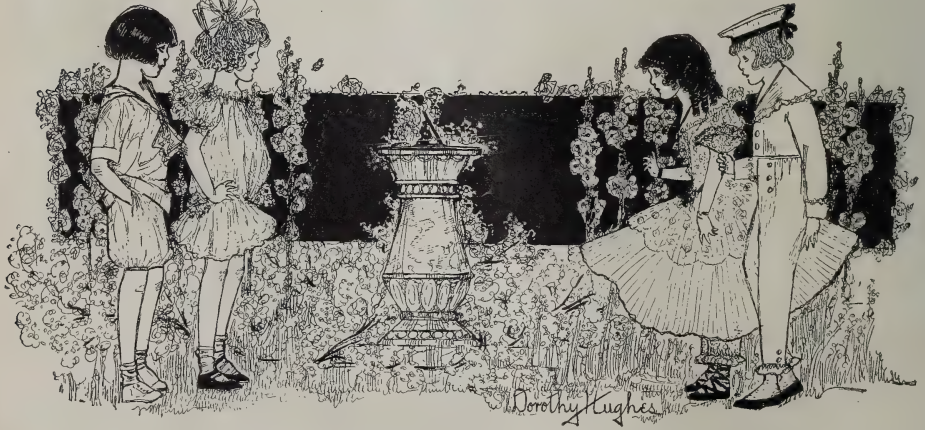
E. B., BASHVILLE.—Thanks for the gum. So you raved about the picture of Earle Williams in July. The Kerrigan picture was a double exposure. Cant explain it here.

MARIE D., PASSAIC.—E. K. Lincoln is with the Life Photo Film Company, 102 West 101st Street, New York City. I must refuse to go halves on any photoplays you write. No, thanks. I am glad that you are fond of "Junius." He's pretty sharp, isn't he?—but impartial. Your letter is bright.

P. M. CLENDERIUM.—Donald Hall was the English principal in the duel in "Mr. Barnes of New York" (Vitagraph). A Gallery picture of him probably next month. Betty Schade was the sweetheart in "A Mud Bath Elopement" (Rex).

AVONA FORTE.—It isn't my fault if people vote for beauty rather than for merit, is it? As for the Gallery, if you can get the players to keep the Editor supplied with fine, large, beautiful photos, they will soon find themselves represented in the Gallery. We cant get many *good* photos.

C. G. B., CHICAGO.—Charles Murray was the villain in "When Villains Meet."



There are lots of things that puzzle me,
But what I'd like to know
Is what old-fashioned children did
Without a Picture Show.

MLLE. MOSELLE.—Brinsley Shaw was James in "Madame Coquette" (Lubin). Write to 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal., for Miss Moore.

MINNIE A., WELLINGTON.—Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby had the leads in "A Question of Right" (Lubin).

K. I. M.—Thanks for the picture. Your letter was indeed interesting. The larger the picture projected on the screen, the more light is required.

POWERS, GRAND RAPIDS.—Anita Stewart was chatted December, 1913. No. No doubt the player you mention played only in one play for Universal.

M. F. M., COL.—Yes; Biograph used to have a corner on those kittenish girls. Cant sell you an autographed photo of Li'l Mary, but you might write her. Why, sir, you actually slander Alice Joyce's beauty—how dare you, sir? You have struck a note of discord in the universal harmony. Am sorry you have no use for Selig and Pathé, and that you see merit in only Vitagraph, Kalem, Edison and Biograph. And you have the audacity to criticise the pomes in our P. P. Dept. I'll bet my whiskers that you have tried to get one in—eh? But since you praise this department, I forgive. You show good judgment there.

ABE, 99.—No, you must give the name of the company. Alice Washburn was Martha in "Martha's Rebellion" (Edison). Harry Mainhall was the Secret Service man in "The Hand That Rocked the Cradle" (Essanay).

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Cheer up. Claire Rae was Joan in "The Ghost" (Pathé). I am betting on those Giants again. I fear I am not a loyal Brooklyn citizen.

THE YOUNG MISS EAMES.—Your postals are very fine. You say that "Romaine Fielding is inimitable because he is the world's greatest imitator himself."

PRINCESS.—The Crystal was an old play, and the Pathé a new play; that accounts for Pearl White playing in both.

M. F. B.—Myrtle Stedman was the leading woman in "Mother Love vs. Gold" (Selig). William Duncan opposite her. Richard Travers was Richard, and Gerda Holmes was the girl in "The Song in the Dark" (Essanay). Lottie Briscoe.



Milady Celia's Paris hat is here;
She merely heaves a sigh and says, "Oh, dear!
"I really wish you wouldn't bother me—
I'm reading now, as you can plainly see."
Now, pray what is so interesting, that
Milady wont try on her Paris hat?
You've guessed, altho the cover you've not seen—
It is the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE;
For there's no other magazine I know
Would ever hold Milady's interest so.



JAMES COMES IN ON ALL FOURS AFTER A NIGHT AT THE CLUB

E. Beryl G.—Joseph Kaufman was Wilbur in "Madame Coquette" (Lubin). So you think the American Company gave Mozart a cheap funeral in "Footsteps of Mozart." They did it correctly; no mourners followed Mozart's body to Potter's Field.

Frederick A. A.—Rosetta Brice was Margaret in "Officer Jim" (Lubin). Norma Talmadge thinks that her friends should send return postage when requesting a photograph of herself.

Socrates.—Thanks for the paper. I am now convinced that a new phool is born every minute. I dont know whether Crane Wilbur curls his hair, or whether Francis Bushman pads his shoulders, or whether Alice Joyce wears false hair, or even whether Ormi Hawley takes Turkish baths. Of course the world will stop going around till it finds out.

C. W. S.—I appreciate your kindness, but please dont send the socks.

Elizabeth W.—Your letter is very fine. You should let your vacation be an avocation, and your avocation a vacation. Dont confuse *vocation* with *avocation*.

Veronica.—You ask lots of questions, demanding a store of information. Dont you know that a bee, unladen, will fly forty miles an hour, but one coming home laden with honey travels only twelve miles an hour? Be a bee!

Margaret G.—Gerda Holmes was the girl in "The Song in the Dark" (Essanay). Wallace Reid is now playing with Dorothy Gish for Majestic.

Girlie.—Yes, to your sister's question. Far easier for a rich man to enter the eye of a needle or camel than for an inexperienced girl to enter a Motion Picture company.

Mabel M.—Yes, we shall use a picture of Harry Beaumont soon. Yes, thanks.

O. H., Galveston.—What! you have deserted Crane Wilbur for Earle Williams? Why is this thus, and why such atrocious perfidy? Zounds and gadzooks, but this is a crool world! Chester Withey was the foreman in "Taming a Cowboy."

Irene B.—Ethel Jackson was Paula in "The Battle of the Weak" (Vitagraph). Constance is Norma Talmadge's sister.

William the Conqueror.—Neva Gerber in that Kalem. Please dont ask whether Rose Tapley is married. Tom Moore and Harry Millarde played in "Nina of the Theater" (Kalem). To be always in a hurry is a sign of a disorganized mind.

Mrs. H. K. — Cyril Gottlieb was Freckles, and Shorty Hamilton was Chunk in "Freckles" (Domino). Gladden James was the son, and Harry Morey the father in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Clarence Elmer and Justina Huff in "The House of Darkness" (Lubin).

Caroline V. B.—We chatted Evelyn Selbie in February, 1914. Dorothy Phillips, of Essanay, is now with Imp. I had a fine time reading your letter.

D. F.—Yes; Earle Williams was at the exposition, but only for a short time.

Victor B.—Answers to your questions are too old to find. Lily Branscombe is now playing in special features.

Daniel C.—Yes; Anne Schaeffer is a great artist. Less charity and more justice is what the world wants.

M. C. Bellevue.—The latest idea is to devote theaters to the great writers—the Prinzregenten at Munich to Wagner; the Weiman Theater to Goethe; the Duseldorf Theater to Shakespeare; the Kunstler to Offenbach, etc. William Ehfe and Richard Stanton in "North of the Fifty-third Degree" (Kay-Bee). Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber are now with the Bosworth films.



ABOUT TO START OFF FOR ANOTHER "BIG NIGHT," HIS WIFE PERSUADES HIM TO GO TO THE PHOTOSHOW

EDNA E., TEXAS.—Thanks for the invitation, but I haven't the time to run down to Texas just now. When films get on fire, the fire cannot be put out by smouldering; that's why.

HENRY L. B.—Mlle. Verna Mersereau was the dancer in "The Dance of Death" (Kalem). If you tell me things like that, I will name you Baron Munchausen.

FLORENCE P.—Helen Gardner has given up her own company and is now with Vitagraph. Always address Alice Joyce in care of Kalem; it will be forwarded.

LILY MAY C.—Mary Anderson was the stenographer in "A Change in the Baggage Checks" (Vitagraph). I crave forgiveness, miss. Have I it?

GUSSIE.—Eddie Lyons is with Nestor. Dont think Jean Darnell is going back with Thanhouser. The Imp Company is now reviving the old Mary Pickford and Owen Moore plays, the first to be "The Sultana's Garden."

MIRIAM V. LEV.—Earle Metcalf was the detective in "A Question of Right" (Lubin). Gaston Bell played in "The Third Degree" (Lubin).

EVERYBODY.—I wish here to acknowledge receipt of a beautiful loving-cup that has been presented to me by members of the Correspondence Club. I understand that they collected nearly $100 for this cup, and, judging from its size and beauty, it was a bargain at that price. The Editor has had it photographed and will print a picture of it.

ALYCE N.—You are pretty long-winded. The letters I. W. W. stand for Industrial Workers of the World. Some say they stand for "I Wont Work."

MARIE E. D.—Thanks for the clippings. Huerta is pronounced *Wair-ta;* Villa, *Veel-yah;* but in Mexico it is usually pronounced *Vee-yah.*

D. AND L. CONMEE.—Arthur Ashley was Billy in "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Vitagraph). Hobart Bosworth was the bachelor in "The Love of Penelope."

PETER PAN.—Frank Borzage was Ensign Carver in "The Geisha" (Broncho). Gertrude Robinson with Biograph last.

I. A. W.—Thomas Chatterton was Crowe in "Shorty Escapes Matrimony" (Broncho). Rhea Mitchell was Nell in the same. Haven't heard where Albert McGovern is.

ANNA D., NEWARK.—When you come to New York, you should pay a visit to the following Motion Picture theaters: Vitagraph, Strand, Candler, Regent (116th Street and Amsterdam Avenue), Proctor's, Broadway and Herald Square, and to all others running photoplays.

JESSIE J.—Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich had the leads in "The Turning-Point" (American).

M. N., LYNN.—It is a delight to read letters like yours. So the actresses remind you of flowers. North Dakota, I believe, where the temperature has been as low as 49 degrees below zero, and as high as 107 degrees above.

P. W. ENGLISH.—Essanay release six plays a week now. House Peters is with the California Motion Picture Corporation. So you like Earle Williams? Isn't that strange!

HELEN F. L.—My! but your letter is long. The former Lubin twins, George Reehm and Walter Stull, are not finally located as yet. Benjamin Wilson was opposite Laura Sawyer in "A Day That Is Dead" (Edison). William Garwood and May Bosen had the leads in "A Woman Without a Soul" (Majestic). Adele Lane and Frank Newburg in "The God and Goddess" (Selig).

MISS W., LANSING.—Bessie Eyton was Sally in "Shotgun Jones" (Selig). My attempt always is to give you the information you ask, and thoughts that convince, in words that please; but alas——

WHAT HE SAW ON THE SCREEN



A YOUNG MAN BECOMES A DRUNKARD | STAGGERS TOWARD HOME ONE NIGHT AND IS ARRESTED | SPENDS THE NIGHT IN A CELL, WHILE— | HIS INNOCENT WIFE IS UNABLE TO PAY THE RENT



LATER: JAMES REPENTS AND PROMISES TO REFORM

ELIZABETH M., TEXAS.—Neva Gerber was the girl in "The Detective's Sister."

AL E., BATON ROUGE.—Charles Ray and Enid Markey in "The Card-Sharps" (Domino). Vera Sisson was the girl in "The Bolted Door" (Victor).

POLLY ANNE.—Yes, it is too bad to have to sit thru twenty or thirty ads. thrown on the screen. Why dont you complain? There is not much of it nowadays.

MABEL M.—You will see that chat with Harry Beaumont soon, I think. I have a very poor opinion of anybody who thinks he can play the races and win. All forms of gambling are demoralizing, and only weak minds and fools practice it.

HATTIE S. T.—Yes, that's the way to do; tell your manager whether you are pleased or not. The distance from London to Honolulu is 13,736 miles, by way of Cape Horn.

MADELINE.—Charles Chaplin was the comedian in "The Young Soldier" (Keystone). John Smiley was the Union general in "The Sleeping Sentinel" (Lubin). Arline Pretty is now King Baggot's leading Imp.

ARCADIA.—You want to know the name of the church and location that was used in "The Cricket on the Hearth," with the inscription "Bide a wee and pray." That is not in my line, but there is a way to find out, in time. The luxuriousness of the modern picture palace is remarkable, but not more luxurious than the pictures deserve.

EVA H.—James Morrison was James, and Lucille Lee the girl in "She Never Knew" (Vitagraph). Harry Lonsdale was John, and Adele Lane the blonde girl in "Two Girls" (Selig).

VYRGYNYA.—You seem to pop up when least expected. I believe *you* have all the qualifications you mention. All film is celluloid, and it is about 1⅜ inches wide by 1-200th of an inch thick.

MARIE N.—Brinsley Shaw was the husband in "Madame Coquette" Lubin). Mr. Randall was the sweetheart in "Her Mother's Weakness" (Biograph).

GRACE W.—Hazel Buckham was the girl in "The House Across the Street" (Rex). As the Hares say, "Everybody has his own theater, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, sceneshifter, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience into the bargain."

S. A. VAN P.—Norma Talmadge was Ray in "The Right of Way" (Vitagraph). You refer to Roscoe Arbuckle as "the big, fat young man opposite Mabel Normand."

ALICE MURIEL.—Thanks for the clipping. William Russell and Louise Vale were man and wife, and Betty Gray was the reporter in "Her Big Scoop'" (Biograph). Neva Gerber in that Kalem.

GREENVILLE MISS.—Your letter was good enough to eat. Dont forget that we become what we earnestly desire to be.

THERESA.—I haven't heard where the Nash Twins are at present. It is not pleasant to be a critic. We must either hurt the person criticised by telling the truth, or hurt ourselves by telling what is not true.

INTERESTED.—I do not fear the malice of my correspondents so much as I do their flattery. None of that, please—against the rules. Yes; Clara Young.

MADELINE.—You refer to Marshall Neilan. I cannot undertake to send my signature to autograft collectors. So you think that some wise chirographer would then discover my identity, which is now enshrouded in mystery? There is no mystery about me that I know of.



STILL LATER: A HAPPY FAMILY, MADE POSSIBLE THRU THE INFLUENCE OF THE PHOTOPLAY

KATHERINE C. J.—Edward Earle was Frank in "The Hands of Horror" (Edison). Jack J. Clark was Robert in "A Fight for a Birthright" (Gene Gauntier). Anna Nilsson in "Shipwrecked" (Kalem).

KRAZY KAT.—I am sorry to hear of your sickness. Louise Glaum was the girl in "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem).

RAE.—I am glad you have changed your opinion about Florence Lawrence. He who never changes his opinions will never enlarge his knowledge. Ray McKee and Benjamin Walker in "He Said He Could Act" (Lubin).

HYACINTH, 17.—Blanche Sweet was the wife in "The Soul of Honor" (Majestic). Alan Hale is with Biograph.

MARY S.—Jack Richardson was the father in "A Prince of Bohemia" (American). Henry Walthall was Lord Chumley in "Lord Chumley" (Klaw-Erlanger-Biograph).

VIRGINIA T.—You will have to get your photos direct from the manufacturers. You say that "the man who writes a single line, and hears it often quoted, will in his lifetime surely shine, and be hereafter noted." If I dont succeed in that, kindly put a flower on my grave.

MARGARET V. S.—No, not Mary Pickford. The clipping is true, but will not reflect upon the player.

PINKY, 17.—I have not seen your airdrome as yet. Louise Vale was the girl, and Vivian Prescott the restless wife in "The Restless Woman" (Biograph). Gerda Holmes in "The Song in the Dark."

WAITING, N. Y.—Ben Walker was Bill in "The Particular Cowboys" (Lubin).

DOROTHY M. C.—Olive Golden was Teola in "Tess of Storm County" (F. P.).

C. L. H., CHARLESTON.—Your letter was a gem. I was very glad to get it. Many thanks. Every turn of the crank of a projecting machine means one foot of film passed by the lens. But it is not always passed by the Board of Censors.

E. B. B., NEW ORLEANS.—The company will not give that information. Thanks for all the facts about your city.

BOLDIE.—Ah, but I can give others advice better than I can make use of it myself. It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves, isn't it? Gertrude McCoy, Benjamin Wilson and Augustus Phillips in "All for His Sake" (Edison).

MABEL, FORT WORTH.—You refer to Miss Sackville and Horace Carpenter in the Kathlyn series. Harold Lockwood. Florence LaBadie in "The Catspaw."

R. M., TULSA.—Marin Sais was the girl in "The Master Rogue" (Kalem). B. Carpenter was the detective in "The Attic Above" (Selig). John Smiley was Shorty in "A Strange Melody" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley was Madge in "A Leaf from the Past" (Lubin). Vivian Prescott was the wife in "Ethics of the Profession."

MARIPOSA.—Ray McKee and Frances Ne Moyer were the leads in "The Stagedoor Flirtation" (Lubin). Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "A Rose of San Juan."

ZILLAH.—Harry Millarde was the king in "An Unseen Terror" (Kalem). Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "The Silent Warning" (Kalem). Ernestine Morley was Bettina in "In the Southland" (Lubin).

MISS MEXICO.—It probably refers to Milton (the British Homer). Jere Austin was Dr. Brent in "Nina of the Theater" (Kalem). What would you do if you thought I could read your thoughts?

ABE, 99.—I really appreciate the sentiment that induced you to send me that pretty cat, and I will try to provide for it a good home. Harry Mainhall was the Secret Service man in "The Hand That Rocked the Cradle" (Essanay).

LORA C.—Frank Borzage was John in "The Geisha." Richard Travers in that Essanay.

UTAH, COLLIER.—Robyn Adair was Private Owens in "The Impostor" (Kay-Bee). Elizabeth Burbridge was Marie in "A Common Mistake" (Domino). Rhea Mitchell was the girl in the Broncho.

ELVA H., 17.—Mabel Normand was Mabel in "Mabel at the Wheel" (Keystone). Dont know why that player left Vitagraph, but maybe Milton's lines explains it, "Rather than be less, cared not to be at all."

ESTELLE C.—Alfred Vosburgh was Barney in "The Informer" (Domino). That Vitagraph was produced in Brooklyn. Long "i" in Vitagraph.

ED K., DETROIT.—Wheeler Oakman was Shotgun Jones in that play. The companies are formed by the different managers. A player cant always choose whom he would like to play opposite.



DOROTHY S.—The reason for that rule is, if you write on one sheet of paper things that are intended for different departments of the magazine, I have to go all around the building with your letter in my hand, asking different people to copy from your letter what pertains to them. A separate piece of paper should be used for each item. Sally Crute in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Gretchen Lederer was Annette in "A Barrier Royal" (Broncho). George Morgan was the idiot in "The Idiot" (Biograph).

MRS. R. E. D.—You might write to Harry Myers; I think he would answer. You have the right idea. As Joubert says, "In really good acting we should be able to believe that what we hear and see is of our own imagining; it should seem to us as a charming dream."

L. F. P.—I refer you to the Photoplay Clearing House. They will furnish you with full data. Every time you see a one-reel film (1,000 feet), you see no less than 16,000 separate pictures.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—No, I did not have on the light suit. Olga is not Charlotte S., but both write to this department. William Russell in "Her Big Scoop" (Biograph). Justina Huff in "The Wall-flower" (Lubin). Irene Warfield was Grace in "A Man for a' That."

KEYSTONE KID.—No, that was not Ford Sterling in that Keystone. Charles Avery was Fatty's husband in "The Bowery Boys" (Keystone). That young player you mention has a promising future, and if she does not win, she will have a good case for breach of promise against you fans.

HARRY M. L.—Mildred Harris was Mildred in "Granddad" (Broncho). Alan Hale and Edgene De Lespine in "The House of Pretense" (Reliance). Betty Harte and Blanche Light, and Runa Hodges was Anna in "Sidetracked by Sister" (Majestic). Lillian Hines was Miss Dunn, and Ben Goetz was the confederate in "Who Is in the Box?"

P. L. THETFORD.—Charles West was the sweetheart, and Miss Francis was the stenographer in "When Love Forgives" (Biograph). Jeanne Eagle was the wife in "A Lesson in Bridge" (Reliance).

E. L. W., PIÑOS ALTOS.—Thanks for the names of the honorary members of your sorority. I dont see either of the Marys on the list. Whyfore? Somebody has sent me a fine fishline, for which I want to give thanks. Good luck to both of us.

MYRTLE AND FRANCES.—Sorry, but Majestic did not answer. Al Filson was the Secret Service man in "The Girl Behind the Carrier" (Selig). Irene Warfield in "A Voice of the Wilderness."

ROQUA S.—William Russell was the young senator in "Her Big Scoop" (Biograph). Horace Carpenter was Ramabai in the Kathlyn series. George Morgan was Jim in "Under the Skin" (Biograph). Morris Foster was the physician in "Lost —A Union Suit" (Thanhouser).

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.—The play you mention was not a Vitagraph. Warren Kerrigan never played for Vitagraph; he was with Western Essanay. Yes, they show Nordisk films in America. George Stanley was Sandy, Robert Thornby was Shorty; latter not with Vitagraph now.

HARRY L. D.—The U. S. mints are located at Philadelphia, New Orleans, Carson City, San Francisco and Denver. So you want to take up a subscription to send me to a home for the aged a few years from now. No, my children, I have saved ample from my $7 a week to keep me from want.

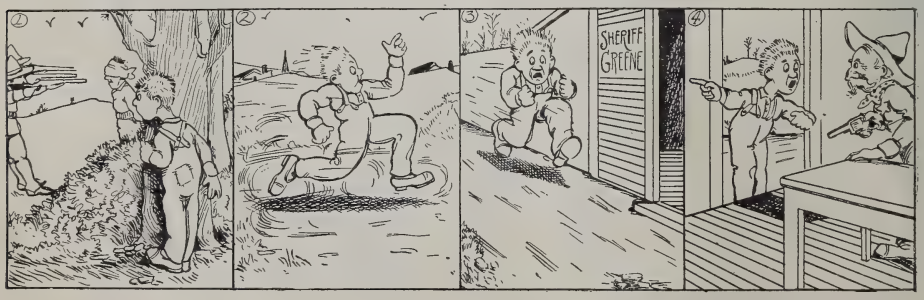
PAULINE M.—Mae Marsh in "The Battle of Elderbush Gulch" (Biograph). Harry Carey and Claire McDowell in "Her Silent Partner" (Biograph). Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet in "Strongheart" (Biograph).

C. G. B., CHICAGO.—Harold Vosburgh was the reporter in "Suppressed News" (Selig). Minta Durfee was the maid in "Cruel, Cruel Love" (Keystone).

LOTTIE D. T.—Again? Billie West and Harry Fischer in "The Orange Bandit" (Majestic). Charles Chaplin and Velma Pearce in "Between Showers" (Keystone). Charles Ray and Anna Little in "The Path of Genius" (Kay-Bee).

HARRY L. D.—Fraunie Franholtz and Claire Whitney in "A Fight for Freedom."

A. S., BOSTON.—George Morgan was the idiot in "The Idiot" (Biograph). Charles Ray was Simms in "Shorty's Sacrifice."



'TWAS ONLY A CAMERA MAN, BUT SEE WHAT A FRIGHT

PRINCESS, MERIDIAN.—Robert Harron and Mae Marsh in "Brute Force" (Biograph). That play was taken at Chattsworth Park, Cal.

DOROTHY F.—Barney Sherry was the father, Mildred Harris the daughter, and Cyril Gottlieb the son in "The Social Ghost" (Kay-Bee). I dont mind being called granddad, but I'm not one, and never will be, so why do you?

SPEED, CHICAGO.—Cyril Gottlieb was the boy. The majority of your questions cannot be answered, owing to lack of information from the companies. When the publicity men are asleep at the switch, the fans and players must suffer.

TRIXIE.—Thomas Chatterton was Tom Crowe in "Shorty Escapes Matrimony" (Broncho). Emory Johnson was the escort in "Broncho Billy's True Love."

MRS. MAUDE M.—Thomas Chatterton had the double rôle in "The Substitute" (Kay-Bee). George Field in "Calamity Ann's Love Affair" (American). Why not send your play to the manufacturers or to our Clearing House?

LESLIE T. C.—Velma Pearce was the girl in "Love and Dynamite" (Keystone). Eva Nelson was the girl in "A Bathhouse Beauty" (Keystone). Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "A Stage-door Flirtation" (Lubin). Ford Sterling has his own company, which is Universal.

DOROTHY B.—And you send me only a thimbleful of love? I would expect a hogsheadful from you. (Dont look for any hidden meaning in that word.) Mae Marsh and Al Paget in "The Battle of Elderbush Gulch" (Biograph).

VONA L.—"The Flirt" (Vitagraph) was taken near the studio in Brooklyn. You really need a sample scenario, and then you must have the ideas yourself.

VIOLET R.—James Cruze and Maude Fealy in "Little Dorrit" (Thanhouser). Stella Razetto was the mother in "Little Lillian Turned the Tide" (Selig). Edna Payne in "The Cross in the Cacte."

BERTINE B.—The drawings are good, but of course could be better. Leona Hutton was the wife, and Charles Ray the husband in "The Buried Past" (Broncho). That was Ormi Hawley in "From Out the Flood" (Lubin).

LOTTIE D. T.—Elsie Kerns was Helen, and F. Hamer was Jack in "His Little Pal" (Majestic). John Ince and Rosetta Brice had the leads, and Joseph Kaufman was Jack in "In the Northland" (Lubin). Courtland Van Deusen and Jane Morrow in "Bunny's Scheme" (Vitagraph).

OLGA.—I appreciate being called granddaddylonglegs, for I always was fond of them. Enid Markie was the girl, H. Mayhall was Dan, and William Ephee was the policeman in "Love vs. Duty."

ALIAS QUIZ.—Benjamin Wilson plays the part of Cleek in "The Chronicles of Cleek" (Edison). Shorty Hamilton.

ELSIE M. L.—Charles Ray was Tom in "Shorty's Sacrifice" (Broncho). We haven't printed his picture as yet. Rhea Mitchell was Marie in "A Barrier Royal" (Broncho). It is said that Mary Pickford gets $1,000 a week, but it may be stage-money. She does not spend much.

THE PINK PAJAMA GIRL.—Goethe says that an actor should take lessons from a painter and a sculptor. I am sure that the directors should. Your letter is very interesting, but your name is not.

EN. N. M., FREMONT.—Chance E. Ward was the detective, and Neva Gerber the sister in "The Detective's Sister" (Kalem). Cleo Ridgely was Jess, Marin Sais her mother, and George Melford the doctor in "The Barrier of Ignorance."

ABE, 99.—You must not mind the wrinkles and dont count them as years, but as places where smiles have been. Vivian Prescott is now with Crystal. Jere Austin was Dr. Brent, and Tom Moore was Paul in "Nina of the Theater" (Kalem). Lottie Briscoe in "Kiss Me Good-night" (Lubin).

R. G. M.—I see that it is no use trying to teach enthusiastic prudence. Charles Chaplin in "Caught in a Cabaret."

QUEENIE, TROY.—Palmer Bourman was Gentleman Joe in "A Pair of Stockings" (Selig). Adrienne Kroell was Mrs. Brainard. Marshall Neilan was Jack in "McBride's Bride" (Kalem).

NADINE R.—Bless your heart, but I didn't mean to slight you. I dont know who the dog was in "The Catspaw." It is better to pardon too much than to condemn too much.



IT GAVE THE SHERIFF AND THE GOOD PEOPLE OF SQUASHVILLE

E. M. M.—Thomas Santschi was Bruce in those plays. Adele Lane and William Stowell in "Father's Day" (Selig). William Taylor is now with Balboa.

CARNARSIE MERMAID.—Courtenay Foote is now with the Bosworth Films. You will find that, as a rule, the most ignorant people are the most proud.

E. J. HINKY DINK.—The reason Charles Chaplin's name does not appear in the Great Artist Contest is because he has not as yet received 17,000 votes. At this writing he has only 2,170. I really dont know why "The Perils of Pauline" are not shown at Denver.

A. M. M., PITTSBURG.—We have never interviewed William E. Shay. Yes, we shall interview Bryant Washburn also.

HELEN M. G.—The "eternal feminine" seems to be in the majority in this department, but it is close, with several countries yet to be heard from. Yes; Warren Kerrigan has but one sister. Your letter was fine.



THE NEW TEACHER

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OF ALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYERS

One Hundred of the Most Popular Motion Picture Actors and Actresses Now Have "Postage Stamps" Bearing Their Portraits. You Can Get these Beautiful, Colored Portrait Stamps with gummed backs Free by Simply Writing and Asking for a Stamp from each, and thus Form a Valuable Complete Collection.

Newspapers are filled with accounts of this latest collection craze. Young and old alike are collecting these stamps and pasting them in albums, trading in them, or using them as seals on the back of their letters.





A new craze is sweeping the country.

It is the collecting of "postage stamps" bearing the latest portraits of American motion picture actors and actresses. Of course, these stamps are not actually good for postage, but otherwise they represent postage stamps.

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"You know, actions speak louder than words."

"Then, that must be the reason 'most every one prefers to go to the Motion Picture show."

ADELE.—Yes, send along your votes. I dont know Irving Cummings' nationality and religion, and would not tell you if I did.

TANGO TESS.—Eugenie Besserer was the model in "The Fire Jugglers" (Selig). No, she was not nude.

M. A. L., ST. LOUIS.—Hazel Buckham was the heroine in "The Crimson Stain" (Broncho). Alma Russell was Bessie in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). You refer to Lottie Briscoe, and not Gene Gauntier, in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Lubin).

G. H., WASH.—Versatility is a requisite in a successful photo-player nowadays, but it shouldn't be. A player should be good and great in one particular line, and that should be more than sufficient. The nightingale has but one song, but it is a good one. It is too bad that a player must be able to dance, swim, run an airship, be a comedian, a tragedian, an engineer, etc. Brinsley Shaw was James in "Madame Coquette."

J. M. B.—Ray Clark was the little boy in "Reconciled in Blood" (Selig). The quickest trip around the world was made by Andre Jager-Schmidt in 1911; time, 39 days, 19 hours, 43 minutes, 37 4-5 seconds.

LORRAINE G.—Belle Adair was the wife, Helen Marten was Alice, and Stanley Walpole was Dr. Livingston in "Wife" (Eclair). Ruth Stonehouse was Ruth, and Francis Bushman was Frank in "Mongrel and Master" (Essanay). Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "Like Father" (American). Marie Weirman in the Vitagraph.

IMOGENE C.—Yes, you notice the details, but the directors dont. Vera Sisson in "The Sandhill Lovers" (Victor). Rapley Holmes was Robert in "In the Moon's Ray" (Essanay).

SUNSHINE.—Oh, but you must sign your name. Swing low, sweet chariot. Yes, they really are.

H. K., FRANKFORD.—Guy Coombs was George in "The Regeneration" (Kalem). The picture is of Rosetta Brice. Address all players in care of the company.

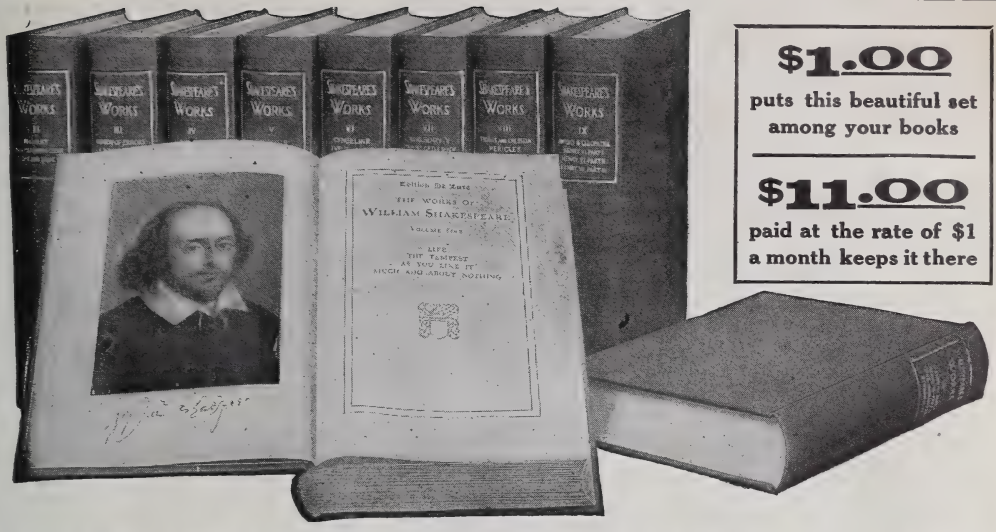
P. A. N.—Lillian Walker's nickname is "Dimples." That is an old question you ask: Is a lie ever justifiable? I think it is, for the securing of the desirable end is always more important than the right or wrong of the means.

KATHERINE.—Walter Miller was Hugh in "Lord Chumley" (Biograph). William Clifford was Clifford in "Cast Adrift in the South Seas" (Bison). Dorothy Gish in "The Mountain Rat" (Reliance).

J. C. W. O.—Darwin Karr was Paul in "The Spirit and the Clay" (Vitagraph). Charles Surckard was Bud in "Shorty Escapes Matrimony" (Kay-Bee).



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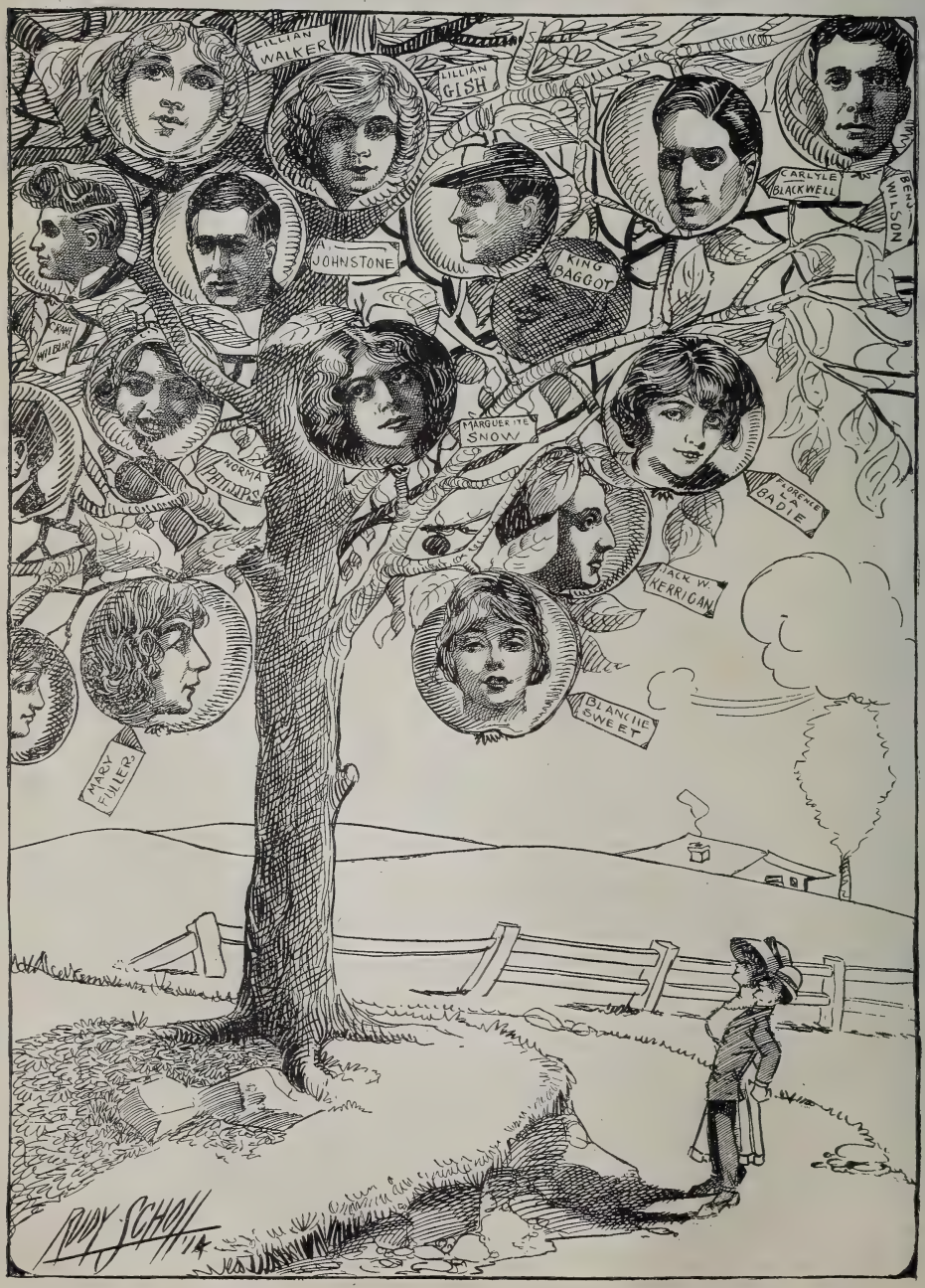
Occupation .....

N. R. S.—Wont you please write in ink or else write plainer? Your spelling is as bad as that of Josh Billings.

Evelyn R. H.—Your letter is highly appreciated. That's it, you have it right—do good, be good and make good!

Francis B.—Prog. stands for the Progressive Company. Hobart Bosworth was formerly with Selig, and now he has a company of his own. Yes, I noticed that. The face is supposed to be the silent echo of the heart, but some of those we see in the pictures seem to be a silent echo of a graveyard and resemble tombstones.

Gertrude U.—Bryant Washburn was George in "The Song in the Dark" (Essanay). Jack Richardson was George in "The Lost Sermon" (American). Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall and Marshall Neilan in "Classmates."



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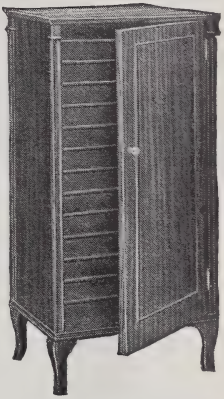
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Thank you for sending along the little book on pre-historic plots. It is something every writer ought to have on his desk. I want to speak of it in a forthcoming number of the magazine.
Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR LEEDS, Editor of The Photoplay Author.

Your little book, which I read more than once, certainly has a mission. It should do an enormous good.

In the way of criticism, it appears to me that there is a greater amount of interest in a moving picture scenario and a greater amount of ignorance as to what a scenario is and is not, than ever surrounded a new art. Textbooks are of some value, but they do not completely fulfill their purpose. It requires a bold and emphatic alignment of facts, such as you have presented in your little book, to really emphasize the dangers to avoid and the guides to follow.

It appears to me that your little volume could do the embryonic scenario writer more good than a careful study and analysis of the average textbook.
B. P. SCHULBERG,
Scenario Editor, Famous Players Film Co.

It is with keen appreciation and interest I have read "Here Lies," and wish to add my tribute to the wit and wisdom with which it has been compiled.
CATHERINE CARR,
Editor-in-Chief, North American Films Corporation.

Many thanks for your booklet, "Here Lies." In brief, it is excellent.
ALBERT GLASSMIRE,
Scenario Editor, Biograph Company.

If I could put your little book, "Here Lies," into the hands of the hundreds of writers who are getting ready to mail their scenarios, I'm sure—quite sure—their plays would be buried in their own back yards, saving me the trouble of advising them, in a charming, interesting, almost encouraging way, that their plots were ready for shrouds. You have covered the ground very completely. It is a book every amateur should have—a book I hope each one of them procures.
Very truly yours,
A. W. THOMAS, Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Just a line to tell you I've just finished reading your little book, "Here Lies," It is very clever and original.
GENE GAUNTIER, Gene Gauntier Feature Players.

I was very pleased to read your booklet entitled "Here Lies." I have glanced thru it, rather quickly perhaps, but do not hesitate to say that I think it is very cleverly gotten up and that your organization is to be congratulated on its issue. I have no doubt but that it will be of a great deal of value to many of the younger writers.
Sincerely yours,
MARC E. JONES, Photoplay Authors' League.

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THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Sorry you dont like it. *Deo juvante*, I'll try to do better. We shall tell Lillian Walker all about it.

OLGA, 17.—Your letters are always bright. What is the piece of wire for? You forgot to explain. You are like all women—they want to be loved, and to be told so occasionally.

MARIE T.—Address Carlyle Blackwell at the New York studio of Famous Players. Most of the Vitagraph players are experienced actors from the stage.

LULU C.—Cissy Fitzgerald was Mrs. Thompson in "The Accomplished Mrs. Thompson" (Vitagraph). Now you must send your letters direct to the players themselves, and dont disturb me.

ANTHONY.—William Russell is still with Biograph. Pearl was there. William Bailey's plays are being released thru Pathé.

GERTIE.—Elsie Greeson was Minnie in "The Moonshiner's Daughter" (Majestic). Gwendoline Pates is with Selig. Marguerite Snow, Mr. Foster and Joe Sparks in "Their Best Friend" (Thanhouser). I advise you to drop your "friend" at once. Who ceases to be a friend never was one.

HERBERT W.—There are only two copies of the film, "Cabiria," in this country—one at Chicago and one in New York. It was played by Italian players. You mean the elephant beetle, found in Venezuela, which sometimes weighs as much as half a pound—the largest insect.

HELEN M. MC.—Your letter is dated June 27th, and the August issue closed on June 25th. Some very interesting matter in your letter, and no doubt some day you wont need to complain. L. C. Shumway was Donald in "Sealed Orders" (Lubin). Haven't Herbert Barry's whereabouts. House Peters with a California company.



This is the cup that was presented to the Answer Man by the members of the Pansy Correspondence Club. It is of solid silver and stands fourteen inches high.

On June 30th a committee of three ladies, representing the Pansy Correspondence Club, called at this office and presented the Answer Man with a handsome silver loving-cup. In accepting the token, the Answer Man made the following remarks:

"In accepting this handsome gift, I want to say that I fully appreciate, from the bottom of my heart, the kindly sentiment that prompted the giving, and were it a crown or a throne, I could not appreciate it more. It is a natural thing to work, a noble thing to do useful work, and a happy thing to do work that makes others happy. I thoroly enjoy my work, and it makes it a hundredfold more enjoyable to know that it is appreciated by others. Such a kind and thoughtful gift as this proves that my humble efforts have not been entirely in vain. One could not have lived seventy-three years and not know that such an appreciation as I have just received is a blessing such as few, in this world, receive, and I am deeply touched by it. If I have ever offended any of my readers by being too impatient and cross, I now apologize; and I freely forgive those who have lost patience with me, or who have enjoyed themselves at the expense of my supposedly massive dome, my lengthy beard, and so on. A little humor, now and then, is relished by the best of men, and we must all learn to appreciate a good joke even if we are at the wrong end of it. By this token I shall always be inspired and encouraged to my best efforts in future, and I assure you, dear friends, that as long as I live I will cherish this loving-cup as the choicest of my possessions. I wish to thank this committee for all they have done in securing the numerous contributions that went to the purchasing of this handsome present, and I want to thank each and every one who contributed, even if it were only a penny. Accept my felicitations, and God bless you all."

The cup was then filled several times with lemonade, flavored with grape-juice, and every employee of the magazine drank the health of the Answer Man.

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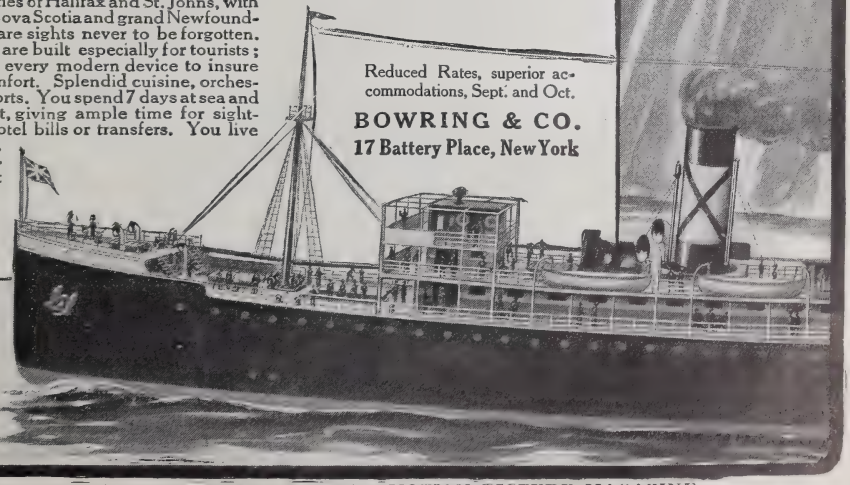
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V. CATHERINE.—Yes, we are going to chat Romaine Fielding or steal his diary, I dont know which. Louise Vale and William Russell in "Her Big Scoop" (Biograph). Yes; Georgia Maurice is Mrs. Costello. She is a beautiful woman. She is not Mrs. Maurice's daughter.

EDNA C.—Anna Little is with the Broncho Company. Broncho would not give us the information about "Deserted Thieves." I will try to get it. Arthur Jarrett was Herbert in "The Hour of Reckoning" (Kay-Bee). Thanks.

KERRY.—Edwin Carewe is no longer with Lubin. Louise Orth is with Selig. I have no connection with the circulation department, but if you enclose a letter to me concerning your subscription or about a premium, I will see that it gets to the proper department, provided it is on a separate sheet of paper.

ANNA MC.—Arthur Ashley is not a newcomer. You know he is the owner of Shep, the Vitagraph dog. So you want E. K. Lincoln to come back. Owen Moore was Jack in "Caprice."

HATTIE H. R.—Perhaps it is not the manager's fault that his theater is so brightly illuminated as to make the pictures appear dim. In some cities, like New York, the law requires that all M. P. theaters be well lighted at all times. We shall chat Norma Phillips very soon. Write direct to the Mutual Company.

FLORENCE H.—Francis Ford's picture appeared in August, 1914. You had better write to the Universal Company. Send a stamped, addressed envelope direct to us for a list of manufacturers.

MYSTIC FIFTEEN.—Yes; Tom Moore told me himself that he was married to Alice Joyce and it is no secret now.

ANTHONY.—Donald Hall was the English officer in the duel in "Mr. Barnes of New York." Lillian Gish had the lead in "Lord Chumley." Louise Orth was Rose o' My Heart in that play by Selig. Leo Delaney is not located as yet.

HELEN M. B.—Wallace Beery, Eddie Redway, Leo White and Dixie Stuart in "Wrong All 'Round" (Essanay). Jack Henry was Dan in "Tess of Storm County." Adrienne Kroell and Harold Vosburgh in "In Spite of the Evidence" (Selig). Lester Cuneo, Charles Wheelock, Doc Pardee and Eleanor Blevins in "The Sheep Runners" (Selig). Claire McDowell and Joseph McDermott in "The Scare."

JESS, OF MEADVILLE.—Della Martelle was the girl in "Tomboy's Race" (Majestic). Mabel Van Buren was the wife in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Selig). She also played in "While Wifey's Away" (Selig). Helen Kendricks was Sybil in "When Thieves Fall Out" (Selig). Jackie Saunders was the girl in "The Intrigue" (Kalem). Augusta Bolle was the girl in "Abide with Me" (Pathé). Muriel Ostriche was the school-teacher in "Cupid's Lieutenant" (Princess). Thanks for all the work you did toward my loving-cup and for your charming letter.



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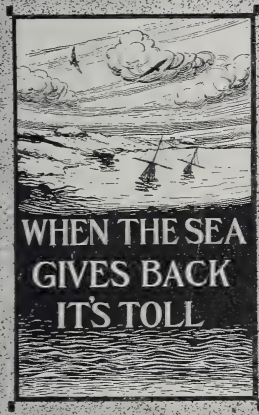
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LOTTIE D. T.—Fred Tedmarsh was Ernest in "Love's Long Lane" (Lubin). Louise Huff was Lucille. The colored child was not cast in "An Easter Lily" (Vitagraph). You, of course. You want Tillie the First to join our club? Step forward, Tillie.

D. M. B., SODUS.—Maurice Costello and Mary Charleson in "The Sale of a Heart" (Vitagraph). Yes; Romaine Fielding in "The Harmless One" (Lubin). Mona Darkfeather was Ruth in "Against Derperate Odds" (Kalem). Edna Luby was Evelyn in "Shadows" (Lubin). Lionel Adams was Lester. Bartley McCullum was the parent in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin). Gaston Bell was Jefferson. Orography is the study of mountains, and limnology is the study of lakes.

ALICE C. B. — The reason that the titles in that film read from right to left was because the operator, when he rewound the film, did not place the emulsion side of the film so that it faced the lamp. I understand that the Chanler Theater on Forty-second Street, New York City, is partly owned by George Kleine. It is now running photoplays, but it will probably be devoted to stage plays in the fall.

LOTTIE D. T.—Joseph Levering and Claire Whitney had the leads in "The Shadow of Moulin Rouge" (Solax). Arline Pretty was the telephone operator in "The Fatal Step" (Imp). Edmund Mortimer was Jack. Tom Moore was the younger son, and Jere Austin the eldest in "The Weakling" (Kalem).

OLGA, 17.—So you now call me Saccharrisa, meaning 400 times sweeter than sugar by actual count. Oh, if I were only 17, instead of 73!

JUDY R.—William Brunton in that Kalem. Yes; Brinsley Shaw, formerly of the Anderson-Essanay Company.

KERRY.—Most of the players have contracts with their companies. Barry O'Moore is leaving Edison, but not until he finishes the series he is playing in. Antonio Moreno played in "Strongheart."

MARY, GOLDFIELD.—Kindly watcherstep, keep off the grass and read the note at the head of this department.

DOMINE.—Address your letter in care of the studio. Anna Little with Broncho. Rosetta Brice was the girl in "The Price of Victory" (Lubin). Riley Chamberlain and Miss Ray had the lead in "The Strategy of Conductor 786" (Thanhouser).

H. G. D.—No; "Captain Alvarez" was no trick picture. The accident really occurred in the other picture.

AUDREY AND CHERRY.—Yes, we are going to publish Paul Kelly's picture soon. "The Christian" is a State-rights play and was not released thru the General Film Company. Henry Walthall opposite Mary Pickford in "The Informer" (Biograph). Edythe Sterling and Arthur Allardt had the leads in "Won by Wire" (Frontier).

ANNETTE.—I find that it is much easier to find 100 critics to tell how a play ought to be produced, than to find one who can do it. Sydney Ayres was Calvin in "The Call of the Traumerei" (American). Vivian Rich was the girl.

NAOMI.—Many thanks for the picture. It is beautiful, but please dont insult me by calling me other people's names. Fred Church is in California with the Universal. Siberia is the coldest place on record. It has been as low as 90 degrees below zero at Werchojansk. Want any ice?

MARGARETTE T.—Marguerite Courtot was Victimous Milly in "Thru the Flames" (Kalem). Alice Hollister was the wife. Arline Pretty was the girl in "The Fatal Step" (Imp). Edmund Mortimer was Raymond in the same. Vera Sisson was the girl in the Victor.



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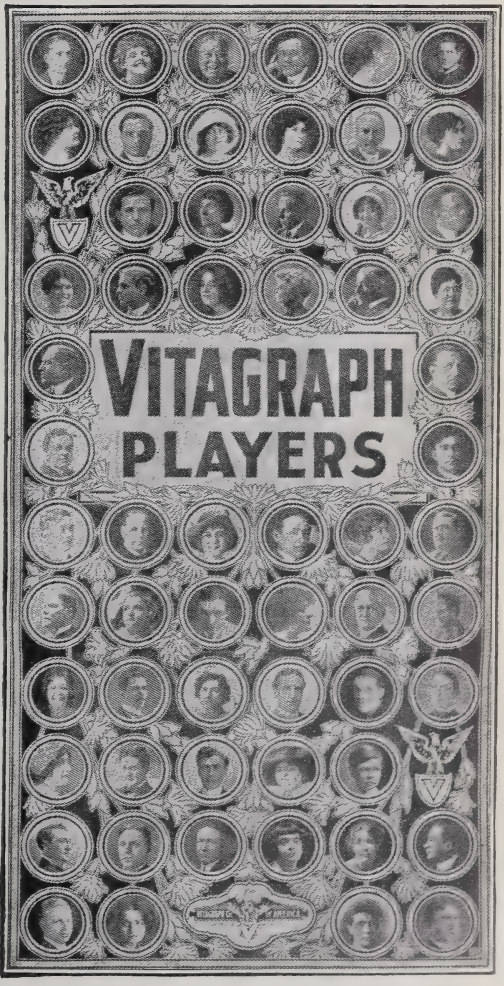
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ABE, 99.—So you dont like child plays. Well, most people do, and I think there will soon be a company that will do nothing but produce photoplays for children, including fairy stories and educationals. And then we will have children's theaters.

HELEN, SAN DIEGO.—Thankee muchly. Alan Hale had the lead in "The Capture of David Blum." Why didn't you stop in?

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Irene Warfield was the reporter girl in "Shadows." John Smiley was John in "Above the Law" (Lubin). Victoria Forde was the wife in "Could You Blame Her?" (Nestor). You are very observing and wise. You refer to Marin Sais in "The Master Rogue" (Kalem). George Melford was the blind brother. Bryant Washburn was the cracksman in "The Three Scratch Clue" (Essanay). George Morgan was the doctor in "Ethics of the Profession" (Biograph). Vivian Prescott was the wife. F. Ritchie was the broker.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—You refer to Lafayette McKee in the Kathlyn series. Shorty Hamilton. Carl Stockdale was the driver in "Broncho Billy's Leap" (Essanay). Marguerite Clayton was the daughter. "Captain Alvarez" was taken in Santa Monica, Cal. Your letter was very interesting.

MOVIE GIRL.—I observe this difference between my readers: the men mourn most for what they have lost; the ladies for what they haven't got. Vivian Rich was Rosamond in "The Lost Sermon."

HELEN OF TROY.—Haven't you a home? You are all over the United States. Always glad to hear from you. How's your friend Paris?

V. L. K.—John Smiley was John in "From Out the Flood" (Lubin). Yes; Mignon Anderson in "Guilty or Not Guilty?" (Thanhouser).

M. F.—Bessie Learn and Edward Earle in that Edison. Richard Travers and Gerda Holmes in the Essanay.

SPEED, CHICAGO.—It's all according to how you are built. Some like Bunny's style, while some do not think that he is an artist, but only naturally funny; some prefer the slap-stick style of Ford Sterling; while many think that men like Sidney Drew and Charles Chaplin are the best, because they put so much clever "business" into their parts. That was O. A. C. Lund in "The Link in the Chain" (Eclair). Ethel Grandin is with the new Smallwood Company.

M. A. D.—Glad you have changed your opinion. While opinions should be made with great caution, they should be discarded with equal care. Thanks for the information.

HERMAN.—You give me high praise that I deserve not. It is you people who are making this department so popular. But for you and your questions and witty remarks, there would be no Answer Department. I shall never get like Napoleon, who first used to say: "*You* fought splendidly"; later, "*We* fought splendidly"; and finally, "*I* won a splendid battle."

MARIE E. P.—Warren Kerrigan is not going to start a company of his own, as reported. Leo Maloney was Howard in "A Flaw in the Alibi" (Kalem). G. Williams was Henry in the above. J. P. McGowan and Helen Holmes had the leads in "A Man's Soul" (Kalem).

AUG. S.—Earle Metcalfe was Dr. Delmore in "The Changeling" (Lubin). Anna Luther was the daughter.

LOTTIE D. T.—Betty Gray was the reporter in "Her Big Scoop" (Biograph). J. W. Johnson and Edna Flugrath had the leads in "Dead Men's Trails" (Eclair).

PAUL H. C.—Frankie Mann was leading woman in "The Crowning Glory" (Lubin). We had to stop answering questions by telephone; took up too much time.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Tsuru Aoki was the Japanese girl in "A Tragedy of the Orient" (Broncho). George Osborne was the American fellow in the same. Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in "Independent Susan" (American).

SIM BALL.—Your letter is mighty fine, particularly that about the war. Thanks. I dont know why that player left, but he may be like J. Cæsar: "I would rather be chief in a little Iberian village, than second to any man in Rome."

BLOSSOM H.—Charles Elder was the captain in "Old Ma'am Code's Secret" (Broncho). Richard Stanton was Rory in "The Harp of Tara" (Broncho).

VYRGYNYA.—What we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are, as Ruskin says. Such ravings for Warren Kerrigan!

ROBERT W. R.—Anna Nilsson was leading lady in "The Secret of the Will" (Kalem). The Nash Twins were playing for Vitagraph, but they have left. You know, one person could play a double rôle in your script.

RENE, BRONX.—Wallie Van was Tom in "Fanny's Melodrama" (Vitagraph). Yes, by all means. Dorothy Kelley was Marie in "The Passing of Diana" (Vitagraph). Certainly, Earle Williams and Edith Storey are a fine couple—who dare say they are not?

F. A. H.—I would like to publish your verses just to make the rest of the staff jealous, but dassent.

VITAGRAPH FAN.—George Larkin was the custom-house inspector in "A Confiscated Count" (Kalem). Marshall Neilan was the hero in "An Elopement in Rome" (Kalem). Harriet Notter had the lead in the Redhead series. "Snow White" was produced by the Imp Company.

OLGA, 17.—Thanks, but pray do not send me a wig. It is much cooler without, and I should never be able to keep it on straight. So you want to know who invented love-sickness, so you can set Brinsley Shaw and Rogers Lytton on him.

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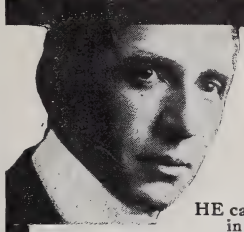
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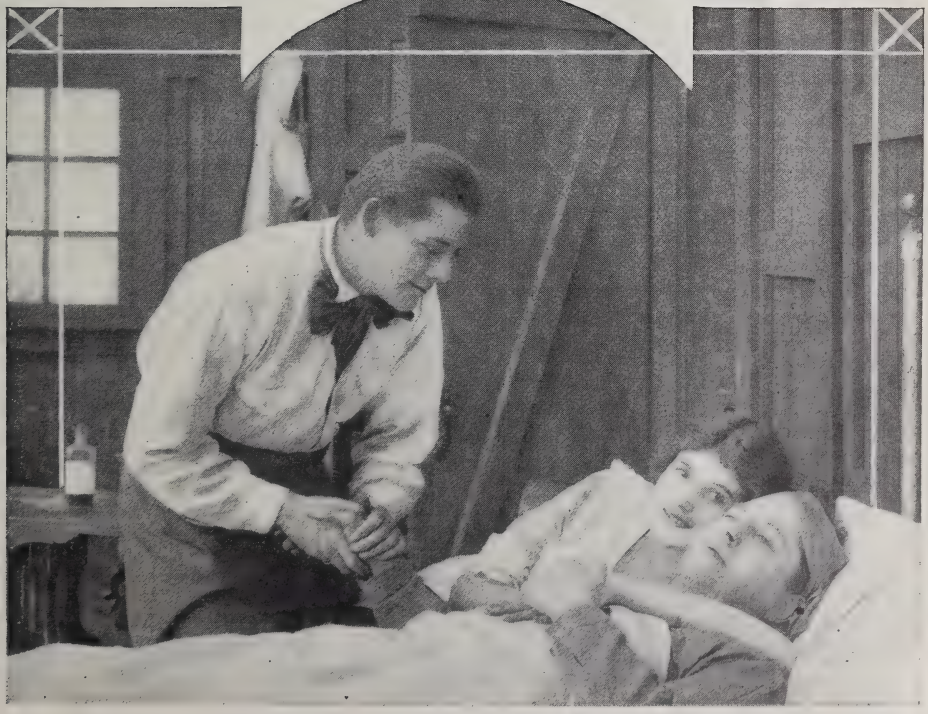
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SCENE FROM "THE HEART REBELLIOUS" (PAGE 33)

ELSIE L. N.—Marguerite Fischer is with the Beauty brand of the American. The verse is very good. Your letter is very interesting. Thanks.

MISS MAY.—Florence Lawrence is leaving the Victor Company and is going to give up playing for a while. I believe she did not attend the exhibition.

BENNY, OF LUBINVILLE.—I have read your answer department in the Betzwood Lenz and am green with jealousy. So the reason Rosemary Theby does not play slap-stick comedy is because she wears non-skid corsets. I dont approve of John Ince as the Diving Venus, nor of Romaine Fielding as a mama's pet.

ONSLOW L. W.—Arthur Johnson was the husband in "Her Husband's Awakening" (Lubin). Harry Morey and E. K. Lincoln in "A Million Bid."

CANARSIE MERMAID.—You refer to Mabel Normand in that Keystone. "Nobody home" on that question.

JESS, OF MEADVILLE.—Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone had the leads in "The Lackey" (Majestic). Belle Bennett and Victory Bateman in "What the Crystal Told" (Majestic). Jackie Kirtley was Sister Rachael in "Rebecca's Wedding" (Keystone). Cleo Ridgely in "Quicksand" (Kalem). Thank you for your kind note.

FRANK W. HOLT, HAMILTON.—The Puzzle Editor has handed me your booklet, the product of your artistic brain and pen. It is very clever.

ALBERTA B., BALTIMORE.—John Brennan was Jones, and Marshall Neilan was his rival in "Fleeing from the Fleas" (Kalem). Antonio Moreno was Mr. Brown in "Too Many Husbands" (Vitagraph). He is of Spanish birth. William Brunton opposite Helen Holmes in "The Delayed Special" (Kalem).

ADVOCATE, NEW ZEALAND.—Send me the name of the company, and I will attend to it. You refer to Ford Sterling.

JOSEPHINE LA V.—Yes, I dont understand why more people dont send in praise for Robert Leonard. He is a true and intelligent player. Yes, to your last.

HAROLD J., OREGON.—Ernest Lawford was Lord Colinton in "A Good Little Devil" (Famous Players). Bryant Washburn was the brother in "A Song in the Dark." Harry Myers is still with Lubin.

MARIE J.—Warner does not give the cast. Walter Edwards was leading man in "The Belles of Austi" (Domino). In one of my dictionaries I find the following: "Love—a longing for, which usually ends in belonging to." Them's my sentiments, altho I never tried it.

ARTHUR REALL, PHILA.—Quite in error, my dear sir. We shall not discontinue using stories. Most people enjoy reading the stories before seeing the play, but many like to do the reading afterwards. Take your choice, but we shall always publish the stories, for that was the main purpose of the magazine.

MADAME FIREFLY.—I would advise you to continue your stenography. You think Arthur Johnson is built for character parts rather than for leads? How about both? Many of the best leads are character parts.

MRS. B. D.—Just send along your questions, and they will be answered. That photoplay must have been a glass diamond in a plated setting.

(*Continued from page* 92)

be! How triply nearer perfection! Why not? Why not, indeed? Why should not Elizabeth's maid of honor walk before man, bleeding and gold-needled, instead of man walking before the maid of honor, in order to induce an illusion? Why should not *all* of Jarley's waxwork move or have their being, while *man* remained stationary? Why not amplify the waxwork, mingle the characters, enlarge upon the dramatic possibilities—why? Such expansive Whys! Such superb answers!

An unfinished beginning of the developed idea may be found in the waxen forms of Mrs. Jarley's men who occupied the leads over the entrance door and were equipped with certain machinery conducive to a debilitated motion of the head. A poor beginning, but still a beginning, and, after all, the beginning of things is often the wonder of things—the true miracle—the honest marvel.

Thus was parented our present photoplay. How strange is heritage! How infinite is evolution! How mighty is progress! From the hundred or more waxen effigies circled and recircled by the eager feet of men and women striving to create for themselves an impression of motion, we behold the picture screen almost at one's door, bringing to mankind the first-fruits of the world—the flowering of romance, of knowledge and fact, of history and glimpses of futurity.

And yet—to the humble, painted waxwork, plebeian parent of modern Motion Pictures, for the gift it has given us down the years, do we not owe a debt of gratitude?

SYLVIA G.—Your letter is as interesting as usual. You are doing quite some traveling. Cleo Ridgely still with Kalem.

CLAUDE ECLAIR.—Harold Vosburgh and Adrienne Kroell in "A Pair of Stockings" (Selig). Rex Hitchcock was Armand in "Eve's Daughter" (Vitagraph).

FORREST B. S.—Your letter was O K. Norma Phillips is the girl you refer to. As Coquelin says: "There are excellent comedians who, outside of their art, are very silly. But I know many who are sober and serious as philosophers."

OLGA, 17.—Carlyle Blackwell is to manufacture his own brand of films, releasing them thru the Alco Film Company. Leo Delaney is not playing now. Perhaps he believes with Nasby: "The normal instinct of mankind is not to work."

MILDRED A. R.—You refer to Brinsley Shaw. That is a Roman nose Francis X. Bushman has; he gets it from Xerxes.

W. V. L. TANGO.—Thanks for the postal. Mignon Anderson was the girl in "The Elusive Diamond" (Thanhouser). You, no doubt, refer to Roscoe Arbuckle, of the Keystone. You can get pennants by writing to Kalem or Vitagraph.

MAURICE F. M.—Your letter is very interesting. Yes, that company is very careless about some of the details.

J. M. K.—Charles Ray and William Ehfe were Tom and Bud in "The Latent Spark" (Kay-Bee). Richard Stanton was Private Bergen in "The Colonel's Orderly" (Broncho). Jane Bernowdy was Miss Carewe in "Shepherder" (Victor). Edmund Steel was the spectre in "The Spectre Bridegroom" (Eclair).

JOE T. B.—Yours are the views of a pessimist, and a pessimist's point of view is only a point.

W. G. R.—Cant tell you why Biograph have lost all their players. You refer to double exposure. Yes, I receive several letters from New Zealand every month.

CHRISTOPHER, OF NEW ZEALAND.—Adele De Garde was the little girl in "Mr. Barnes of New York" (Vitagraph), and not Audrey Berry. Thelma Slater was the little girl, and Gordon Griffith was her sweetheart in "Our Children."

ABE, 99.—Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "Playing for a Fortune" (Kalem). Harry Todd was the settler in "Broncho Billy and the Settler's Daughter" (Essanay), with Marguerite Clayton as the daughter.

MRS. H. T. S.—Then why dont you write verses for Harold Lockwood? That other player did well in that play, but, like a meteor, he made his entrance and his exit like a flash across the sky and was gone. We haven't heard of him since.

MARIE T., JERSEY CITY.—William Parsons was Jim in "A Girl of the Cafés" (Lubin). Charles Chaplin was the "funny fellow" in "Between the Showers" (Keystone). That Famous Players was taken in California.



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LUCILLE L.—Mrs. Taylor was the wife in "In the Days of War" (Pathé). Yes, pretty old. Neva Gerber was the girl in "Mrs. Peyton's Pearls" (Kalem). Address all players care of company.

SELMA SETZER.—So your favorites are Carlyle Blackwell in society parts, G. M. Anderson as Broncho Billy, Helen Costello as a ragamuffin, and Mary Fuller as Dolly? You have made excellent choices.

PAULIN.—Please sign your name complete. Asta Nielsen was Hannah in "The Devil's Assistant" (Pathé).

SYDNEY RUSSELL.—You offer to send a list of 400 names of players for 25 cents, but you fail to give your address.

HELEN L. R.—Frank Newburg was Cupid in "The Story of Cupid" (Selig). Have no "Way to Heaven" under Vitagraph. You must have the wrong company. Cissy Fitzgerald and Albert Roccardi in "The Ladies' War" (Vitagraph). Sidney Bracy was the butler in "A Million Dollar Mystery" (Thanhouser). Mrs. E. A. Eberle was the mother in "A Wayward Daughter" (Vitagraph). Yes, Helen, Romaine Fielding will be chatted very soon, for he deserves it.

G. A. M.—Florence Lawrence played with Biograph four or five years ago. Arthur Johnson played with her. Mabel Normand in "Caught in a Cabaret" (Keystone). Yes, that is the trouble with serial pictures; if you dont see the first part, the last is not interesting. Every one complains of them.

B. HARSH, MILWAUKEE.—I wont be harsh, but really, such questions as "Is Clara Kimball Young?" and "Can Wallace Reid?" are forbidden by the Board of Sensors. The Pennsylvania employs about 220,000 men and has 26,000 miles of track—enough to reach around the world.

HARRY MCD.—Edward Hoyt was George in "Remorse" (Thanhouser). Thomas Chatterton was Hamilton in "In Tennessee" (Broncho). J. J. Clarke was Loche in "Twilight" (G. G. Co.).

PRETTY PEGGY.—Rhea Mitchell is with the Broncho. Webster Campbell was George in "The Death Warrant" (Lubin).

FLORENCE P.—Yes, the Vitagraph *Bulletin* is issued monthly now. W. W. Campbell in "Out of the Dregs" (Lubin).

ADELAIDE H.—You are not sure about your company. Yes; E. K. Lincoln is with Photo Life Company.

BEULAH B.—Harry Benham was Will Mayo in "Rivalry" (Thanhouser). Hazel Buckham was the stepmother in "The House Discordant" (Universal). Allen Forrest was the son. William Stowell was Tom in "The Evil She Did" (Selig).

W. T. H., CHICAGO.—Your monthly just arrived, and I have set aside Saturday and Sunday to read it. Welcome to our city, and long may you rave! The longer, the better.

BARBARA U.—I suppose that some players are so accustomed to disguise themselves for others that at last they have become disguised even unto themselves. Lillian Gish was Jane in "The Battle of Sexes" (Mutual). Bessie Eyton was Nance, and Joe King was Sandy in "Nance O'Shaughnessy" (Selig).

EVELYN S.—Jane Fearnley and William Shay in "Secret Service Sam" (Imp). Your letter is excellent. I am sorry, but I never sit for photographs.

DOÑA N. H.—James Morrison and James Young are two different persons.

(*Continued from page* 56)

When two souls have met and fused and struck one perfect note, no separation of bodies can avail. For always and forever that note lingers in the realm of being. For ever and for always, they are bound by links divine.

On a night in the youth of spring, in an opera-house crowded with the lovers of music, the curious, the displayers, Earl Dean was directing his wondrous symphony—a "Symphony of Souls." Outside of his mother and the sloping attic walls, the ear of man had never harkened to it.

In a box sat a courtly, white-haired gentleman and a slender girl with night-black eyes, which held a strange, sweet pain, and were lit tonight with a luminosity not of earth.

On the air, fraught and quivering, rose a rapture of wondrous sound. It importuned and soared and peaned till it stormed the high portals of heaven and touched the Robe of God; then it lulled into an anthem of glad peace and perfect rest and infinite understanding. It was the love of a man and the love of a woman breathing the benediction of the Son of Man. When it ceased, a silence fell on the house such as comes only when the garment of the flesh has been pierced thru.

Earl Dean stood, with his bow in his hand, facing a box. A girl had risen and was facing him. Her eyes were night-black and freed of pain. She stretched forth her arms. On their two faces leaped to light the Soul of the Symphony.

GERTIE.—Thomas Chatterton had the lead in "The Substitute" (Kay-Bee). Mary Pickford did not call, as she promised.

DOROTHY, SYDNEY.—Dont ask me to ask Mary Pickford to write to you. You might write to her yourself, mightn't you?

LINCOLN C. P.—Pearl White has dark-red hair. I believe "Cabiria" is the longest Motion Picture ever produced, and every foot of it is good.

HOWARD K. R.—T. McEvoy was Dick in "Strongheart" (Biograph). Jimmie Hodges and Frances Ne Moyer in "Getting Solid with Pa" (Lubin). Walter Miller in "The Fatal Wedding" (Biograph).

HYMAN L.—Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! You say you are looking for a man who has lots of patience, that you have a room full of rejected scripts, that you think they are the best ever, and want to send them to me, postage prepaid. Have a heart, have a heart!

EDNA L.—The girl you refer to is Mary Pickford. Jack Standing was the millionaire in "The Millionaire's Ward."

GERTIE.—If I did not say "thank you," I meant it; we have to economize space, and when my words of thanks make a new line, the printer ruthlessly cuts them off.

MARION H.—Meta White and Lamar Johnstone had the leads in "The Unredeemed Pledge" (Majestic). Robert Ellis was the doctor in "The Hour of Danger" (Kalem). Clarence Elmer was Phillip in "The House of Darkness" (Lubin).

THE GIRLS OF A. G. S.—Guy Coombs was Kerchival in "Shenandoah" (Kalem). Edward Coxen in "The Ghost of the Hacienda" (American). Gordon Griffith the villain in "How Villains Are Made."

SPEED, CHICAGO.—Bryant Washburn was George in "A Song in the Dark" (Essanay). Charles Brownell was John in "The Hand of Horror" (Edison). Clarence Elmer was Phillip in that play.

AGNES L. O.—Dont bristle up so. The country is not run on your opinion; other people have ideas, too. It is an open-air theater at Oberammergau.

CRANEUM.—Crane Wilbur is still with Pathé, but he plays in Eclectic also, which is practically the same thing. Victoria Forde was the girl in "The Wrong Miss Wright."

C. M. P., ROSE CITY.—Your letter was very interesting. Shannon Fife was the author of "Kiss Me Good-night" (Lubin). Belle Adair in "Duty" (Eclair). Augustus Carney is not located as yet. William Welsh was Neptune in "Neptune's Daughter" (Universal). Marie Walcamp was the girl in "Cast Adrift in South Seas."

FLORENCE J.—I have handed your verses to Miss Hall. In all theaters where smoking is allowed they have to use a stronger light to project the pictures, because much light is absorbed by smoke or dust in the air. Smoking should be allowed only in balcony.

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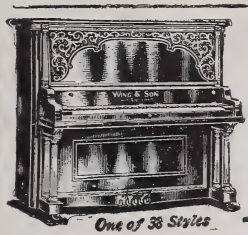
There are thousands of them in use today that are never noticed. They have become so general in use that they are no longer a novelty. In the cities and larger towns today hundreds of bicycles can be seen on the streets during the morning and evening hours when people are going to and from their work. The bicycle has become a necessary means of transportation for workmen, boys and children.

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DIANA.—You give the wrong title. The paper you used was all right. Yes, when the swallows homeward fly.

A. E. D., PHILA.—You condemn too much and pardon too little. Violet Horner was with Imp last. Francis Ford is Grace Cunard's leading man, that is all. Irene Wallace was Irene in "Enmeshed by Fate" (Victor).

HATTIE C., CARLISLE.—Marguerite Snow opposite Morris Foster in "Their Best Friend" (Thanhouser). Mignon Anderson in "Guilty or not Guilty?" (Thanhouser). Florence LaBadie was the lady spy in "The Début Into Secret Service."

MARY ELLEN (SECOND EDITION).—Rosetta Brice and John Ince in "A Cruel Revenge" (Lubin). Rhea Mitchell in the Broncho. Barry O'Moore and Gladys Hulette in "A Foolish Agreement" (Edison).

E. V. G.—I believe John Bunny has appeared as a black-face comedian. Much of my time is wasted by reading foolish letters. If they were all like yours, I would be wiser than I am.

DAL W. P.—Yes, you must send your full name. Norma and Constance Talmadge are sisters. George Morgan was the doctor in that Biograph. You can rely on what your heart says more than on what your head says. What your heart says is great, *is* great.

MYRTLE O. C.—Helen Badgely was the girl in "The Musician's Daughter" (Thanhouser). Dave Thompson was her father. Yes, we easily forget those blunders that are known only to ourselves.

GLADYS L.—Eddie Mortimer was John in "Beneath the Mask" (Imp). You refer to Norma Talmadge. Antonio Moreno is her leading man now.

FRED S.—Both the names apply to the player you refer to. Bessie Eyton was Sally in "Shotgun Jones" (Selig). You weaken your case for Wallace Reid because you exaggerate. Exaggeration always weakens.

G. B. G.—I am sorry, but I know of no company who would employ you just because you are an "expert swimmer, holding local long-distance record." You might correspond direct with the manufacturers.

ALFRED T. C.—Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby had the leads in "The Lure of the Pit" (Lubin). Claire Rae opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Ghost" (Pathé).

MUTTO-THE-MONK. — Harold Vosburgh was Ford in "The Girl at His Side" (Selig). Ruth Roland was Annie in "Reggie, the Squaw Man" (Kalem). As Johnson says: "I am bound to find you in reasons, but not in brains"; so you must guess the answer yourself.

S. L., NASHVILLE.—Yes, one part of the film is covered with black velvet. Always glad to hear from you.

IRMA.—Your letter is fine; sorry I cannot print it. Sydney Ayres is now with the American. Jane Bermondy was Anita in that Victor. I am not quite omniscient. When I am asked such questions as, What is the secret of life—that *ignis fatuus* of the scientists of all ages? and about the atomic theory in reference to ether, and about the adequacy or inadequacy of vaccine, about the physical basis of solar chemistry, about the immortality of the soul, about the theory of the cloud-belts of Jupiter and Saturn being raised by the sun's heat, about the single authorship of the Iliad, and so on, I must reluctantly say, "I pass."

LILLIAN D.—Thanks for the fee, but it is impossible to trace your other letter.

(*Continued from page* 52)

knees to Uriah to spare him when they held him prisoner. And then, as a retribution for her blind hatred in the past, some revenue officers scouting about the mountain heard the wild cries of her petitioning and saved him.

The school-teacher — the revenue officer—the lover! Each in turn Lawson Keene had been, and now, at last, he revealed his identity.

"I am Detective Keene, from Pinkerton's," he told the officers and the frightened mountaineers. Then, penetrative eyes brilliantly aflash, he finished swiftly: "I have been investigating the murder of United States Marshal Compton, and I arrest this man in the name of the law."

There was a sudden scramble in the room — an angry growl — a handcuffing—and Uriah Judson succumbed to that law he had ever befooled.

The evidence was connective and complete, and Uriah Judson took upon his rightful shoulders the penalty being borne by Henry Boone.

That night Lawson Keene came again to the tiny shack. Henry Boone was smoking his pipe within. Molly stood in the doorway. Her face was luminous with the newfound glory of her soul—her awakened mind—her sentient womanhood. Lawson Keene took her in his arms. Under the virgin stars they thrilled with the world-old joy. He kist her mouth, her hair, her blue-grass eyes.

FLORENCE O.—Gabrille Robinne was Jeanne in "The Constancy of Jeanne."

W. H.—I shall have to make you assistant Answer Man. If all handwriting was as good as yours, I could be very joyful. What have you done to elect Kerrigan and Theby? The female of the species? Not guilty, thank the Lord.

V. CATHERINE.—Thanks! W. S. Hart, Thomas Chatterton and Clara Williams in "The Hour of Manhood" (Domino). Justina Huff and John Smiley in "The House of Darkness" (Lubin). Frank Brozage and Dollie Larkin in "Claim No. 3" (Lubin). Alan Hale was the minister in "Ragamuffin" (Biograph). Rosetta Brice, Ruth Bryant, Joseph Kaufman and Kempton Greene in "The Great Treasure" (Lubin). Anna Luther was the nurse in "The Changeling" (Lubin). I meant Thomas Santschi as Bruce in "The Cruel Crown" (Selig).

LOUISE C.—Francis Bushman does not live at Ithaca, but he has played in several pictures produced in Ithaca, N. Y.

LOTTIE D. T.—No information on "Detective Kelly" (Pathé). Sorry. Antonio Moreno was the country lover in the Mutual Girl series. He is now with Vitagraph. No more.

READER, TACOMA.—There is no doubt that Marguerite Clayton is much admired, but it is not for me to say whether she is entitled to be ahead of Edith Storey in the contest. There is only one way to get there—votes, votes, votes. And she got them. I have seen them with my own eyes. Perhaps Mr. Anderson's request that his friends vote for her rather than for him has helped Maggie, but I really admire her muchly.

OLGA, 17.—So you liked "My Official Wife." Yes; Clara Young is immense. Nobody home to your last query.

GERTRUDE U., SHARON.—E. K. Lincoln is still with the Life Photo Company in New York. Tom Forman was Roy in "Life's Lottery" (Lubin). Thanks for your sparkling letter.

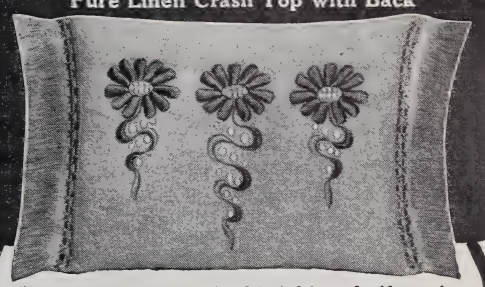
LORRY.—Sorry, but I haven't your first. Sometimes it is impossible to obtain the information.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Pleased to meet you. So all your ravings are for Richard Tucker. Good luck to you. Joseph Kaufman was Roger in "The Drug Terror" (Lubin). Olive Golden in that Famous Players. Your letter was very interesting, and I was glad to get it.

WORCESTERITE.—Most people enjoyed that letter. Betty Gray had the lead in "The Master of the Strong" (Biograph). Henry Walthall had the male lead in "Judith" (Biograph). Justina Huff was the girl in "The Wall-flower" (Lubin).

ANNA D.—Irene Boyle and Robert Ellis in "In the Hour of Danger" (Kalem). F. Ritchie was the father in that Biograph. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

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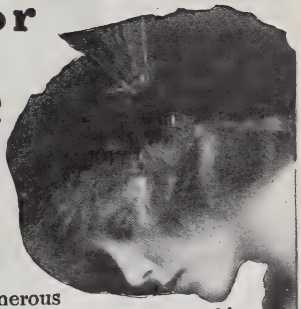
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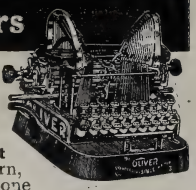
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LILLIAN B.—Address your letter to me, and I will see that Olga gets it. Address letters to the players directed to the companies. Thanks.

MARY B.—Yes, there is a Moving Picture company in California by that name. House Peters is playing leads.

LAPORT, IND.—We have all our stories written by our own staff of writers from the plays, which are given us by the studios. The prizes are given to the writers who produce the best stories.

G. W. C.—Sorry, but you do not give the name of the company. That, no doubt, was a feature play.

LOTTIE D. T.—Rosemary Theby and Joseph Kaufman in "Madame Coquette" (Lubin). Miss Sackville was Winnie in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). Of course Bryant Washburn smiles.

MRS. E.—I have heard nothing of two actresses losing their lives in the Kansas River. Might be usher talk.

MARGARET K. T.—Anna Luther was the woman in "Three Men and a Woman" (Lubin). Vera Sisson was the wife in "Women and Roses" (Nestor). Your letter was fine. You are wrong about Anita Stewart. Come again.

LORRY.—Never heard of the *Movie World,* but there is a *Movies,* a *Moving Picture World* and a *Movie Pictorial.*

V. CATHERINE.—Just wait until you see that chat with Romaine Fielding. James Morrison is still with Vitagraph. Mlle. Robinne was the countess in "The Black Countess" (Pathé). Richard Stanton is with Kay-Bee.

OLGA.—So you are fond of puzzles and wish we had more in the magazine. Here is one for you: If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, then Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son. And here's another: The barber of Babylon had a brother who died, but the man who died never had a brother.

BETTY A.—Yes; Anita Stewart played the lead. That Essanay was taken at Chicago. We shall interview Guy Coombs in the future.

ANTHONY.—Never mind, Anthony, I always get the fee. No; Francis Bushman did not play in "When the Lightning Struck" (Essanay). Harry Mainhall was Ted. Your letter was great.

CAMPUS L.—Thomas R. Mills was Huston in "The Acid Test" (Vitagraph). Alfred Vosburgh was the sheriff in "Out in Happy Hollow" (Vitagraph). I am overjoyed at your comments.

AGNES S. W.—We have no releases with Marie Dressler on the cast, with Keystone. No doubt they haven't been released as yet. Will let you know later.

LISLE D.—It is impossible to locate the player in "The Greaser's Gauntlet."

QUEEN OF HAINING ST. — Richard Travers was Henry in "The Pay-as-you-enter Man" (Essanay). Yes; Ormi Hawley in "The Lady of the Hills."

ELLEN P., CHICAGO.—You will see Dorothy Kelly in "The Passing of Diana" (Vitagraph). Somebody has sent me a paper of hairpins. I dont know whether it is intended as a joke on my hairless pate or a guess as to my sex, but in either case it shows bad judgment.

SIDNEY.—Babe Hardy was the female cop in "The Female Cop" (Lubin). A different kind of machine must be used to project Kinemacolor pictures. The "colored lightning flashes" you speak of cannot be avoided, and they hurt some people's eyes. They use only two colors, red and green, and it is too bad that they cannot use the three primary colors, red, blue and yellow, for then the effect would be better, and their subjects would not be so limited. I have seen some very beautiful Kinemacolor scenes, however.

GEO. D. W.—Millicent Evans had the lead, and C. H. Mailes was the judge in "In Fate's Cycle" (Biograph).

HELEN L. R.—Rosetta Brice and John Ince had the leads in "The Puritan" (Lubin). Jane Novak was the girl in "Hunger Knows No Law" (Vitagraph). Wheeler Oakman had the lead in "A Tragedy of Ambition" (Selig).

PANSY.—James Morrison is still with Vitagraph. I am sure Mary Pickford would like to write to you, but you know she cant write to everybody. Yes; James Lackaye has left Vitagraph. It was a question of re-enforcing their structure with steel girders or letting somebody go; and it was either Flora Finch or James.

GERTIE.—William Ehfe was the husband in "Love's Sacrifice" (Kay-Bee). Harold Lockwood is not playing opposite Mary Pickford now.

NANCY LEE.—James Young ran over that boy with his car. but it was the boy's fault, as the court determined, and Mr. Young did not run away, as reported. Newspapers always get things twisted. Reporters have to make out a story somehow. You refer to Donald Hall. "Aida" by Edison, and "Faust" by Pathé.

LOTTA I. B.—Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet had the leads in "Strongheart" (Biograph). Ernest Truex in that Famous Players.

ANNA E. H.—Tom Forman was Ed in "The Test of Courage" (Lubin). Tom Moore was never chatted, and he doesn't care to be.

LOUISE B.—Mignon Anderson was Ruth in "The Man without Fear" (Thanhouser). Eddie Lyons was the reporter in "The Wrong Miss Wright" (Nestor). Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "The Dream-child" (American).

L. F. FREEMAN.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Catch of the Sea" (Lubin). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin). Several think as you do, that it is more pleasing to see the play first and to read the story afterwards. But some prefer the reverse.

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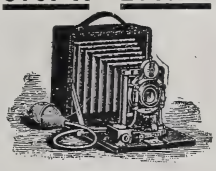
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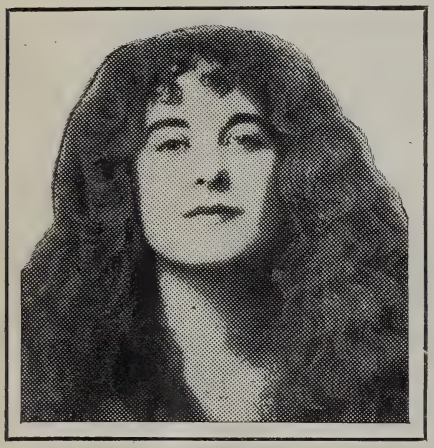
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

J. F. Hash, Billings, Mont., believes one's pleasure is jarred by crude trick photography:

From the standpoint of the movie fan, whom you will always find spending his dearest evenings with the pictures, I believe the elimination of coarse or "badly-pulled-off" trick photography would be the most desired improvement.

I have seen hundreds of illusions that were grand, but there are vastly more that are poor. It is the elimination of the poor ones that I believe would create more patronage for the film.

When the finely dressed little heroine is supposed to fall overboard from the rear of the river boat, and you plainly see her leap onto a wooden swing that cumbrously turns her out of the picture, the art of the thing is impaired and reminds one of a cheap vaudeville troupe doing impossible stunts without proper stage supplies.

A miniature boat on a miniature pond, when magnified or enlarged, seldom produces a picture that does not ludicrously represent "Down the Mississippi." Bulrushes on the bank do not faithfully bear out the true outline of massive or supreme elms, when so enlarged.

When the Romeo, pursued by ghosts, on coming to a high fence, merely squats but to immediately appear on the other side, it is an amateurish presentation of high-hurdling which the audience has learnt to "savvy"—hence to deprecate.

Yet this incompetently done art of the "sleight-of-hand picture"—I might say—continues. It seems a vain attempt to palm a card with clumsy and impossible fingers.

If the camera-man would take more pains in trying to make these tricks presentable, it would not diminish his variety of them, and would surely at the same time lead to the conception of other and better ones. So why not better illusions—the kind we cant figure out?

This letter from an unfortunate speaks better than we can for him. May his interest in the uplift of reading help him when he comes out into the world again:

MR. BREWSTER:

It gives me pleasure in addressing a few lines to you. As I sit in this cell and write this letter, my thoughts seem to say to me: "Because I am in prison, dont think there is not some one willing to help to brighten the long days of imprisonment." You dont know how I feel about the kindness you have done me. I know my words fail, but all I can say is, God bless you for what you have done for me. I received the magazine and letter, and I am enjoying reading them very much. The stories are fine—the best ever. I have read a good many books, but yours are the best. I wish you all success. And the Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher are fine! Mr. Brewster, will you please tell Mr. Harrington

I also thank him for the letter he sent me? You know when I am thru reading these magazines I pass them along to my fellow prisoners, so they can enjoy reading them also. Thanking you again for past favors,

Respectfully,

Blackwell's Island. GEORGE MILLER.

No offense, "Mr. Mormon." We also confess a weakness for olive complexion and brown eyes:

DEAR SIR:

Just a line to you from a Mormon, in which I am anxious to correct a statement made by one signed "Broadway" in the March issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE concerning how "Mexican señoritas are flattered on the screen."

In the first place, I would advise "Broadway" to leave his "goat" safe at home next time he attends a so-called Mexican picture show. Yes, by all means save the "goat."

I have lived with the Mexican and the Indian, and I believe I am safe in asserting that neither of the characters mentioned are given as much flattering as they deserve.

I know hundreds of Mexican women that can outdo the average American girl at a beauty show and still have some looks left to go to work on. They wont fall very far behind the American belle, either, and I'll grant the American her artificial beauty in the bargain.

I trust if you use this letter it will not offend your readers, nor do I want it to lose any of its weight because it's from a Mormon; they're human, too. Yours truly,

Kaysville, Utah. G. L. NANCE.

Was it not Pope who said: "Great genius to madness is close allied"? There are a comedy of motive, a comedy of plot, a comedy of incident, a comedy (perhaps the best of all and the hardest to compose) that tells life truthfully and happily. "Each to his mutton," says Molière:

DEAR EDITOR:

In the March number of your magazine I noted an article by William Lord Wright entitled "The True Worth of Humor," in regard to which I have been moved to make a few remarks. I quite agree with him that there is an overproduction of slapstick comedy and that it is a low type of humor, but I take exception to his citing Vitagraph comedies as examples of "quiet, convincing" humor. While this may be true of those I haven't seen, and while I admit that those I have seen were quiet to the point of extreme wearisomeness, the ones to which I refer are those seeking to excite laughter by what I consider the very lowest of possible sources of imaginary or imitation wit, the ridicule of human deformity. There are too many people in the vast Motion Picture audiences rendered miserable by the same afflictions who cannot see any resemblance to comedy in the mere exhibition and making ridiculous of what is in reality nearer tragedy than humor.

As for slapstick and so forth, tho I do not personally care for it, yet I have never witnessed a Keystone comedy that the majority of the audience did not appear to enjoy it immensely, yet I think that more refined comedy, that which depends for its appeal on its really funny situations and in which the characters more nearly resemble natural, recognizable human beings wearing clothes such as we ourselves might wear, is still more appreciated by every one. In my opinion, the funniest comedies are the Nestors, with Eddie Lyons, and the most pleasing are those little incidents of everyday life pictured by Thanhouser, especially those with their delightful children. I have seen some very commendable comedies by other companies and remember in particular some extremely laughable Pathés,

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while the funniest I ever saw were some very old Imps, with King Baggot and George Tucker, who dont seem inclined to repeat their past successes as far as comedy goes.

Yours respectfully,
Indianapolis, Ind. MARY G. DAVIS.

Bubbling with progressive young manhood is this letter from Louis Polles, of Florence, S. C.:

About a year ago, coming from a Moving Picture show, I saw a lady stop at the window of the ticket-office of the theater and buy something, at the same time telling the man at the office that she was so interested with it that she could not do without one. I asked the man at the office what she was so interested in, and he showed me a magazine, which was the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. After reading it, I found that the lady had a right to be interested in this magazine.

I finished my first magazine, and I decided that I wanted another one. I had to wait for the next month's magazine, but then I found new stories, new facts, new ideas of the Moving Pictures—the most progressive thing in the world today.

At the movies, you will see and learn the ways of the different countries of the world, and you will see scenes from all parts of the world. You will see and learn the history of the different countries; you will see so many other things which it would take the half of this magazine to publish.

I am not an actor, but only a lover of the silent drama. They are good for all, young and old. They are good for the old, for they will see the progressive world, which they have never seen and never expected to see; and they are good for the young. What they read of in books they will see with the eyes on the screen. They will see and learn the good from the bad. They will see that a robber was convicted and thrown into jail for his wrongdoing; they will see that it was wrong, and they will try to keep from doing anything that would get them into the same position as the robber they saw in the pictures. They will see battles of past history, and then they will believe more of what they read in their books.

As we all know, there are good and bad in everything in the world, and that is the way with the Moving Pictures. There are good and bad pictures. Find out the good ones from the bad and take interest, and you will see for yourself that the movies are progressing every day.

If we have brought pleasure to this little maid in Evansville, Ind., we feel that it is worth while to do our best:

May an invalid write a few words in appreciation of your most interesting

magazine? I cant go to the theaters, but I can read the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The "Answer Man" is good, but the "Chats with the Players" is the best of all. Altho I cant see the players on the screen, I love to read of them, for it gives me an insight into their real selves, and not just "reel" selves.

I dont think there is another girl anywhere who can say that she has never seen a Motion Picture, but all my life I have been an invalid, or rather a cripple, and so I cannot go. But I am blessed with two good eyes, and I can read, and I read every line of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

This letter was signed "An Interested Reader." We return "interest" to so intelligent a critic:

For the past two years I have been an enthusiastic reader of your wonderful magazine. Every department is conducted most excellently.

Now, I want to say a few words about Motion Pictures in general. I find that the films are improving all the time; more of the classics are being featured and, in turn, are heartily welcomed by the public, and the acting of the photoplayers in general is more realistic. Often the useless gesturing of actors has spoiled a well-written photoplay. I think the Selig Company play wonderful dramas. I like also the Biograph dramas, but their comedies are certainly ridiculous. I want to shut my eyes every time one is shown on the screen.

Why is it that some of the really great actors are scarcely mentioned? I admire many of the popular photoplayers and think they deserve great credit, but what about Jane Wolfe and William West, of the Kalem Company? Do you ever hear much about them? Miss Wolfe is certainly a wonderful actress. What a pleasure it is to watch the change of expression on her face and natural gestures (when she does gesture, which is very little)! I hope that this letter (if you are kind enough to publish it) will leave with Miss Wolfe the impression that the writer certainly appreciates her splendid acting.

In last month's magazine I was very much pleased to find tributes to Claire McDowell and Mae Marsh. They are both splendidly emotional and deserve great credit for their work. Also, the Vitagraph Company have every reason to be proud and thankful to have captured Ned Finley, R. Lytton, Sidney Drew, William Humphrey and Louise Beaudet. And now last, but by no means least, I wish to say a few words of praise for little Ruth Stonehouse and Harry Myers. They are both very natural in their acting.



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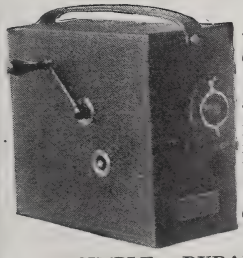
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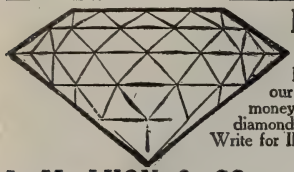
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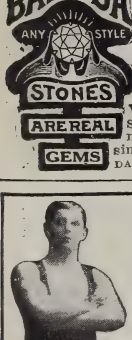
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I agree with other readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE who deem "Movies" an unfit name for the silent drama.

GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

Mr. Bushman is the best actor because he preaches sermons of love and kindness from the screen. Indeed, he reaches a wider public than a preacher in the greatest city church. By the accomplishments of his art do I judge his art. E. KING.

I vote Earle Williams the greatest artist because his exquisite portrayal of the lieutenant in the "Red Barrier" was convincingly real and nobly acted. He is an intellectual artist, and any rôle he touches becomes a masterpiece.

LOIS F. COOLEY.

Miss "J. E. W.," of Newark, has a clever idea, and her communication shows that she is a very observing young lady:

I have noticed that when a player appears upon the screen, he calls up in my mind an adjective which seems to fit him peculiarly. I have set down on paper my list of characters and their characteristics, and am sending them to you. My favorites include a good many of the "lesser lights," as you notice, for the reason that each one has a different appeal:

Adorable, Gladys Hulette. Bewitching, Dorothy Kelly. Coquettish, Pearl White. Dainty, Gertrude McCoy. Exuberant, Lillian Walker. Flirtatious, Florence Hackett. Girlish, Marguerite Clayton. Happy-go-lucky, Alice Washburn. Inimitable, Flora Finch. Jolly, Mae Hotely. Kissable, Irene Boyle. Lovable, Beverly Bayne. Motherly, Mary Maurice. Natural, Blanche Sweet. Original, Lottie Briscoe. Pouty, Mabel Normand. Queenly, Anna Nilsson. Roguish, Anita Stewart. Sweet, Dorothy Gish. Temperamental, Helen Gardner. Unaffected, Ann Schaefer. Vivacious, Ruth Hennessy. Winsome, Norma Talmadge. American, Francis Bushman. Boyish, Bryant Washburn. Clean-cut, Charles West. Determined, C. H. Calvert. Enthusiastic, James Morrison. Fatherly, Charles Sutton. Gallant, Crane Wilbur. Handsome, Thomas Forman. Inimitable, Edward O'Connor. Jaunty, Irving Cummings. Kingly, Carlyle Blackwell. Lovable, Billie Mason. Manly, Ben Wilson. Natural, Arthur Johnson. Original, Gilbert Anderson. Popular, Warren Kerrigan. Quiet, Barry O'Moore. Regal, Rupert Julian. Stalwart, Leo Delaney. Tempestuous, Wallace Beery. Unassuming, Roger Lytton. Versatile, Charles Arling. Wide-awake, Andy Clark.

I think Lottie Briscoe is the most versatile and accomplished of all the leading ladies in picturedom. Her comedy work in "The Country School Teacher" and "Little Cissy's Way," her emotional work as the leading lady in "The Power of the Cross" and "The District Attorney's Conscience," as the female villain in "The Parasite," all stamp her as an artist of great versatility and resource. It is needless to say anything about her appearance, but there is a certain charm about her which appeals to me as it does to the many thousands of her other admirers. ALICE A. PETERSDOF.

I consider Blanche Sweet the greatest artist because of her ability to portray characters with sympathy, and because of her facial expression. Her finest part was in "Oil and Water." J. PAUL LEMIEUX.

Carlyle Blackwell has talent, ability, remarkable versatility and such a charming personality that he could never appear dull and commonplace, as do many actors. He is so unstagey-fied (if there is such a word), and he is not in the least "camera-conscious." His pictures have the "punch" in them, and he can, by his fine acting, make a picture good that has very little plot and would, if acted by any one else, be extremely tiring. HELEN DIXON.

In portraying the rôle assigned to him, whether it be a poor laborer or a society man, J. Warren Kerrigan plays the part so naturally that one forgets that he is merely acting, and not really living the part. In my opinion this makes him the greatest artist. IDA M. STEWART.

Why I vote for Jack Kerrigan: Because—

First—Jack Kerrigan is natural, and naturalness is of paramount importance to a player.

Second—His ability to interpret human life and character.

Third—He is always truly dramatic, and his excellent work enables one to comprehend every situation and get the proper visualization of the story.

"VYRGYNYA."

I vote for Rogers Lytton because he can do something besides lovers' parts. In real life, a man has a hundred great emotions, love being merely one of them; and yet the love motif seems to be the only tune which the average actor can express. Three cheers for Lytton, who has the courage to sing the ninety-nine other motifs! S. NORDEN.

To me Mary Pickford is not *a* Motion Picture actress, but *the* Motion Picture actress. She is so exquisitely natural in all her motions, and does not in the least bit seem conscious of her adorably girlish features. Other actresses seen on the

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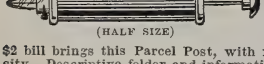
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screen often betray the fact that they know themselves to be pretty, but such is not the case with "Little Mary."

ANITA HALLEGO.

I vote J. Warren Kerrigan the greatest artist in the silent drama because of his art of characterization, but it is impossible for me to select a certain play, as he seems to forget self, lives the part he is acting (light or heavy), makes one understand without unnecessary motions, which I consider the most important step to success in Motion Picture work. I wish Mr. Kerrigan success in his work.

M. NEESE.

I consider J. Warren Kerrigan the most artistic photoplayer because he can portray perfectly any part he undertakes. For example, his characterization of seven parts in "A Restless Spirit."

His plays not only amuse, they make one think, and they keep recurring to one's mind.

MARY B. HOLCOMB.

We, the undersigned, agree mutually that Warren Kerrigan is the greatest Motion Picture actor in picturedom. He is an actor fit for any part; from cowboy to the part of Samson is sure some jump. The first parts that he played were Western ones. He showed so much ability that he was at once promoted and is now the greatest emotional actor on the screen.

We choose Vivian Rich as his teammate because we have seen the good work they have done while with the American Company. She is an actress of no mean ability, taking parts all the way from lightest comedy to parts calling for the deepest emotion.

R. S. BANKS,
CLARA SCHNEIDER.

Enclosed find votes for Earle Williams who, according to my opinion, is one of the greatest artists that ever played before the camera or on the stage.

His work is simply excellent, so natural, and he plays each and every part perfectly.

Since seeing him in a picture entitled "His Foster-Father" I knew he was bound to rise to popularity. And maybe he hasn't. There is probably no player so well known and admired as he, and he certainly deserves it. And your excellent magazine—I could never close without a word of praise for it. I have been a Motion Picture fan for two years, and during that time I have taken the magazine regularly. The only fault I find is it doesn't come out often enough. I love the Inquiry Department and Gallery, and also the Greenroom Jottings. That isn't saying I dont care for the other departments. The whole magazine is simply great, and I dont know what I would do without it. I wish you luck and prosperity.

MISS IRENE THORNTON.

RIPPY DEAR!

Wasn't Olga's letter delightful? Oh, I would that U would publish more letters of that type, or at least every month. Why not publish one of the humorous letters U receive? Why, every one I know appreciated that letter, and it was a rare treat indeed.

But did U ever give my letter to the Editor—the one "Why I Vote for Jack Kerrigan." Did you? Well, how is it that he has never published it? I'm not going to read his old magazine any more if he doesn't; so there. No, I'll just read your department. Anyways, the "Answer Department" is the *whole* magazine, after all. Why, I read and re-read (and then read some more) that department, for it's better than a tonic.

Do you know that I like "Herman" and "W. T. H." Gee! they must be *awfully* clever. And by the way, isn't "W. T. H." Will Henderson, of Chicago? Of course I know "Lottie D. T." must be Donald Tennant, eh? But to go on. Rippy, I'm just oh so anxious to know something 'bout the *Henderson's Monthly*. What is it? P-l-e-a-s-e tell me. Oh-ho, not that I'm a bit curious, U know, for one time I somewhere read "Be not curious in such things, nor pry into concerns of your neighbors." But honest-ter-goodness, it's *interest*, and not curiosity. "I conjure you! let me know." Our same old friend, Dryden, persists in whispering "Good-nature is the most godlike commendation of a man." Heavens! he *must* mean that for *U*. Well, if Dryden thinks for the billionth part of a minute that *U* R not "good-natured," I will tell him a few things.

Do U know what Pope told Dryden about you? Well, this—"The man for *wisdom's* various arts renowned, is 'Rip'." Dryden replied: "The wily *wizard* must be caught." Oh, I laughed. They were having a battle, for true. Then Milton came (supported by his daughter) and exclaimed: "Great are thy words, 'Rip'," only to be drowned by Rambler, who *shouted*: "Nothing can be great which is not right. 'Rip' is always right; therefore he is great."

And oh, I thot this argument would never cease, when, lo and behold, I felt a presence. And oh, Rip, it was Jack Kerrigan—*my* Jack. Truly a "graceful presence bespeaks acceptance," and all stood silent and looked at Jack.

Then Jack said:

"I know not by what power I am made
bold
In such a presence here to plead my
thots."

Oh, he was *so* eloquent. He told the men that U R the most wonderful person of your kind, and oh ever so much more, and in conclusion he looked at Dryden and said: "A spirit (U, dear Rip) fit to start into an empire, and look the world to law."

Oh, Rippy, he used Dryden's own words. Of course Dryden just gave in and promised to let U stay where U R and still run the Ans. Dept. Oh, Jack was so emotional that he'd have made a stone love you. Now do U blame me for loving him? No, of course not! He is my idol and ideal and

"Pleased with my idol, I commend,
admire,
Adore—and, last, the thing *adored*
'desire.'"

But I love you, too. U and Jack forever!

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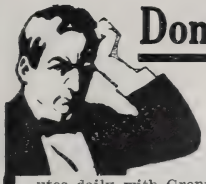
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To the Clergy of the United States

The Church Peace Union has offered to the churches of this country five thousand dollars ($5,000) in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows:

1. A prize of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States.

2. Three prizes, one of five hundred dollars ($500), one of three hundred dollars ($300), and one of two hundred dollars ($200), for the three best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries in the United States.

3. One thousand dollars ($1,000) in ten prizes of one hundred dollars ($100) each to any church member between twenty (20) and thirty (30) years of age.

4. Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars ($50) each to Sunday-school pupils between fifteen (15) and twenty (20) years of age.

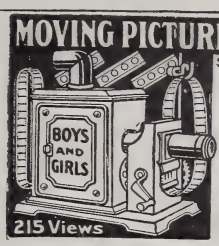
5. Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars ($20) each to Sunday-school pupils between ten (10) and (15) years of age.

In the accomplishing of the desired results among the church members and the Sunday-school pupils, and in the awarding of the prizes, The Church Peace Union will have to depend largely upon the assistance which the pastors can render. It is earnestly hoped that the pastors will make the announcement of these prizes in all of the churches and Sunday Schools of the United States. In competing for the prizes only one essay should be sent from each church and from each Sunday School, the essays of the local church and Sunday School being read by a local committee and the one winning essay forwarded

It is hoped that from the thousand dollar ($1,000) prize offered to clergymen one or more essays may be found which will be worthy, not only of the prize, but also of publication and distribution by the Foundation.

All essays must be in by January 1, 1915.

Further particulars about these prizes, as well as literature to be used in the preparation of the essays, and lists of books can be secured by addressing the Secretary of The Church Peace Union, Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



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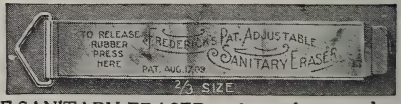
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I was sitting alone in the café, and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. Outside, the weather was hideous. Snow and sleet came swirling down, and the wind howled frightfully. Every time the outer door opened, a draft of unwelcome air penetrated the uttermost corners of the room. Still, I was comfortable. The snow and sleet and wind conveyed nothing to me except an abstract thanksgiving that I was where it could not affect me. While I dreamed and sipped my coffee, the door opened and closed, and admitted—Sturtevant.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent. He had, however, fallen into the rut traveled by ne'er-do-wells, and was out at the elbows as well as insolvent.

As I raised my eyes to Sturtevant's, I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. Yet he was not dressed differently. He wore the same threadbare coat in which he always appeared, and the old brown hat was the same. And yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. As he swished his hat around to relieve it of the burden of snow deposited by the howling nor'wester, there was something new in the gesticulation. I could not remember when I had invited Sturtevant to dine with me, but involuntarily I beckoned to him. He nodded, and presently seated himself opposite to me. I asked him what he would have, and he, after scanning the bill of fare carelessly, ordered from it leisurely, and invited me to join him in coffee for two. I watched him in stupid wonder, but, as I had invited the obligation, I was prepared to pay for it, although I knew I hadn't sufficient cash to settle the bill. Meanwhile, I noted the brightness of his usual lack-luster eyes, and the healthful, hopeful glow upon his cheek, with increasing amazement.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.

"No," he replied calmly, "but I have found my mascot."

"Brindle bull, or terrier?" I inquired.

"Currier," said Sturtevant, at length, pausing with his coffee cup half way to his lips; "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man,—and the alteration has taken place in the last few hours. You have seen me come into this place 'broke' many a time, when you have turned away, so that I would think you did not see me. I knew why you did that. It was not because you did not want to pay for a dinner, but because you did not have the money to do it. Is that your check? Let me have it. Thank you. I haven't any money with me to-night, but I,—well, this is my treat."

He called the waiter to him, and with an inimitable flourish, signed his name on the back of the two checks, and waved him away. After that he was silent a moment while he looked into my eyes, smiling at the astonishment which I in vain strove to conceal.

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked, presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. You have been a reporter on the dailies for—how many?—seven or eight years. Do you remember when I ever had any credit until to-night? No. Was I refused just now? You have seen for yourself. To-morrow my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success.

"Yes," he continued, when I did not reply, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and, since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it. You have no idea what it will do for you. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A, B, C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash can; to-night I wouldn't change places with a millionaire. That sounds foolish, but it is true. The millionaire has spent his enthusiasm; mine is all at hand."

"You amaze me," I said, wondering if he had been drinking absinthe. "Won't you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

"Certainly. I mean to tell it to the whole world. It is really remarkable that it should have been written and should remain in print so long, with never a soul to appreciate it until now. This morning I was starving. I hadn't any credit, nor a place to get a meal. I was seriously meditating suicide. I had gone to three of the papers for which I had done work, and had been handed back all that I had submitted. I had to choose quickly between death by suicide and death slowly by starvation. Then I found the story and read it. You can hardly imagine the transformation. Why, my dear boy, everything changed at once,—and there you are."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

"Wait; let me finish. I took those same old drawings to other editors, and every one of them was accepted at once."

"Can the story do for others what it has done for you? For example, would it be of assistance to me?" I asked.

"Help you? why not? Listen and I will tell it to you, although, really, you should read it. Still, I will tell it as best I can. It is like this: you see,—"

The waiter interrupted us at that moment. He informed Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone, and, with a word of apology, the artist left the table. Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear. Within the recollection of the frequenters of that café Sturtevant had never before been called out by telephone. That, of itself, was substantial proof of a change in his circumstances.

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers. It was about a month after my memorable interview with Sturtevant, which, by that time, was almost forgotten.

"Hello, old chap," he said: "how's the world using you? Still on space?"

"Yes," I replied, bitterly, "with prospects of being on the town, shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me all about it."

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it is all remarkable, when all is said. You know Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck,—thinking of the morgue and all that,—looking for you, in fact, with the idea that you would lend me enough to pay my room rent, when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and, really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man of me. Within twenty-four hours I was on my feet, and I've hardly known a care or a trouble since."

Avery's statement, uttered calmly, and with the air of one who had merely pronounced an axiom, recalled to my mind the conversation with Sturtevant in the café that stormy night, nearly a month before.

"It must be a remarkable story," I said, incredulously. "Sturtevant mentioned it to me once. I have not seen him since. Where is he now?"

"He has been making war sketches in Cuba, at two hundred a week; he's just returned. It is a fact that everybody that has heard that story has done well since. There are Cosgrove and Phillips,—friends of mine,—you don't know them. One's a real estate agent; the other a broker's clerk. Sturtevant told them the story, and they have experienced the same results that I have; and they are not the only ones, either."

"Do you know the story?" I asked. "Will you try its effect on me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the world. I would like to have it printed in big black type, and posted on the elevated stations throughout New York. It certainly would do a lot of good, and it's as simple as A, B, C; like living on a farm. Excuse me a minute, will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap."

He nodded and smiled,—and was gone. I saw him join the man whom he had designated as Danforth. My attention was distracted for a moment, and, when I looked again, both had disappeared.

If the truth be told, I was hungry. My pocket at that moment contained exactly five cents; just enough to pay my fare up-town, but insufficient also to stand the expense of filling my stomach. There was a "night owl" wagon in the neighborhood, where I had frequently "stood up" the purveyor of midnight dainties, and to him I applied. He was leaving the wagon as I was on the point of entering it, and I accosted him.

"I'm broke again," I said, with extreme cordiality. "You'll have to trust me once more. Some ham and eggs, I think, will do for the present."

He coughed, hesitated a moment, and then re-entered the wagon with me.

"Mr. Currier is good for anything he orders," he said to the man in charge; "one of my old customers. This is Mr. Bryan, Mr. Currier. He will take good care of you and 'stand for' you, just the same as I would. The fact is, I have sold out. I've just turned over the outfit to Bryan. By the way, isn't Mr. Sturtevant a friend of yours?"

I nodded. I couldn't have spoken if I had tried.

"Well," continued the ex-"night owl" man, "he came here one night, about a month ago, and told me the most wonderful story I ever heard. I've just bought a place in Eighth Avenue, where I am going to run a regular restaurant—near Twenty-third Street. Come and see me."

He was out of the wagon, and the sliding door had been banged shut before I could stop him; so I ate my ham and eggs in silence, and resolved that I would hear that story before I slept. In fact, I began to regard it with superstition. If it had made so many fortunes, surely it should be capable of making mine.

The certainty that the wonderful story —I began to regard it as magic,—was in the air, possessed me. As I started to walk homeward, fingering the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding down-town in the morning, I experienced the sensation of something stealthily pursuing me, as if Fate were treading along behind me, yet never overtaking, and I was conscious that I was possessed with or by the story. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant. It was not recorded there. Then I remembered the café in University place, and, although the hour was late, it occurred to me that he might be there.

He was! In a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant, and motioned to me to join them at the table. There was no chance for the

(*Continued on page 180*)

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THIS UNUSUAL STORY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 179

story, however. There were half a dozen around the table, and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant. On my right, when I took my seat, was a doctor; on my left a lawyer. Facing me on the other side was a novelist with whom I had some acquaintance. The others were artists and newspaper men.

"It's too bad, Mr. Currier," remarked the doctor; "you should have come a little sooner. Sturtevant has been telling us a story; it is quite wonderful, really. I say, Sturtevant, won't you tell that story again, for the benefit of Mr. Currier?"

"Why, yes. I believe that Currier has, somehow, failed to hear the magic story, although, as a matter of fact, I think he was the first one to whom I mentioned it at all. It was here, in this café, too,—at this very table. It seems incredible that a mere story can have such a tonic effect upon the success of so many persons who are engaged in such widely different occupations, but that is what it has done. There was Parsons, for example. He is a broker, you know, and had been on the wrong side of the market for a month. He had utterly lost his grip and was on the verge of failure. I happened to meet him at the time he was feeling the bluest, and, before we parted, something brought me around to the subject of the story, and I related it to him. It had the same effect upon him that it had on me, and has had upon everybody who has heard it."

From that the company entered upon a general discussion of theories. Now and then slight references were made to the story itself, and they were just sufficient to tantalize me,—the only one person who had not heard it.

At length, I left my chair, and, passing around the table, seized Sturtevant by one arm, and drew him aside.

"If you have any consideration for an old friend who is rapidly being driven mad by the existence of that confounded story, which Fate seems determined that I shall never hear, you will relate it to me now," I said, savagely.

"All right," he said. "The others will excuse me for a few moments, I think. Sit down here, and you shall have it. I found it pasted in an old scrapbook I purchased in Ann Street, for three cents; and there isn't a thing about it by which one can get any idea in what publication it originally appeared, or who wrote it. When I discovered it, I began casually to read it, and in a moment I was interested. Before I left it, I had read it through many times, so that I could repeat it almost word for word. It affected me strangely, —as if I had come in contact with some strong personality. There seems to be in the story a personal element that applies to every one who reads it. Well, after I had read it several times, I began to think it over. I couldn't stay in the house, so I seized my coat and hat and went out. I must have walked several miles, buoyantly, without realizing that I was the same man who, only a short time before, had been in the depths of despondency. That was the day I met you here,—you remember."

We were interrupted at that instant by a uniformed messenger, who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, and demanded his instant attendance at the office.

"Too bad!" said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand. "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the escritoire near the window you will find an old scrapbook, bound in rawhide. It was manufactured, I have no doubt, by the author of the magic story."

I found the book without difficulty. It was quaint and strange. The phraseology was unusual and could have originated in no other brain than that of its author. * * * * *

This remarkable story which wrought such wonderful changes in Sturtevant's life, and in the lives of all who have heard it, is published in book form by Frank E. Morrison, 1133 Broadway, New York, and will be mailed to any Motion Picture Magazine reader on receipt of two dollars for a copy bound in sheepskin or one dollar for a copy bound in cloth with the understanding that if you regret reading it, the book may be returned and the publisher will refund your money. Thousands of progressive men and women in all walks of life—merchants, manufacturers, bankers, farmers, executives, salesmen, clerks, names on request—have attained the goal of Greater Success by applying the vital truths so simply and convincingly told in this powerful book of wisdom.

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Dear Sirs:
Enclosed herewith is my latest script, "How They Got Married," which I trust will pass your very able critics of comedies and be listed for sale.
You have already disposed of two scripts for me, "Red Ned" and "Maloney the Mover," and are marketing a third, "What the Doctor Ordered," all of which you have handled with a wisdom that only those with a thoro knowledge of the present and future needs of the manufacturers could possess, and which would be impossible for any one like myself, or any one not intimately connected with the various editorial wants, to know, all of which I appreciate greatly. LEO. J. MOONEY.
2528 Swain St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:
Your favor of July 7th to hand and note that the offer for "Maloney the Mover" was acceptable to the author, also "A Tumultuous Honeymoon." Please find enclosed copyright waiver, which we will ask you to kindly have the authors sign.
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Scenario Department: Per L. Veuve.

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Should the Gaumont Company decide to stage the battle scene at Gettysburg that is part of "The Vacant House on the Old Mill Road," I would add: I shall be very glad to respond to any demand that may be made upon me to make that scene historically correct, without expense to the company. JAMES K. P. SCOTT.
101 E. Middle St., Gettysburg, Pa.

Mr. Dear La Roche:
Yours of the 16th at hand, and also the batch of scripts, which we will carefully read. I sent the ones intended for the Ford Sterling Company across the street to them.
We will appreciate it if you will be good enough to send a few copies of your booklet, "Here Lies." I think every member of the scenario department will be glad to have a copy. If there are any charges for same, bill me personally, and I will remit.
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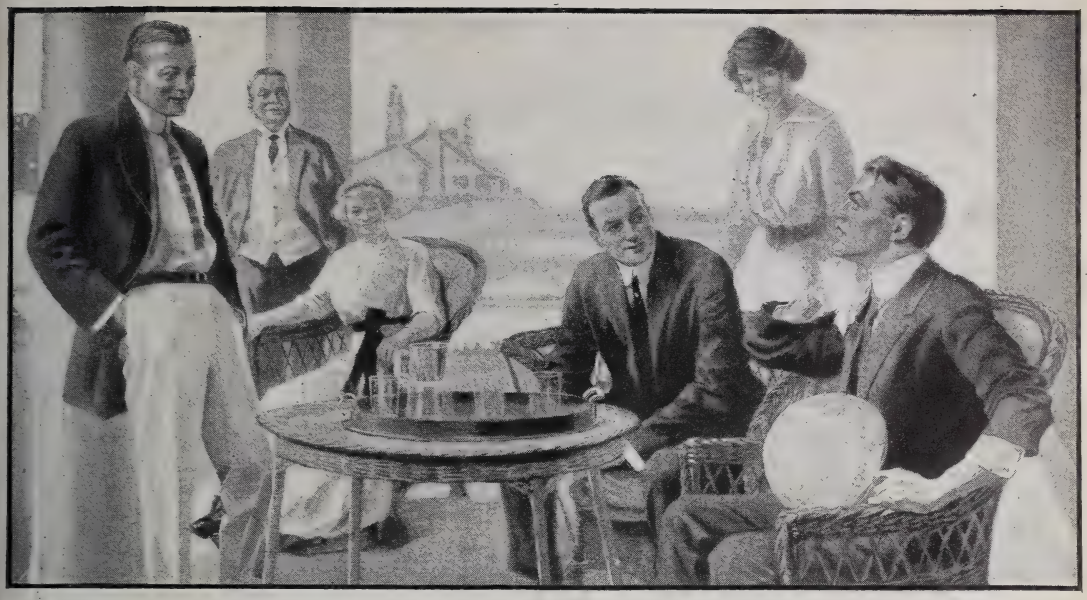
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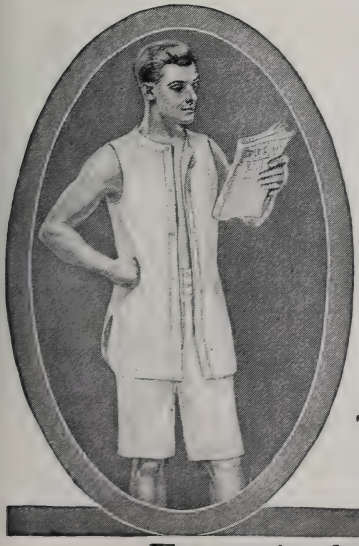
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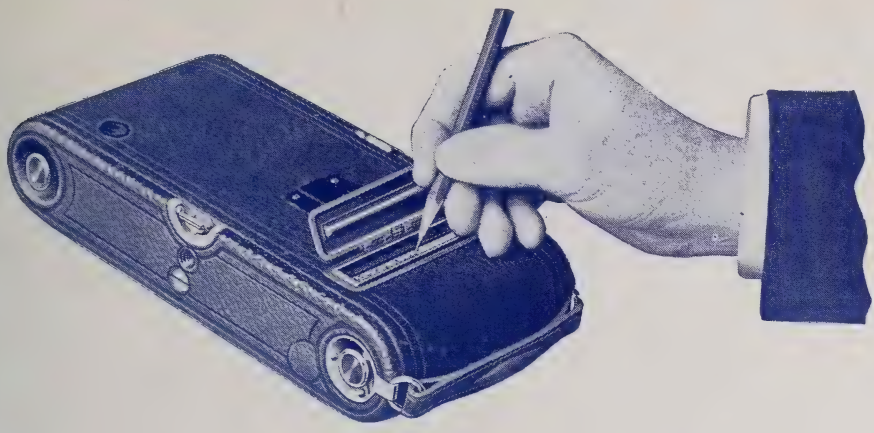
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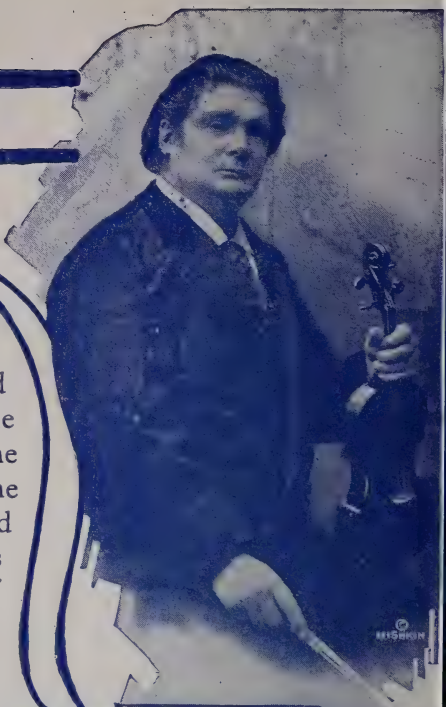




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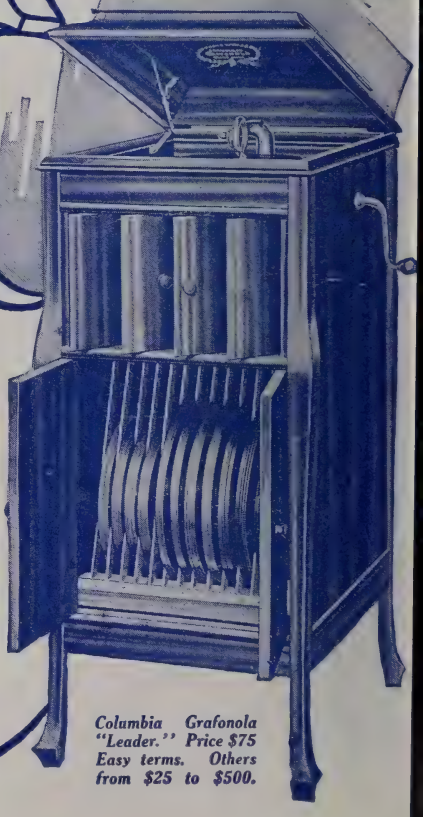
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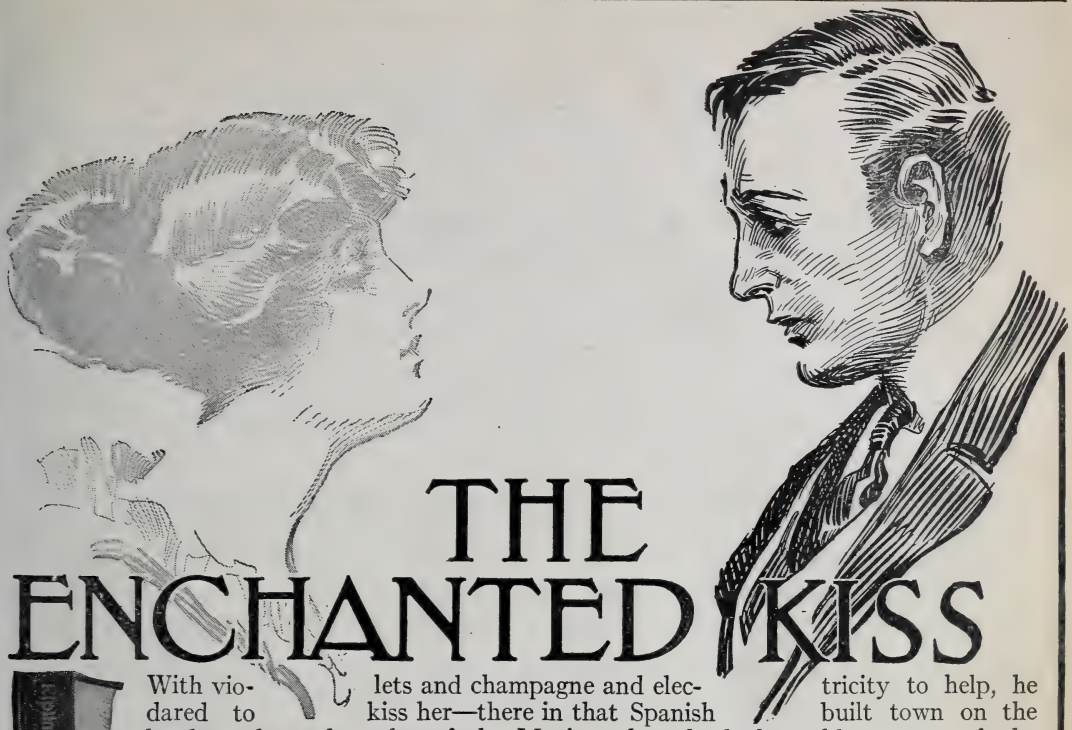
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"The Soundless Message, or Movie Mouth Reading," by R. J. Cassell.
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"Saving Immigrant Girls with the Movies," by Geraldine Ames.
"Genesis of Motion Pictures," by Richard J. Hoffner.
"A Visit to the Essanay Studio," by "A Rank Outsider."
"The Scenario Writer," by Captain Leslie T. Peacocke.
"A Week with Lottie Briscoe," by "M. B. H."
"How I Became a Photoplayer," by Various Players.
"Filming O. Henry in Tucson," by Ralph E. Herron.
"Funny Stories That Are True," by Albert L. Roat.
"Expression of the Emotions," by Eugene V. Brewster.
"Brief Biographies of Popular Players."
"Chats with the Players" (Ford Sterling, Donald Hall, Harry Millarde, Clara Young, Antonio Moreno, and others).
"Ten Reasons Why Movies Are Good for the Eyes," by Fannie O'Boston.

¶ And when you add to the foregoing, articles by such writers as Robert Grau, William Lord Wright and Ernest A. Dench of London, of which we have several; and when you remember such popular departments as "The Answer Man's," "Popular Plays and Players," "Greenroom Jottings," "Penographs," "The Spirit of the Play," seven fine, beautifully illustrated stories, sixteen handsome portraits in our Art Gallery, and other features; you will readily see that we are trying hard to give you your money's worth. Better order your November number now, or you will hear "Sold out and cant get any more," which thousands of newsdealers repeated over and over again last month. Do it now!

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JACK SMITH'S OWN CARTOON SCHOOL, 1400 Broadway, New York

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I was sitting alone in the café, and had just reached for the sugar preparatory to putting it into my coffee. Outside, the weather was hideous. Snow and sleet came swirling down, and the wind howled frightfully. Every time the outer door opened, a draft of unwelcome air penetrated the uttermost corners of the room. Still, I was comfortable. The snow and sleet and wind conveyed nothing to me except an abstract thanksgiving that I was where it could not affect me. While I dreamed and sipped my coffee, the door opened and closed, and admitted—Sturtevant.

Sturtevant was an undeniable failure, but, withal, an artist of more than ordinary talent. He had, however, fallen into the rut traveled by ne'er-do-wells, and was out at the elbows as well as insolvent.

As I raised my eyes to Sturtevant's, I was conscious of mild surprise at the change in his appearance. Yet he was not dressed differently. He wore the same threadbare coat in which he always appeared, and the old brown hat was the same. And yet there was something new and strange in his appearance. As he swished his hat around to relieve it of the burden of snow deposited by the howling nor'wester, there was something new in the gesticulation. I could not remember when I had invited Sturtevant to dine with me, but involuntarily I beckoned to him. He nodded, and presently seated himself opposite to me. I asked him what he would have, and he, after scanning the bill of fare carelessly, ordered from it leisurely, and invited me to join him in coffee for two. I watched him in stupid wonder, but, as I had invited the obligation, I was prepared to pay for it, although I knew I hadn't sufficient cash to settle the bill. Meanwhile, I noted the brightness of his usual lack-luster eyes, and the healthful, hopeful glow upon his cheek, with increasing amazement.

"Have you lost a rich uncle?" I asked.

"No," he replied calmly, "but I have found my mascot."

"Brindle bull, or terrier?" I inquired.

"Currier," said Sturtevant, at length, pausing with his coffee cup half way to his lips; "I see that I have surprised you. It is not strange, for I am a surprise to myself. I am a new man, a different man,—and the alteration has taken place in the last few hours. You have seen me come into this place 'broke' many a time, when you have turned away, so that I would think you did not see me. I knew why you did that. It was not because you did not want to pay for a dinner, but because you did not have the money to do it. Is that your check? Let me have it. Thank you. I haven't any money with me to-night, but I,—well, this is my treat."

He called the waiter to him, and with an inimitable flourish, signed his name on the back of the two checks, and waved him away. After that he was silent a moment while he looked into my eyes, smiling at the astonishment which I in vain strove to conceal.

"Do you know an artist who possesses more talent than I?" he asked, presently. "No. Do you happen to know anything in the line of my profession that I could not accomplish, if I applied myself to it? No. You have been a reporter on the dailies for—how many?—seven or eight years. Do you remember when I ever had any credit until to-night? No. Was I refused just now? You have seen for yourself. To-morrow my new career begins. Within a month I shall have a bank account. Why? Because I have discovered the secret of success.

"Yes," he continued, when I did not reply, "my fortune is made. I have been reading a strange story, and, since reading it, I feel that my fortune is assured. It will make your fortune, too. All you have to do is to read it. You have no idea what it will do for you. Nothing is impossible after you know that story. It makes everything as plain as A, B, C. The very instant you grasp its true meaning, success is certain. This morning I was a hopeless, aimless bit of garbage in the metropolitan ash can; to-night I wouldn't change places with a millionaire. That sounds foolish, but it is true. The millionaire has spent his enthusiasm; mine is all at hand."

"You amaze me," I said, wondering if he had been drinking absinthe. "Won't you tell me the story? I should like to hear it."

"Certainly. I mean to tell it to the whole world. It is really remarkable that it should have been written and should remain in print so long, with never a soul to appreciate it until now. This morning I was starving. I hadn't any credit, nor a place to get a meal. I was seriously meditating suicide. I had gone to three of the papers for which I had done work, and had been handed back all that I had submitted. I had to choose quickly between death by suicide and death slowly by starvation. Then I found the story and read it. You can hardly imagine the transformation. Why, my dear boy, everything changed at once,—and there you are."

"But what is the story, Sturtevant?"

"Wait; let me finish. I took those same old drawings to other editors, and every one of them was accepted at once."

"Can the story do for others what it has done for you? For example, would it be of assistance to me?" I asked.

"Help you? why not? Listen and I will tell it to you, although, really, you should read it. Still, I will tell it as best I can. It is like this: you see,—"

The waiter interrupted us at that moment. He informed Sturtevant that he was wanted at the telephone, and, with a word of apology, the artist left the table. Five minutes later I saw him rush out into the sleet and wind and disappear. Within the recollection of the frequenters of that café Sturtevant had never before been called out by telephone. That, of itself, was substantial proof of a change in his circumstances.

One night, on the street, I encountered Avery, a former college chum, then a reporter on one of the evening papers. It was about a month after my memorable interview with Sturtevant, which, by that time, was almost forgotten.

"Hello, old chap," he said: "how's the world using you? Still on space?"

"Yes," I replied, bitterly, "with prospects of being on the town, shortly. But you look as if things were coming your way. Tell me all about it."

"Things have been coming my way, for a fact, and it is all remarkable, when all is said. You know Sturtevant, don't you? It's all due to him. I was plumb down on my luck,—thinking of the morgue and all that,—looking for you, in fact, with the idea that you would lend me enough to pay my room rent, when I met Sturtevant. He told me a story, and, really, old man, it is the most remarkable story you ever heard; it made a new man of me. Within twenty-four hours I was on my feet, and I've hardly known a care or a trouble since."

Avery's statement, uttered calmly, and with the air of one who had merely pronounced an axiom, recalled to my mind the conversation with Sturtevant in the café that stormy night, nearly a month before.

"It must be a remarkable story," I said, incredulously. "Sturtevant mentioned it to me once. I have not seen him since. Where is he now?"

"He has been making war sketches in Cuba, at two hundred a week; he's just returned. It is a fact that everybody that has heard that story has done well since. There are Cosgrove and Phillips,—friends of mine,—you don't know them. One's a real estate agent; the other a broker's clerk. Sturtevant told them the story, and they have experienced the same results that I have; and they are not the only ones, either."

"Do you know the story?" I asked. "Will you try its effect on me?"

"Certainly; with the greatest pleasure in the world. I would like to have it printed in big black type, and posted on the elevated stations throughout New York. It certainly would do a lot of good, and it's as simple as A, B, C; like living on a farm. Excuse me a minute, will you? I see Danforth over there. Back in a minute, old chap."

He nodded and smiled,—and was gone. I saw him join the man whom he had designated as Danforth. My attention was distracted for a moment, and, when I looked again, both had disappeared.

If the truth be told, I was hungry. My pocket at that moment contained exactly five cents; just enough to pay my fare up-town, but insufficient also to stand the expense of filling my stomach. There was a "night owl" wagon in the neighborhood, where I had frequently "stood up" the purveyor of midnight dainties, and to him I applied. He was leaving the wagon as I was on the point of entering it, and I accosted him.

"I'm broke again," I said, with extreme cordiality. "You'll have to trust me once more. Some ham and eggs, I think, will do for the present."

He coughed, hesitated a moment, and then re-entered the wagon with me.

"Mr. Currier is good for anything he orders," he said to the man in charge; "one of my old customers. This is Mr. Bryan, Mr. Currier. He will take good care of you and 'stand for' you, just the same as I would. The fact is, I have sold out. I've just turned over the outfit to Bryan. By the way, isn't Mr. Sturtevant a friend of yours?"

I nodded. I couldn't have spoken if I had tried.

"Well," continued the ex-"night owl" man, "he came here one night, about a month ago, and told me the most wonderful story I ever heard. I've just bought a place in Eighth Avenue, where I am going to run a regular restaurant—near Twenty-third Street. Come and see me."

He was out of the wagon, and the sliding door had been banged shut before I could stop him; so I ate my ham and eggs in silence, and resolved that I would hear that story before I slept. In fact, I began to regard it with superstition. If it had made so many fortunes, surely it should be capable of making mine.

The certainty that the wonderful story—I began to regard it as magic,—was in the air, possessed me. As I started to walk homeward, fingering the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding down-town in the morning, I experienced the sensation of something stealthily pursuing me, as if Fate were treading along behind me, yet never overtaking, and I was conscious that I was possessed with or by the story. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant. It was not recorded there. Then I remembered the café in University place, and, although the hour was late, it occurred to me that he might be there.

He was! In a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant, and motioned to me to join them at the table. There was no chance for the

(*Continued on page 6*)



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THIS UNUSUAL STORY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

story, however. There were half a dozen around the table, and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant. On my right, when I took my seat, was a doctor; on my left a lawyer. Facing me on the other side was a novelist with whom I had some acquaintance. The others were artists and newspaper men.

"It's too bad, Mr. Currier," remarked the doctor; "you should have come a little sooner. Sturtevant has been telling us a story; it is quite wonderful, really. I say, Sturtevant, won't you tell that story again, for the benefit of Mr. Currier?"

"Why, yes. I believe that Currier has, somehow, failed to hear the magic story, although, as a matter of fact, I think he was the first one to whom I mentioned it at all. It was here, in this café, too,—at this very table. It seems incredible that a mere story can have such a tonic effect upon the success of so many persons who are engaged in such widely different occupations, but that is what it has done. There was Parsons, for example. He is a broker, you know, and had been on the wrong side of the market for a month. He had utterly lost his grip and was on the verge of failure. I happened to meet him at the time he was feeling the bluest, and, before we parted, something brought me around to the subject of the story, and I related it to him. It had the same effect upon him that it had on me, and has had upon everybody who has heard it."

From that the company entered upon a general discussion of theories. Now and then slight references were made to the story itself, and they were just sufficient to tantalize me,—the only one person who had not heard it.

At length, I left my chair, and, passing around the table, seized Sturtevant by one arm, and drew him aside.

"If you have any consideration for an old friend who is rapidly being driven mad by the existence of that confounded story, which Fate seems determined that I shall never hear, you will relate it to me now," I said, savagely.

"All right," he said. "The others will excuse me for a few moments, I think. Sit down here, and you shall have it. I found it pasted in an old scrapbook I purchased in Ann Street, for three cents; and there isn't a thing about it by which one can get any idea in what publication it originally appeared, or who wrote it. When I discovered it, I began casually to read it, and in a moment I was interested. Before I left it, I had read it through many times, so that I could repeat it almost word for word. It affected me strangely, —as if I had come in contact with some strong personality. There seems to be in the story a personal element that applies to every one who reads it. Well, after I had read it several times, I began to think it over. I couldn't stay in the house, so I seized my coat and hat and went out. I must have walked several miles, buoyantly, without realizing that I was the same man who, only a short time before, had been in the depths of despondency. That was the day I met you here,—you remember."

We were interrupted at that instant by a uniformed messenger, who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, and demanded his instant attendance at the office.

"Too bad!" said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand. "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the escritoire near the window you will find an old scrapbook, bound in rawhide. It was manufactured, I have no doubt, by the author of the magic story."

I found the book without difficulty. It was quaint and strange. The phraseology was unusual and could have originated in no other brain than that of its author. * * * * *

This remarkable story which wrought such wonderful changes in Sturtevant's life, and in the lives of all who have heard it, is published in book form by Frank E. Morrison, 1133 Broadway, New York, and will be mailed to any Motion Picture Magazine reader on receipt of two dollars for a copy bound in sheepskin or one dollar for a copy bound in cloth with the understanding that if you regret reading it, the book may be returned and the publisher wi l refund your money. Thousands of progressive men and women in all walks of life—merchants, manufacturers, bankers, farmers, executives, salesmen, clerks, names on request—have attained the goal of Greater Success by applying the vital truths so simply and convincingly told in this powerful book of wisdom.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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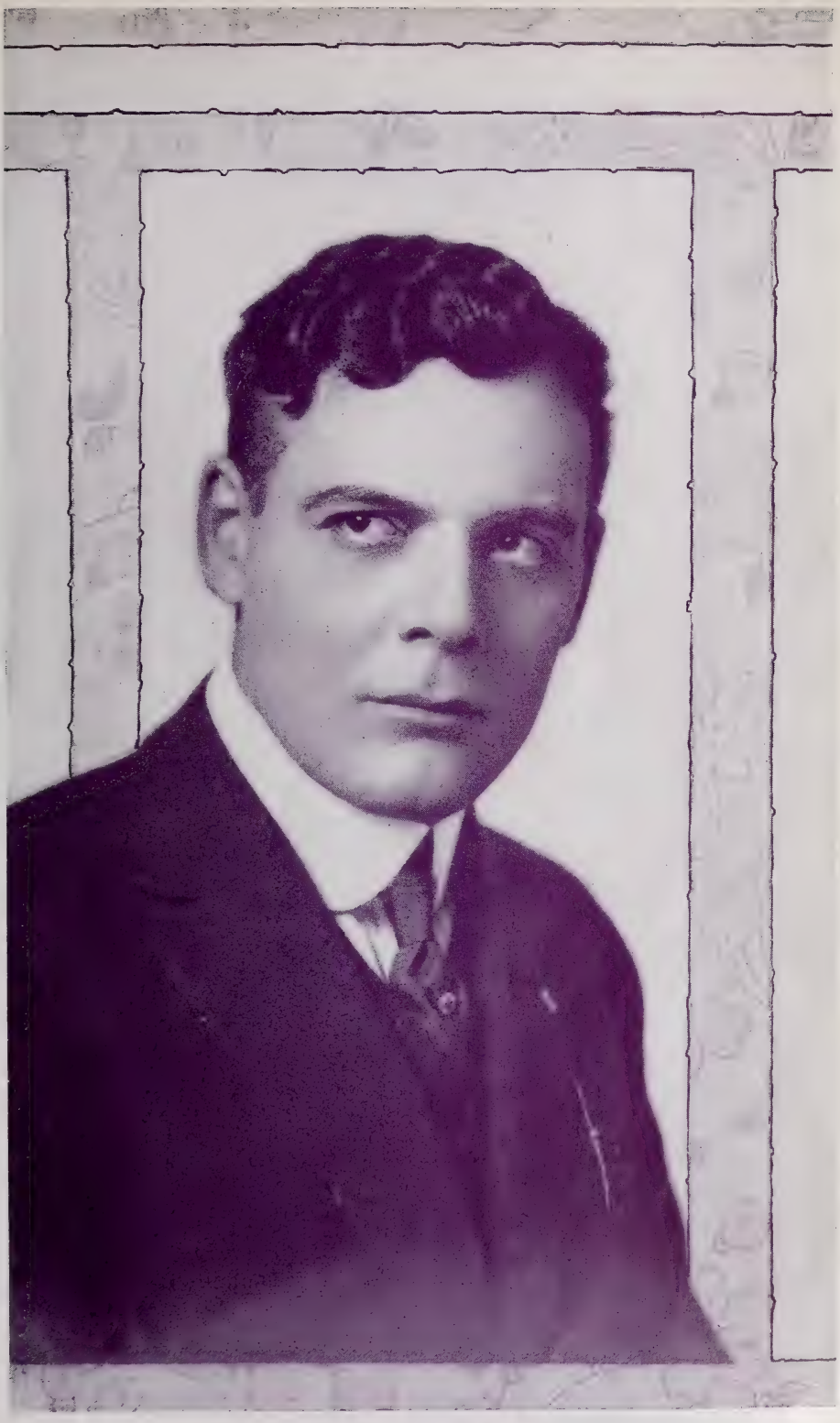
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Vol. VIII No. 9

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Exegi Monumentum ære perennius

OCT., 1914

The Cricket on the Hearth

An adaptation from the novel of CHARLES DICKENS

(Biograph)

By JANET REID

THERE was an "atmosphere" about the tiny toy-shop. An atmosphere of kindly cheer, simplicity, the loving kindness of little children. Perhaps the toys themselves were responsible. They had such sunny, useful lives ahead of them. Rich lives—rich in the gay laughter of the little ones they were to glad.

Caleb Plummer, the maker of the toys, reflected the atmosphere back again. So did his children: Edward, the son, frank and manly and earnest; Bertha, blind Bertha, patient and light of heart. There were flowering plants in the shining windows that bloomed a-riot for Bertha's faithful care. There was a hearth where a cheery blaze ever crackled and sung. There were the toys on the brightly clean shelves; dolls in the unrestrained beauty of flaxen curl and china eye; mechanical devices dear to the heart of undeveloped mankind; games for the prisoned invalid. It was a spot where the true in heart might congregate and heart find heart in the blessing of homely joys.

"Here comes Dot, Bertha," remarked Edward, casually, one particularly blue-skyey day in the infancy of summer; "she is a joyous sort of a girl?"

"Is no one with her, brother?" queried Bertha. "May and Dot *always* go visiting together. I'm sure they always come *here* together."

"Well—yes—that's so. May *is* along now," Edward declared, studying the street in unconcerned carelessness and flushing to the roots of his hair. Bertha smiled quietly. She was observant—this girl who did not see.

The flowers seemed to raise their perfumed heads in freshened life as the two young girls came into the toy-shop. They were spontaneous in the glow of their happiness. They seemed to say, "We have come—are you not glad? We are young, and happy, and alive. Tell us you are glad."

May ran over to Bertha with surprising haste and began recounting, with bewildering speed, the animated small-talk of their particular interests. Dot stopped by Edward. Thus do we play at odds. A babe might have heard the shiver of tinkling

laughter that passed down the spick-and-span shelves among the toys.

"Dot," said Edward, not raising his head and speaking very low that his father might not hear (no chance of May catching a word, so rapid was her own flow of talk)—"Dot, can you arrange to send May into the garden for something? You are so good a friend of mine that I think you will know why. She—she wont seem to talk to me—perhaps——"

Dot hushed him with a little, rippling laugh.

"You just wait," she commanded; "I've something I want to tell Bertha, at any rate."

Dot was a clever little lady. She had the managerial instinct. And she had May and Edward, all unwitting, strolling in the tiny garden back of the toy-shop in an unbelievably short space of time. They walked among the quaint old garden blooms in that sweet silence that has no precedent and no successor. Edward took her hand gently—a little, unworked hand, bashfully responsive. He raised it to his lips, and her eyes met his. A question passed between them—and an answer. The first kiss had its birth.

After awhile—a long, long while, in which the angels themselves had to make way, that these two might tread the airy spaces—they returned to that earth whereon they must live out their single life.

"You will have to wait for me, sweetheart," Edward told her, a bit sadly. "Now that I have you, I must have a fortune for you. It cannot be long."

When the lovers returned from that enchanted spot into the more humdrum circle of the toy-shop, they found John Peerybingle seated by Caleb, his jovial face agog with smiles. Now and then his eyes seemed to wander a bit—a close observer might have said in the direction of Dot. No one, however, could have said *why*, for that clever young person was sublimely unconscious of his very presence. She was regaling Bertha with remarkable gusto and, indeed, imitating May's rôle with consummate skill.

"I stopped in to deliver the new eyes," John told Edward, offhandedly, after the englamored couple had timidly explained themselves and been severally embraced all around.

"Oh, indeed!" Edward winked loudly and looked in Dot's direction in the way of one long versed in such subtleties.

"Yes," explained John, at length; "I had a good many packages to deliver on this row, so I thought I'd drop in here last with Caleb's eyes and have a—a chat——"

Thus does love make little children of stalwart men, of manly youths, and womanly maids. For his sake do they evade and mimic, mask and coquet. For his sake, in the end, do they cast aside these trappings and step into the realities of life, dauntless, and willing, and divinely sacrificial. And, in this cheery toy-shop, only old Caleb, carefully placing the china eyes in porcelain faces, and Bertha, and the toys held the key to the truth.

Fortunes may be had, but they are wrested from life only by body-sweat or soul-despair. To Edward Plummer came the latter, with word from a friend in the far-away States. A fine assurance was held out to him, and he knew that he should go. Here, in this peaceful toy-shop, he might eke out a moderate livelihood, to be sure, but he wanted more than that for May—sweet May, with her little, unworked hands. He wanted to keep them always so. And so he went, bearing her assurance of love and her promise to wait and pray.

In the meantime, the other romance fostered by the toys came to flower. Honest, big-souled John Peerybingle, with his heart in his earnest eyes, sought and obtained Dot's hand in marriage. And of their union a home was founded in very truth. The night they came first to the cozy house they were to call "home," a miniature fire had been kindled on the hearth, and, with its



EDWARD RECEIVES AN OFFER FROM THE STATES

cheery, prophetic note, a cricket chirped and sang. John drew Dot to the large, fireside chair, and they listened, in a happy peace, to the tiny foreteller of quiet joy. Dot smoothed her husband's face with a soft, caressing touch. "It seems to be telling me," she whispered to him, "that you are always going to be my lover, John —always tender to me, and kind, and dear."

"It is telling you the truth, dear heart," said John.

More often than not the destinies of men work at cross purposes, and it takes the patient, all-wise fingers of Life to unravel the twisted skeins.

While Edward Plummer was writing home of his more-than-hoped-for success and his speedy return, a certain unpleasant personage was calling upon Mrs. Fielding, who had the honor of being May's mother, and bore that honor in an extremely ungraceful fashion. The unpleasant personage was surnamed Tackleton, and he was a merchant dealing in toys, which branch of commercialism was singularly incongrous. Somehow, these little joy-bringers to the cradles of the earth should be manufactured and sold by kindly, childlike men, with silvered hair, benignant smile and hearts that are ever young. Tackleton was none of these things; nor did he aspire to be. He was grim; he was morose; he was doggedly persistent; he was, pecuniarily, a success. He wanted one thing in life—the hand of May Fielding. He did not trouble himself greatly about the heart. He flattered himself that the one would come with the other, and—he held a mortgage on the Fielding home. A very large mortgage it was; really an enormous one. It had been tormenting Mrs. Fielding's peace of mind for many moons. She cared much more for her peace of mind than she did for—well, her daughter. Therefore, she acceded to Tackleton when he offered to trade the mortgage for May and call it square.

"There is no use, mother," May repeated for the hundredth time that night, as her mother sought her out and began the continuous pleading and threatening; "I am betrothed to Edward Plummer. I love him—and —and that's *all.*"

"You'll love him less when you



EDWARD HEARS OF MAY'S ENGAGEMENT

live on a shilling a month selling *dolls!*" her mother retorted acidly. "You cant *see* your fortune when it's made. Mr. Tackleton——"

"Mr. Tackleton is *nothing* to me," protested May, "and besides, *Edward* is not going to sell dolls. He's a *miner.*"

"He's a *minor,* all right," her mother punned unwittingly, "and he'll be one till he's sixty. Those Plummers always *were* a simple lot—from father to son—*son* being your Edward."

May turned to the window with a sigh. And her mother flounced from the room, slamming the door in dudgeon.

Then, like some devastating blow, came news of the loss of Edward's ship, with all on board gone. It seared its cruel way into the toy-shop and blotted out the peace on Caleb's gentle face, and on Bertha's. It struck a chill to the hearts of his good friends, Dot and John. And more, it evoked a wail from the tiniest, pinkiest morsel conceivable, when Dot let a scalding tear fall on an upturned face.

To May it came as only such blows can come to hearts that truly love. It left her numbed and lifeless. The world was sere, and sodden, and unutterably gray. She bowed, like some plant that has been broken, to the inevitable, and on the day that Dot and John had the tiny, pinkie morsel christened, Tackleton and she announced their engagement.

It came as a shock to every one but clever little Dot. She seemed to sense the brokenness of May's spirit. She knew that the girl was too tired to offer resistance to whatever Life might bring. And while the tiny pinkie at home was being christened, and Tackleton was proclaiming his incongrous fortune aloud, a cricket chirped; it chirped on the singing hearth—a wee foreteller of quiet joys.

A mountebank's wagon was squeaking along the dusty road leading into London Town. It was hailed and stopped by a tall young man who bore evidences of very ungentle travel, but who bore, otherwise, a strong resemblance to Edward Plummer. He held a newspaper in his



TACKLETON OFFERS TO TRADE THE MORTGAGE FOR MAY AND CALL IT SQUARE

hand, and he was gripping it with his lean, tanned fingers very tightly.

"I want an old man's disguise—complete," he told the mountebank; "the *best*. Yes, this will do. Is that right? Good-day to you."

Later, from behind a screening tree, a gentleman of years emerged. He conveyed most realistically an impression of bent, discouraged age. He looked tired and at the journey's end. Even the dark eyes peering from the white hair and beard were singularly dimmed.

John Peerybingle, driving his neat little delivery wagon, passed the elderly man and offered him a lift. The stranger, searching John's face an instant, accepted with amazing alacrity and also, John privately considered, agility. In the end he invited him home.

"Dot'll like to coddle him up," he reasoned, "and the poor old boy surely needs coddling. He's terribly down at heart."

"What have you here?" the elderly one inquired, as John carefully took the one remaining package from the wagon with extreme care.

"It's a wedding-cake," John explained, "for particular friends—least, the *girl* is. May's her name—May Fielding. She and my wife have always been chums. But she's marrying——"

"Yes—she's marrying——"

"Old Tackleton, a toy merchant," volunteered John, tethering the horse to the post, "and the veriest villain there lives unhung."

And so, from behind the disguise of years, Edward saw his love again. And his heart leaped within him as he saw her saddened eyes, for he knew they were sad for him. Dot and John and his dear love were utterly unsuspicious of the stranger they lodged within their gates, but Tackleton scented mischief in the air; and he thought he had unearthed the truth when he witnessed Dot following the elderly one into the garden at a whispered request, clutch his arm violently at something he said, and then vanish with him into obscurity. Forthwith, he presented the facts to John, greatly enlarging upon them, and quoting his strong suspicions of the elderly one's true identity.



AND THERE SEEMED TO BE A MIX-UP OF BRIDEGROOMS

That night John fought a battle with the Green Demon that laid hold of his soul and tortured him with red-hot irons of fear and doubt.

"I'll kill him!" he declared, jumping to his feet; when, on the hearth below-stairs, prophetically distinct, a cricket chirped. The tiny foreteller of peace! The omen of homely faith, and joys, and a hearth-stone undefiled.

Tackleton stopped in early the next morning to make some further preparations for this great day that had dawned—his wedding-day.

"Where's your—er—wife's—er—friend?" he questioned pleasantly. John stepped up to him, danger on his face, and said something to him, very low and very emphatic.

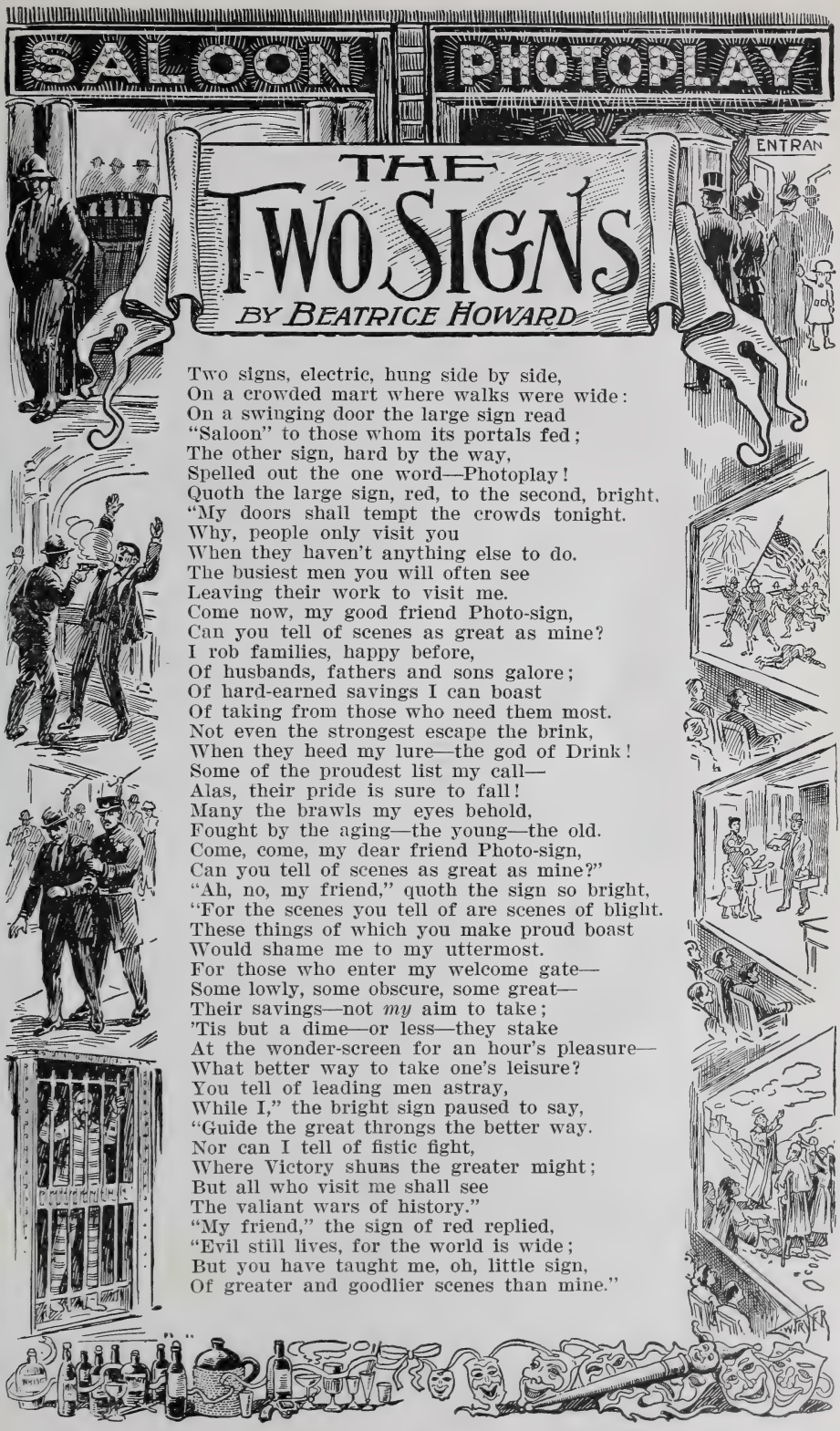
"As you will," shrugged Tackleton; then: "Are you both ready to accompany me?"

"I am," exclaimed Dot, dancing into the room. Her face was roseate and her eyes were diamond-bright.

Outside of the church, as they neared it, stood a small knot of people surrounding Mrs. Fielding, very important indeed. The doors swung slowly open, and two figures emerged. Edward Plummer came down the steps, and on his arm was May, the joyously timid bride of half a minute. What had the tiny cricket foretold? Quiet joys, and homely peace, and sweet reunions? His prophecies came true in the clear waters of forgiveness and general loving kindness.

From the sunshine on their faces Tackleton saw revealed the warp in his own soul, and at the Peerybingle home he presented them with the wedding-cake baked for his own nuptials, with his own hands. And, suddenly and quite clearly, a cricket chirped.

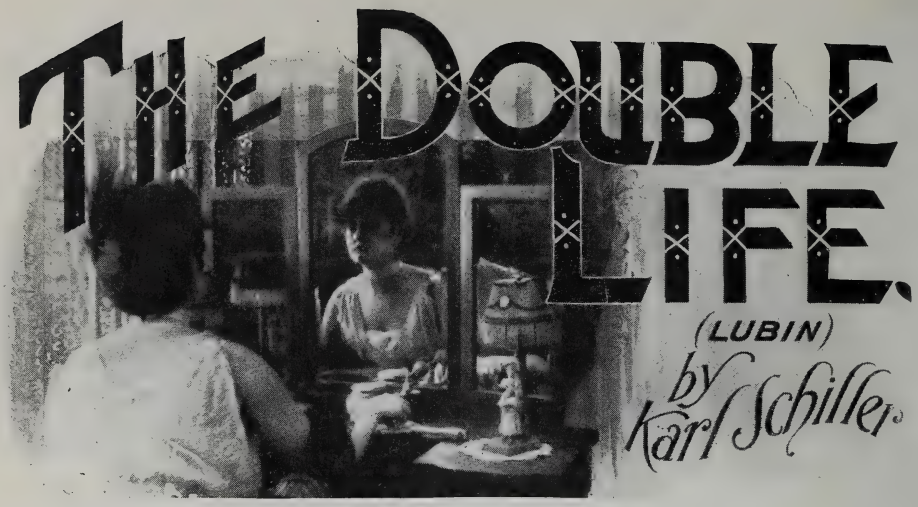




THE TWO SIGNS

BY BEATRICE HOWARD

Two signs, electric, hung side by side,
On a crowded mart where walks were wide:
On a swinging door the large sign read
"Saloon" to those whom its portals fed;
The other sign, hard by the way,
Spelled out the one word—Photoplay!
Quoth the large sign, red, to the second, bright,
"My doors shall tempt the crowds tonight.
Why, people only visit you
When they haven't anything else to do.
The busiest men you will often see
Leaving their work to visit me.
Come now, my good friend Photo-sign,
Can you tell of scenes as great as mine?
I rob families, happy before,
Of husbands, fathers and sons galore;
Of hard-earned savings I can boast
Of taking from those who need them most.
Not even the strongest escape the brink,
When they heed my lure—the god of Drink!
Some of the proudest list my call—
Alas, their pride is sure to fall!
Many the brawls my eyes behold,
Fought by the aging—the young—the old.
Come, come, my dear friend Photo-sign,
Can you tell of scenes as great as mine?"
"Ah, no, my friend," quoth the sign so bright,
"For the scenes you tell of are scenes of blight.
These things of which you make proud boast
Would shame me to my uttermost.
For those who enter my welcome gate—
Some lowly, some obscure, some great—
Their savings—not *my* aim to take;
'Tis but a dime—or less—they stake
At the wonder-screen for an hour's pleasure—
What better way to take one's leisure?
You tell of leading men astray,
While I," the bright sign paused to say,
"Guide the great throngs the better way.
Nor can I tell of fistic fight,
Where Victory shuns the greater might;
But all who visit me shall see
The valiant wars of history."
"My friend," the sign of red replied,
"Evil still lives, for the world is wide;
But you have taught me, oh, little sign,
Of greater and goodlier scenes than mine."



This story was written from the Photoplay of NORBERT LUSK

THE girl sat before the easel, drawing an innocent confection of blue skies and green trees. By her side flashed the same sky, inverted in the bosom of the stream. The warm air, vociferous with insect gossiping, stirred the childish curls hanging down to her waist and murmured across the threnody of her musings; which were neither of lovers nor of her own beauty, for she knew nothing of them, but rather a half-formed sorrow why mothers must wear red on their cheeks and yellow on their hair and live in a big, mysterious place called the City, far away. Absorbed in her musings, she was in the act of tucking a small, fleecy baby cloud into one corner of her ultramarine sky-ground, when a terrifying apparition, like a playful elephant, burst thru the bushes, emitting puppy roars of good-fellowship as he came. Alice Tracey promptly fell backward into the water, followed by the easel, the cloud, and all. The blond young giant in the wake of the collie fished her out and set her upon the bank, where she sat like a small, shivering child, watching him chase her property down stream, capture it and return.

"Jove!" exclaimed he, ruefully, then, "I'm no end upset to have you bothered like this!"

"I should say I was the upset one," remarked Alice, literally. She wrung one corner of her skirt tentatively and gave the matter up as a bad job. "That was very damp water," she sighed. "He looked like a lion, you see, and sounded like an automobile horn. Wont you sit down?"

David Richie stared. "I—er—hadn't you better be getting home?" he stammered. "You'll get cold—your mother——"

"Oh, mother isn't due for a week," said Alice, placidly. She regarded the young man with interest, staring like a curious child. "I would rather stay here and talk to you. I've never spoken to a young man, except the curly-haired grocer's boy, and Finchie caught me then and got quite purple with anger. But perhaps you are a grocer's boy, too?"

Her clear eyes, shallow and pure as the stream, questioned him. He felt the red mounting to his hair-line. What manner of girl was this? Had he surprised some naiad of the stream, some dryad of the grove in human form? He stripped off his white flannel coat and put it about her shoulders; then flung himself along the sunny sward at her feet.

"Now let's talk," he smiled. "Tell me about Finchie and mother and—and the very detestable grocer's boy with curly hair."

The story that he listened to, as unconsciously told as the wind blows, was as strange as a novel. "Finchie,"

he learnt, was a very cross old maid who said "no" and "dont" and "mustn't." "I think she is not a real relation," Alice told him, "but a paid aunt. Mother gives her money out of her gold bag whenever she comes. She buys my clothes—hateful old things. I would rather wear pretty red satin dresses and diamonds in my ears."

"Heaven forbid!" muttered the young man, piously; "why on earth do you want red satin and diamonds?"

"Mother wears them," explained Alice. "She has long plumes, and gold in her teeth, and a little waist much smaller than mine. She rustles when she walks around and smells very sweet indeed. And she puts red on her cheeks and wears lace petticoats and choky corsets and——"

"Er—er—I'm afraid you *are* getting cold," interposed the audience, hastily. "Suppose I take you home now, and we'll finish our talk some other time."

"Finchie will never let there be any other time," sighed Alice, rising obediently, however. "She says to wait till I am grown up, but that's like tomorrow—it never comes. And I get *so* lonesome——"

"Say," spoke up David Richie, abruptly, "I'm going to send my mother to see you. Your dragon cant refuse to let her in. And you'll like my mother. She's—well, she's a *peach!*"

"Does she wear diamond earthings, too?" asked Alice; "and will you tell her to bring you? I like you better than the grocer's boy, altho"—candidly—"your hair is not nearly so pretty, you know."

The sober group sitting primly on the lawn broke into a subdued flutter as the automobile drew up beside the steps and the gorgeously dressed woman rustled down. It was like a flock of wrens in whose respectable midst a parrot alights. Wrens and parrot regarded each other distrustfully an instant before a slender figure catapulted down the steps and flung frantic young arms about the jeweled neck.

"Mother! mother!" shrieked Alice, "you're two whole days ahead of time."

"Humph!" Cora Tracey looked about the gaping circle, nose elevated. "I should say, child, that I was just in the nick of time. What's this—a Methodist experience meeting?"

The wrens arose, with indignant flutterings of feathers and subdued twitters. Alice hastened to do the honors.

"Oh, no. This is David's mother, and these are her friends. They came to see me because I was lonely. David sent them." She beamed up at her mother ingenuously. "I'm *so* glad you happened to come just now, dearie," she cried, "for I've been telling them all about your lovely clothes."

Ten pairs of eyes took in the cerise crêpe gown, coyly draped and slashed to the knee; the wide lace hat; the beaded slippers. Ten pairs of eyes discovered the rouge on the heavy face, the peroxide hair and pudgy, powdered arms, jangling with bracelets. Ten pairs of eyes lowered decorously, shutting out the shameless sight.

"Dont hurry, ladies," said Cora, insolently.

"The painted creature!" exclaimed ten indignant voices, as the wrens scuttled away. "Poor girl! She cant realize what it means. The law ought to interfere."

"*David!*" said the mother, with angry emphasis; "for cat's sake, child, who is David? I thought I told Finch——"

"Dont be cross to Finchie," said Alice, coolly; "I found him myself. He pulled me out of the muddy bottom of the pond. He's the man in the bank downtown who gives you money. I know, because I took the check you sent me there, and he gave me lots of bills and things. I like David, mother. David says——"

"Bother David!" cried the mother, wrathfully; "here I've come all the way from New York to visit my girlie, and she never even says she's glad to



"THE PAINTED CREATURE!" EXCLAIMED TEN INDIGNANT VOICES

see me. Kiss me, honey! You cant guess what I've brought you."

"Is it candy?" asked the girl, lifting obedient lips, "or a wear-thing? Mother, am I pretty?—tell me. Finchie scowls when I ask her. Am I as pretty as you?"

The woman looked adoringly down into the candid young face, with its wild-flower beauty, and her heavy, reddened cheeks flushed darkly. She turned away to hide a grimace of pain.

"You're as pretty as they make 'em, baby," she said gruffly, "and you're a good girl, too, which is more important. Now, come along and see what mother's got in her bag for you, and dont ask any more fool questions."

In the covert of the hedge a man watched the two of them as they strolled, arm in arm, across the lawn. His blotchy face contracted in a silent spasm of mirth, and he slapped his knees with gauntleted hands. "So that's the old girl's game," he wheezed under his breath. "A chicken, an' a blamed pretty one, too! Say, y' gotter hand it t' Al Hollister when it comes t' th' Sherlocko stunt. She'd try t' hold out on me, would she? None o' my business where she went, is it? Mommer! Lord! what a scream!" The smile faded. A sly, cunning leer took its place. So a wolf must gloat over a sheepfold before it springs. "Aint no reason I know of why I shouldn't make a call on old friends in passin'," he muttered. "Surely mommer wouldn't refuse a knockdown t' little Miss Elsie-Book. It wouldn't be good sense, an' mommer knows which side her bread's buttered on."

"Al Hollister!" It was *not* a cry of greeting, but the man chose to interpret it as such. He bowed so low that the bald patch atop his head showed rawly thru the thin plaster of hair. Cora Tracey had sprung to her feet and stood facing him like a desperate mother creature defending her young. Under the rouge her face showed a damp pallor that made her suddenly old and tired.

"What are you doing here?" she said slowly. "I suppose you followed me?"

"Not a very cordial greeting for an old friend," said the man, significantly. Their eyes clashed, but he had the upper hand and knew it. With a smile, he turned to Alice. "I hope the young lady will be kinder," he purred. The girl clapped her hands.

"Another man!" she cried joyously; "and what perfectly lovely clothes he has got on!"

Thru the breach must rush the hideous sewer waters of the world. She could vision Alice struggling in them.

"I hope you're satisfied," she stormed to the man, when they were alone a moment. "You've seen her—now get out. It's scum like you I've tried to hide her from."

"Not so fast, my lady," sneered Hollister. "I judge you wouldn't ex-



CORA TRACEY WATCHED THEM, OUTWARDLY INDIFFERENT, INWARDLY SICK AT SOUL

Somehow the evening passed. Alice chattered and played her simple little melodies on the piano, with Hollister at her elbow, flattering, cajoling. Cora Tracey watched them, outwardly indifferent, inwardly sick at soul. She had builded such a wall of love and sheltering about her child, had slipped out and in so cautiously that no echo of her life might taint the girl's ears, had guarded so passionately the love that was the one green oasis in her arid existence—and now she saw the fortress crumbling.

actly like to have the girl know where your diamonds and fine clothes, aye, and her own bread and butter, come from, would you? Or maybe you dont mind. Suppose I tell her you're the keeper of a gambling-house—and then explain what that means—put in the old fellow that shot himself after losing a hundred dollars, and the young one the other night who cried like a baby because he'd lost the money he'd saved to buy his mother a birthday present with——"

"Hush!" Cora cast a hunted look

around, and then flared out at him: "You blackmailer, you! Tell away if you dare! Maybe there's a thing or two in your own record you'd like to have shady! But if you're wise, you'll keep your dirty hands off my business. She thinks me straight; she *loves* me! My God! maybe you cant understand what that means. I'm not whining for pity—I'm not begging a favor—I know what I've made



"SHE WANTED TO COME, BUT I WOULDN'T LET HER," ALICE EXPLAINED

of myself, but just remember this: *I'd kill a man who bothered my girl!*"

Al Hollister was cowed. A bully is easily frightened, but unfortunately he is not always frightened permanently. It was hardly a week later when his automobile drew up again before the girl's sheltered home. Cora, he knew, was in the city. Two hours ago he had left her in the velvet-shrouded rooms that glittered with electric light, tho outside the muffled windows shone the clear sunlight of a summer afternoon. His horn called Alice, dimpling with excitement, to the door.

"Run and get your coat, little girl," said the man. "Your mother sent me to bring you into town."

"Oh, *did* she?" Alice clapped her hands. She ran into the house, whence issued expostulations and arguments. "Oh, Finchie, it's all right—mother has sent for me! No, I wont! Yes, I will!"

"She wanted to come, too, but I wouldn't let her," Alice explained, as she ran down the steps to the waiting car. "She is *so* cross; besides, I'm sure you can take care of me as well as she can. Oh, oh, wait a moment—there's David!"

Hollister sank back in his seat, shrinking into his coat and goggles, in the ostrich hope that they would make him invisible. But the blond young giant swinging along the street had seen him and stood still, dumbfounded.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Alice," he said slowly. "Not leaving town, I hope?"

"Oh, Mr. Hollister is taking me to mother in the city!" explained the girl. "Just think! this will be my first visit. Did you ever go to town, David?"

The young man glanced at the huddled figure on the front seat, and his jaw tightened under the skin. A lightning flash of memory pictured the place where he had seen him last. He felt a trifle sick at the sight of her there, in the power of that man.

"Suppose I go along, too," he suggested lightly; "your friend here wont object to two passengers, I dare say."

"Like fun he wont!" snarled Hollister. He threw on the power so suddenly that the car seemed to leap into the air. "Mind your own business—if you've *got* any."

David Richie watched the automobile dwindle to a speck; then he turned and flung himself down the street to the railroad station. There was a train for New York that left in five minutes, and he intended to be on that train.

"There's a bug askin' f'r you, madam."

Cora Tracey shrugged weary shoulders. "Have the bouncer throw him out," she said sharply. "Haven't I told you a hundred times not to bother me with such things?"

"But he says t' tell you it's very important. 'It's about Alice,' he says——"

The attendant stood open-mouthed at the effect of his words. "Well, say! Wonder who 'Alice' is," he muttered. "It sure got her going, all right."

"What is it? Quick!"

David Richie looked into the painted face in a sort of fury. It was incredible — inexcusable — that she should be the mother of that flower-girl. Yet the eyes, in their smeared and tawdry setting, were pools of tragedy. In a few words he told her of his fears. At his description of Hollister, the mother screamed aloud. "That beast! Oh, my little girl!"

"When I lost my mother's birthday present in here the other night," said David, heavily, "I didn't realize I should be back so soon."

The jangle of the telephone bell in their ears cut the conversation. Cora wrenched at the receiver furiously. "Yes, yes, this is 9000 Plaza—*who?* Oh, you black-hearted coward, where are you? *There?* No, no!" She swayed, half-swooning, from the wall; then gathered herself together. "What do you mean to do with her? Is it money? You shall have all I own! Alice—Alice, honey, dont be frightened—mother's right here—— Oh! my God! Did you hear that? Oh! oh!"

The woman writhed hysterically on the lounge, dropping the receiver. As he bent to pick it up, David grew white to the lips. Dangling from the cord in his hand came the sound of stifled shrieks and a bitter struggle very far away!

The taxi whirled around the street corner and stopped before the house with the drawn shades. A five-dollar bill stuffed in the chauffeur's hand was a plaster to his itch of curiosity. The half-fainting girl was lifted out of the machine and up the steps, the door slamming across her sobs. Hollister jerked aside the red hangings.

"You asked for your mother. You wouldn't let me kiss you—I wasn't good enough," he snarled. "Well, here she is. Take a good look at the way she spends her time!"

Cora Tracey, pacing distractedly up and down among her patrons, turned to meet the horrified gaze of a pair of pure, shallow eyes. The shock left her rigid. Two blotches of red stood out like maps on her white cheeks; under the tawdry satin gown, open at neck and shoulder, her bosom heaved like a trapped thing. At the tables all playing ceased; but the cards, the wheels, the heaps of gold told their own story, even to an innocent mind. With a violent shudder of repulsion, Alice covered her face with her hands.

"So this is what mothers do in the city," she said stonily. "David—oh, David, are you bad, too?"

"No, no!" Cora moaned—"Alice, love—Alice, honey, look at mother. Wont you look at mother? You're killing me! You dont understand—let me explain. Just let me explain, dear; Alice, mother's baby girl, cant you let me explain?"

"Shut up, you fool!" said Hollister, seizing the bare, white shoulder in a grip that left purple marks. "*Hark!* Lights out!"

In an instant pandemonium reigned. "The police!" A mad scramble toward the windows; the overturning of furniture; tearing of gowns; then the doors were flung open, and the white glare of electric bull's-eyes filled the room with ribbons of light. David Richie, at the



"OH, MOTHER—MOTHER DEAR!"

head of the vengeance he had summoned, sprang upon Hollister and felled him with an honest blow. Then turning, he caught the weeping girl in his arms.

"Alice, sweetheart!" whispered the lover in an agony of fear, "are you safe? Has any one hurt you? Tell me——"

The girl clutched his sleeve frantically, pointing one small, shaking hand.

"She—she—my *mother!*"

The woman, in the grip of two policemen, winced as tho in intolerable pain. She thought quickly, weighing the sacrifice of denial that she proposed to make. She drew a long, shivering breath; then laughed aloud.

"Mother? Listen to the girl," she mocked harshly. "I'm not her mother. I adopted her when she was a baby. She's no kin o' mine."

She watched Alice turn to her lover, sobbing her relief out on his breast Tears burned behind her blackened eyelids, but she winked them back fiercely as she faced the officers, thrusting out her arms for the handcuffs to be snapped on.

"Well," said Cora Tracey, thickly, "well, I guess that ends my little game. Trot out your bracelets, officers; I'm done."

They led her out of the ruined room, down the handsomely furnished hallway, and she went blindly as a dead person might go. From the faces of Hollister and David shone hate and disgust. But before the door was reached, swift feet sounded behind, and a small, fiercely tender figure flung itself on Cora's breast.

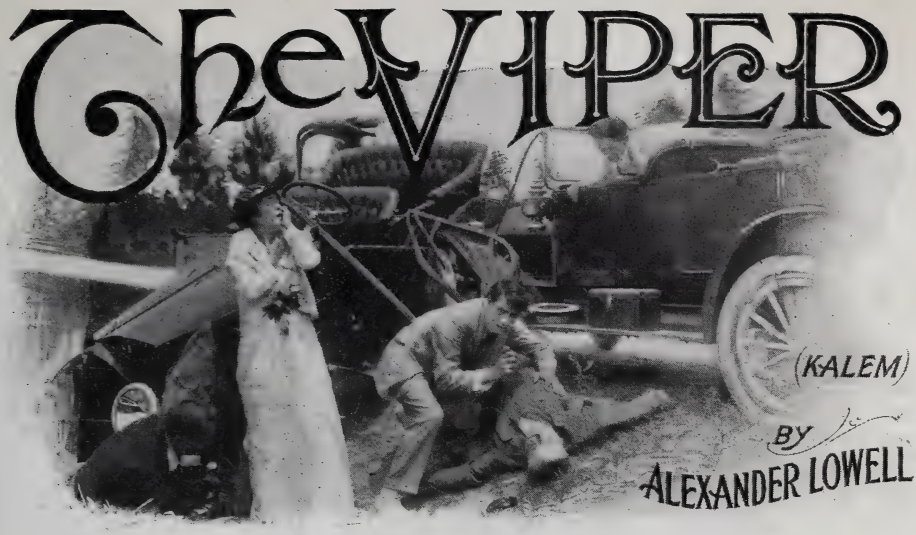
"Mother!" cried Alice, and pressed her fresh lips to the poor, quivering, painted ones—"oh, mother—mother *dear!*"

To Memory

By WILLIAM LAIRD

Keen Memory, if aught of me remain
  Under thy rule, in forty years or so,
Think not the midmost of my heart to gain
  With chance-blown gusts from summer bloom, nor low
  Of dying suns, nor wail of old-time lays.
But let some Moving Picture palace throw
  Upon its screen some film of these our days—
If such survive—some desperate football game;
  Strong swimmers reveling in the hostile ways
Of ocean; streets in spate; or throngs that claim—
  Spring-mad—Spring-largess in a city park,
My dimmed, blurred eyes shall glimpse the unpriced flame
  (That cannot warm me more) and wish for dark.

The VIPER



(KALEM)

BY ALEXANDER LOWELL

THE door of the den swung gently closed. There came a light tread across the floor, and two clingy arms encircled Putnam's neck.

"*Please,* dad," whispered a voice from which all the sob had not yet vanished, "you *couldn't* make me unhappy all my whole life—you *couldn't.*"

Putnam sighed deeply and disengaged the arms that were undermining his resolve against his better sense. Just so had they clung in the babyhood days, when their winsome owner coveted some special toy, some forbidden treat. Just so had her *mother's* arms clung—warm, tender arms that had coaxed the heart out of his body. He had ever capitulated. He *must* not capitulate now.

"Mary," he said, drawing her gently to his knees, "you have had two lives opened to you in the proposals of two men. Wilder Kent is my partner. I know him thoroly. He will give you always protection, strength, respect, the easeful years a woman has a right to. Moreover, he will give you a man's loyalty and faith. These things are love.

"Harry Crane will break your heart. Just as surely as you are talking to me this instant he will fill your life with pain. I know him, too, and I can sense your viewpoint. He is debonair, likable, attractive in his youth. He has inspired you with the so-called 'puppy love' that is not any easier to bear because it *is* puppy love. That will pass. It has passed with generations before you. It will pass with generations to come. It will pass with *you.* You will be hurt and bruised. He will fall far short of your standard of a man. If you help him, he will hate you. You will be bitterly disillusioned, and your opened eyes will know the truer man. It will be too late, Mary. There is no sorrow like the things that are too late."

When Endicott Putnam talked to his daughter in his den that night and told her that generations had passed thru the agonies of "puppy love," he did not see fit to expatiate on the means of the passing. He did not tell her of the generations of parents who had pleaded with breaking hearts for their sons and daughters to forbear. He did not know that there is no wisdom keen enough, no parent strong enough, no youth nor maid far-seeing enough to break the shackles of that first love's grip.

And so they were married—Mary and Harry Crane—just as generations had been married before them; just as the generations still to come would be married. And the wedding was attended by all the conventional panoply: the sacrament; the gifts; the joyous wishes—underneath, the grim forebodings, the night-tears, the aching hearts of the two men who loved the girl-bride best. How splendidly does Life immure her skulls

and bones! With what a gorgeous show they are interred!

At first came the sunshine and roses, the halcyon days of love's first flowering—perfect days such as only young love can know. Crane was really infatuated with his employer's pretty daughter. Mary was pitifully blinded. It made a charming combination to pose as Love. Then came the film across the brightness of the sun—the blight in the rose's heart.



CRANE IS THE FAVORED ONE

Putnam had taken them into his own home because he had taken the measure of his son-in-law's efficiency—and found it wanting. The man would never make good in the sense that Mary would require, and Putnam could not bear to think of his girl having to come into contact with the dish-pan side of life.

It was too much for Crane: the ready money; the velvet ease; the assured position; the absence of any fear of livelihood. The weakness of his naturally facile nature came uppermost. He fell in with a crowd of men with whom money came and went loosely; whose modes of living were governed by the wish and the impulse of the passing hour. His infatuation for Mary died an easy death. He divested himself of his Sir Galahad armor, and the pain her father had predicted for her gripped her heart and soul. The "puppy love" lay dead—a horrid corpse, immovable and mocking.

And it was not a pain that she could take into the secret places and bear alone, holding her head proudly high meanwhile. Even that scant solace was denied her. Her love was dead, but her pride was bleedingly alive. He might have spared her that. There had been the time when she first saw him intoxicated—the bestiality of his face; the coarseness of him; the mocking, contemptuous treatment he had accorded her. Then the brawl in the café, when Crane, drunkenly insulting, had fixed his attentions on an innocently amazed girl at the next table. Her companion, righteously enraged, had demanded the meaning of Crane's impudence, and a fistic encounter had ensued. Her father had had to bribe the law for his release. Her poor father! She had been the object of his tenderest interest, the sun, moon and stars of his existence, and she had been the means of touching his unsullied name with this sordid disgrace. How clear-seeing her eyes were now! How truly could she take the measure of a man! She thought of Wilder Kent, and the hot tears stung her lids. His unvarying kindliness shamed her now, as her choice must have shamed him.

Gradually she withdrew from her girlhood friends and their circle of activities. She could keep her person from the public gaze and the public pity, if she could not keep her marital shipwreck. The days passed

by in a brooding sorrow that threatened to keep pace with her thru all the years she had to live. The only softening touches were her father's unvarying dearness and the understanding, the silent, unpresuming, perfect understanding of Wilder Kent. Today she sat alone in her own private den, her forehead pressed tightly against the frosted window-pane. Her eyes were half-closed, and she watched the passing and repassing people with a sensation of one utterly apart. The maid brought her in a note and retired discreetly. Mary broke the seal listlessly, and the contents leaped up to meet her eyes:

> Your husband owes me considerably more than he is able to pay. If you will send me an I O U promising payment I will waive the prosecution of him.
>
> STANLEY BAXTER.

Stanley Baxter! That name remained. He was the most notorious gambler in the city. He was one of the most dissolute characters. His associates were the black sheep of the upper circles, the habitants of the underworld, and Harry was one of the circle. Harry, weak, facile, yielding Harry! To what depths would he sink ere he finished—with himself, with her, with her poor, tormented father? How low in the mire would he see fit to drag their names? How much purchase money would her father be forced to give up?

Mary's blood, torpid from long despair, suddenly ran afire. It was his hour for home-coming, when he returned at all. She went down the stairs, not in wifely greeting, to confront him. The front door opened, and he faced her, more or less unsteadily.

"Harry"—her voice was strained, accusing—"this note has just come to me. I want you either to explain it away or settle it without any assistance from father or myself."

"Cant explain it away, m'dear—being there," rejoined Crane, chucklingly. "An' you an' 'father' can manage to part with the li'l sum required more easily than your poor, needy husband."

"You will not speak to my father—do you understand me—you—you *weakling?* He has done too much for you—God knows how far too much!"

"Too much?" Crane wheeled in the stress of his indignation. "Too much? That's pre' good. An' me living here on my salary—my paltry, drivelin' salary. Wha's the old codger good for——"

"Dont *dare!*" Mary stepped close. Her voice shrilled. A hand was laid on her shoulder, and her father's voice said firmly: "Go into my study, Mary—I'd rather you were not mixed up in such brawls."

One weakling; one impotent, erring, wrong-doing person can create more chaos than any moral Samson. By their very weakness they corrode the links that bind them to the strong. They disrupt households, break hearts, ruin fortunes and create a havoc out of all proportion to their abilities. When Harry Crane left his father-in-law's house that wintry night, bearing the wherewithal to meet his debt, a train of horrors followed that left Mary spent and wearied; her first youth irrevocably gone; the bloom rubbed forever from her faith and trust. The money had gone the way of all preceding sums; the gambler had sunk a fathom lower; the thief had emerged. Like something cataclysmic had come Crane's exposure as a thief—a thief at her own father's safe; the fight with the butler who had discovered him; the telephone call from her father; the murder unwittingly done; Crane's hat found grasped in the butler's stiffened hand; Crane's vanishing. Once again Endicott Putnam used his good name, his good money, his utmost endeavor to shield the name of his son-in-law. Once again, and because of these things, he was successful; and then came the burning of Stanley Baxter's houseboat, with only one death—Harry Crane's.

For days the horror of her release permeated Mary's heart and soul to

the utter exclusion of her free joy. Then came a sense of unfettered bliss as keenly, headily sweet as the wedding bliss had ever been. She realized that God had been merciful—that her lesson had been learnt. And she turned, with a timidity of joy, to Wilder Kent, whose gentle kindness told her how eagerly he was awaiting her readiness to come to him.

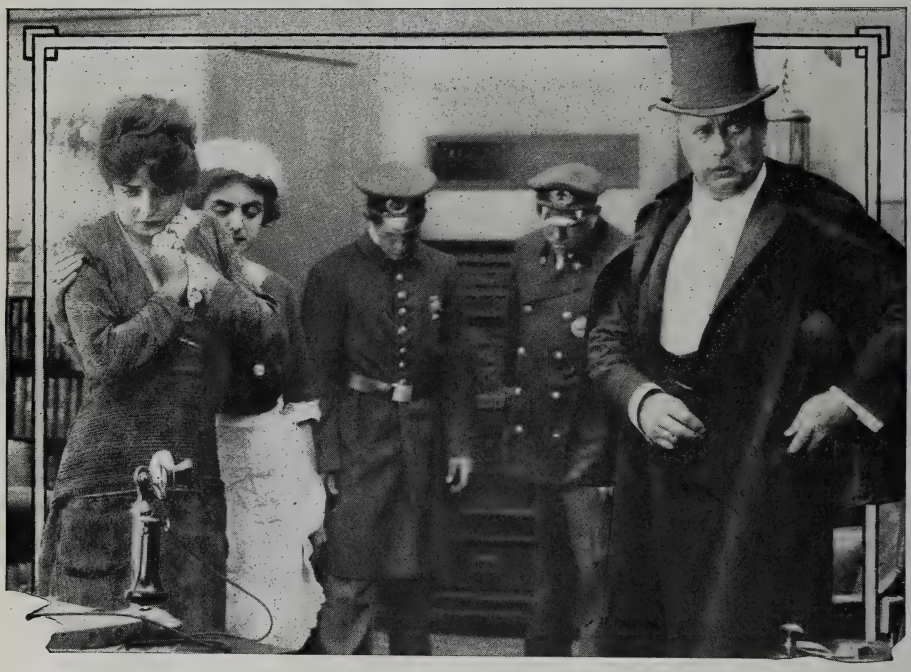
It is the little things in life that precipitate the crises—the uneventful, everyday happenings. It was nothing more important than the morning ride to his office with his daughter and Kent that sent Endicott Putnam to his death. The car skidded, slid down a small incline, overturned. When it was removed, Mary and Kent were found faint and stunned, and Putnam was dead, with a nasty gash in his temple. In the desperation of her loneliness, in the starved hunger of her heart, Mary turned to Wilder Kent; and they were quietly married one morning in the early spring. This time the panoply of unrealities was absent. Love met love, tried, tested, true. A dead man's blessing sanctified the bond.

"I want to take you away," Kent told his bride. "We cannot spend a honeymoon where every scene reminds you of some horror. We'll take my yacht and cruise. On distant waters the wounds you've had will heal. We'll start a *new* life—a honeymoon that will not end."

An oarless dory was drifting near the coast. Half-reclining on one of the board seats leaned Harry Crane. His face was blanched under the sea tan, and wind-red. His eyes were glazed and staring.

"My God!" he was saying, in thick, muttering tones; "my God—my God——"

His ears, dull of perception, failed to catch the chug-chug of a motor-launch bearing down upon him. He was senseless when a hand gripped his shoulder and strong arms tugged him into the launch. Harry Crane's type do not die easily. The elasticity of their pitiably weak natures is



LIKE SOMETHING CATACLYSMIC HAD COME CRANE'S EXPOSURE AS A THIEF

counteracted by a physical durability not to be outdone. Therefore, he recovered from the shock of his murder, the burning of Baxter's yacht, the exposure and fear of death, and returned to life and consciousness in a cave of rocks, with the surf-boom in his ears. A face was bending over him, a strange, handsome, reckless face with a likable smile.

"Feelin' fit, boy?" the face inquired. "Take a brace and hearten up—you're 'mongst friends."



STRONG ARMS TUGGED HIM FROM THE LAUNCH

"Where?" Crane queried weakly.

"Smugglers—tee hee!" suddenly came a voice that broke on the laugh.

"Shut up!" came from the face and other voices proceeding from the dark of the cave.

The handsome face suddenly relaxed. He measured Crane critically, smiled, and winked reassuringly at the darkness whence the other voices had emerged.

"My name's Carson, lad," he said frankly. "Jed Carson. We're smugglers—pretty clever ones—nothin' wrong in that. That"—pointing to the vicious, distorted face of the man who had laughed—"is my brother. He's a sure idiot. Dont mind him if you'd like to be one of us."

"I'll take you up," Crane said eagerly. He had not expected boon companions, whose tastes, if not exactly similar, were entirely in keeping with his own.

During the days that followed Crane became an intimate of the smuggler band. Jed Carson had taken an instantaneous, warm-hearted liking to him, and, with the indiscretion of attraction, gave him freely the secrets of their band. The idiot brother alone harbored a hatred for the rescued stranger. With the unreasonable ferocity of the feeble-minded, the hatred increased and fed upon itself, until the poor, tottering brain was aflame with its baseless passion. Strange, if under the rotten fabric there persisted some unsullied quality of discernment. Certainly no one but the half-wit thought of following their trusted friend on his solitary rambles. Not one of them believed when the idiot protested that he had overheard Crane talking to a

revenue officer. Carson was hotly indignant.

"Keep your mouth shut, fool," he commanded harshly—"you're dreamin'!"

Nevertheless, with the suspicion ingrained by their trade, the smugglers consented to follow the half-wit on his daily pursuance of Crane.

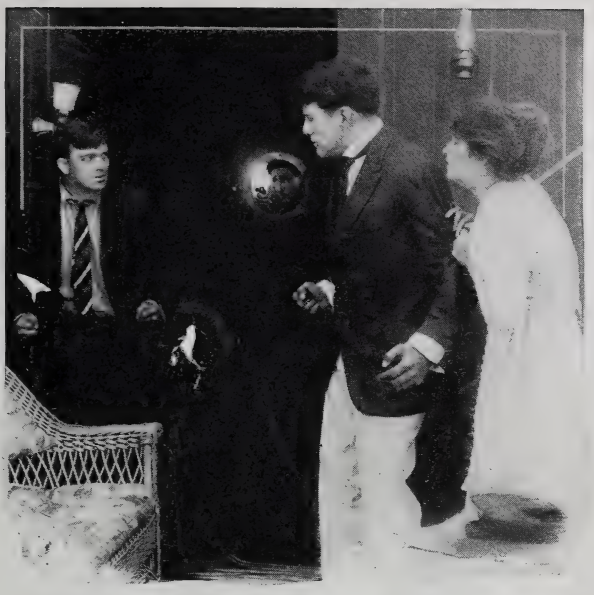
To the day he died Jed Carson held every man in doubt. His heart, that had held, despite his man's rough life, the cove where the launch was docked. It was a chase to the death. The smugglers were all but defeated when a stranger came leisurely around the sandy bar in a launch. A loan was swiftly transacted, and the smugglers gave chase, with the wild, undisciplined laughter of the idiot startling the rushing air.

The day was cool with the salt tang of the waters. Mary was resting in



CRANE TURNS TRAITOR TO HIS BEST FRIENDS

an indomitable, boyish camaraderie, hardened and doubted ever. He had *liked* Crane; he had trusted him; he had given him of his best: his food, his shelter, his heart, his livelihood. In his rude code he had done his utmost. And with his own ears, under the leering confirmation of his idiot brother's eye, he heard Crane betray them. It was a bitter moment for Jed Carson. He had lost not only his living; he had lost his picturesque faith. Crane sensed, with the acuteness of the wrong-doer, the waiting band. He turned on them with deft swiftness, gun leveled; then made for the dainty, blue-tinted cabin her husband had so fondly fitted up for her. Her eyes sought the blue waters gleaming thru the dainty chintz at the portholes. They were touched with a gentle peace—such a peace as they held before she left her father's sheltering home. Kent was reading a newly cut magazine in the completely stocked library of the princely little craft. His face, too, reflected the peace of the man who has won his soul's desire. Suddenly there came a scrambling on the deck; the door was burst wide. Kent sprang to his feet, to confront Harry Crane.



FROM THE NEAREST PORTHOLE A PISTOL SMOKED

"Yes, it's me!" Crane burst out hoarsely; "dont stare like death. I'll explain later—th' old man knew I wasn't a dead one—he hushed me up with threats. Now I'm bein' chased—they're after me. Good God alive, man, *they're on the boat. Ugh!*"

Mary stood by her husband, face aghast. Harry Crane's body lay lifeless at her feet. From the nearest porthole a pistol smoked, backed by a leering, vicious face. A strident, horrible laugh rang out. There was a scuttling sound of feet; then silence. Mary looked long at the dead face at her feet. Strange thoughts came to her—ghosts in mouldy cerements. Her slight figure was convulsed; then she turned to Kent. "After this—peace," she whispered. "My dear love!"

My Retreat

By LILLAS ROBERTSON

When I'm tired of the city,
With its noise and din and strife;
When I'm weary of the pity
And the tumult men call life,
There's an open door awaits me,
Like an open road of peace,
Where no grime nor darkness grates me,
And my heart can find release.

There are rolling hills and mountains,
There are forests still and deep,
Gardens fair, with crystal fountains,
Where the sun plays hide and seek,
In and out the bowers of roses.
There's a girl I used to know,
Laughing eyes that love discloses
In the way that lovers know.

Thru the sunny fields we wander,
Or we loiter by the sea,
Heart to heart we dream and ponder
In the moonlight's mystery;
And the whole world is our playground,
With its wonders vast to know.
Oh, I'm happy when I stay 'round
At the Moving Picture Show.

Broncho Billy, The Vagabond

(Essanay)

By GLADYS HALL

BRONCHO BILLY turned out empty pockets, and his eyes went the round of the table with a quick, whimsical smile in them.



G. M. ANDERSON AS "BRONCHO BILLY"

"Vein's run out, pards," he explained; "kin any of you boys stake me to a new claim?"

Money — whisky — horseflesh—the discovery of metaled earth—these are the passports of the West, where, far from the effete East, men live man to man. Comradeship cannot live forever on starvation rations, and more especially in a gambling-saloon. Furthermore, the "boys" had helped Broncho Billy out just the one time too many, and that lovable, improvident follower of the West stood now quite penniless and equally helpless.

"Broncho"—Rexford, the gambler, spoke laconically—"did you chance to see the town no-goods making their getaway 'round about sunrise this mornin'?"

"Well?"

"Wel—er—nothin', pard; only it'd be a loss to Creek Center if you'd a-been among the gang."

Broncho Billy took the hint. He rejoiced inwardly that it was a hint. The West does not always mince matters so delicately—only Rexford's Eastern birth had given him that certain tact. Beyond being grateful for the gentleness of his *congé*, the matter did not trouble Broncho overmuch. There were a great many others worse off than himself, he reasoned, and that helped him greatly: prisoners in city alleys, for instance; tired women, prematurely aged; little children born to a heritage of hate. For himself, he had a glorious strength, a buoyant optimism and the wide prairies to forget his troubles on.

Inadvertently, he slouched along the single road leading from Creek Center into the woods. His flannel shirt was open at the throat; he carried his sombrero in his hand, and the coolness of the green smote him instantly and gratefully. He felt a sense of light-heartedness, of carefreeness, and he whistled as he walked south. Suddenly he stopped.

A mite of a maid was standing before him, armed with a mighty ax and confronted by a mammoth log of wood.

"I'm chopping," she announced, with a becoming gravity, and one unbelievably diminutive forefinger indicated a pile of wafer-like shavings near the log.

"I see." Broncho's gravity quite equaled her own. Then he sat down on the log.

"Do you do this every day?" he inquired.

The small maid deposited the ax and seated herself beside him confidingly. "I usen't to," she explained. "First of all my dad did it; then he took orful sick. Then ma's been doin' it, and now, you see, it's got down to me."

"Is your mother sick, too?"

"She's thin." The child looked suddenly sad, and something of her babyishness was marred. "She's *orful* thin," she reiterated sadly, "and her eyes are all black-like underneath. *I'm* strongest of us all now—I used to be weakest."

"Suppose *I* do it for today?" Broncho smiled brightly and picked up the ax that had so overpowered the tiny maid. "How about my toting it home for you, too?" he said, after the log had been neatly and expeditiously split up.

"Ma dont take to strangers," the small one considered aloud; then, with a sunny, darting smile, "but *you're* my *friend,* aren't you?"

"I am—and that's settled," declared Broncho, enthusiastically; "so scoot along—I'm with y'u."

The dauntless, wee maid assuredly *was* the strongest of the three. Broncho saw that the instant his stalwart, belted figure filled the tiny doorway of the shack. He thought no shack had ever deserved its name so truly; he thought in all the sky-spanned West he had never seen more wanly destitute people. The father lay helplessly in the one semi-comfortable chair the general utility room afforded. His face was shockingly wasted, and his eyes reflected patiently the monotony of the plains they scanned daily. The woman bent over a tub, scrubbing garments too obviously past the scrubbing stage. Poverty, hand in fist with grim disease, held apparent sway. Death, the headless horseman, might be glimpsed on the far-away prairies.

The woman straightened her back with strained effort and passed one reddened hand over her tired eyes. She looked past the stranger to the little maid, and a faint smile struggled to her lips.

"Is't chopped, dearie?" she asked. Then she noted Broncho's arms filled with the load.

"It's good of you, sir," she said gratefully, "real good. 'Taint no work for a mite of a girl—but you see——"

"I see." Broncho's eyes were very kindly. "And I see you must have money," he added. "We will see about getting some."

"Money!"—the exclamation was sharp—"money!—we've 'bout given up hope of *that,* haven't we, Jim?" The man appealed to nodded feebly.

"If you could give us that lift, partner," he said, "you'd be the saving of three lives, and if I ever strike luck, we're even on 't."

Broncho Billy left the shack with the fixed determination to return able to defy the grim hand of Disease and ward off the rapidly approaching Headless Horseman. He did not need, nor want, the money for himself; but there, in that pitiful shack, they needed it—needed it more—more than—ah, the gambling-saloon. They were stern men there, and a man must stand alone, but surely it would be different when a dying man was involved—and a woman fast losing the fight—and a little, helpless child.

They were still at the game when Broncho appeared in the doorway. Rexford was winning, and he was returning from the bar, having ordered drinks for the crowd. Big Pete Stevens espied the returned man first.

"I'm durned!" he exploded slowly.

"Broncho—as I live!" burst from the others.

Broncho advanced slowly. He held

the assembled throng with steady eyes. Red Rufe dropped a pile of chips nervously. Rexford smiled nonchalantly. Broncho divined their thoughts. "I aint göin' ter pull my gun, pards," he said. "I reckon 'twont be necessary. Over in a shack outside the woods thar's a man dying, ef he aint deader 'n' a post right now. He's got a wife, little more'n a gal, and she's followin' him—'n' *washin'* —'n' *starvin'*—'n' there's a kid—a *girl* kid—no bigger'n—well, a good-sized *flower*—'n' she chops wood for the crowd. I want you boys to come out with the long green—I want you all to *help.*"

Gambler Rexford alone looked uncomfortable. Perhaps he remembered too intimately. The others hardened.

"Darned good tale, Broncho," laughed Big Pete Stevens, "but it dont *go* in Creek Center."

Broncho regarded him fixedly; then his slow gaze traversed the circle. Gambler Rexford alone looked ill at ease. His gaze shifted. The softness of his East, where women and little children were pedestaled, was upon him. But Broncho knew that his was the lone help; he knew that would not avail. His appeal had lost out. He dropped his eyes, blushed under his heavy tan, wheeled on his heel and left the speechless cow-punchers to go on with their game unhindered.



BRONCHO BILLY RAIDS THE GAMBLER'S TILL

An hour passed by, and broad backs were turned to him as fiery eyes and calloused fingers directed the piles of chips. On a corner of the table stood a cigar-box full of double eagles, silver dollars and crumpled bills. It was unguarded, for it meant sudden death, and no questions asked, to the man who touched it. But Broncho took that chance. Slowly, with silent footfalls, he slouched in, his eyes upon the money. He reached out, hugged the box to him and disappeared unseen.

A pony stood tethered at the saloon's doorway, and Broncho slid his arm thru the bridle, leading the animal after him.

Thief and horse-stealer! No one could guess it from the absent-minded smile that wreathed his face.

On the outskirts of the town he stopped and filled a basket with provisions—everything that the sick folks in the shack could need for a week's supply. Then he mounted leisurely and put off on a steady lope down the road across the mesa.



BUYING SUPPLIES FOR HIS POOR FRIENDS

Things assumed sudden action back in the saloon.

"What the *hell!*" exploded the cow-punchers, when the theft of the box was discovered. The cards were dropped; there was a rush from the saloon; a raid on the sheriff's office; a posse was formed. As for Broncho Billy, he rode for his life, for he knew his West. He knew the penalty for a thief—for a *horse*-thief—but he rode more truly for the three lives in the shack—*most* especially for the little, dauntless one who had brought home to him the selfishness of his strength. She was standing on the threshold as he galloped up. Her eyes were trusting and brimful of friendliness.

"I *knew* y'u'd come back," she lisped sweetly; "we *all* of us did."

Broncho tumbled the food to the ground, and thrust the pile of gold and bills into the tiny palms.

"Take these," he gasped breathlessly—"thar's a posse followin'. When they git here, I *haven't been here*—understand? Gawd bless y'u, baby—Gawd—bless—y'u——"

It was a long chase, with the pursued man doubling on his tracks, but in the end it was a losing chase for Broncho Billy.

It was perilously near the shack that they caught him, and he watched them adjust the rope over an elm.

"Anythin' ter say, Broncho—better make yer peace with yer Gawd." The sheriff was speaking.

"Gawd 'n' me 's 'bout 's peaceable 's need be," returned Broncho, suddenly. The rope tightened around his neck with a vicious jerk. All the miles of prairie—the sweeping, prairie winds—and his breath going. Into his consciousness came a shrilly voice—a child's voice, with its sweet, insistent note.

"Stop, bad mens!" it was saying; "that's my Friend-man—'n' here's y'u-all's—money—*here!*"

Broncho opened his eyes. The rope was loosened. The sheriff was taking the clinking gold in his hand and watching the little maid keenly

"Where did y'u come by this?"

The small finger indicated Broncho.

"We was sick ter our house," she explained; "my dad's *orful* sick, and we was hungry. He didn't want us ter be—he *said* so—'n' he gived us *this* and—and lots of beautiful things to eat."

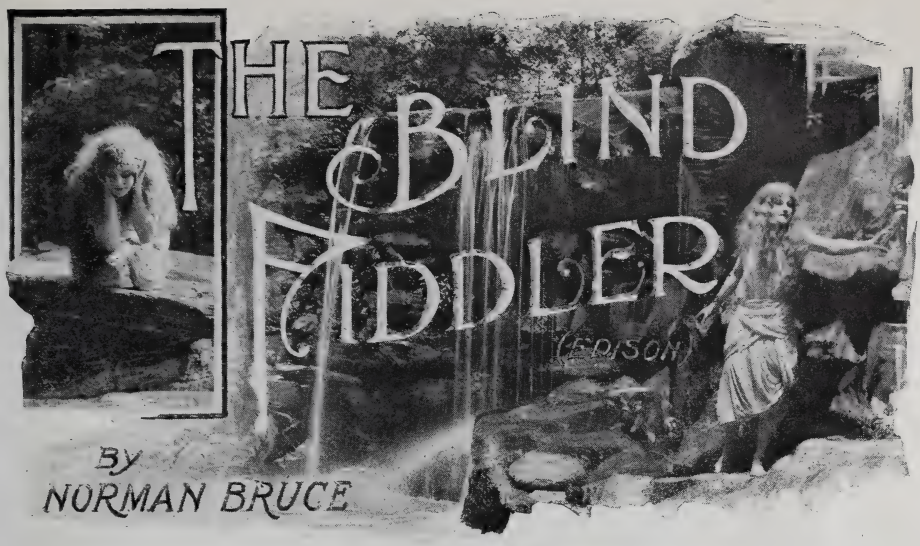
The sheriff counted the money. "It's all here, but a dollar or two." Then he turned to the posse.



BRONCHO'S LITTLE FRIEND RETURNS THE MONEY

"Boys," he said, "I dunno but what Broncho's the biggest man o' the bunch. I hate like blazes to see a *real* man swing—thar's not so many they c'n be spared. I s'gest we take the rope off and take up a c'lection for Broncho's little gal."

Fourteen sombreros waved in the air; fourteen pistols were fired skyward; fourteen pairs of arms tossed up the little maid. Her tiny hands were crammed full with crumpled dollars.



This story was written from the Photoplay of DR. GEORGE MacMULLAN

THERE are fairies still left in Ireland. Was it not a fairy, pray tell, that led old Michael Brady fell by the door of the "Mug o' Cider" a se'nnight come Friday, and sent him willy-nilly into the parish house, to mumble a prayer on his wicked old knees? Och yes, love you, everybody in Craig-na-Mon knows that the Little People still trip o' nights under the oaks an' the thorn-hedges when the cut o' the moon is to their liking. Old Widder Meg says 'tis because the good Saint Patrick—rest his bones—drove the snakes away.

"For shure," she says, nodding over her snug pipe, "ye'll niver foind fairies an' sarpints livin' widin spakin' disthance. 'Tis agin nater," says she. "And hark back t' th' Gar-rden av Eden, beggin' yer worship's lave!"

In course, not many actually see a fairy, for they turn themselves into toadstools or hare-bells in the twinkling of a grasshopper's eye; but many and many a man has seen the toadstools that were the Little People in disguise. For when a toadstool laughs at one, or a harebell sticks out its tongue, what else is a body to think? Blind Pat, the fiddler o' Glenderry parish, knew more about the fairies than any man, woman or child the countryside round, not excepting Father Nolan, the priest of the rock-riven parish.

"Shure an' they're dacint, knowledgable bodies," he would say to the knot of his cronies gathered around; "an' f'r bright eyes an' red cheeks no mortal maid can hould a candle t' thim."

"But, Pat, how d'ye know, widout seein'?" some doubter would ask.

"Shure an' 'tis only a bloind man that c'd look at thim an' kape his sight," Pat would reply, reproving-like. " 'Tis sthone bloind Oi'd be this minny a day if Oi had me eyes!"

When the hawthorn buds showed pink thru their winter nightcaps and the spring wind was crooning like an angel's lullaby, Pat would out with his brown old fiddle and wake the echo-folk that live in the crags of Craig-na-Mon. From every thatched cottage would troop the children, aye, and the grown-ups, too, whose souls were clean with confession. But the ill faces, the sour and dour and black-hearted, stayed glumly within and held their hands over their ears when Pat of Glenderry played. 'Twas worse to them than psalm-singing, an' the notes cut deeper than prayers to a heretic, for it 'minded them of their young days and their mother's good-night kisses on their brows.

But sober, dacent folks loved the

music. The old women who listened nodded and sighed, a-dreaming of the fine lovers they had had; the younger ones smiled and thought of brave, new clothes, and harvest dances, and the rare, good days to come; and the little children skipped and laughed aloud for no reason at all, save that the fiddle told them to be happy be-



TICKLING PAT AWAKE FROM HIS SNOOZE

cause the world was such a good and joyous place.

Sometimes the bow would sing like a baby angel crooning to himself; sometimes you could hear the storm wind striding over the forest tops and the green waters piling in foam on the beaches; and again the music would be a banshee a-wailing over the dead. Nobody in all o' Ireland could play the fiddle like Blind Pat, so said the parish of Glenderry to a man.

"Come out an' make th' fiddle talk to us," the children would cry, tickling Pat awake from his snooze in the window, of a spring evening; "make us see th' wather kelpies an' th' fairy omadhaun who loights th' fireflies!"

"Away wid yez, yez thafes av the wurruld!" Pat would growl, in high good-humor. "Shure, all ye have t' do is t' open yer eyes."

"No, no! the fiddle opens thim," the children would beg, clapping their tiny hands. "Oh, dear, good Pat, do play an' we shall shut our eyes an' see."

So, evening after evening, Pat would tuck his old fiddle under his chin and draw his old bow across the strings and make the moonlight sing. He did not know that his homespun coat was shabby, nor that the little cottage where he lived needed a new coat of thatch to keep out the rain. He did not know that his hair was scanty and gray, nor guess the wrinkles in his old wife's cheeks.

" 'Tis mortal sthrange thot yez shu'd be so contínted, Pat," his friends grumbled sometimes. "Shure wid two good 'een 'tisn't always aisy t' praise th' howly saints, be jabbers!"

"An c'd a king have more thin I?" said Pat. "Shure, no king can ate more thin two meals av good praties an' parrich a day, nor wear more thin wan warm suit av clothes, nor have a bonnier, likelier wife thin mine, so why not be contínted," cried Pat, "whin th' wurruld was made t' be happy in?"

'Twas a warm night in mid-July when Pat met up with the fairies next. He was strolling along across the new-shorn meadows, with the breath of clover and timothy all around an' his old fiddle across his shoulders, a-counting of his blessings, which is very praisesome work to be sure. He'd just reached blessing

number three thousand five hundred and twenty-one when he felt a wee tug at his boot-strap and heard a voice like thistledown a-saying, polite as you please:

"Please, Misther Pat, wud yez be so condaysindin' as t' give us a chune?"

"An' who, if yez plaze," said Pat, very carelesslike, tho his heart was beating big as two bass-drums, "may yez be, if askin' is not too bould?"



MAKING THE FIDDLE TALK

A buzzing and fluttering filled the air all around like rain-drops arguing together; then the voice answered coldly:

"Ask no quistions an' none 'll be answered. 'Tis a fa-avor we're afther doin' yez, but come or not as yez plaze. Is it yis or no?"

" 'Tis yis," said Pat, boldly, and away they went over peat-bog and bosk, till he felt the ground beginning to rise.

"This is th' place," said the tiny voice. "Here's a foine soft stone f'r yez. Now play us a chune, none av yer big, ugly music that mortals dance to, but somethin' th' size av butterflies an' baby's drames."

Pat drew his bow over the strings, and a wee little ripple crept out and mixed itself up with the moonbeams till you couldn't tell which was which. He heard the grass begin to whisper as tho a thousand little feet were pattering on it. The soft wood-creatures came and sat around on the edge of the fairy ring, gazing with shy, gentle eyes. A hare cuddled close to a partridge, and a gray plush squirrel sat with its tail around the neck of an owl. By and by these, too, began to dance. And Pat played on; there was moonlight in the music, and waterfalls, and fireflies. A flock of dreams was floating thru the air toward Glenderry, and he took the prettiest ones to weave into his playing. There was young Jess, the blacksmith's daughter's dream of Michael O'Grady's kisses; there was a dream of heaven going to an old, old woman, and another to a tiny, sinless child;

there was Father Nolan's dream of a fat plum-pudding, and a young bride's dream of a little baby's hand. There were ugly ones, too, but these Pat did not play. Faster and faster rustled the grass-blades and flower-petals. The sleepy leaves awoke and took hold of hands.

"Play fasther! More music!" cried a host of tiny voices in his ear.



THE FAIRY QUEEN ESPIES THE BLIND FIDDLER

But Pat began to feel tired. A fairy is never tired, you see, because fairies never grow old, and that is what tiredness really is, just the growing-old germ in our veins. And at last the tiredness crept into the music and stopped the rustling feet.

" 'Tis grand chunes yez c'n play, lad," said the softest voice in the world in his ear, "an' as a rayward, whativer yez wish most in yer heart shall be granted yez."

"Thin," cried Pat, timidly—"thin Oi'd loike t' have me seein', if yez plaze."

There was a weepy sound like tears in the air.

"Oh, foolish man!" sighed the voice, " 'tis an ill wish. Think twice afore Oi grant yez thot."

An ill wish? And how could that be, wondered Pat. 'Twould be a fine thing indeed to see the blue sky and the green earth and the color of his pipe-smoke, the pretty lassies and the elegant houses, and, best of all, his wife, the handsomest girl in Glenderry when he married her twenty-five years gone by. Pat had forgotten that years change people. In his pleasant, undisturbing darkness there was never any change. Nay, it could not be an ill wish to want to see his wife's face.

"If yez plaze," he said again, "Oi've thinked twice an' wance

agin f'r good measure, an' Oi'm wishful av seein' th' wurruld."

"Oh, wurra, wurra!' sighed the fairy queen—for, of course, just common, everyday fairies cant grant wishes. "Thin give me th' fiddle and kneel down on th' ground."

Pat did as he was told, and felt fingers as soft as apple-blossom petals touch his lids. Then his eyes unclosed slowly and let in the world with a rush, like water pouring into an



PAT WISHES THAT HIS SIGHT MIGHT BE RESTORED

empty bowl. The first thing he really saw was the fairy holding the fiddle out toward him. He stared down at the battered, brown thing in wonderment.

"What is thot?" he asked.

"Your fiddle," said the fairy, sadly. "Do yez not know it, man?"

Pat took it in troubled fingers. How ugly and old it was! He must buy a new one at once. He jumped to his feet, tucking it under one arm, and made a grand, low bow.

" 'Tis grateful Oi am entirely," he said. "An' shure th' wurruld *looks* better thin it sounds. Good-evenin' t' yer riverinces, an' a mouthful av thanks t' yez all."

He began to run down the hillside, giving great leaps and bounds into the air to express his joy. To be sure, his fiddle was a disappointment, but there were other fiddles in the world. He was not quite certain what the strange mass of shapes that he saw really were, and had to shut his eyes and feel of them before he could tell.

"An' ill wish!" he cried aloud. "Ach feckles! an' what did th' crathure mean?"

Before the words were loosed from his tongue, a great screaming filled the air. A sparrow flew down so close that her wings brushed his cheeks. He saw the tiny, round body pant and quiver and the black shadow pounce down. The hawk's beak plunged into the soft heap of feathers and turned them red in the cruel moonlight. Gripping its prey, the great bird circled away. Two wee feathers floated down, dabbed with blood, on

Pat's shoulder. He brushed them off frantically and a strange, shivering shook him. He rubbed his eyes, as tho trying to wipe away the picture of what he had just seen, but it stayed with him as he plunged on down the hill. Thru the winding village street he hurried, finding his way with his feet rather than with his eyes.

"Shure thot c'n niver be th' kirk—thot shmall, ill-lookin' building yonder," he thought aloud miserably. "An' th' cottages need thatchin' sore. Ach, an' yon's a lad beatin' a dog cruel, bad cess to him! Th' pretty lassies—where's they? An' th' grand castle on the hill; shure, an' it's naught save cobble-stone!"

Poor Pat felt his world rattling down about his head with every step he took and hurried on, eager to get home and behold his wife. She, at least, would be better than his thought of her. He bolstered his failing courage with this assurance, as he turned in at his own gate.

"Aileen, Aileen acushla!" he called in his desperation. "Come here t' me, rose av th' wurruld!"

The door opened slowly and an old woman came out into the moonshine, clutching a faded shawl about her throat. The sharp, white light showed him her shapeless figure, the thin, gray hair, the skin withered like the petal of yesterday's rose. He started back revolted—who was this creature who answered him? It was as tho his words had called up an apparition. Saints in Heaven! it was his wife, Aileen. The disastrous evening had overthrown Pat's universe, lowered his castles to huts, shown him cruelty and death, and now, worse than all, it had robbed him of his wife, thrusting this shriveled crone into her place. In banshee merriment the wind went gibbering away across the roofs, tossing a handful of thatch into his face. The moonlight wavered like a blown and sulky candle. About the lane trooped a parcel of urchins, who squealed with glee to see their playfellow before them, fiddle under arm.

"Ach! play us a dance chune, Pat," they shrilled, leaping about his knees. The heart-sick man raised the bow. At least, he had his music. His eyes could not take that away.

The children shrank back under the torrent of ugly sounds. The music snarled and scolded; it complained, and wept, and bewailed. The tiniest one burst into frightened tears and hid her face in her sister's skirts. The little girls clutched each other's hands, remembering hobgoblins, and stomach-aches, and bitter medicine. The little boys thought of old quarrels and glowered at one another, with angry, doubled fists.

"Th' moon's gone undher," sobbed one child. "What is thot white thing yonder? Ach, wurra! Oi'm afeared."

"Oi niver sthole yer ol' marbles," muttered one boy to another. " 'Tis a dirthy lie."

"Pat, Pat!" cried his wife, woefully, "is it fey yez be intirely?"

"Th' divil take th' fiddle!" roared Pat, flinging it to the ground. "Shure an' Oi'd give a hunnerd pounds, if Oi had thim, to be blind agin!"

Back along the village street he stumbled, across the broken peat-fields, up the hill.

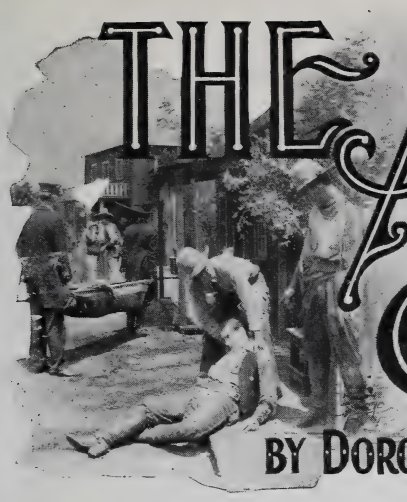
"Take back yez black wish!" shouted Pat, to fields and fallows—"and——"

"Yez black wish!" wailed the echo-folk who live in Craig-na-Mon.

"Shure an' 'tis a great thing t' be contínted," smiled Blind Pat, sniffing the savory steam of the stirabout his wife had just placed before him. He leaned down to fumble beside his chair for the old, brown fiddle. "An' why not be contínted wid a foine, hot dinner o' 'taties an' tea, a good roof above an' th' prettiest lass in Glenderry for a woife?"

He lifted a face ashine with joysomeness and clasped his hands.

"Fayther in Hivin, Oi thank Thee," prayed Pat, "f'r food an' roof, f'r th' childher in th' wurruld, f'r flowers, f'r fiddlin' an' f'r blindness, an' all th' other blessin's av loife—Amen!"



THE ANGEL of the CAMP

BY DOROTHY DONNELL (POWERS)

This story was written from the Photoplay of LLOYD INGRAHAM

THE man leaned against the wall, shoulders hunched, hat pulled down, dejection in every line of his drooping figure. The Western mining-camp street, the saloons and shacks, the man himself, were all dingy and poverty-marked. Even the dusk that came down over the city roofs, struggling feebly with the sickly daylight on the streets below, was dingy and meager. Across the way the boom of the Salvation Army drum sounded. A crowd of loafers hid the players from view. The man watched the group with blank eyes. Suddenly a spark sprang into them. The rumble of the drum ceased, and a woman's shriek rang out thru the street—it was a weak little wail, with a helpless appeal in it. The crowd of loafers seemed to surge into life—threatening, lawless life. The man's shoulders came down; he started forward across the street. Sticks and stones began to fly—the wreck of the big bass-drum came hurtling thru the air. Then he saw her—a thin little thing in her blue uniform, struggling in the embrace of a burly young Mexican. A strong hand seized the fellow by the collar and sent him sprawling back into the thick of the press. Then the same hand took the woman gently by the arm and drew her out of the struggling, swearing mob into the street. The girl in the Salvation Army uniform staggered a little away from him.

"How can I thank you?" she cried.

The man looked down at her. It was a plain little face; big eyes in it that seemed to search. Before their scrutiny his own fell. He stood silent, shuffling his feet uneasily and twisting his shabby hat in his hands.

"Oh, it wasn't anything," he muttered.

"Oh, yes, it was," she contradicted him. "I was terribly frightened. "I'm very grateful to you, Mr.——" She hesitated, waiting. The man started. A dull red crept into his cheeks.

"Whitten," he said slowly—"Bob Whitten."

"Mr. Whitten," she finished. She looked beyond him at the shouting crowd. Her mouth drooped pitifully, like a child's.

"Oh, why do they hate us?" she cried softly. "We try so hard to help them, but they dont understand." She turned away wearily. "I will go home now." Her voice was tremulous.

Bob hesitated an instant; then he strode after her, the red flush still lingering dully in his cheeks.

"I'll go along, too," he said gruffly, and swung into step beside her. They walked together in silence thru the dim streets, by the low grog-shanties and the dance-halls with their lurid lights, until the clear white transparency of the Salvation Army headquarters shone ahead. The girl

looked up at Bob. "Thank you again," she said; then hesitated, twisting her fingers together.

"My friend," she said, "I cannot let you go without asking whether you have found salvation yet—it's the most important thing in the world—why should I be afraid to ask you? And it's waiting for you—free and waiting for you—free and waiting." She put one thin hand on the rough sleeve of his coat and looked



"OH, WHY DO THEY HATE US?" SHE CRIED SOFTLY

wistfully up into his averted face. The man stirred uneasily, but was silent. The girl sighed and turned to the mission; then she came back. "There is a meeting here every night," she said gently. "Will you come? I shall look for you and pray for you." And she was gone. The man stood a moment gazing after her; then he shook himself impatiently and turned away. He walked slowly, slouching again, shoulders hunched, hat drawn low.

In the square where the riot had occurred everything was quiet; across the way a path of crimson light lay in a long finger of color over the dusk. As Bob crossed the street he stumbled over something. He stooped and picked it up. It was a battered fife—the girl in the Salvation Army uniform had been playing it that afternoon. His fingers closed over it unwillingly; then he thrust it into his pocket and went on. At the door of the saloon he hesitated—his fingers sought his pocket reflectively. She had said she would be watching for him—perhaps she would be needing her fife. He looked in at the open door of the saloon. A sudden disgust of the place swept over him. He turned away and retraced his steps. He was going to carry that girl's fife back to her.

Bob slipped into a seat by the door. His eyes, searching among the faces in the room, found the one he was looking for. The service went on;

hymns were sung and prayers fervently prayed; and his eyes never left the face—a thin little face, in its ugly frame of Salvation Army bonnet, with wistful, earnest eyes. When the service was over he made his way to the back of the room, looming head and shoulders above the outgoing crowd. She looked up when he stood before her, and a smile of pleasure flashed into her eyes. Again the dull red crept into the man's cheeks, hesitating, as if it were not at home there. He held out the fife silently. She took it, her slender fingers lightly brushing his big hand. The touch sent a thrill over him. He bent his head in shame of himself, under the straight glance of her clear eyes.

"Did you come just to bring this?" she asked him. He shook his head. "Then why?" Her voice was hopeful. He stood awkwardly silent, twisting and untwisting his hat.

The girl's eyes searched his face eagerly. Then she put out one timid hand and laid it on his arm. "Will you come again?" she pleaded. "Promise me you will come again."

"Sure, I'll come again," said Bob. After he had gone, striding erectly down the room, the girl turned swiftly and dropped to her knees. "The salvation of this soul—this one soul!" she breathed softly.

Outside, under the white radiance of the transparency, the man paused a moment, looking back into the mission. The girl knelt there alone, the bonnet fallen back from her upturned, praying face. His eyes rested on her long; then he looked down at the place on his sleeve where her hand had lain.

"Come again?" said Bob, aloud. "Yes, I'll come again, Little Salvation, I'll come again——"

And he was true to his word. For many nights the little Salvationist watched the tall figure looming above the others. And Bob, seeing her welcoming smile, felt the queer, aching thrill that the touch of her fingers had given him and took courage from it. For Bob needed courage very badly. Now and again, at his rough, miner's toil, there would come over him an ever-present, merciless thirst. Sometimes the longing became so great that he would feel himself forced step by lagging step toward the inviting door of a saloon, and he would clutch hold of something to stop himself and, bowing his head, would fight with his desire until the sweat rolled down his face and the keenness of his thirst was gone for the moment. One night, however, with the desire strong in him, Bob sank into his seat in the mission and, looking eagerly for her face, could not find it. Where she was, Bob did not know; he only knew that she was not there, and that now he had nothing to give him courage to disobey that insistent voice within him.

A week later the little Salvationist came out one evening from the mission. She was very tired. There was sickness in the camp, a strange, ugly, spreading disease, and—the pity of it—most of the women of the mining town were not the kind to bend their painted faces over a sick-bed.

Then suddenly out of the darkness came to her a tall figure, lurching a trifle unsteadily over the uneven pavement. The light fell over his face, unshaven and haggard, and the girl gave a cry: "You—you—like this!" There were reproach and disappointment in the words. The man seemed to cower visibly before them, putting out shaking hands. The girl shrank back into the doorway.

"Go away!" she cried. "Dont dare to come any nearer. Why have you come here like this? Oh, how could you—how could you?" She covered her face with her hands. When she took them away her cheeks were wet. "I prayed for you so hard," she cried. "I thought—I hoped—and now to have you come here like a brute——"

Under the scorn in her tone the man drew himself up sharply. "Say, Little Salvation"—the words came slowly and a trifle thickly, but with a certain queer dignity—"dont be too hard on a man. Maybe I aint any right to speak to you now, but you

dont know what it is to try and keep straight. So dont be too hard on a man, Little Salvation——"

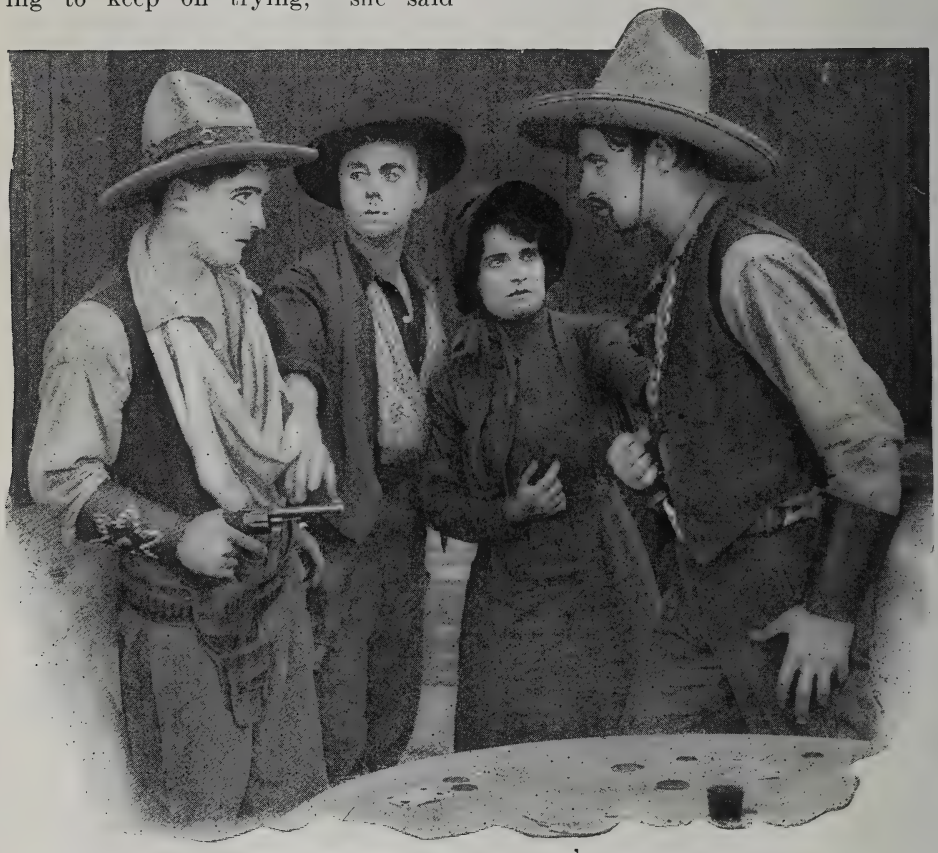
The girl looked at him eagerly. "You have tried?" There was appeal in her voice. The man's face grew a little white at the remembrance of how hard he had tried.

Her eyes softened. "You are going to keep on trying," she said steadily. "Promise me you will keep on trying, for the sake of Christ and of your own soul."

The man nodded slowly. "I'll keep on trying," he repeated, as if he were taking some vow. Under his breath he added: "For your sake—just for your sake, Little Salvation."

For a long time after she was gone Bob stood motionless where she had left him, a strange surge of emotions in his heart. Shame of himself was overshot with fresh resolve, and a new feeling—not really new, after all, for now he knew that he had always loved Little Salvation from the first touch of her thin fingers on his arm.

Suddenly he put up his hand and hesitatingly took off his shabby hat; then, holding it in an agony of embarrassment between his hands, he bent his head, in shame of himself.



BOB RESENTS GREASER JOE'S INSULT

"It aint no use," he muttered, "but I might try." The words that he was struggling for would not come. "No use," he repeated hopelessly; "she'll have to do the praying—I cant. But I'll keep straight." He did not realize that the words themselves were a prayer.

The disease that had come to the camp in the shawl-folds of a fevered greaser's wife, spread with terrible swiftness. It was the strongest and

stoutest who were laid low, as a lightning-stroke will smite an elm, where the birch stands un-



HE SAW AND KNEW NO MORE

disturbed. Thru the moaning, tossing hours Little Salvation moved unstricken, tho her small, pinched face grew whiter and more pinched with the strain. Watching her, the heart of Bob Whitten was heavy in his breast.

His dumb, wordless love for her was like the prayers and the hymns he heard at the mission. From the scattered glimpses of her moving from one roof of sickness to another he took courage to work and to try to keep straight. Sometimes she spoke to him, and then it took all his new-found self-control to keep from seizing her in his arms and pouring out his love for her. He would not speak to her roughly, but very gently. She would not be afraid of him. He could teach her to care. He knew that he could teach her.

Now she was interested in him only as a soul that needed saving. He could show her that he was a man. It was only sympathy now, but it might so easily be love. Some day—— Bob set his great jaw doggedly and put away the wonder of his half-formed hopes. Now he must work—work steadily—he must keep straight for her. Then it would come over him suddenly how much easier it would be to keep straight if she were with him always, and he would draw a great breath at the sweetness of the thought.

And then came a black day when the appetite came upon him and would not be denied. He fought with his mind against it, but his body carried him toward the forbidden door. A queer blackness danced raggedly before his eyes. His head was so heavy he could scarcely carry it erect. The sour-sharp tang of whisky floated out to meet him, and he hurried toward it with eager feet, conscious only of his need of relief. Over the sloppy bar he flung a gold coin.

"Give me a bottle—two!" he shouted, and drank—drank—drank, until self, with its aches and desires, was wiped away.

Yet he was not so far away but that he saw her when she entered the saloon and passed among the tables with her tambourine. In the far

mirror he watched her, the blear-eyed, shaking sot who was himself. He saw, as tho he stood apart from his body as a spectator, all that followed; heard the lewd jest; saw her white face quiver and burn with shamed red; saw her caught in the arms of Greaser Joe and kist. Still as a spectator, he watched himself turn with sudden steadiness, whip a six-shooter from his belt and fire point blank at



"BECAUSE I LOVED YOU, LITTLE SALVATION"

the Mexican. Then the ragged black curtain came down completely over the world, and he saw and knew no more.

When the light came back to Bob, it was later, whether by days or months he could not tell. Yet it must have been long, for he had never seen his brown, work-calloused hands so strangely white and thin. He knew, without looking up, whose dress rustled beside him, whose voice said gently:

"You have been very sick, my friend, but you are better now."

The Little Salvationist bent to draw the shawl closer about the sick man's shoulders. Her voice held the lilt of gladness.

"I prayed you would be better before I went," she said shyly.

The man before her was silent. His lips worked, but no sound came. Over and over in his brain the words repeated themselves: "Going away—Little Salvation — going away ——" He could not let her go—he needed her—wanted her so. He must speak to her now—he held out his hands.

"Little Salvation," he cried hoarsely, inarticulately, "oh, God! Little Salvation, I cant have you go!"

He saw the small face flush, felt her fingers quiver on his arm.

"Listen a m o m e n t," he cried out. "Oh, I know it aint any use my hoping, but I got to tell the truth square out. 'Twasn't the praying or the hymn tunes that took me to the mission, like you thought. I didn't go because I loved religion, but b e c a u s e"—his rough voice broke—"because I loved *you,* Little Salvation—"

The room was silent, save for his heavy breathing. He felt suddenly weak and sank back in his chair, closing his eyes.

"I guess I aint worth saving —you saw where I was an' what I was doin'. You couldn't trust me ever, but I guess I had to tell you how 'twas, so's to be honest with you——"

"Oh!" cried the Little Salvationist, breathlessly. The tone opened his eyes, and he saw the miracle of womanhood awakening in her glorified face. "Oh, hush! I didn't know—I never dreamed! But—I'll be honest, too. I know now that it wasn't your salvation I wanted—but—but you!"



Motion Pictures in Southern California

By Albert Marple

SLOWLY but surely, during the last year or so, the Motion Picture companies of this country have chosen Southern California as the scene of their activities. That section has become the world-center of Motion Picture operations, this meaning that a greater number of pictures are written, staged, acted and finished in Los Angeles and environs than in any other locality in the United States or Europe. Possibly this is on account of the two paramount gifts of Nature—climate and fine, diversified scenery are there. It is a fact that the weather of Southern California, as far as the Motion Picture business is concerned, has ceased to be an experiment. Day in and day out, almost every day of the year, the operator of the Motion Picture camera may turn the crank of his machine, and it is probably due principally to this fact that that section has drawn, and is drawing to it, the Motion Picture business of the world. A great amount of the studio work in the East is done in electrically lighted studios. This, however, is much more expensive and not so satisfactory as is the work done in the sunlight of the southern part of the Golden State, which is in evidence the year round. Another important feature is the scenery. Within a short distance of Los Angeles are to be found deserts, hills, lofty mountains, prairie, forests, seashore, villages, etc., affording any sort of scenery desired.

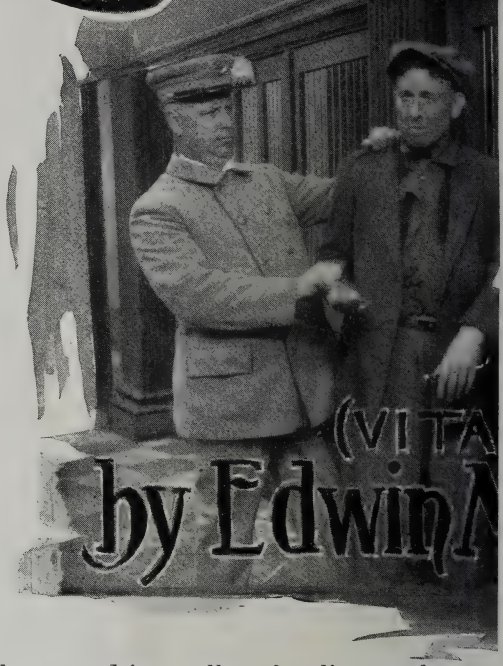
One of the leading features in the Motion Picture world of Southern California is Universal City, an incorporated city located in the San Fernando Valley. This city consists of several hundred Motion Picture people and covers a ground space of several thousand acres. In this community every form of the Moving Picture business may be seen, from the tame little love-scene to the siege of the frontier fort, in which several hundred actors are employed. In this city are Indian villages, African quarters, shopping districts, woodland sections, and the like; in fact, everything necessary for the carrying on of the Motion Picture business. On account of the large number of accidents occurring there, a municipal hospital is maintained. Universal City has the distinction of having a woman mayor, Lois Webber, and a woman chief of police, Laura Oakley, both stars in the film world.

The following Motion Picture companies are operating in Southern California: in Los Angeles and close vicinity—The Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Selig, Lubin, Kalem, Vitagraph, Essanay, Thanhouser, Hobart Bosworth and the

(*Continued on page* 157)

The REWARD

This play was produced in co-operation with the American Bankers Association



THE punch of a ram against ruby rivets threatened to batter the skeleton building from its foundations. With tireless regularity two soot-covered faces peered over the girder; a glowing rivet described its arc from the pavement below, splashed its flame into the empty nail-keg, fitted itself into the pneumatic riveter; and then the ghoulish turmoil and shock of titanic strokes in a cavern of steel.

A liquid flash of metal, a spray of sparks, and the infernal ram butted its nose frantically against an empty plate-hole.

Two grimy faces peered down.

"Easy with the blower, Grogan—send 'em up half-cold. There's a terrible lung in the riveter the day."

"Easy as is!" And the man, with one hand grasping the forge-handle, tossed a dull purple rivet to the workers above.

A jet of steam shot up from the hoisting-engine, followed by a long, shrill blast, and the workers began to climb down to the street. The riveting crew formed in line for their pay envelopes.

"Me tongue is hangin' out," said Grogan, shaking the yellow bills. "Are ye wid me or agin me?"

One of the "roughnecks" hooked his arm thru that of his mate, but, with a flash of friendly teeth, the other broke away. "S'long, Bill—me for the wife and kid."

"S'long, Ned—th' home stuff has you groggy, I'm thinkin'."

The swing-doors of Cassidy's cut off Bill's remarks. In the grimy interior the iron-workers were lined up three deep. Foaming schooners of "steam" beer stood in a tall, amber line on the suddy bar.

"Cut that swill!" ordered Bill; "If you're makin' long teeth for a drink, it's Hennessy's Three Star or nothin' for the roughneck boys on pay-day."

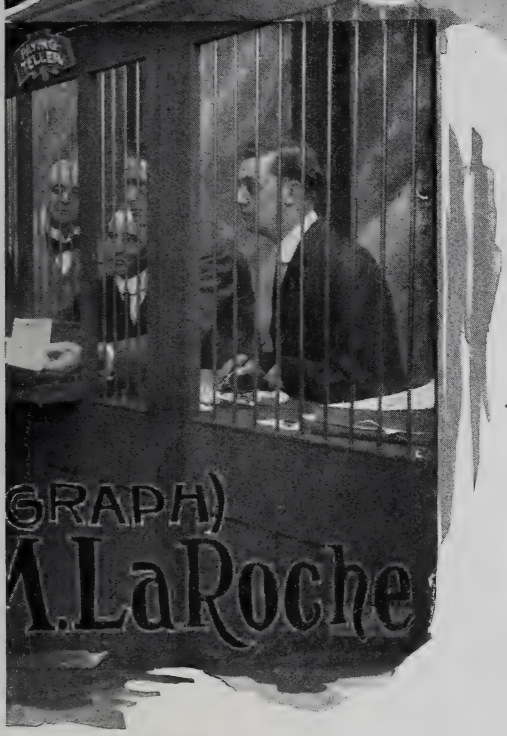
Bill turned his broad back to the bar, leaned against it, grabbed a bottle and filled his glass to the brim.

"Me for a bath, boys—I aint no hog, but me throat is full of red rivets."

A tiny outlet in the rushing channel of the Avenue is Dutch Alley, and perched on its narrow flank is "Paradise Flat."

Ned lived in three rooms on the second floor front—the best in the flat-chested building. He had brought

of Thrift



his wife there to the outfitted rooms on their marriage night. Fay had been born there, too, and had never ceased to wonder at the size of the rooms. Why, her dad's legs didn't stretch half-way across the kitchen dining-room, and on winter nights he could just slam to the bedroom door without getting off the bed.

With Nell lost in the artistry of a sauce in the crucial stage of being either flat or tasty, the corded arm that thrust itself around her still girlish waist brought her to earth with a gasp.

"U-m! U-m!" and the big iron-worker, making tasty noises, released his hold on the cook. In a jiffy he hitched his chair up to the table, and Fay clambered up beside him.

For the space of a good half-hour his knife — and, yes, his fork—worked with the clattering industry of a riveter.

"There! I'm cargoed!" Ned admitted, tilting back his chair; "and now how much do I owe you?"

Nell puckered her smooth forehead shrewdly and appeared lost in calculations. "It's a matter of twenty dollars, I guess."

"Here, take the hull blamed wad, you robber!" And the pay envelope flashed from Ned's pocket, to waft across the table into her plump hands.

It was a standing joke, this simple palaver, that never grew old with them and that never failed to set Fay to clapping her hands at its richness.

Nell cleared the dinner-table, folded the snowy table-cloth, ran a witch-cloth deftly over the bare table-top and drew her chair up alongside of the iron-worker. While he shot blue rings of pipe-smoke ceilingward, she figured in her account-book.

"There's food; clothes; gas; insurance; medicine, and two dollars left for the movies and a Sunday's outing." Her pencil footed rapidly. "That leaves five dollars—just—for the bank."

Ned picked up the savings-bank book and eyed its figures. "Let me see—we've been spliced almost ten years, got a good roof over our head, eat well, enjoy ourselves, laid in new furniture, and, look here, there's five dollars a week been traveling to the bank as regular as pay-day!"

"How much?" asked Nell, feigning innocence.

"Three thousand two hundred and fifty-two dollars. Lord, little woman, it's a fortune—how did we ever get it?"

"It's you, Ned; you and the interest—you're steady," she affirmed, patting his gnarled hand.

"You forget yourself, Nell." The white hand lost itself in the squeeze of the big, brown one. "I'm married right, and a man ought to kick himself awake every time he thinks of such luck."

Nell avoided the compliment. "I'm always thinking," she said soberly, "there'll come a time—the wreck of things—when the stored money will hold us together."

"And what will *you* do if anything happens to dad?"

A turquoise sparkle shot from Fay's eyes.

"I'd nurse you, papa, like the white ladies in the hospital—and I'd buy you jelly, and ice-cream and lobster, and—and wedding-cake!"

"I feel myself getting weaker," laughed Ned, fishing in his pocket. "Here's a quarter for that little bank at the school."

"Fay's a regular little woman," said Nell, proudly, "and takes her money to the school bank just like a thrifty wife."

"Papa works hard for me," spoke up Fay, blushing prettily; "and I want to do all I can to help him. Every Monday is Bank Day at the school, and the big boys and the girls take our money and give us receipts on a card."

"And how much have you put by?" bantered Ned.

"Let me see—almost seventy dollars, and teacher has put it in the big white bank where you and mama go."

"Aint it great? Makes a fellow feel awful proud and secure," said Ned, with a giant arm flung around both of them. "Why, with all this, and you two, I'm the equal of any two men in the crew."

Two months scudded by, and, day by day, the new skyscraper pushed its steel columns closer to the sky. From the street below the iron-workers looked like crawling ants, and the sky-strokes of the ram were as dull as distant gunshots. The stone-masons and the tile-layers worked far below in the steel valley—men of a different world. And from the columnated roof to the drum of the hoisting-engine a ribbon of cable swung in the lazy breeze.

A pair of heavy chains were slung around a giant girder, formed into slings and hooked to a steel block. As the cable-drum started to wind, the cable tautened, and the creaking of straining metal issued from a hundred mouths of the building.

As the ponderous weight of steel cleared the ground, the foreman eyed it critically.

"She's a swinger," he commented, turning to Ned; "I guess you'd better ride her up."

Ned climbed upon the girder and moved slowly along it.

"There! you've got the 'feel' of it."

With a ship-like majesty, the twenty tons of metal climbed upward, until it seemed a fence-rail dangling from the sky.

To the iron-worker standing upon it and shifting his weight whenever an end swung in toward the building, the perilous sky-ride was all in the day's work.

Suddenly the sharp chink of metal, a rush of loose chain, and the girder tilted violently upward.

One of the slings had broken! The girder was transformed into a maddened, plunging brute.

Ned dropped flat upon the girder and wound his arms around the dizzy metal. Above the sickened man the grip of the remaining sling slid, loosened, tightened again, straining in every weakened link. A gigantic game of see-saw whirled the man in the sky.

The swinging circle of the girder brought it nearer and nearer to the building. When it struck, the beam would fall or the man would be sheared off into space.

From above came a hoarse shout, and a fly-like roughneck crawled out upon the cable crane. The craning necks in the street below saw a pair of legs dangling in the void, their wrapping around the whipping cable, and then the hawk's swoop down.

"Bill Lafferty! He's a-goin'—he's a-goin'——"

With a dull roar the girder swung against the structure, flinging Ned on his back. Inch by inch the helpless man slid along the sharply tilted beam.

"He's goin', Bill—Gawd! Bill—"

The descending man on the cable struck the beam like the blow of a sledge. For an instant he clung, dazed. The sight of the lifeless, slipping man on the girder's end shook him into life. With frantic arms and legs, he slid along the rocking steel and grasped at Ned's shirt-collar. The heavy fist caught and held. The fatal slipping ceased. Bill smiled down grimly at the mounting roar from the crowded street.

It seemed hours afterwards when a rope was thrown from the building and the girder drawn snug to its side. Bill insisted on lifting his prize from the girder and in dashing dippers of water in Ned's face.

"Poor cull!" he kept muttering, "poor cull! I'm goin' to ride him down to Paradise Flat in a buzz-wagon."

"How's he doin'?"

"Sh! he's asleep—I'll let you peek."

Nell led Bill across the kitchen and opened the bedroom door. The ironworker drank his fill of the haggard face on the pillow.

"He's been that way for almost two days," she whispered cautiously, closing the door.

Bill faced her, admiring the girlish set of her head and her young, round throat.

"How's th' pocketbook?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, Bill!" Nell blurted out, the tears winking in her eyes, "you're a true friend with a big man's heart; but we dont need money—we have an account in the savings-bank, put by since our wedding day, and a mighty handy thing it'll be, now that Ned is going to be laid up. Last night, as I sat by his bed, his fingers caught at my shoulder and kept slipping, slipping, and he shouted over and over: 'Bill saved me—saved my life!' "



"LORD, LITTLE WOMAN, IT'S A FORTUNE!"

"The jim-jams," said Bill; "I've had it from the drink."

"As for the money," Nell went on, "Ned always counted on a time like this, and figured on a rainy day."

Bill's eyes glistened hungrily. "Then there's no need of me," he said, squeezing her hand in good-bye, "so I'll be off."

At the noon hour Grogan saw her coming down the savings-bank steps with a sheaf of new bills tucked in her pass-book.

"A good-looker," criticised Bill—"say, it's Ned Carney's woman!"

Grogan's piggy eyes never wavered from the bank-book.

"Come down to Cassidy's," he said; "there's the making of something in this."

"You're a lucky guy," he leered, a bit later, over a four-ounce glass of whisky; "a regular lucky guy. Did you see the soft look she gave you?"

"It's their way with me," confessed Bill. "Have another."



GROGAN WORKS ON BILL'S AVARICE

"I know th' kind," propounded Grogan—"soft and easy; always bunking th' man's roll an' makin' him feel broke. Why, if it was Ned, for what you done he'd loan you a hundred an' never ask for change."

Bill gulped down his drink fiercely.

"Them good-lookers are wise 'uns," Grogan resumed. "You dont think she's bunkin' th' cush for Carney, do you?"

Bill's face became a study in mellow interest.

"She's waitin' for the right guy," the adviser went on; "mind me, the right guy."

"Huh!" Bill got to his feet unsteadily. "Report me sick at the job, Grogan—I'm a hero, anyway."

Ten minutes later, Nell slid out of the sick man's room to answer a knock at the kitchen door. It was Bill, and she seemed surprised to see him call during working-hours.

The big iron-worker took a chair and tilted it backward, in defiance of the spin of whisky in his head.

"I've been thinkin' of what you said about money," he burst out—"it's somethin' I cant hold onto." He tilted forward confidentially. "Th' fact is I'm broke—and th' rent—and me old mother——"

Nell thought she detected a sob. "Dont say any more, Bill," she condoled—"what's ours is yours." And into the hand of the iron-worker she thrust a thick sheaf of bills.

"It's too much," choked Bill. Then the vision of Cassidy's bar and the row of glistening glasses came between him and his shame. "I'll never forgit—honest, on pay-day I'll——" His half-blubbering voice trailed itself out down the stairs.

In the shade of Dutch Alley he

opened his big hand and counted the crumpled money.

Two hundred dollars! Carney worked no harder than he—how did he get it together? He winked carefully and thrust the roll in his pocket. Grogan was right, the old fox; she was stuck on him up to the eyes.

The gang was waiting for him when he thrust thru the swing-doors of Cassidy's. In some mysterious way, perhaps a tip from Grogan, they scented his sudden accession of wealth.

"Steve, three fresh bottles of Hennessy's, and keep the change!"

A crisp, yellow bill fluttered to the bar. The bartender bent over his task, regardless of his necklace of boils. In a trice the glasses of Bill's vision lay strung along in front of his thirsty guests.

"Ish nish to be rish," confided the host to his fond admirers. Then Grogan's embracing, affectionate arm dipped into his pocket, and the roll of bills was transferred to new quarters.

Along toward closing hour, when Steve adjusted his neck bandage and cast anxious eyes at the roaring, riotous crew before him, a sullen hulk of a man supported himself against the far end of the bar, deserted by his guests and mechanically taking toll of his empty pockets.

"Shombody touched me," he said, with the persistence of a refrain; "she wont love me 'less I'm rish."

The weeks stepped by, lengthening the days into the broad ones of summer.

One breathless evening Ned Carney panted into the kitchen, and Nell caught the excitement of his eyes.

"Sit down, both of you girls," he commanded, out of breath; "I want you to look at some pretty pictures."

From behind his back he drew a canvas-covered book, and each turned page showed the photogravure of a pretty cottage set in flowers and shrubs.

"It's been in the back of my head a long while," Ned announced—"a home of our own in the open. And now which'll it be?"

"A home of our own, Ned?" cried Nell; "wont that be glorious?"

"Sure," said the happy husband; "we've been plunking it away in the bank every week all these years, and more'n once it has come in handy. But now the time's come when we're to reap a big reward—a home all our own. Aint it simply great? Come, now, which 'll it be?"



SHE THRUST A THICK SHEAF OF BILLS IN HIS HAND

Nell and Fay conned the cottages eagerly, in a dozen minds as to their beauties. At last Nell settled upon a plain little one with six feet of porch and four rooms.

"Pooh!" said Ned; "here's mine." And he planted his finger on a nifty stucco-and-shingle dwelling, with dormer windows and broad veranda.

"Why, it costs five thousand dollars!" shrieked Nell.

"How much have we got in the bank, Mr. Banker?"

"Two thousand eight hundred and sixty dollars," said Nell, promptly.

"Very well! Go to sleep on it. I'm not goin' to even rob the eight hundred. Wait and see."

The following day was one of rushing wonderment for the iron-worker and his little family. At nine o'clock they rushed the building-and-loan office door, asked a hundred questions about a "thrift" mortgage, and received as many satisfactory answers.

"Whoop!" said Ned, as they waited for a trolley, "he's only going to knock us down for five hundred and let me pay the rest off with the ram of the riveter. No second mortgage sharks swimming around our front garden."

The rest of the long day sped like a dream—the trolley trip out thru daisy fields to the row of stucco cottages; the lingering inspection of each freshly painted room; the planning of the flower garden. And then the signing of formal documents in the building-and-loan office, and the presentation of a deed.

"It isn't true, is it?" asked Nell, back in the kitchen of Paradise Flat.

"Every shingle of it, little woman; and we could almost have bought it with the interest alone. Money doubles up awful fast in a savings-bank. I'm going to rest up for a week, painting the weather-stain off the porch, while you set out a row of cosmos and golden-glow."

"Where—where?" she gasped in wonderment.

"Speak easy!" said Ned; "I've been reading all sorts of fool books about flower-gardens and things."

The usual midsummer slump struck the structural-iron building trade, and Ned's firm took a sub-contract for foundation work. Most of the old crew were held on and given jobs on the hoisting engines, cement-mixers, drills and pipe work.

At the thirty-foot level a flow of water was struck, and the work held up while caissons were being set up.

On the day the huge, barrel-shaped boxes were set in position and the air-pumps started puffing a test for pressure, the foreman called Ned over and showed him the strange apparatus.

"I dont guess you're much of a 'sand-hog,'" he surmised, "and it's rotten work in the chamber of a caisson."

"Count me in," said Ned.

"It's this way"—the foreman traced his words on a rough sketch—"we want a length of three-inch pipe laid to blow off the water; some of the connections are in the caisson. Will you take the job?"

Ned prided himself on being a crack pipe-fitter, and still paid dues to his former union.

"I get you," he spoke up promptly; "I'll need a couple of helpers—'sand-hogs' will do."

"All right—you're on. Lafferty 'll run the compressor, and Grogan tend the locks."

Ned tuned up a lively whistle, the while he collected his pipe-fittings. Bill passed by with a half-nod and started the air-pump to working.

At the trap-door in the upper lock Ned met his two helpers for the first time. They were both young country boys, with the glow of the pasture still on their cheeks.

The three descending men entered the lock, and one of the "sand-hogs" opened the pressure valve. A warm burst of air rushed up from the chamber below.

" 'Nuff," said the other. The valve was turned off, and the three descended the low trap into the murky chamber.

The electric bulbs were covered with a frost-like moisture.

"Too much air," said one. "That booze-fighter at the pump 'll hand us a 'blow' some day."

The words were forced thru the nose, after the manner of sand-hogs, and were heard as from afar off.

"Whistle, wont you?" said the other, turning to Ned. The iron-worker puckered his lips, but, try as he might, no sound issued from them.

They laughed in voiceless merriment at the phenomenon.

At the noon hour the long line of foundation-workers formed in front of the pay-shack, and when the two lads received their envelopes, they were joined by Bill and Grogan.

"Come on, boys; it's over to Cassidy's for one fine time."

"Wait a minute, boys." It was the even voice of Ned. "Dont you go with them. Come with me. I want to have a little talk with you."

after a little pull it came just as easy! Think of trading my home and family for a stand at the bar-rail! I want to start you on the right track. Most roughnecks, and sand-hogs, too, dont last long—they're old at fifty, and, with no money set by, end up by being kicked into the street or being sent up the river. The best way to say it," explained Ned, "is that banked money is stored labor. You work hard for it, and it works hard for you when the time comes 'round."

"Thanks," said one of the lads; "I



BILL AND NED COME TO BLOWS

The three walked over to a pile of blast rock, and Ned sat down comfortably. "I'm old enough to be your dad, boys," he advised, "so take this straight. Some day you'll be makin' good money, and if the drink gets a hold on you, it'll go just as easy as your little two-fifty per day."

And then, in a pleasant, half-humorous manner, he told them of his early marriage days, his wife, his kid, and the stucco cottage.

"It all started with this." A sweat-soaked pass-book passed the rounds. "Five dollars a week—and

wish you'd get me one of them little books."

"Come on," commended Ned, "the both of you. I'll take you down to the savings-bank and do you the best turn you ever had, and some day you'll bless me for it. You'll be surprised how your little account will grow, and it's great fun to soak your money away and watch her multiply."

On their return trip from the bank the doors of Cassidy's flew open, and Grogan's gang streamed out.

"Hats off," said Grogan; "here comes the Sunday-school parade."

Bill was groggy, as usual, and the sight of Ned, with the thought of his own stolen money, put a nasty fleer in his welcome.

"Here's to the rich guy," he toasted; "and he'd better be home with an eye to his old woman."

"What's that?" said Ned, stepping close.

"When the cat's away——" began the unfortunate Bill, but he never got any further. A fist, with the power of a sledge back of it, caught him full in the thick lips, and he crashed back, sinking to the floor in a cowering lump.

The work in the huge foundation went on with a rush, in spite of obstacles. The drillers disclosed fresh springs of water, and the row of caissons kept on growing.

It was close to the noon hour, and the rest of the crew had laid off.

Ned sent his helpers after some lengths of pipe and climbed down to the dim-lit chamber. Bill Lafferty watched the air-gauge and whistled softly thru the new opening in his teeth. The shadow of Grogan, the lock-tender, fell across the air-pump, and Bill greeted him sullenly.

"Whist, Bill," he whispered, displaying a pint flask; "Carney's below, and the works are deserted. I've fetched ye a bit of cheer."

Bill eyed his mounting gauge, looked around warily; then seized the flask and tilted it skyward. "Hold hard, Bill; Carney be wantin' the other half of it."

"I'll give him more pressure, instead," Bill said grimly, wrenching the air-valve open.

The pair looked down into the water around the caisson. Clusters of air bubbles rose to the surface.

"Look out, Bill—there'll be a 'blow.'"

"Ah! a 'blow' says you—how about the other thing?" And the half-drunken compressor tightened the valve till it ground in its socket.

Grogan watched the gauge-hand describe a sickening course downward. The water must already be swirling into the working-chamber and Carney caught in a death-trap.

With a grin thru his broken teeth, Bill lurched from his platform, and the sucking water below sang crazily in his ears.

In the dim, tomb-like chamber Ned struggled with the inrush of water. With his head singing dizzily and the blood bursting from his ears and nose, he staggered to the ladder leading to the lock above. The surging water lapped hungrily at his waist.

The iron-worker grasped the rungs of the ladder and slowly pulled himself up. The steady pour of water gripped at his knees. Then the pain in his head broke into a red roar, and his hands slowly unclasped. He fell face downward into the seething caldron below.

In the foundation two men appeared, leisurely shouldering lengths of iron pipe. At the pump-house one of them turned to read the air-gauge.

"God!" The pipe clattered to the ground, and a white, staring face pointed, in dumb show, at the caisson. There followed the wrench of frenzied fingers at the air-valve, the knocking open of the lock door, and the headlong slide of a man down a length of rope.

A prolonged blast of the hoisting-engine's whistle brought the foundation crew across the shadowy pit.

From the gloomy cavern of the caisson came the sound of thrashed water and a feeble call to pull on the rope.

In answer, a score of knotted arms hove the two limp bodies to the surface. The half-drowned sand-hog crawled free from the limp bulk of Ned Carney and submitted to a treatment of warm blankets and steaming coffee.

"Congestion of the brain," said the ambulance doctor, bending over the giant iron-worker, and then he shuddered painfully—"I cant think of an uglier death than this."

"Is there hope?" The brilliant



AT THE AIR-GAUGE

eyes of the woman bored into the hospital surgeon.

"Yes, the slightest—it's a form of paralysis, an aggravated case of the 'bends.'"

"Let me stay here," she pleaded; "I can, I *will* nurse him back to life."

The weeks slipped by, stretches of fevered nights and silent, breathless days, while the big man poised on the verge of life's precipice.

Nell could not be persuaded to leave the hospital. She stole snatches of sleep by his side, with a guilty eye on the watch on the nurse's table.

There came a consultation; a shaking of solemn, spectacled heads; more consultations; and then two great specialists were called into the case, and they were specialists who demanded fees that the average workman could never hope to pay. And there was just one thing that stood between life and the grave — the precious little pass-book of the savings bank. The doctors, assured of liberal pay, proceeded with their delicate work; the savings-bank was drawn upon, and soon there came the crisis, and, long afterwards, the ghost of a smile crossed the drawn face.

With convalescence, Nell brought Ned home in the autumn to the house in the daisy field, and he opened his eyes wide at the clambering flowers.

"Have I been dead so long?" he asked.

"Not under the daisies quite yet, Ned," she smiled back, and guided his bulk into the cosy sitting-room.

But to go back to the cause. Now, in the dark days when Ned lay on his back, faintly gasping, and the watch on the nurse's table took toll, with widespread hands, of his fluttering heart, a miserable figure stood for hours in the marble hall, among the benches of silent callers.

When they spread the thick layer of tan-bark on the street, he asked what it was for. And they told him Ned Carney lay dying above, and it was to ease the jarring of his soul.



IN THE HEART OF THE CAISSON

Then the bereft man stood out beyond the gates and watched the horses go by on silent feet.

"It's the drink, the drink killed Ned Carney," he said; "not me, for I loved him."

Then came the day when the chastened man, hearing of Ned's recovery, took heart of courage and trolleyed out to the home in the daisy field.

How glad they all appeared at the sight of him, as he stood hat in hand in the doorway, and how queer and

"No," he said, shaking his mask of a face emphatically, "if you're referring to the air-valve, you're dead wrong. I swear that Bill was in Cassidy's at the time, and I tinkered with the fool thing myself."

There came a glare from fat-sheathed eyes—the offended majesty of the law—and then retreating, heavy steps and a hard-slammed door.

Bill's knees gave way, and he sank



NED TAKES THE BLAME UPON HIS OWN SHOULDERS

fishy Ned looked, with the bones sticking against his skin!

Then, just as Bill's embarrassment was wearing off, the bell rang, and Nell admitted a fat and knowing stranger, who forced his way into the midst of the group.

"You're wanted, Bill Lafferty—for the attempted murder of Edward Carney."

The words fell like a bomb, and Bill hung his head and held out his hands for the steel bracelets.

Then suddenly a queer look came over Ned's face, and it quivered as tho from an inward light.

to the floor. But he seized Ned's hand and cried like a baby, while the iron-worker smiled dreamily at him.

"Bill, shut up!" he said. "You're going to bank your wages and slowly and painfully turn into a man. This being a booze hero at Cassidy's wont go any longer."

"I've turned my wages into rum regular," said Bill; "and I didn't seem to have any——"

"I'll give you the word, Bill Lafferty—*self-respect.* When you learn that the other half—the bigger half—of work is the ordinary habit of the ant and the squirrel—the setting aside

of the money you dont need—you'll shape into a man fast."

Ned brought his fist down sharply on his listener's knee. "Look what it's done for me! Come on—I'll start you right with the bank."

The swing of cushioned doors, the soft glow of sunlight from a domed ceiling, a line of waiting workers with pass-books in hand.

Bill stood in front of the "new account" clerk and stared at the big book, swung open for his signature.

"I cant write," he said, and a wave of red shame dyed his face.

"Never mind," said Nell, "I'll teach you."

They turned and started to leave.

"There is a quicker and a surer way than that," said the clerk; "an identification that never fails—the thumb-print." And he forthwith rubbed an inked roller across a slab of glass and pressed Bill's fingers against it.

They gasped at the result—a clear tracery of delicate lines more distinct than the finest engraving.

"You need have no fear of being robbed now," explained the clerk.

"Good Lord!" said Bill, "it's got me goin'. I didn't know people tried to help you *keep* money."

After that Bill came to the bank alone, and, with a swelling account, the man in him showed in his clear eyes and in the new thrust of his big shoulders.

Grogan eyed him with mixed contempt and suspicion, and one day trailed him to the bank. The sight of the big piles of stored money set his wits to working. He knew Bill couldn't write. After studying the process of withdrawing funds, he resolved to steal Bill's pass-book and transfer his savings to his own pocket.

They looked enough alike to confuse the ordinary paying-teller, and Grogan promptly answered the questions put to him. The teller stepped back, and Grogan's fingers itched at the thought of his easy theft. Then a harmless sheet of glass was handed to him, and he pressed his calloused fingers against it.

Grogan yawned and waited for the money. The teller compared the telltale prints with Bill's and stepped quietly to the telephone. In a few moments Grogan turned as the hand of an officer pressed his shoulder.



NED INTRODUCES BILL AT THE BANK

Steel things gripped his wrists. The thief of wages struggled, shrieking and cursing. The law of man had finally beckoned him into his own.

Bill knocked the ashes from his pipe and ungripped stiff fingers from his pen. The papers were signed.

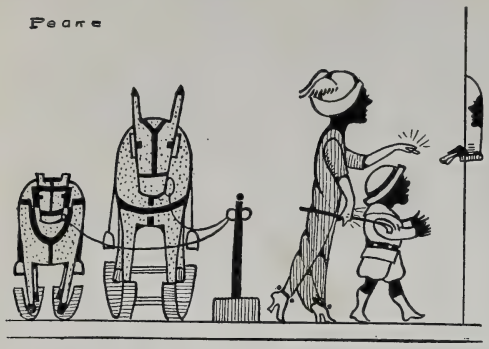
Nell smiled. "School is out for the night, Bill."

"And in years to come," said Ned, giving Bill's hand a stern grip, "the firm of Carney and Lafferty will open the eyes of the world."

"Or close them," said Bill, bellicosely, "if it ever goes back on Ned Carney."

Mother Goose of the Movies

By HARVEY PEAKE



I rode a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
And saw a fine lady
On another fine horse;
She had rings on her fingers
And made friends with me,
And we tied up our horses
The Pictures to see.

"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat,
Where have you been?"
"I've been up to London
To visit the Queen."
"Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat,
What liked you the best?"
"I liked Motion Pictures
More than all of the rest!"





There was an old woman lived
under the hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives
there still;
Baked apples she sold and cran-
berry pies,
But she failed to get rich with this
enterprise;
So she started the "Under-Hill
Picture Play Show,"
And she's piling up coin, as you
probably know.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after;
And the only thing that soothed
their plight
Was to go to the Picture Play that
night!





A PROFUSELY DECORATED NATIVE

MY SEARCH FOR THE MISSING LINK



BY

J. C. Hemment

(*Continued from August Issue*)

Butraba, March 9, 1914.

JUST a few lines to the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE regarding the large *safari* I am making thru the several protectorates of Africa in quest of big game and educational pictures.

Among the numerous pictures of unusual interest that I have already secured is an extraordinary Moving Picture of a mammoth hippopotamus disporting himself off the banks of the Victoria Nile, just below the famous Ripon Falls. This picture was secured only after great patience, and as it is the first time any photographer has succeeded in getting so close to this dangerous creature, the picture should arouse much interest when shown to the public.

While journeying down the Victoria Nile, from Nomagasali to Aturo, the lowest port navigable on that historic river, I made several Moving Pictures of crocodiles, as well as some very attractive pictures of native fishermen in their dugouts or canoes. At Aturo the natives of the ancient Bukedi tribe were photographed trading eggs, fowl and grain for empty bottles.

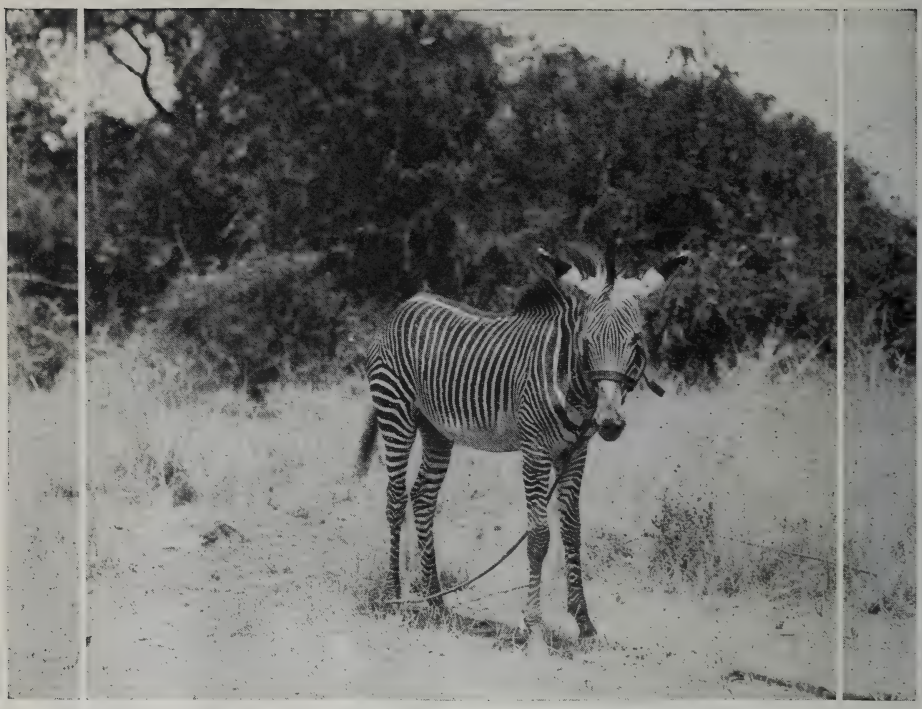
From Aturo the route led on back to Masindsport and thence into the sleeping-sickness district of Bungoro, where, by courtesy of Government officials, splendid pictures were taken, showing how the Government is combating that dread disease. Upon the arrival of the *safari* at Masindi, word was received that a great native festival was to be held in honor of the King of Bungoro's birthday, and thru the kindly offices of the District Commissioner, permission was obtained to make Motion Pictures.

The king and his *sazas* and numerous chiefs were present and were photographed witnessing the many dances, killing and roasting of bullocks, and other amusements. Later I made a visit to the king's home and made pictures of the king and queen, their jesters, and other interesting scenes about the king's grounds.

We are now at Butraba, on Lake Albert, the source of the White Nile, where preparations are being made for a trip down the Nile and into the Congo for pictures of elephant, white rhino and the ancient pigmies. I am glad to say the entire party is in excellent health.

In British East Africa, May 9th.

We have been out from Nairobi since the end of January, and have



A TRAPPED ZEBRA IN HIS NATIVE HAUNT

had a large and varied amount of experiences—some very close and exciting moments, I assure you. I have made about 14,000 feet of film so far, and every foot corking good stuff, amongst which I made the most wonderful buffalo picture any one could wish for. We have been at this camp or around it for three weeks, waiting for rain, as we are after elephants, and they wont come out in the open on the dry, hard ground. They simply stay in the high grass and the swampy lake shore, where we cant get at them, so we must wait for the rains to soften the ground before they will come out into the open to picture them in their native habits.

Last Saturday, "Pete" (that is, Mr. Pete Pearson), the only gun with me, as George Outram has returned home sick, took me out to get some photographs in the forest, when suddenly he sighted a herd of buffalo



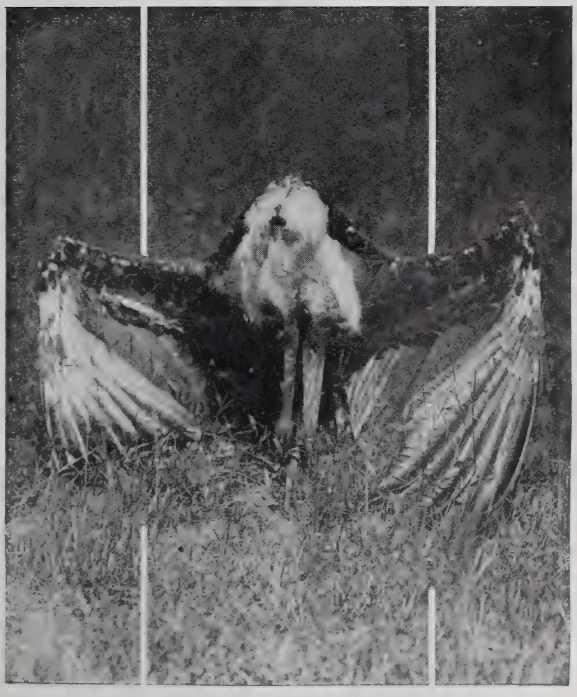
AN AFRICAN HERD



A FINE SPECIMEN, CAUGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. HEMMENT

about half a mile or so ahead. Immediately I fixed up the cameras and made ready for the attack. We stalked them up to about 150 yards, when I got behind a good tree, and Pete took his two gun-bearers and went on about fifty feet to another tree. The herd of about twenty were feeding in a nice open spot, dotted here and there with small thorn-trees.

A big bull was number three in the herd. I started the camera and made Pete and his gun-bearers crawling up on them, when he gave me the signal he was going to open fire, and the next instant his 475 sped a bullet crashing into this ferocious bull, and off went the herd, apparently running away. But when a second message of lead and steel reached this fearless brute, the whole herd wheeled around and came tearing down on Pete, who, in the meantime, had ordered his boys up a tree. In an instant this wonderful hunter, who has stood the charge of many an elephant, was making for the tree himself, for he knew this buffalo charge was no bluff. It is the fortune of this man to get a charge from the buffalo every time he has hunted them, but in this instance the charge was so different. This massive, roaring buffalo brigade were now within a few paces of Pete, who had taken up his reserve gun and was pouring the deadly bullets into the bellowing bull, who, with his head lowered and eyes



AN UNUSUAL BIRD



exceptionally fine eating. We had the tongues cooked for supper that night, and they were relished by all.

There are about 200 elephants in the herd that I am waiting to film, amongst whom is a brute which we think is larger than Jumbo. He looks to be from fifteen to sixteen feet high. As soon as I get this film I shall go back to Nairobi, take my dogs down on the Athi Plains and look for rhino and lion pictures.

Bobs and I sat up in a blind, waiting for leopards and hyenas. About 1.20 this morning two big hyenas came onto the bait, and I got them by flashlight in the act of eating the meat. I have not been any too well, having had some fever and rheumatism. You can tell all my friends that I will be home the first week in August with a nice collection of heads and skins, also some live game, including specimens of Nile and Egyptian geese and a big lot of films, far surpassing my previous efforts.

THIS WILD ANIMAL WAS NOT AFRAID OF THE CAMERA



A LION CAUGHT IN TRAP

blazing with fire, came rushing headlong down onto the camera, followed by a mighty company of relations.

On they came, so close that when they swerved from their course to avoid hitting the tree, they were only a few feet from the unering eye of the camera; and as they passed, this mighty herd of African buffalo was recorded on a little, narrow band of film which followed in their wake.

I think the porters were the most pleased, as they had a great feast on buffalo meat, which is



A LION BROUGHT TO BAY

The New Literary Profession

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Author of "The Plot of the Story," "The Photo-drama," "Art in Story Narration," etc.

A WONDERFUL event has come to pass in the annals of dramatic literature. So wonderful indeed is this new addition to the art of effective dramatic expression, that after a decade of existence, cinematography had scarcely a dozen successful writers of literature who realized its potentiality and had allied themselves with the new drama.

The public's first recognition of cinematography was as a novel diversion. People flocked to see these pictures that crudely reproduced not merely static likenesses, but moving realities just as they had appeared before the camera. In those early days only the elemental reproduction of moving objects was attempted. The photography was miserable; the presentation itself a blurred, eye-racking ordeal.

Luckily for the waning novelty, the possibilities for trick pictures were suddenly realized, and cinematography took on a new lease of life. But once the wonder, amazement and speculation that surround the hypernatural phenomena of these pictures wore off, they became deadly monotonous for the mature mind. Once again cinematography hovered near the abyss of oblivion.

Something significant, however, had happened: the trick picture had blundered, as it were, into the realms of misadventure and laughter. Slapstick farce supplemented and finally succeeded the trick picture. Cinematography as an entertainment acquired a tremendous commercial impetus immediately. In less than a year the pulsing infant became a healthy youngster, and the five-cent theater began to take its rightful place as "the poor man's playhouse."

Thus we have arrived at the beginnings of a need for a literature to provide for the screen portrayals. What had been the device of a moment, or the conception of an hour on the part of some ingenious—or ingenuous—director, together with the combined aid of all concerned, now became a matter of serious consideration in order the more nearly to meet and coöperate with the mechanical requirements of length of film, speed of operation and duration of projection. All products were "home-spun," and in no way belied their crude sources. In a very short while it was discovered that there were surprisingly few funny ideas and situations in real life. The comedy personalities of clever actors were worked to death trying to put something new into old, frowsy and threadbare saws.

But a world-old, child-young desire had been awakened. *The now vast audiences wanted to be told a story*—logical, dramatic, gripping, living! They did not quite realize—as they never do—what they were clamoring for, and the producers had paused aghast, as tho conscious of the new Silent Drama that stood at that moment on the threshold of cinematography.

The first cinematography stories were humorous. Most of them were pathetic—which is the case when any but a story-teller tries to tell a funny story. The serious story was attempted with even worse results. The arrogance of the trained writer of

fiction or of drama, and the price of the producer, were still beyond conciliation.

The first borrowings may have come in taking excerpts from history to make the modest spectacles that began to give a new note to cinematography. Suffice it to say that soon familiar masterpieces of fiction and dramatic literature began to appear. The moment that the exhaustless stores of literature were opened to the needs of cinematography we may say that the photodrama really had its inception. In the voracious search for a story, borrowings became more general, descending from the greater to the lesser lights. Borrowings were looked upon at first by both authors and publishers almost good-naturedly. Not until the intrinsic commercial value of literary work, from a photodramatic point of view, became obvious was the virtue of the copyright called into effect.

Is it any wonder, with the heads of the companies becoming wealthy magnates by the hour, that many of them gave little thought to anything else but the income end of their wonderful business, forgetting the output almost to the point of killing the goose that laid the golden egg? Many of th e men had not the slightest conception what the word drama meant; altho their employees had grown up with the business, yet they knew nothing of those more cultured professions of literature and drama. Drama to them meant only the production of so many feet of "pictures."

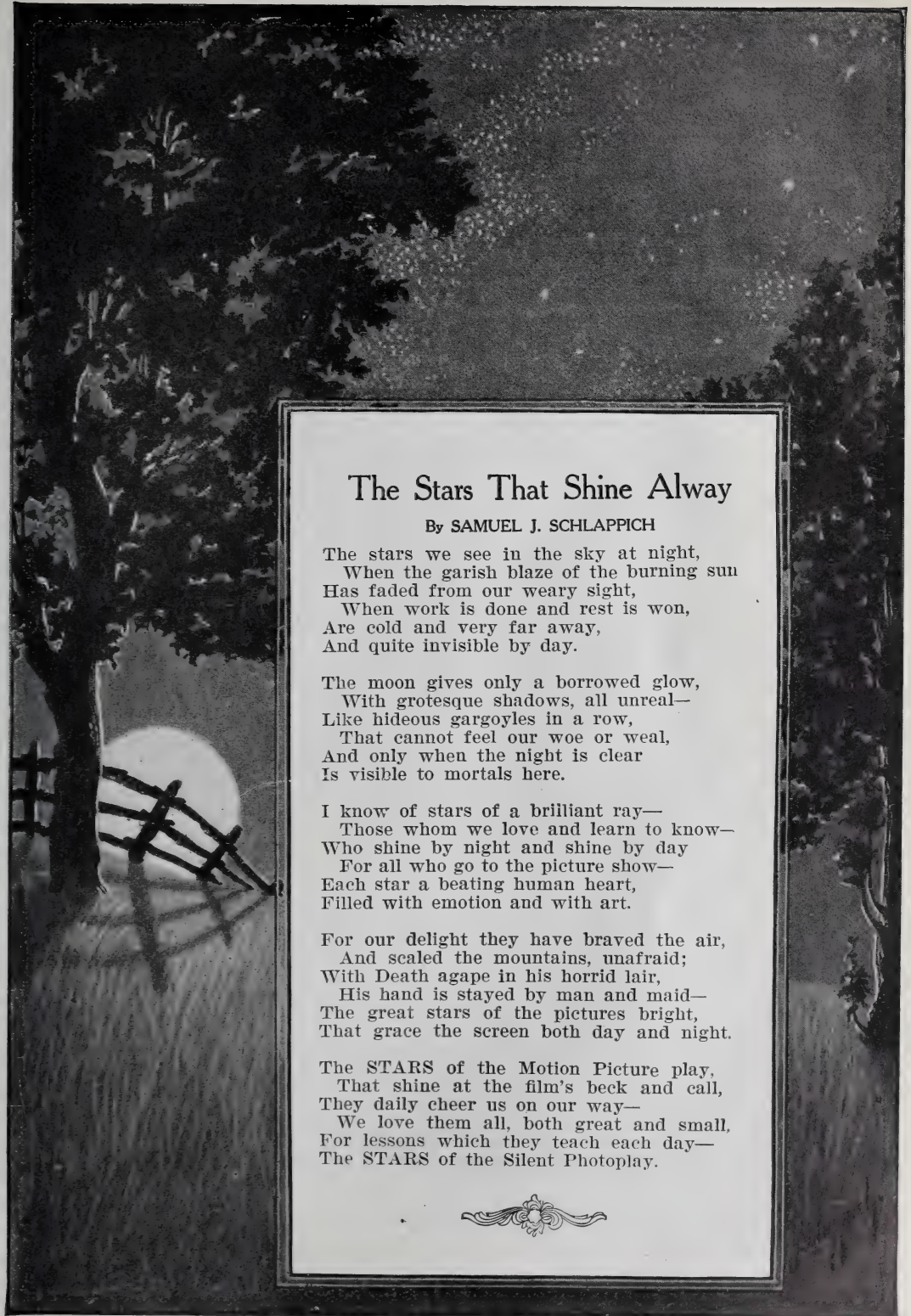
On the other hand, the consummate handlers of plots, the trained writers of fiction and dramatic literature, who had made writing their profession and had given years of their life to demonstrating their ability to make men laugh and cry and wait, by means of dramatic pictures, on page and stage—they had stood aloof. The studio-bred photoplaywright smiled indulgently, as tho an insuperable boundary separated these literary mastodons from their preserves; the writers scanned the field as tho viewing the common herd. Neither was giving the other his due.

It is true many well-known writers have failed as photoplay technicians; but it is even more true that most photoplaywrights would fail as writers of fiction or stage drama. Thus we arrive at our point: photoplay writing is a new profession, for the simple reason that the photodrama is a new form of dramatic expression, tho in many ways like, yet in even more ways differing from, either fiction or stage drama.

Many problems have been met with wonderful facility in this new art of the photodrama. The actor, for instance, has had to mould himself to new requirements, demanding of him oftentimes a more exquisite art than the spoken drama comprehends. A vast number of actors have acquired something near perfection.

The photodrama is bound to be taken seriously in the end. We have theaters, we have actors, manufacturing plants; we have a world-wide audience—but no vital drama worth mentioning yet. When we are supplied with good plays, the millennium of the photodrama will begin. The photodrama needs thinkers, not tinkers. There must come writers with ideas as well as methods. The future has room only for swayers of world-wide emotion, and not mere footage producers. The trained writer has only a slight advantage over the untrained writer, because he must first reject all his well-grounded rules of fiction and dramatic technique. The novice has a better chance than in any other field of expression, provided he is mentally and temperamentally equipped to take it up.

Photoplaywriting is bound to become a dignified profession. But the photoplaywright must elevate himself thru his product, thru a demand for recognition of meritorious work by appropriate compensation, and also by credit of his name to appear on the screen as author of his plays. And the financial reward—that big fruit lies in waiting for those who can climb high enough to shake it down.



The Stars That Shine Alway

By SAMUEL J. SCHLAPPICH

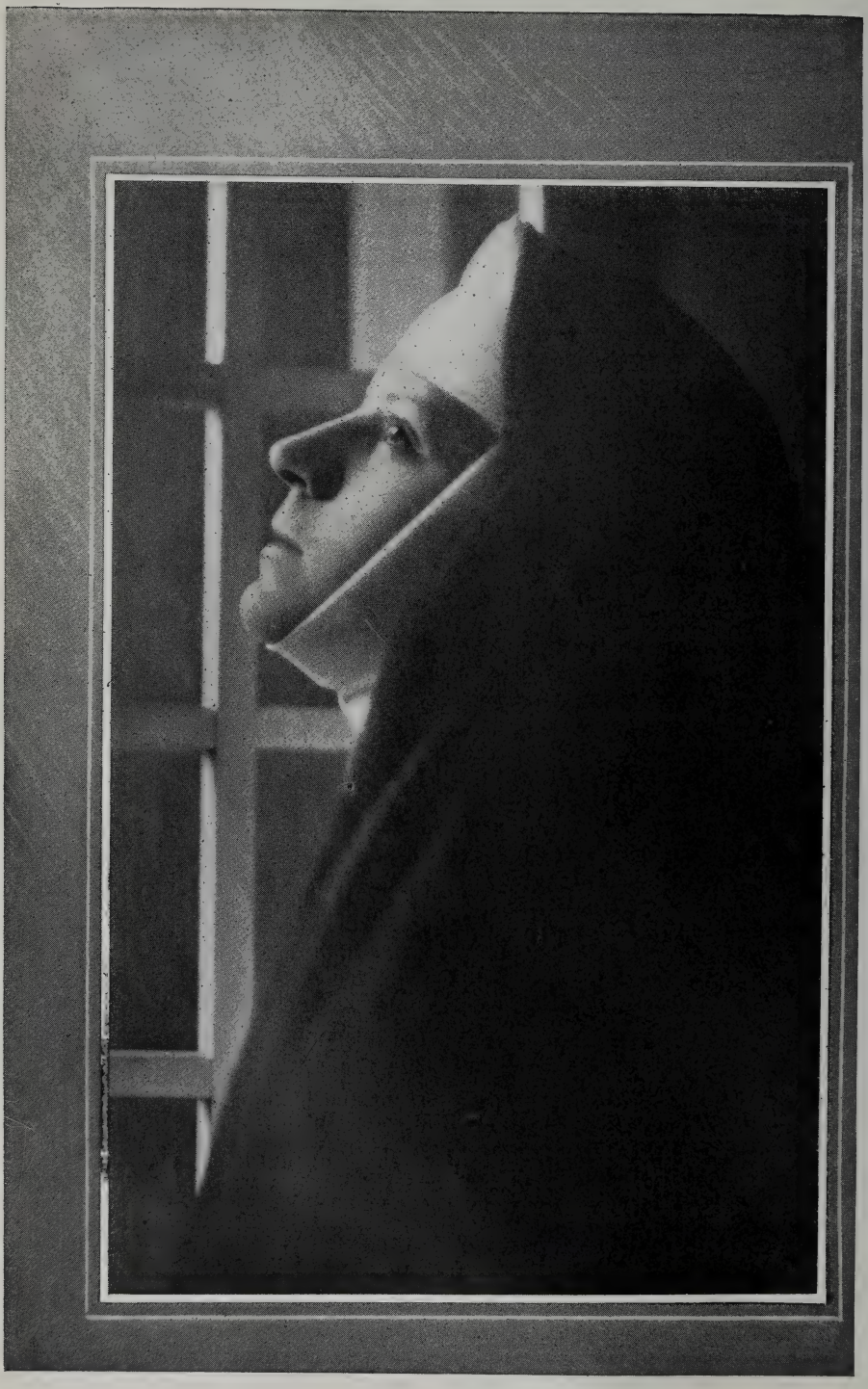
The stars we see in the sky at night,
When the garish blaze of the burning sun
Has faded from our weary sight,
When work is done and rest is won,
Are cold and very far away,
And quite invisible by day.

The moon gives only a borrowed glow,
With grotesque shadows, all unreal—
Like hideous gargoyles in a row,
That cannot feel our woe or weal,
And only when the night is clear
Is visible to mortals here.

I know of stars of a brilliant ray—
Those whom we love and learn to know—
Who shine by night and shine by day
For all who go to the picture show—
Each star a beating human heart,
Filled with emotion and with art.

For our delight they have braved the air,
And scaled the mountains, unafraid;
With Death agape in his horrid lair,
His hand is stayed by man and maid—
The great stars of the pictures bright,
That grace the screen both day and night.

The STARS of the Motion Picture play,
That shine at the film's beck and call,
They daily cheer us on our way—
We love them all, both great and small,
For lessons which they teach each day—
The STARS of the Silent Photoplay.



MARGUERITE SNOW, OF THE THANHOUSER PLAYERS

PRETTY "PEGGY" SNOW

OF THE THANHOUSER COMPANY

By JOHN WILLIAM KELLETTE

To look into "Peggy" Snow's eyes once, one feels instantly what Byron experienced as he looked into the orbs of some woman and then gave to the world his poem on "Beauty." Peggy Snow has the most wonderful eyes I've ever seen. Sirius-like in brilliancy, but warmer in their setting, and with a smile behind them, they open up shadowy recesses in one's heart.

Peggy's hair is not raven-black, as many of her admirers suppose. It is a beautiful nut-brown, changing to indescribable colors as the sun flits in and out its silken strands.

"I suppose you get lots of letters?" Miss Snow was asked.

"Yes, indeed, I do," quickly answered "Peg o' the Movies"; "mostly flattering, but a few critical ones. But I have many that simply see me as certain characters in certain plays. I dont object to letters from admirers telling how well I pleased in certain parts, because that is one way I have to know whether or not I am pleasing my audience."

"Then you do study to please your audience?"

"Always," she replied. "It is my first consideration. In fancy, as I run over a script, I visualize the story and figure out how I will interpret the part to 'get it over' to the best advantage. Then, when I get before the camera, I forget everything but the part, and I live that."

"And you never think of self when the 'clicking' begins, nor the audience, nor how well you'll look, nor any of the thousand-and-one things a player is supposed by fans to think of?"

"Never. If it's 'Carmen,' I'm Carmen; 'She,' I'm Rider Haggard's conception of the character."

"And what was personally your best-liked character?"

"Lucile."

Meredith's poem had won her heart. She studied it; she lived it; and the result was a screen Thanhouser masterpiece. "Lucile" is remembered yet as one of the finest things Miss Snow ever appeared in, and deep in her heart Peggy has stowed away the character.



MISS SNOW AND JAMES CRUZE

For a time Peggy remained away from the screen. She had worked hard and needed a vacation, and faces were searched in vain for Peggy. But Peggy came back to the glare of the Kleigel lights and the clicking Pathés, and "Peggy's Invi-

tation'' was her first picture since her several months' absence. But now she's working hard as Olga, in the Thanhouser ''The Million Dollar Mystery,'' by Harold MacGrath and Lloyd F. Lonergan, and for forty-six reels Peggy will appear as only Peggy can, wearing gowns worth $14,000 as only she can wear them.

But it doesn't matter to Peggy what she wears so long as it is something that will adequately give the proper ''atmosphere'' to the picture. One day she's in ragged, patched trousers, in ''The Dog of Flanders''; and next, in silks invaluable, in ''The Million Dollar Mystery.''

The Thanhouser studio fire, January 13, 1913, destroyed about $4,000 worth of gowns and character costumes Miss Snow had spent a screen-lifetime in getting together, but she was content to escape with her life. It's an old story now how Peggy braved the flames to go back to get little Helen Badgely, the ''Thanhouser Kidlet,'' and fainted after she brought the little darling to the safety-lines.

Thinking about others is Peggy's forte. A few weeks ago, in New York City, she was cast for a picture that was to be finished at Niagara Falls, and a motley throng gathered to watch her work. A little fellow in the crowd recognized in Miss Snow his screen idol, and he tried to get near enough to hear her speak. A big truck passing along the street hit him, and he lay writhing on the ground with a crushed shoulder. A hurry call brought the ambulance, and when the little lad came to he was looking into the eyes of Peggy, his queen. The shoulder didn't hurt him then. He was ready to die, but, solicitously, Miss Snow gave him courage and queried the attendants, with the result that, altho arrangements had been made to take the 2 o'clock train out of New York for the Falls, at 1:30 Peggy figured she'd just have to see that little fellow and ease his suffering. To stay meant to knock the director's schedule galley west. And she went, while the company took the



train. Peggy called at the hospital, bent over the cot, smiled into the sad, wan face and stroked back the matted hair. She got a smile in return. The little fellow was on the edge of the grave. A tear fell upon his face. "Dont cry, you weren't to blame," said the lad in the cot. "I'll get well." Peggy felt a touch on her arm. "Jimmy" Cruze, Thanhouser's leading man, stood behind her. "Miss Snow, we'll never get it at Croton if



you dont hurry." Peggy reached over and kist the little fellow. And he looked into those eyes. And he got well.

Then Jim's big 90-horse power car fairly bounded over the road in defiance of speed laws. He pushed his car thru holes none but the bravest dared, but Peggy didn't care. Her mind was with the stricken lad in the hospital.

"Look at your watch," said "Jimmy," his eyes straight ahead, "and let's see how we're making it."

Peggy heard him speaking. Her reply was anything but encouraging to the idol of thousands: "I can send some flowers back from Buffalo by express."

That's "Peg o' the Movies."

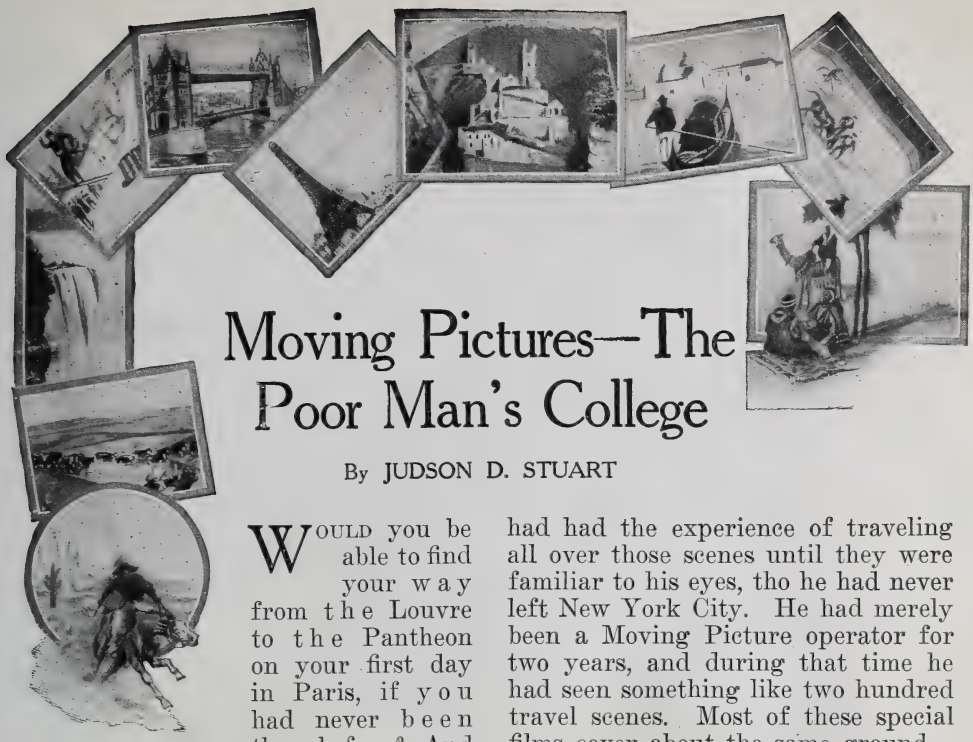
During the winter Miss Snow read in a New Rochelle newspaper about an old couple that had lived in dire distress—cold, hungry, ill. She took it upon herself to become a charity organization of one to alleviate their suffering.

Miss Snow is, best of all, nicest off the screen. It would be hard to tell thousands of admirers that, but it is a fact. Peggy would rather be herself than any character she ever played. Born in Savannah, Ga., she comes from an actor family. Her father was well known on the speaking stage, and Miss Snow said it is recorded that the first consecutive words forming a sentence she ever uttered were, "I doen to be a ackwess."

And she kept to her word. And she is an actress that "wears." At the studio every morning she receives her "good-morning" kiss from the other women of the studio. It is "Peggy" this, "Peggy" that as they flock around her day after day. At home she is womanly. She has a delightful apartment in Beacon Hall, New Rochelle, furnished in mahogany, morocco-leather-covered furniture, with a theatrical atmosphere; pictures of her favorites in her cozy den, and a tea-set always in evidence. Wouldst drink? Peggy immediately goes to the percolator, and the brew is on. And it is a delicious brew, too. Around the walls are "stills" of "Jimmy" Cruze, "Billy" Russell and "Handsome Harry" Benham, three popular Thanhouser leads with whom Peggy plotted and planned, loved and lost, funned and frolicked; and "stills" of the women of the studio, the babies and directors, even, adorn Peggy's apartment.



IT IS SO NICE TO BE A PHOTOPLAYER, AND IT IS JUST THE EASIEST LIFE IN THE WORLD. BESIDES, ANYBODY CAN DO IT; ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO BE NATURAL AND LOOK PRETTY



Moving Pictures—The Poor Man's College

By JUDSON D. STUART

WOULD you be able to find your way from the Louvre to the Pantheon on your first day in Paris, if you had never been there before? And without asking a single policeman?

Could you, again, without asking your way, on suddenly finding yourself in the Edinburgh railroad station, walk directly to Holyrood Castle, pass thru the many corridors and find the room in which Rizzio was assassinated?

These questions are suggested by the experience of a friend of the writer. Last summer he made a vacation trip abroad, for the first time, and visited some of the larger cities on the Continent. And wherever he went, he took in all the sights, found his way about the main streets and recognized his location at a glance, all without having to employ a guide.

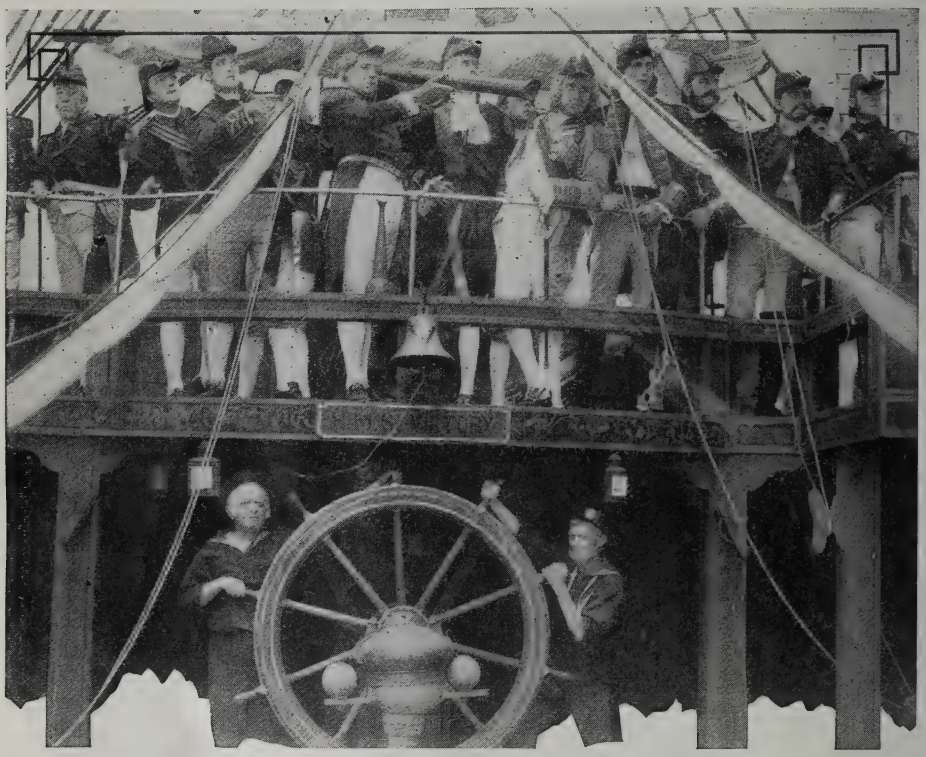
"It was exactly as tho I had been all over the ground before," he said; "everything was familiar. I remember that just outside the main entrance of the Louvre, in Paris, I missed a little newsstand which I knew had once stood there. And, sure enough, when I went up to the spot, I saw the marks on the pavement indicating where it had stood."

There was no mystery about the young man's knowledge. He really had had the experience of traveling all over those scenes until they were familiar to his eyes, tho he had never left New York City. He had merely been a Moving Picture operator for two years, and during that time he had seen something like two hundred travel scenes. Most of these special films cover about the same ground—the principal parks, squares, streets, boulevards and the public buildings. So, with the photographer, the operator had traveled back and forth over all this territory, seeing everything thru the lens of the camera almost as freely as tho with his own eyes. Of course, had he strayed into other parts of the cities, away from the main points of interest, he might easily have been lost.

It is the peculiarity of books of travel that they never visualize foreign scenes to the reader. No matter how many books you may have read about Paris, the French capital always looks different from what you had expected; this is the great pleasure of real travel. The same holds good of all other places. When you see Gibraltar, you are usually disappointed because it seems smaller than you had expected, or Niagara seems vaster than you had had it in your mind's eye. This is true of all printed matter—it never presents things as they appear to the eye.

But Moving Pictures do. Herein lies their great educational value, a fact which has only begun to be

realized of late. The Hoosier, country boy, who has seen twenty Moving Picture films of Java, knows more about that island than the college boy who has only read a dozen books on it. Except when handled by some great artist like Kipling, the Hindoo coolie in the books is never alive to you; he seems a creature as distant and as strange and as unhuman as people. It is only of late that the schools, colleges and other educational institutions are employing them as a means to teaching, now recognized as much more effective than books or lectures. What is learnt from a book is nearly always partly or completely forgotten; what is seen with the eye rarely leaves the memory. It is photographed on the brain.



SCENE FROM "THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR" (EDISON)

tho he came from Mars. Thru the lens of the Moving Picture machine you recognize him as only a fellow human being who smiles when he is pleased, who is just as excited over a horse-race as a New Yorker, and whose curiosity is just as much aroused over the movie camera as a Third Avenue crowd.

But these superficial facts only indicate greater possibilities, some of which are also partly accomplished facts. Moving Pictures are comparatively new, and so far they have been largely the means of amusing the

One of the first educators to recognize the value of Moving Pictures in school work was Miss Catherine B. Davis, superintendent of the New York State Reformatory for Women in Bedford.

"We choose," she said recently, "five films for an evening's entertainment, of which one is a travel film, another is a literary or historical film, another a scientific film, and the other two merely for the purpose of amusement. The historical, literary and scientific films are used in connection with the school-work, and all the



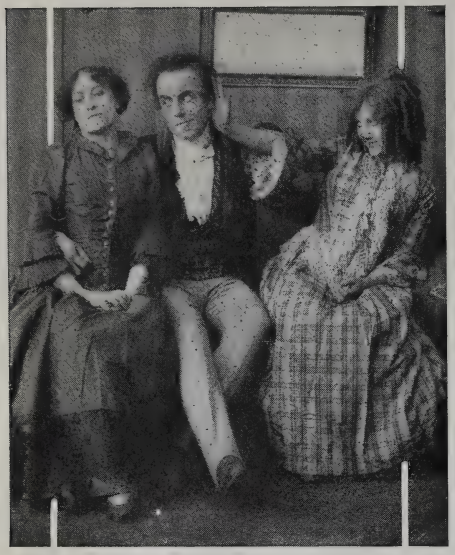
SCENE FROM "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" (EDISON)

pictures are made the basis of composition work in the school the following week. We find the films most helpful in an educational way with the class of girls in our institution. They are girls of very limited school training, and the impression made thru the eye is much more vivid than that made in any other way. We find that they remember, for example, the scientific facts which can be observed from the films much longer than they do the same facts if studied from a book."

What is going to give an impetus to this new use of Moving Pictures is the recent invention of a machine small enough to instal in a classroom and even in a private dwelling. The machine will throw an eight-foot picture on the screen at a distance of only thirty feet, and the whole equipment will cost only one hundred dollars, and possibly less. When this late invention has been a little more perfected, we shall see families having their own Moving Picture shows at home, as they have now their own phonographs. But even now, when schools are installing



SCENE FROM "THE LOGGING INDUSTRY" (ESSANAY)

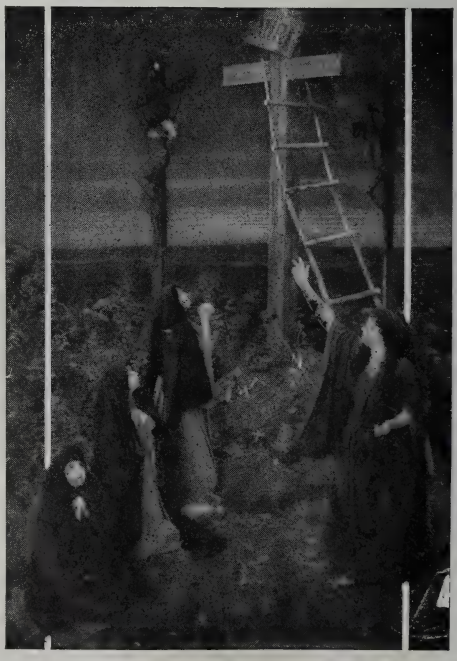


SCENE FROM "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT" (EDISON)

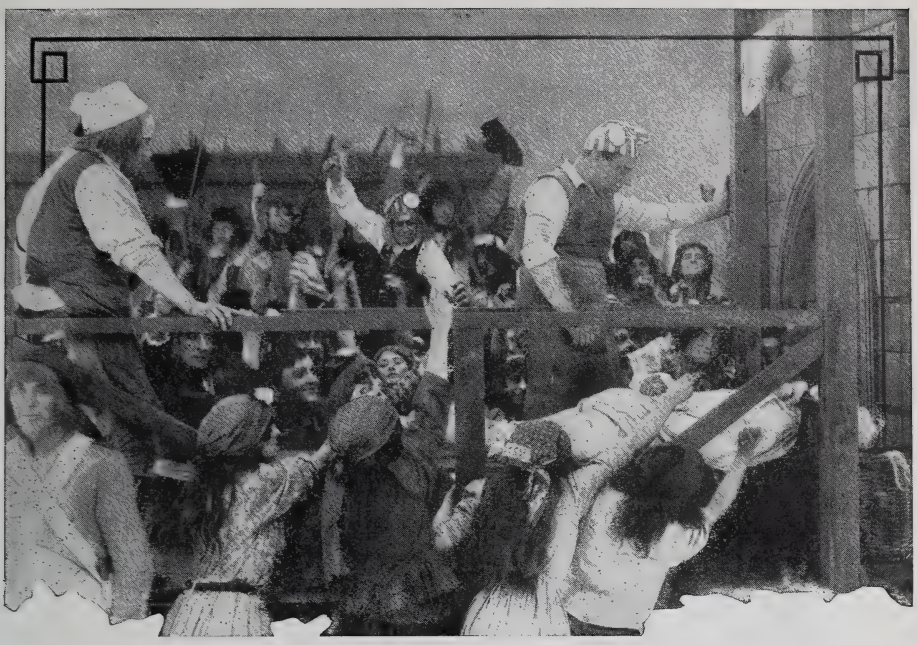
movies, it is going to pay the manufacturers to supply special educational films, comparatively few of which, outside of travel pictures, have been put on the market in this country. For sight-seeing in foreign countries is only one of the many forms by which students may be educated thru the class movies.

History has always been, to most of us, one of the dry subjects. With the aid of the Moving Picture it will no longer be so. The statement that a certain king of Persia was crowned on some date 2,500 years ago will slip the mind of even a very intelligent person, but when this dry fact is accompanied by the gorgeous spectacle of the ceremony, acted out by first-class artists, with the environment and scenic effect carried out to the truest historical details, it is going to remain impressed on the memory as strongly, almost, as tho the event had happened recently. The Vandals sacking Rome seems rather an insignificant happening, when conveyed to your brain thru a paragraph in a text-book, but when the student sees, thru the Moving Pictures thrown on the screen before him, the hordes of barbarians rushing into the city, smashing the statues of gods, hurling down the temples, driving the women and children before them—a scene which has actually been presented in the movies all over the country—he remembers the fact and what it signifies. Recently, one of the most spectacular photoplays that has ever been produced was shown in the ten-cent houses, "Quo Vadis?"—being taken from the book of that name. For nearly two hours the audiences sat watching the men and women and children of old Rome walking about before their eyes, saw how they ate and slept and conversed and dressed, and followed, with breathless interest, some of the most dramatic incidents that are part of Roman history. The boys and girls, and many older persons, who witnessed that film, tho they never read a line of Roman history, will know more about ancient Rome and the Romans than most high-school pupils who have taken a regular course in the subject.

Likewise, there is many a backwoods farmer boy who has a more



SCENE FROM "THO YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET" (VITAGRAPH)

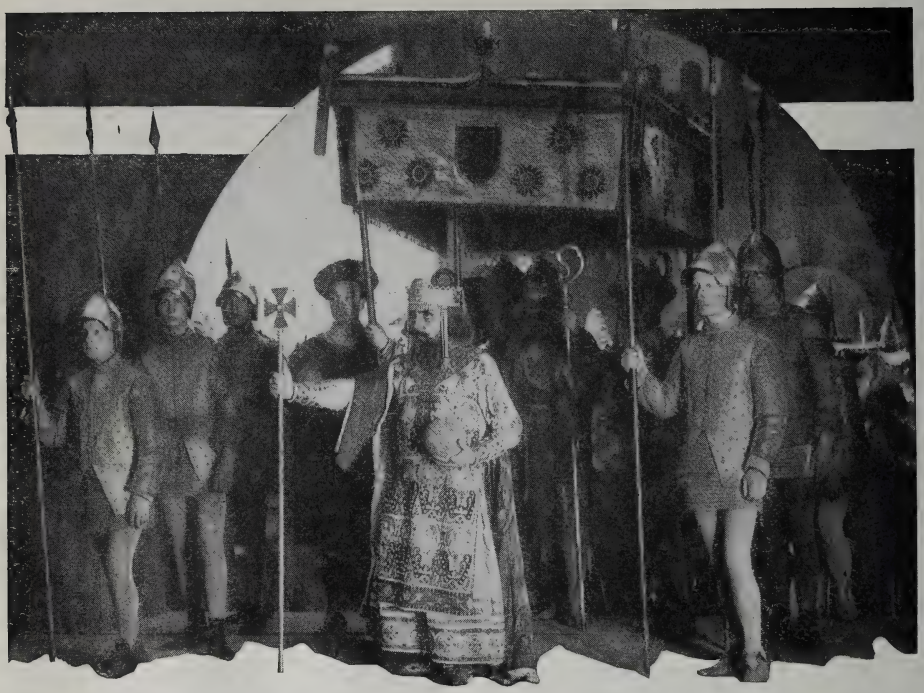


GUILLOTINE SCENE FROM "ROBESPIERRE" (EDISON)

vivid understanding of at least one great work of literature than the average college student — Dante's "Inferno." The film, almost as elaborate as "Quo Vadis?" was presented about two years ago, and took the audiences along with Dante and his guide, Virgil, thru all their wanderings in the under regions, exciting in them the awe, wonder, horror, sympathy and the many other emotions which the English translation of the great Italian poet's work cannot arouse. Before each scene the most



SCENE FROM "WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE" (EDISON)



SCENE FROM "THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE" (GAUMONT)

appropriate lines in the book describing it were thrown on the screen for barely a moment, yet undoubtedly many a boy or girl who read them, accompanied by the pictures, remembers them now word for word, where a dozen readings of the bare book would not have accomplished as much.

It is in scientific studies that the movies are going to be especially useful. Few schools can afford really well-equipped laboratories; the Moving Picture will answer the purpose just as well. For what laboratory could ever teach more than one film, entitled "The Analysis of Motion," which was put on the market by Pathé Frères?

The picture represents a bullet leaving the barrel of a gun, shooting thru the air and striking a clay pipe. On the screen the movement is slowed down so that the bullet is plainly seen describing its course thru the air, and as it strikes its object, the pipe is seen slowly splintering into pieces.

Another film shows the action of liquefied air. Two eels are placed in glass tanks of liquefied air and frozen into a perfectly solid condition. One of the eels is then taken out, thawed, and in a few minutes revives and swims away in a tank of water. The other eel is splintered into small bits with a hammer, as tho it were a piece of chinaware. This, better than any paragraph in a text-book on chemistry, shows that liquefied air suspends life, without killing.

The films demonstrating facts in the natural sciences are especially interesting. After witnessing one of these, a very young child, at the end of ten minutes, knows the life history of a mosquito.

The mosquito is shown depositing her eggs in the water. Next the little, wriggling larvæ are seen hatching and jerking their ways up and down in the water. Then comes along a dragon-fly larva and swallows the mosquito larvæ with a voracious appetite, showing what a dangerous enemy to the mosquito the dragon-fly is. Finally, other mosquito larvæ are seen approaching the top of the water. Slowly one of them bursts its skin, a

head protrudes, then a body, and gradually a full-fledged mosquito is seen standing on the surface, preening its wings and stretching its legs, all ready for flight.

It was a picture of this nature, showing the same life history of the fly, which started the "swat the fly" movement. The film was taken all over the country and shown from the end of a train at all the small towns, where the people assembled to see what they thought an ordinary show. Not only was the fly seen hatching from the egg, but scenes were presented in which swarms of flies were followed from their garbage-heap homes to the dining-tables and the rooms of sick people. All the literature that has ever been printed on the dangers of contagion from flies has not made half the impression on the public mind that this one picture did.

Another interesting natural science film shows the life and habits of the little water-spider that lives in a bubble. Its favorite haunt is a stagnant pool overgrown with weeds. Here it builds a home by gathering together the tiny air-bubbles that cover the bottom of the pool, until it has constructed one large enough to live in. Possibly it took the photographer many days to get favorable opportunities for observation, but this unpleasant part of nature-study is eliminated for the benefit of the less interested public.

Nor is it only school-children that the movies can educate. Just as the life of the mosquito and of the fly is studied thru films, so films demonstrating the growth of disease bacteria are taken thru the microscope, for use in medical colleges. As an instance, a culture of the diphtheria bacillus is taken, then put under the microscope-lens of a Moving Picture camera. To the layman the resulting pictures will not mean much—small, queerly shaped little black spots move about and multiply in number; but to the medical student all this has deep significance. Such films, which are manufactured very little in this country, are shown to popular audiences in Germany and France.

More striking will be the use of films in demonstrating operations



SCENE FROM "PICKWICK PAPERS" (VITAGRAPH)



SCENE FROM "ELAINE" (VITAGRAPH)

performed by great specialists in surgery. Naturally, those who can see such operations close at hand will always be very much limited in number, the rest of the profession depending on descriptive accounts in medical books. Already such films are being displayed before conventions of the medical profession. Also, the action of the internal organs of human beings and animals may be watched by a thousand persons at a time thru the X-ray films, taken in a small laboratory.

What applies to the medical profession is also true of many other vocational trainings. One film that was taken in this country showed the construction of a great skyscraper, rearing itself up into the clouds in a few minutes. The camera was placed in a permanent position, and there nailed down. And there it was left during all the period the building was being constructed, from the digging out of the foundations to the finishing of the roof on the tower. Every day a few yards of film would be exposed, with the result that each day's work was portrayed, often in actual movement. Of course, this film was rather fantastic in its result and could not prove of great value to the student of construction, but the same idea is followed out in the building of bridges, dams and other pieces of engineering work, presenting the different stages of the construction before the student as tho he saw it with his own eyes.

Not least important is the education of our great-great-grandchildren in matters of our own time. Suppose you could have a Moving Picture thrown on a screen before you, representing the actual scene at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, or Lincoln making his Gettysburg address!

A society has been organized for that purpose—to show posterity, thru Moving Pictures, historical events as they took place at the time. Whenever an event occurs likely to go down into history, such as the opening of the Panama Canal or Presi-



SCENE FROM "MONTEZUMA AND CORTEZ" (ESSANAY)

dent Wilson reading his message to Congress, the society sees that a Moving Picture photographer is on hand; if none of the manufacturers care to undertake it for commercial purposes, which is not likely to happen, the society sends its own man. Afterwards two films are put into tin caskets and sealed hermetically and filed away in special vaults. One or two or even ten centuries hence, when conditions will be very much different from what they are now, these films will be taken out and serve to instruct the people of the time in how we, their forefathers, conducted our public affairs. These films will be of all the greater value because almost all the books we now print, and in which we also print photographic illustrations of public men, buildings and other noteworthy objects, are made of wood-pulp paper, a material which cannot last a century at the most. This is especially true of the newspaper, in which are recorded all the public events from day to day. But the films that we see in the nickel shows will survive, and, possibly, some day be all the records left of our civilization, aside from the legal documents written on sheepskin and a few scientific works printed on linen paper.

No Wonder

By WINSOR REED DAVIS

My life is a torment,
My life is a bore;
Each day and each night
Has no pleasure in store.
I toss in my bed—
Each night I have said:
When I wake in the morning,
I hope I'll be dead.

The days drag around
In weary succession,
Monotonous cycle
Of woe and depression.
I fuss and I fume,
Sit alone in my room,
Wrapped in a cloud
Of oppression and gloom.

I used to be happy
And cheerful and bright;
I hailed the new morn,
I welcomed each night.
But now—ah, no,
I've no place to go,
For I've moved to a town
Where there's no picture show.



EARLE WILLIAMS WINS

FIRST PRIZE IN THE GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

The Great Artist Contest was first announced in our January 1914 issue. The first month's balloting showed that Earle Williams, Warren Kerrigan and Arthur Johnson promised to lead the race, the former receiving 6,355 votes, about 1,000 more than Mr. Kerrigan received, and about 2,000 more than Mr. Johnson. The next month gave Mr. Williams 22,900, with Mr. Kerrigan close up with 18,110. The result, as shown in the April number, gave Mr. Williams 64,545; the May issue, 160,385; the June issue, 224,200; the July issue, 288,505; the August issue, 356,070, and the September issue, 416,000. During all this time Mr. Williams was in the lead, but always by a narrow margin, until the closing days of the balloting, when he gradually increased his lead. When the final count was made, he was found to have 487,295 votes. In the Popular Player Contest, conducted by this magazine last year, Mr. Williams was beaten out at the last minute by Romaine Fielding. It is pleasant to note that Clara Kimball Young wins the first prize for ladies, and that this popular team of artists will star in the prize photoplay that is to be selected in the Photoplay Contest now running.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG WINS

FIRST PRIZE FOR LADIES IN THE GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

The winning team in the Great Artist Contest is Williams and Young, both of the Vitagraph Company; the former having received 487,295 votes, and the latter 442,340. The full returns will be found on page 128, and on page 129 will be found the announcement of the Prize Photoplay Contest, in which a play is to be selected for these great artists to play in, first at the Vitagraph Theater, and then in nearly every Motion Picture theater in the world. Mr. Williams is fortunate, and so is Miss Young.



ALICE JOYCE

A Chat with Alice Joyce

(Kalem)

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT





WOULD Miss Joyce see an interviewer? No, Miss Joyce would not. Very well, then, the interviewer would see Miss Joyce. And the interviewer did! But Miss Joyce didn't know that an interviewer was "seeing" her. How did it happen? Thus: some one gave a dance; Alice Joyce was there; so was the interviewer. They met; they talked! That's how it happened!

In answer to questions more or less skillfully put (they must have been rather skillfully put, for the beautiful victim of this duplicity did not know that she was being interviewed), it was learnt that Miss Joyce was born in the West, and most of her childhood and young girlhood were spent in Kansas City, Mo. It was here that she posed, in a childish way, for a very famous photographer, who was struck with her unusual beauty and suggested New York and artists.

"Oh, do you think I could?" was the naïve question.

"I'm sure of it," was the positive reply, and so, later, she came with her mother to the big city, and there caught the eye of Harrison Fisher, for whom she posed quite a bit. She is the original of many of this famous artist's best-known works. It was in his studio that she met a member of the Kalem Company, who suggested Motion Pictures. Her startled question was very like that to the photographer who had suggested New York. And the answer was practically the

same. She went over to Kalem, and she tried picture work. And she fell head over heels in love with Motion Pictures—a love, by the way, which she has never been able to lose, even if she wanted to—which she doesn't.

"I've never been on the stage," said "Sweet Alice o' the Kalems," as the enticing strains of "Adele" haunted our palm-embowered retreat, "so I cant say whether I like it better than the pictures, but it would have to be wonderful to make me like it better. I have a brother who is making quite a success on the stage now, bless him!" And her eyes glowed with sisterly pride and love that gave one a glimpse into a lovely character.

"My favorite parts?" she questioned, turning rather startled eyes upon me. "This begins to sound like an interview." I made valiant efforts to allay her suspicions, and I believe I did so, for she answered me a trifle dreamily, as if her thoughts were going backward, mentally reviewing the thousand-and-one parts which she has played with such rare grace.

"Well," she began slowly, "I suppose 'Nina of the Theater,' 'A Celebrated Case,' 'The Cabaret Dancer,' 'Our New Minister,' 'The Shadow' and some of my Western plays, long ago," and she smiled merrily. "I dont say I am pleased with the work done in those pictures. If they were to be done over, there's so much that I should like to do differently; but they are some of the parts that I have particularly enjoyed playing."

Just here her partner, none other than her famous leading man, Tom Moore, came to claim her for the next dance, and I parted with her very reluctantly. I hadn't asked her half the things that I wanted to know, but I didn't dare go farther. I felt very mean and rather like a sneak-thief for having stolen the lovely girl's confidences for public print; but then, perhaps that is one of the things people in the public eye have to allow for and try to forgive.

She is about five feet five inches in height and weighs about one hundred and thirty-five or forty, I should say. She has great masses of wonderful golden-brown hair and large, dreamy eyes. And it is quite true that she makes most of her own clothes, for she is a girl with an unbelievably practical outlook on life. It was needless to ask her if she considered life worth living, for she expresses in every graceful movement a wholesome joy in merely living.

Just a parting word: I'm not betraying a confidence when I say that she wears a gold band ring on the third finger of her left hand and that it was Tom Moore who placed it there, on the 11th of May, 1914.

A Chat with Harold Lockwood

(Famous Players)

By BESS POWERS

THE personification of youth and health—that is Harold Lockwood. He's awfully good-looking, too—good looks of a manly order that appeal to men as well as to women. I liked the way he answered my appeal for information regarding himself; there was nothing self-conscious about his ready response. "Sure, my dear lady, glad to oblige you." And the smile of him! (I'm Irish, you know, and smiles count with Dublin folks.)

He started out with a handicap—I mean he was born in Brooklyn, for he first saw the light in the little city across the Bridge—but he cannot see it in that way; and, faith! it does not seem to have hurt him at all, at all. Still he, or rather his family, moved to New York, and he spent the most of his early years there. Harold went to school "over on the Jersey side," and seems to have devoted more attention to running, jumping and swimming than to his studies, which was

most reprehensible of him, but which helped to give him those nearly six feet of inches and that healthy look, and, of course, that smile.

"Why is it," asked Harold Lockwood, "that when one wants to go on the stage that one's folks always seem to object? Why, I have met the best people on earth in the profession—always ready to help a fellow when he is down, always ready to give half of what they have got if necessity arises. In any case, my people objected strenuously and wanted me to go into business, but I couldn't see it their way. They are reconciled now—one's folks are always proud of one when they see success ahead."



Mr. Lockwood did not start acting as soon as he wanted to, but instead had another occupation which he did not dislike. His father trained trotting horses, and this suited Harold, for he liked horses and loved the excitement of racing them.

"It was all very good for a time, but I got discontented, and nothing could dispel the longing I had to go on the stage. At last I persuaded a manager to let me appear in the chorus of an obscure comedy company, and he let me go on. That was all I wanted, and I practiced singing and dancing all the time and invented a lot of new steps, which brought me to the attention of the manager of another musical comedy show, and I started out to make real money—it was fifteen dollars a week, if I remember rightly. In any case, I thought I was getting a fortune."

From this start Harold seems to have gone steadily on and up. He went with one musical comedy company after another, and also had engagements under the management of Frohman and the Shuberts, after which he says he made up his mind to take a course in drama. This meant stock companies and hard work, and he soon found out that if he did not study at school, he had to now. It was not easy at first, but Harold had lots of ambition and perseverance, and this was enough to take him

(*Continued on page* 162)

How I Became A Photoplayer

I SUPPOSE I was one of the lucky ones, for I went straight from leads in the legitimate to leads in what, in 1910, was termed, with a great big sneer, "pictures."

It was in the spring of 1910 that I was engaged as the star at the Park Theater, Philadelphia, following a two years' engagement with Mr. B. F. Keith at the Chestnut Street Theater.



Mr. G. M. Anderson happened to drop in one night, when I was playing the lead in "Secret Service." I didn't know he was there, and he said nothing about it to any one. He came in again (as I was afterwards informed) the next week and saw me starring in "Blue Jeans." Two weeks afterwards I received a letter from the Essanay Company, offering me a year's contract.

Previously, like all other actors and actresses of the speaking stage, I had looked down on "pictures," for there was then no MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to educate and tell the truth about them, but this letter aroused my curiosity, and I went round and saw "pictures" by day and "movies" by night, and I was convinced that there was a big future in them.

So I accepted the offer and opened with the Essanay Company as their leading woman in October, 1910. I spent a very pleasant year with them, and then, thinking that it would be best to broaden my knowledge of the silent and photographic arts, I went to Europe and studied the developments in picture-making in France, Germany and Italy, for in those days the European films were hardly known at all over here. I came back, was engaged before I left the ship, and have been in pictures ever since, and if all the movie magnates are as nice as those for whom I've worked—George K. Spoor, Carl Laemmle and dear old Mr. Lubin—there I shall be until I'm playing character old great-grandmothers in 1994.

LOTTIE BRISCOE (Lubin).

I think this ought to read "Why I Became a Photoplayer," and the answer would be "On account of my health." As a child I was not strong, and I was educated for the operatic stage or the concert platform, but my health demanded that I go to California. I wintered in California, but every winter acted on the legitimate stage in New York and other Eastern points. One day I was prompting a friend at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles, when one of the directors of the American Com-



pany came to the theater looking for a leading woman for his company for about two weeks. I was introduced, and he seemed very dubious when I told him I could ride. I convinced him, however, for I was determined to try this new profession to see what it would do for me in the health way. I made good in that picture and stayed with the American, under Allan Dwan, for two years, and then went to the Universal with him, and I am still with that company. The Motion Pictures have been everything to me, for I am strong and well now, and I love the outdoor life and the wonderful chances afforded. I cannot imagine any walk in life which can be more interesting than acting for the screen.

PAULINE BUSH (Universal).

About four and a half years ago I applied at Cullison's agency, on Fourteenth Street, New York City, for a job. He asked me if I would like to be in a Moving Picture.

I said I had no objection and was handed the address of Mr. Griffith, at the old Biograph studio.

I was shown into the waiting-room, and when Mr. Griffith appeared, he looked me over and said I would do. He then showed me into the first studio I had ever seen.

I remember they were working on "What Happened to Jones." To the best of my recollection, the first scene was a dinner scene. I fancy I was a suffraget lady. I remember that my "business" at the table caused considerable amusement.

Later in the day I met Mr. Griffith, and he said: "Dont go away without letting us have your address." So I concluded I was all right in the part. I worked for a few days in finishing up the picture, and later I was cast in three or four other of the Jones series. I worked at the Biograph with Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, Marion Leonard, "Billy" Quirk, Florence Lawrence, and others who have since become famous.

I oscillated for about a year between the Biograph, Pathé and Vitagraph. But at last Mr. Smith, of the latter company, made me an offer for stock, and the rest is known to any one who follows Moving Pictures.

FLORA FINCH (Vitagraph).





My entrance into the Motion Picture field was entirely unpremeditated and only a matter of circumstance. I had spent most of my life in the theater; in fact, I was only five years old when I first appeared in Sedalia, Mo., playing the part of Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

During the season of 1909 I was playing leads at the Casino in Asbury Park. The theater was located on the water, and we were compelled to make a strenuous effort to be heard above the waves. Consequently I strained my voice to such an extent that at the close of my engagement I could scarcely speak above a whisper.

It was during this time that somebody suggested my trying the Motion Picture field. The first company I applied to was Powers, and I was fortunate enough to secure an immediate engagement. I remained there one year; then was engaged by Pathé; then Crystal, and again with Pathé, where I am now trying to break my neck in the "Perils of Pauline."

Whenever I had an opportunity of returning to the legitimate stage I received a better offer by some Motion Picture firm. This fate seems to hold me before the camera, and I must consider it my lucky destiny.

PEARL WHITE (Pathé).

It was during the summer rest, after a long season with the Henry Miller-Margaret Anglin company, that I called at the apartment of my friend, James Kirkwood, and found, to my surprise, that he was playing for the Motion Pictures with the Biograph Company. He was most enthusiastic about the art and persuaded me to visit the studio and see a picture in the making. I called; met Mr. Griffith, the producer; was tried out and found possible. I played for Biograph all that summer and grew to like the art more and more as I learnt more about the application of the actor's art to the Motion Picture. I then took a trip to the Continent, and on my return from London the following winter, I accepted an offer to join the stock company of Biograph, and have been enjoying Motion Picture work ever since.

HENRY B. WALTHALL (Majestic).



How did I become a photoplayer? It is the simplest thing in the world to answer, if you do so truthfully. I became a photoplayer thru monetary inducement. That covers the whole question you ask, and it is answered in less than the two hundred words you desire.

Like many another regular actor, I regarded with more or less disdain the then growing and popular Moving Picture actor. After years of study and training as one of the old school, this modern innovation I could not understand—I really didn't want to, particularly. But one day the Moving Picture management thought they wanted my interpretation of a character for their work, and I was willing to try it. I did it as much from the standpoint of curiosity as anything else. What I did must have been to the satisfaction of the people who engaged me for a trial, for on the heels of the first performance came an offer which staggered me.



That is the whole thing in a nutshell. I became a photoplayer thru monetary inducement.

ROMAINE FIELDING (Lubin).

On entering a dramatic agency one morning about four years ago, I was asked by the lady in charge whether I would go and pose in a Moving Picture at once. I replied: "How can I? I dont know anything about it."

"Do go," she replied; "you will be all right. Your years of stage experience will stand you in good stead, and here is the opportunity of a lifetime. The director, who wants a lady with white hair, has phoned me three times in the last hour, and he is getting very impatient."

I consented, she giving me directions for getting to the Vitagraph.

On my arrival I was received most kindly by the director who needed the lady with white hair. I was the type for his picture. In about an hour I was dressed and posing in my first Moving Picture, "The Legacy."

The work was fascinating from the start, and my only regret was that at the time "mother" parts were not a part of their regular requirements.

About six months after, the Vitagraph again needed a "mother" of my type and applied to the same agency, which hunted me up, and again I worked for the company in "His Mother." My re-acquaintance with a studio delighted me. After it was finished I was offered a permanent engagement, which I accepted. No more one-night stands, cold theaters, uncomfortable hotels, nor early trains to catch. Here I am with most desirable surroundings, appreciative employers and kindly and loving fellow workers. Surely in my late years my "lines have fallen in pleasant places."

MARY MAURICE (Vitagraph).

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

BEVERLY BAYNE

(Essanay)



Was born in Minneapolis, Minn. She received her education in the public schools of Philadelphia. She had not any theatrical experience before becoming a picture player, and has never been with any other company except Essanay. She was the leading lady who made such a hit with the Cornell boys when the Essanay Dramatic Company was located in Ithaca, N. Y. Miss Bayne is recognized as one of the most beautiful brunettes playing in pictures. She usually plays opposite Francis X. Bushman, and a fine team they make.

MABEL NORMAND

(Keystone)



Mabel Normand, of the Keystone Comedies, was born in Boston, Mass., of one of the most aristocratic New England families, her maternal grandfather being Governor of Massachusetts. Miss Normand attended a convent in Boston, and, leaving school, joined the Vitagraph Company as a photoplayer. She made quite a success in the Vitagraph Company, later joining the ranks of the Biograph Company, about three years ago. She played for several seasons both in New York City and in Los Angeles. When the Keystone Company was organized, none other than the charming Mabel Normand was secured as leading woman. She is handsome, full of vivacity, beautifully formed, and is noted for her pretty pout and graceful figure.

JEAN DARNELL

(Thanhouser)



Was born in Sherman, Tex. She received the greater part of her education in State schools. She made her début as an actress in old "Payton Sisters Stock," later going into vaudeville, then into musical comedy. Miss Darnell has an exceptionally good voice and proved of much satisfaction to musical comedy managers. She first appeared some five years ago in the Kalem Company, but again returned to the stage. She left the stage permanently about three years ago and joined the Thanhouser Stock Company, where her work has brought considerable praise. She is

an expert horsewoman, away above the average, and has done a great deal of successful writing for this and other magazines.

MILDRED BRIGHT

(Eclair)



Was born on Forty-seventh Street, New York City, and was educated in the convent school of the Holy Name, New York City. She has appeared in nearly all of the prominent musical shows along Broadway for several seasons back. She has also been the model for many of New York's famous artists because of her ravishing beauty. She has been leading ingénue with the Eclair Company for the past two years. Miss Bright is also a water-color artist of more than usual ability.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

(Essanay)



Was born in Richmond, Va., of good old Virginia stock. He began his professional career very early, as his fondness for athletics called him often before the public in amateur wrestling matches, basketball and football games. He was leading man for many seasons in the old Albaugh Stock Company, also playing leads in road productions, all of which he has forsaken for a more lofty ideal, that of photoplaying. Mr. Bushman recently won the popularity contest in the *Ladies' World*. The Essanay Company has in him a star of the first magnitude, and it is certain that he must always be found among the first ten leading players in the world.

FLORENCE LA BADIE

(Thanhouser)



Was born in New York City of French and Canadian parents. She received her education in the Convent of Notre Dame, in Montreal, Canada. She had appeared for several seasons with Chauncey Olcott in "The Blue Bird," when D. W. Griffith secured her services to go with Biograph to Los Angeles. On her return to New York City, Mr. Edwin Thanhouser, seeing a wonderful future for Miss LaBadie, engaged her for his company. Miss LaBadie is an expert swimmer and rider and most fluent linguist. She has received an enormous amount of publicity and popularity recently by her appearance in a leading part in the "Million Dollar Mystery."

VIVIAN RICH

(American)

Entered the theatrical profession as a child, specializing in boy parts. She frequently made her appearance on Broadway to large and appreciative audiences.

Miss Rich enjoys the singular distinction of having been born on the high seas, but as her parents were United States subjects, she rightfully claims this as her country. The first years of her life were spent at Philadelphia, and her education acquired at New York and Boston.

She maintains bachelor quarters at Santa Barbara, Cal., and enjoys all outdoor sports—riding, swimming, tennis, and is particularly fond of aeroplaning. She enjoys the weird and uncanny. States she is no suffraget and would not avail herself of privilege to vote. Has a marked histrionic ability and applies herself to her art with an untiring devotion which marks her successful career. Her appearance in "Flying A" productions has added considerably to her popularity with Moving Picture fans.

ANTONIO MORENO

(Vitagraph)



Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno, or just Antonio Moreno for short, comes of high-caste Spanish parentage. He was born in Madrid, 1887, where he studied for the priesthood to please his parents. Not liking it, he ran away and quite by accident discovered he could act. He accepted a position in the Apollo Theater, Madrid, and four years ago he came to America. Alone and not knowing the language, Moreno at first found it hard, but his pluck and perseverance bore him well, and he secured a position under Mrs. Leslie Carter and later with Wilton Lackaye. Soon the photoplay attracted him. He accepted a position with Biograph, and later on with Reliance. Then he went to the Vitagraph, where he won instant popularity. He likes plain living, does not drink, smokes occasionally and exercises a great deal. Tennis and swimming are his favorite diversions. He stands five feet ten inches in his stocking feet, weighs 168 pounds, has black hair and a dark complexion. He has a clean-cut profile, a determined jaw, high forehead and flashing black eyes.

He is an art and book lover, and many fine paintings, old swords, guns, trophies of the chase, and shelves of books adorn his rooms. Norma Talmadge is his leading woman, and they make a handsome couple indeed. He thinks that "The Christian" is the greatest photoplay.

ROSEMARY THEBY

(Lubin)



Was born in St. Louis, Mo., her family being among the oldest settlers in Missouri. She received a splendid education in the schools and colleges of her State. Then came the desire to be an actress. She worked and studied very hard. At length, when she had waited long and was heartsick, an opportunity came, in the form of picture work in the Vitagraph Company. She made good. Her success was established and her popularity was instantaneous. She left the Vitagraph, going with Reliance at double her salary, and later accepting a more flattering offer from the Lubin Company, where she now is. Miss Theby is an artist to her finger-tips. She first attracted attention in "The Mills of the Gods," which was one of the strongest plays ever put on the screen by the Vitagraph Company or by any other. She also made a hit in "The Reincarnation of Karma," also of the Vitagraph Company. One of the reasons for leaving the Vitagraph was that she was ambitious and could not get enough to do with so many other stars all looking for leading parts.

Their Preferences and Prejudices, Confided by the Photoplayers to Norbert Lusk

ABOVE everything else, Arthur Johnson tells me, he likes creamed chicken and mushrooms; and Rosemary Theby, too, admits a partiality for chicken—à la King. All salads, Ethel Clayton says, with her usual catholicity of taste, appeal to her, just as she can name no favorite novel of Kipling's, for they all strike her with equal force. She is very positive, tho, of her fondness for everything pink—Killarney roses especially. But to return to "Radiant Rosemary": crimson is her color, and Catherine the Great her favorite figure in the world's history. By contrast, the admiration that Ethel Clayton and Rosetta Brice confess for Queen Victoria shows that the British queen, in their minds, takes rank with the great monarchs of bygone centuries. Her late Majesty's self-reliance, intelligence and strength of character—stubbornness, I suggested to Miss Brice—have guided her opinion, for it is these qualities she most admires in her ideal woman. But how to account for her choice of Uriah Heep as her favorite character in fiction, when she tells me her ideal man must possess strength of character, the power to rule, and the gentleness and lovableness that sometimes go with these qualities? If she had said Sydney Carton, now, as does Ethel Clayton—

But Harry Myers, for one, is consistent. From his selection of "The Call of the Wild" as the novel he most likes, down to what, of all things, he most admires—which, before we go any farther, you must know is a perfect host—his tastes never swerve. "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Tchaikowsky's "1812 Overture" and English mutton chops arouse his enthusiasm, and, in men, he responds to good-fellowship and loyalty. Martial music, however, appeals to Gaston Bell not so much as Juliet's exquisite waltz in Gounod's opera; and Eleanor Blanchard avers—with a twinkling eye, let it be said—that she is undecided between "Too Much Mustard" and "Carmen." Florence Hackett sings snatches from a Gounod opera—"Faust"; while Ormi Hawley has a predilection for the impromptus of Chopin, and likes to enjoy her own blend of coffee while listening to them—dreaming, I suggested, of that ideal man who, she says, must be very tall and blond and have brains. Anyhow, she escapes the boredom of braggadocio and flattery. Nothing she loathes more than these—even should

they come from the man who might otherwise be the brainy, blond ideal.

But to get back to musical taste: Joseph Kaufman goes to hear every violinist of renown play Dvorak's "Humoresque." He never tires of it; it is everything to him. John Ince, tho, and Edward Peil find stimulation in light opera and musical comedy—the former in the Gilbert and Sullivan gem, "The Pirates of Penzance," and the latter in "The Prince of Pilsen." Arthur Johnson likes best to produce his own music—beating the drum, as he used to do when a boy at military school; and Lottie Briscoe, too, loves to play, on the baby grand piano, about which much has been written, Musetta's waltz from "La Boheme."

From music to perfumes is not such a long jump, for they are both potent means of inspiration. Justina Huff affects Coty's l'Origan; Rosetta Brice, d'Orsay's Fleurs d'Amour; Florence Hackett leaves a faint breath of lily-of-the-valley in her wake, as does Frankie Mann; while Anna Luther has discovered no scent more closely related to her personality than Houbigant's l'Idéale. Mildred Gregory, Ormi Hawley and Lottie Briscoe are careful users of Floramye, and Ethel Clayton receives from an English perfumer a special distillation of the honeysuckle of Surrey.

Cardinal Richelieu, who, by the way, Arthur Johnson tells me he regards as the greatest man in the world, confessed his susceptibility to agreeable perfumes; and King Edward VII, Gaston Bell's supreme figure in history, was of the same feeling. Joseph Kaufman, a staunch admirer of Disraeli both for the part he played in England's political history as well as his literary gifts, rates intelligence the most important of a man's qualities and womanliness the most precious gift his ideal must have. Fortitude commands his utmost respect; in fact, the world has nothing he admires more than this enviable possession. Edwin Barbour, the playwright and actor, naturally admires a well-written drama above everything, and that which bores him intensely is a talkative woman. In fact, it is largely talk of some kind, I find, that bores most people. Kempton Greene, for instance, abhors small talk and gossip; Earl Metcalfe shuns people who, in telling stories, avoid the main issue; Ethel Clayton shrinks from trivial egotism; while Anna Luther is indifferent to dull people filled with their own greatness. Frankie Mann, when I questioned her, uttered a paradox: "What bores me most? Why, people who dont interest me, of course." John Ince says that nothing bores him, because, he adds, he always escapes. Harry Myers is troubled not so much by what people say as by what they cannot express; he is exasperated by those who are slow to catch an idea. Lottie Briscoe finds only artificiality unbearable, whether it be in people or their work. Florence Hackett adores children above all the beauties and splendors of the earth, in this being not unlike Anna Luther. But Miss Luther specifies "pretty children." Brinsley Shaw goes farther and denominates one person who claims all his admiration—his wife. A wife, too, moves Florence Hackett to tenderness and tears—Desdemona—and her own motto might have been that of Othello's wife: "To err is human; to forgive, divine."

Earl Metcalfe's motto is typically a man's, and is that of his family, by the way—"We conquer." Edward Peil's conduct is accounted for in the simple "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Kempton Greene and Brinsley Shaw unite in realizing that success must follow the application of their axiom, "Know thyself"; while Arthur Johnson's sense of justice reflects itself in "Dare to do right." Under Frankie Mann's ebullition of spirits there is a vein of seriousness, for she says: "Within me there is more." The inspiration and ambition which are urging Harry Myers on to better work he finds in three words of Tennyson—"Follow the gleam."

Expression of the Emotions

BY

Eugene V. Brewster

This is the fourth of a series of articles, the first having appeared in the July issue

It is unfortunate, particularly for my younger readers, that I find it quite impossible, at all times, to make this series of articles as simple and free from scientific terms as I at first thought possible. There are certain questions that must be answered, and some of the answers must be more or less scientific. For example, a letter comes asking me if our muscles of the face, which we use in expression, were given to us by the Creator for that purpose. This is a mooted question. The authorities differ. Most of the writers seem to think that we came into existence in our present condition, all of us having the same kinds of muscles given to us. Sir C. Bell maintains that many of our facial muscles are "purely instrumental in expression," and are a special provision for that sole purpose. Gratiolet and Herbert Spencer deny this. We all know that apes are well supplied with facial muscles, which they use to make all kinds of grimaces, but that these same apes have very few emotions. Further, we now know that almost every muscle of the face has its use, regardless of expression. When we come to study just how we produce expression in the face, we will see that our facial muscles are brought into use by accident, as it were. Let us take the emotion of fear. Quoting from Spencer's "Principles of Psychology":

> Fear, when strong, expresses itself in cries, in efforts to hide or escape, in palpitations and tremblings; and these are just the manifestations that would accompany an actual experience of the evil feared. The destructive passions are shown in a general tension of the muscles, in gnashing of the teeth, in dilated eyes and nostrils, in growls; and these are weaker forms of the actions that accompany the killing of prey.

This theory explains a large number of expressions. When we experience some intense emotion, or are made to feel deeply on some subject that arouses our passions, our nerves are affected, and next our muscles. We clinch our fists, grind our teeth and contract all of our muscles involuntarily. It is an overflow of our feelings. Our excess nerve-force that has been generated must have an outlet, and it expends itself in muscular action. We are sometimes able to control it, however, and by force

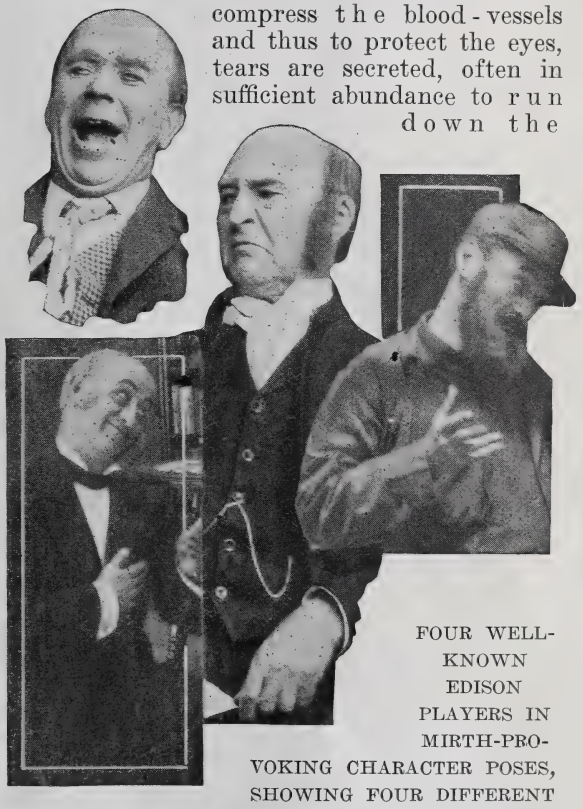
of habit we cause it to take effect in certain ways. For instance, we know that anger is relieved by expending our passion in cursing and shouting in angry tones or in wild gesticulations; and that when we are sad, crying tends to relieve us; and that when we are convulsed with mirth, laughter affords us relief. But it is quite probable that in all these cases some other form of muscular exertion would have relieved us just as well, were it not for the fact that long habit of ourselves and of our ancestors have made these forms of relief the most desirable. A severe electric shock has very much the same effect on our muscles as has some violent emotion, for in each case all the muscles of our body, face included, are severely contracted. Likewise, certain intense states of feeling, such as extreme physical pain and sudden terror. affect the muscles in precisely the same way. Again, as you have no doubt observed, sometimes it is hard to tell whether a person is about to laugh or to cry, because all the muscles of the face are brought into action in both cases But there is always a reason why we and our ancestors have found certain expressions more serviceable to express certain emotions, and it has now come to pass that we have practically a universal language of facial expression which nearly everybody understands. Even children soon learn to distinguish between a smile of affection and a cynical smile; between a frown and a scowl; between mock anger and real rage; between sincerity and hypocrisy, and so on. Facial expression has become a language that all understand. In our alphabet there is no reason why the letter *a* should be formed as it is, nor why the



THIS PICTURE NEEDS NO TITLE. THE EXPRESSION OF NORMA TALMADGE AND OF HUGHEY MACK TELL THE STORY

letter *o* should be a circle. Any other symbol would do just as well. If for any reason it was thought best to reverse the order and have the letter *o* represent the *a*, and the *a* represent the *o*, everybody would soon get accustomed to the new order. And it is almost equally true of some of the accepted forms of expression. For example, suppose that all of the people on earth agreed to substitute a smile for a frown, and a frown for a smile, and to make certain other kindred changes in expression. It would come very hard, it is true, after all the centuries of habit, but if every father and mother taught the new system faithfully to their children, the time would come when the present method of smiling would be forgotten, and everybody everywhere would express pleasure by the new method. This, of course, is only a theory. The point I wish to impress is that many of our expressions are only arbitrary. They are merely habits, just as kissing is a habit. In some countries kissing is unknown, and they have other methods of showing affection, such as rubbing noses together.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the foregoing theory does not hold true with all emotions, for some of our expressions are natural and have been formed from natural causes. For example, there is a certain sympathy between the eyes and ears, which is perfectly natural. Take the dog. During many generations, dogs, while looking intently at any object, pricked up their ears in order to hear any sound, and at the same time have looked intently in the direction of any sound they heard so as to perceive the object. The movements of these organs, the eyes and ears, have hence become firmly associated together thru long-continued habit. The fact of tears streaming down the face during violent sorrow or laughter is common to all races of mankind. This is perfectly natural, and no laws or attempted customs to the contrary could change it; because, as we have seen, a feeling is a stimulus to muscular action, and when the muscles round the eyes are strongly and involuntarily contracted in order to compress the blood-vessels and thus to protect the eyes, tears are secreted, often in sufficient abundance to run down the cheeks. Even elephants weep. Thus, there are many expressions of emotion that come natural to all animals and to all men, and which probably will always remain the same in ages to come. At the same time, as we become more cultured and rise higher and higher in the plane of civilization, we will not only learn new methods of expression, but will come to understand the old ones better.



FOUR WELL-KNOWN EDISON PLAYERS IN MIRTH-PROVOKING CHARACTER POSES, SHOWING FOUR DIFFERENT WAYS OF PRODUCING THE SAME EMOTION

One of the purposes of these

articles is to show the importance of making a serious study of expression. An artist expresses himself with his brush. We do not always understand him, and then we pronounce his work a failure. When Claude Monet first introduced his new school of painting, now known as the Impressionist school, he was laughed at; but that school now is universally recognized as artistic in the extreme. That is because we have learnt to understand his method of expression. A year or so ago another new school of art was introduced, called the "Cubist" and "Futurist" school. It was the subject of much unfavorable comment and derision, but possibly it was because the critics were not able to understand. The sculptor expresses himself by means of a chisel and a block of marble, but it depends on our education and understanding whether we are able to read in the finished product the innermost workings of the sculptor's soul. The poet expresses himself in a language all his own, and it is our duty to learn that language, or his lesson is lost to us. And so with the actor and with the photoplayer. They have made a life study of the art of expression. They express themselves in a language that should be, but which is not yet, universal. It is our duty to study that language. If we do not, the loss is ours.

Doubtless every person, old and young, who saw "Judith of Bethulia" (Biograph), appreciated the acting of Blanche Sweet, where she causes real tears to roll down her cheeks. That was an expression of emotion which everybody understood. But did everybody understand all the numerous other emotions that Miss Sweet depicted in that play? No, because many of us have not yet mastered the subject. It is a matter of education. Just as many of us cannot appreciate a great poem, or a great painting, or a great statue, so we are unable to recognize the artistry of the screen until we have made a study of the art of expression.

And expression is by no means confined to the face. The hands are wonderfully expressive. There are perhaps fifty different ways to pour a glass of vichy from a syphon. Mr. Costello showed us one way in "Dr. Smith's Baby," and he could have done it much more artistically if he desired. Just how a person would do this simple act depends on the kind of character he is, and no two persons would do it precisely the same. There are a hundred ways of doing the simple act of walking into a room and sitting down, and an artist like Mansfield could have done the whole hundred, and each way would be different. There is expression in every move, in every gesture, in every glance of the eye, in every movement of the facial muscles, and it is for the photoplayer to study them and for us to learn to understand them.

I wonder how many of our friends of the screen know the meaning of the muscles of the mouth. For example, under the feeling of disgust or contempt, there is a natural tendency, as Darwin notes, to blow out of the mouth or nostrils, which produce sounds like *pooh* or *pish*. And when we are startled or suddenly astonished, there is an instantaneous tendency to be ready for prolonged exertion, to open the mouth widely, so as to draw a deep and rapid breath. And when the next full respiration follows, the mouth is tightly closed, and the lips are somewhat protruded, which produces, according to Helmholtz, the sound of the vowel *O*. If pain is felt, together with surprise, there is a tendency to contract all the muscles of the body, including the muscles of the face, and the lips will then be drawn back, producing a higher sound of the character of *Ah!* or *Ach!* This fact shows the necessity of making a study of the art of expression. Many players leave everything to chance. They think that by working themselves up to the desired pitch, and by trying to feel the emotion that they desire to express, the muscles will take care of themselves and that their expression must of necessity har-

monize. This often proves a fatal mistake. They must remember that their emotion is only a simulated or make-believe one. They try to make themselves believe that they are suffering pain, for example, when they are not suffering at all. They try to imagine that they are suffering, but it is a mock suffering, and if they are not very careful they will make some glaring mistake in expression. And it may be a very important matter whether they say "Ah!" or "Oh!" And whether they clinch their fists, or rigidly extend their fingers, which may express two entirely different emotions.



ELSIE McLEOD IN VARIOUS CHARACTER POSES, DEPICTING DIFFERENT EMOTIONS

All acting is merely expression.



JAMES CRUZE DEPICTING FEAR

Some players are noted for their religious attention to detail. They study their "business" and are careful that it tends to give color to the character they are portraying. The lighting of a cigaret, or the taking of a pinch of snuff, at a critical moment in a serious case, is terribly expressive of a cold, heartless indifference, but, at the same time, it may go to show an assumed indifference that the character does not really feel, and he may be on the point of breaking down with grief or terror.

There is expression in the walk, in the swing of the arms, in the poise of the head, and in hundreds of little mannerisms, and often we have a character whose face must be always in rigid repose, who never frowns or laughs or smiles, and whose emotions are expressed everywhere except in his face.

It must be remembered that the far greater number of the movements of expression, and all of the more important ones, are innate or inherited. But certain other gestures, which seem to us so natural that we might easily imagine that they are innate, have apparently been learnt like the words of a language. For example, the joining of the uplifted hands and the turning of the eyes upward in prayer. Most of the expressions of emotion were first performed by our ancestors for some definite object, such as to escape some danger, to relieve some distress, or to gratify some desire, which comes under Darwin's first principle, noted in a previous article. Thus, those animals that fight with their teeth have acquired the habit of drawing back their ears closely to their heads, when feeling savage, from their progenitors having voluntarily acted in a similar manner in order to protect their ears from being torn by their antagonists, and it will be noted that those animals that do not fight with their teeth do not thus express a savage state of mind. Many similar habits of the human species may be traced directly to our brute ancestors, and these habits become what we now call expression of the emotions.

The reason that some players cannot successfully portray certain types of character is because they are physically or anatomically disqualified.



CHARACTERISTIC EXPRESSIONS

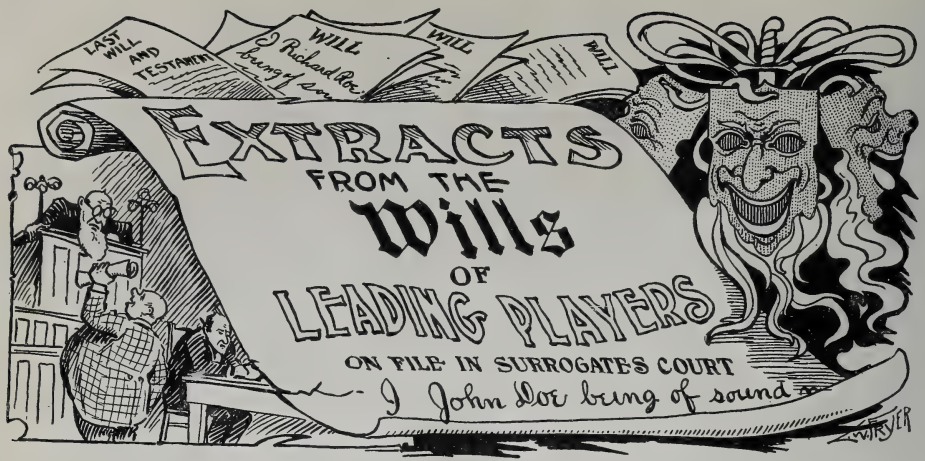
Ask any of the excellent pen-and-ink artists who contribute to this magazine to draw a picture of a brutal prize-fighter, and they will doubtless show a man with a low brow, thick neck and wide head. Why? Perhaps because we instinctively have come to recognize that type of character as the fighting kind. The bulldog and the lion are noted for their courage, while the deer and the hare, which have narrow heads, do not fight, but rely on their speed of foot to escape the enemy. But it must be noted that fighting proclivities are not necessarily dishonorable. It is noble to fight for a noble cause. Colonel Roosevelt is renowned the world over for his fighting ability. And we cannot take only one set of features and make an inflexible rule. We must take *all* the features. Otherwise we might have to place John Bunny in the list of fighters, and as we all know, he is not the combative kind. The face of Cissy Fitzgerald is remarkably mobile. So is Ford Sterling's. Alice Joyce's face is not. Mabel Normand is noted for her agility and vivaciousness. Lillian Walker excels in light parts, while Edith Storey is best in serious ones. Earle Williams is more serious and intense than is Warren Kerrigan, and Crane Wilbur is more agile than either. The Misses Gish have remarkably expressive faces, altho the play of emotions on their faces is not pronounced. Clara Young uses her facial muscles with telling effect, while Ormi Hawley and Ethel Clayton depend more on gesture, posture and actions for expression. Marc MacDermott has a mobile, expressive face which he uses with good judgment.



LOUIS R. MARANO HAS EXCELLENT CONTROL OVER HIS MUSCLES OF EXPRESSION

It is unfortunate that versatility is required of a successful photoplayer. Francis X. Bushman, for example, is required to be a young lover in one play, and a pickpocket in another, and an old shoemaker in another, and so on; and while this is interesting and emphasizes the "acting" abilities, it would be better if all players were more carefully selected for the parts they are to play.

(*To be continued*)



SINCE Mrs. Russell's book, "Here Lies," has become so popular, a number of wills have been sent to this department. The players will please take no offense at these remarks made by their admirers.

I, Earle Williams, do hereby bequeath my divine repose to those players who in strong scenes habitually give impersonations of a cross between a peeved hornet and a delirious windmill. *Witness:* Owaissa.

I, John Warren Kerrigan, do solemnly charge Arthur Victoria Johnson to go to my attic after my death, and there he will find a large piano-case. Unlock and open it and promptly destroy the bundles of love-sick lassies' letters which he will find therein, with the exception of one small parcel tied with blue ribbon, which he may keep and read. These are from his best girl to me.

I, Ford Sterling, bequeath to my good friend, John Bunny, my "swell" hat, my spectacles and whiskers, feeling that they will add much to his modest figure. *Witness:* William T. W.

I, Crane Wilbur, do leave to my little friend, William Russell, my bottle of eyebrow producer and my guaranteed pompadour raiser, hoping he will use them as freely as I have.

I, "Alkali Ike," do bequeath to my good friend, Arthur Johnson, my masterly ability to handle women, trusting that it may prove of value to him in subduing little Lottie.

I, Harry T. Morey, feeling my manly strength steadily decreasing, do herewith give and bequeath to my faithful companion, William Humphrey, my large and fierce-looking fists, which have long been the terror of the Vitagraph studio, hoping that he will benefit by their power and put same to good use in fighting his bloody battles.

I, Kathlyn Williams, do leave to my sweet little friend, Alice Joyce, a pair of the lions that have become so dear to me, hoping that they will prove faithful companions to her. I know that she will appreciate the loving gift.

I, W. Christy Miller, do herewith leave my sad and somber appearance to Billy Quirk, trusting that this little gift will tone down that smile of his that never seems to wash off.

I, Sidney Drew, do herewith leave my classic features and dainty feet to Maurice Costello, for I know that he has for many months envied same.

I, Arthur Ashley, do leave my passionate and impulsive embraces of a certain fuzzy-haired, blonde young lady to Jack Richardson, hoping that he will take the hint and put some warmth into his love-making.

I, Harry Myers, with many regrets and unshed tears, reluctantly leave to Rosemary Theby my precious pipe and pouch of my famous "rank" tobacco. True, she can never use them, but she can keep them on the mantel in remembrance of me. I feel that I cannot take them on with me, so must leave them behind me in good hands. *Witness:* Rita F.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

So numerous are the contributions becoming, so varied in subject, so appreciably finer in merit, that it would take a book the size of the entire magazine to accommodate them. To each and every one of them I extend a commending word. In the following, prize-winning letter, written by Miss Johanna Davis, 347 Forest Avenue, Avondale, Cincinnati, O., a truth is expressed in terms unusually gracile:

Applause stimulates, changes stolid mediocrity to fire, fire to talent, and talent to genius; this is a well-known fact. But, as the Motion Picture artists have lately proved to us, it is not necessary to genius. Yet the handsome lover, like Maurice Costello, or the gracious heroine, like Alice Joyce, does enjoy the appreciation of grateful audiences thru written tributes and in other ways. It is the finest artists, the funny men, the detestable villains, the suavely smiling scoundrels, the true character portrayers, who, on account of too realistic and therefore unpopular rôles, do not receive their just meed of praise. These few lines are a tribute to one of the least appreciated of these, to one of the most polished, most finished, most skillful character artists on the Motion Picture stage—to Marc MacDermott.

Besides being poetical, Charles Carlisle Simpson, of Wellsburg, W. Va., has proven himself, in the following grave advice, to be of real aid to humanity. Are all agreed?

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR REMOVING WRINKLES.



Tho your Rhodes are rough and cloddy,
Tho your hair is White as Snow,
If you ride this Sterling hobby,
Blithe and Young you're bound to grow.
And to Carey out my Storey
'Round the Bush I will not beat—
If you wish to find "reel" glory,
Reid the shadows on the sheet.

If you're Rich, a Tennant tiller,
Or an August Gardner Boss;
Yes, a Bushman, Mason, Miller,
A Sweet smile will come across.
If you Cruze around some Turner
Of the "real" show minus voice,
You'll become a Fuller yearner
For the pictures and re-Joyce.

If no picture show is handy,
Hitch old Bunny to the Shay;
That's the way Mack Jones Drew Andy,
Tho his hair was turning Gray.
But should Bunny be a balker,
And the Van should pull no Moore,
Things look Black—well, Rol-and Walk 'er—
There's a treat quite Grand-in store.

Airily, daintily, Mary Long, 915 East Madison Avenue, Youngstown, O., eulogizes Lillian Gish:

TO MISS LILLIAN GISH.



illian! rose of the garden,
Flower of eternal day,
There are oceans of joy in your smile,
That driveth our sorrow away.

A little too small for a Venus—
Oh, no! that is not as I wish;
We'll say that the goddess of old
Is too tall for a Lillian Gish.

Lillian! flower of the garden,
Sprinkled with morning dew,
I know that the Fates have decreed
A glorious future for you.

Amidst the beauties and gallants of the screen, F. J. G. has not forgotten the "Kiddies." She tells us so in

MOTION PICTURE KIDDIES.



ach month I read this magazine
And seldom have I seen
A little verse or kindly word
To children of the screen.

Dear little shadow children
Of the Motion Picture play,
Best greetings I am sending
To all of you today.

I wish all joy and happiness
That heaven can bestow
To all the little kiddies
Of the Motion Picture show.

No doubt many of the thousands made merry by Ford Sterling will join in the rousing cheer started by Sydney Russell in these lines:



our readers adore the screen heroes galore;
Fair maidens inspire the Muse;
But never a word from them all have I heard
For a man who dispels all the blues.
When his film is showing, the laugh's always going;
You cant keep it in if you try;
First a smile, then some more, then a laugh, then a ROAR—
Three cheers for Ford Sterling, say I.

If you dont know him well, you can easily tell
That it's he by the hair on his chin;
He gave little peace to the Keystone police—
As captain he had them "all in."
And thousands in sorrow have laughed on the morrow
At fun he alone can supply;
So I'd share half and half with the man full of laugh—
Three cheers for Ford Sterling, say I.

In "To an M. P. Idol" honesty conquers at the last—even as the idols themselves:

TO AN M. P. IDOL.



pity all the handsome men
That act in photoshows;
How they exist, I dinna ken—
Such rhymes the girls compose!
Will maidens ever give them peace?
Idolatry seems to increase.
'Twill never cease! With each release
The hero-worship grows!

The idols of the maidens fair
Make love in shady nooks;
Sweet vows declare, while posing there
Beside the rippling brooks;
Embrace the girls 'midst "Ohs!" and "Ahs!"
Go off the screen 'midst wild applause;
And maids adore them just because
They're young and have good looks.

The heroes dress in latest style;
Their eyes (I think) are blue,
And if they've dimples when they smile,
The maids make much ado;
If they have clustering, curly hair,
That parts to leave one temple bare,
And pretty teeth—— Oh, I dont care—
I'm crazy 'bout 'em, too.

Of the following anonymous contribution no explanation is necessary. Its wisdom is obvious; its import grave. I hereby commend it to old and young for its rhetorical value and sound philosophy:

FILMWOCKY.



was Pickford and the La Badie
Didst Cruze the Briscoe in the Moore.
MacDermott was the Flora Finch,
And Warren Kerrigan.
He took his Roland sword in hand;
Long time the August foe he sought.
So rested he by the Delaney,
And stood awhile in thought;
And from the Blackwell, Sidney Drew
The Wallie Van with eyes aflame.
Didst Betty Gray and William Shay
And Normand, as it came?
One-two! one-two! and thru and thru
The Roland sword went Vivian Rich.
Marguerite Snow and, too, Courtot,
And Bushman, Lillian Gish.
And hast thou slain the Kalem Ruth?
Come to my arms, my Baggot boy.
Oh, say not nay! Oh, Gene Gauntier,
Metcalfe, Anderson, Joyce.
'Twas Pickford and the La Badie
Didst Cruze the Briscoe in the Moore.
MacDermott was the Flora Finch,
And Warren Kerrigan.

The Spirit of the Play

By "JUNIUS"

WHAT is it that makes us say of a photoplay, "That was fine," or "That was poor"? There are some plays, like "Hearts Adrift" and "My Official Wife," that please practically everybody and are universally pronounced splendid, but there are others, like "The Painted World" (Vitagraph) and "The Forbidden Room" (Bison), that are pronounced poor, bad or mediocre, by some whose opinions are worthy of consideration. What is the standard of merit? Why do critics and close observers differ on plays like these, which some think are the acme of perfection? We hear a great deal about "punch," which is the trade way of saying "the exciting or interesting dramatic climax," and perhaps it is this element that goes to make up the verdict when we pass on the merits of a play. It is also true that many people, in passing judgment, merely ask themselves: "Did it please me?" If it did, it was fine; if it did not, it was poor. But this is not the scientific method. Let us enumerate a few of the elements that should go to make up a good photoplay:

1. A good, interesting story, well told.
2. Fine acting and clear characterization.
3. Artistic photography and picturesque settings.
4. Constantly increasing interest, and suspense or uncertainty as to the outcome.
5. A startling, thrilling, pleasing or interesting dramatic climax.
6. True to life and its probabilities.

While we sometimes pronounce a play excellent when it lacks one or more of these qualities, it is usually because the good points outweigh the bad. Some think that "The Christian" is the only play yet produced that contains all of these elements to a marked degree, but we must not forget that "Cabiria" and "Judith of Bethulia" contained several spectacular elements that were lacking in "The Christian"; yet "The Christian" has perhaps not been equaled for characterization and fine acting, while "Judith" contained practically but two characters.

There are, of course, other elements that enter into the matter. For example, "The Painted World" and "The Forbidden Room" contained all of the five qualities mentioned, excepting possibly the third, yet the themes were so horrible and grewsome that many of us would refuse to accept them as masterpieces. Then there is the element of morals. "The Forbidden Room" contains no moral that I remember, while "The Painted World" points a strong moral by showing us the shocking results of leading an immoral life. "A Florida Enchantment" (Vitagraph), while entertaining and well done, lacks the fifth and sixth qualities mentioned.

Many producers seem to think that every photoplay must contain some terrible disaster or hair-breadth escape, or daring deed, such as the wrecking of a train, the blowing up of a ship, or the falling from a high cliff; and that this sort of thing constitutes the so-called "punch." They were never farther from right. I can name a hundred photoplay masterpieces that contained no such thing, and the introduction of these catastrophes is often made to recompense for a poverty of dramatic ideas and good acting which are too often lacking. On the other hand, this very element, to some, is a necessary one, and without it the play is pronounced tame and uninteresting.

It will thus be seen that people are different, and that it is quite impossible to devise a yardstick of merit with which all plays can be measured. In succeeding articles I shall review the more important photoplays, so that my readers may have advance information of what is doing in the film world.



LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Gaby Deslys is doing a photoplay for the Famous Players, and Ethel Barrymore is doing "The Nightingale" for the All Star Company.

Vivian Rich has purchased a fast motor-car, and now she is a real "Flying A."

The Biograph are now releasing two extra plays every week, one a two-reeler.

Lubin now has a company at Newport, R. I., which includes Ormi Hawley, Edgar Jones, Earle Metcalf, Louise Huff, Kempton Greene, and others.

Irving Cummings and Mignon Anderson are not married and dont intend to be, and thereby hangs a tale. Irving will have his little joke, even if at the expense of a charming lady.

A new Rex company has come to life, with Pauline Bush, Lou Chaney and Joseph King on top.

Mary Charleson has left the Vitagraph, and Maurice Costello will have Estelle Mardo for his leading woman.

Latest war news: When the Vitagraph Company recently wanted a regiment of soldiers for a military feature, a certain director charged the hill to Fort Hamilton, interviewed the commandant—and came back soldierless. The next morning Edith Storey mounted her steed, gained entrance to the fort, saw the colonel and rode back with a supporting regiment. Who could resist such a cavalry charge?

In "The Masked Wrestler" (Essanay) Francis X. Bushman shows that he can wrestle quite as well as the professional champion, Charles Pestl.

The Chicago Censor Board has ordered that the flogging scene be cut out of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The children's morals must be protected!

"The Lure" has been filmed, and now "Damaged Goods" is under way. Alas, alack!

The Gaumont Company have presented President Wilson with a film showing scenes in which the late Mrs. Wilson and family appeared. The President was greatly pleased, for it added a drop of joy into his cup of sorrow.

Our gold prize this month goes to the author of "The Double Life"; second prize to the author of "The Blind Fiddler."

E. K. Lincoln, true to his name, might now become immortal by addressing the people on the European war.

Ethel Lloyd recently won a silver cup for the best dancing of all the Vitagraph players. Lillian Walker was a close second.

Denton Vane will now be seen in Vitagraph releases, and William Duncan, of the Selig Company, has joined the Western Vitagraph.

Florence Lawrence, of the Victor Company, has severed her connections with the Victor Company and is taking a short vacation.

Harry Benham played all the several parts in "Harry's Waterloo," one of which was a female part. King Baggot performed a similar feat some time ago.

All Pathé players have been discharged, except Paul Panzer, Crane Wilbur and Pearl White, who will be paid for each piece they do.

Among the many things an actor must do to please the public is this: Robert Harron had to reduce weight to play the leading rôle in a play.

Wallie Van is one of the best motor-boat experts in the country, and is general engineer for all of Commodore Blackton's world-beaters.

During these parlous war times, Essanay are having trouble holding E. H. Calvert down, who is a West Point graduate, a real captain and a veteran of the Cuban war.

Earle Williams is now to play opposite Anita Stewart, under the direction of Ralph Ince. By the way, Mr. Williams has at last joined the long procession of automobile owners.

One of the most serious losses of the year comes to Lubin. "Bennie of Lubinville" has been captured by the new Liberty Company. We (the press) mourn our loss.

Irene Warfield, late of the Essanay Company, is now with Lasky. Richard Travers is now a director, as well as an actor.

Bessie Learn is having a difficult time trying to get back to Edison. No, she was not discharged; but she is in Europe.

Audrey Berry must have been born under a lucky star. Altho only seven years old, one of her many male admirers has put aside a fortune, to be held in trust for her until her eighteenth birthday. And not only that, but asked her measurements, so as to have a doll made to remind her of what she was when she was young.

Now J. J. McGraw, the "Little Napoleon," manager of the Giants' baseball team, is to play Detective Swift, in the picture of that name, for the Eclectic Company.

A certain hold-up man in Los Angeles is nursing a sore jaw and other bruises as the result of an attempt to rob Ruth Roland. A clever ruse enabled the Kalem comedienne to distract the thief's attention, after which she gave him a demonstration of her skill in jiu jitsu.

A cool million in jewels and a three-thousand-dollar gown designed by "Lucille" (Lady Duff-Gordon) was worn by Alice Joyce in a Kalem drama which is to be issued shortly.

Rosemary Theby, Harry Myers, Edward Peil, Rosetta Brice, Anna Luther, Gaston Bell, Carol Halloway and Jack Halloway have left the Lubin Company.

Little Eldean Stewart, one of the five Stewarts of the Biograph, has rejoined Mary Pickford, with whom she played when she was two years old.

Harry Todd and Victor Potel are frequently seen out walking arm-in-arm, which shows that they are not always fighting and that you cant believe all you see on the screen.

Charles Ray (Kay-Bee-Broncho) has been doing so many "wayward son" parts and is so tired of it that he has written a photoplay for himself in which he is piously angelic.

Beverly Bayne, a $15,000 set of jewels and a $25,000 suite of furniture ought to make "Under Royal Patronage" (Essanay) worth seeing.

Helen Holmes has given up her zoo, and now her coyotes, wolf and big snakes will have to find new homes.

James Young has left the Vitagraph.

Guy Standing went to war, so "The Silver King" is postponed.

Charles J. Hite, president of the Thanhouser Company, was killed in an automobile accident on August 23d.

After seeing "A Florida Enchantment," a popular conception of Edith Storey will be that she is a fine, manly chap and that Sydney Drew is a sweet young thing and a perfect dear.

That very plump knight of the Vitagraph, John Bunny, has joined those of the footlights, but he will be back next year. Josie Sadler and James Lackaye have also left. Looks as if the Vitagraph is "reducing."

The Lubin Company are making a five-reel play in which Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw and son are featured.

Frank C. Griffin has left Lubin to direct for Ford Sterling. He confesses to be a good swimmer, altho he almost drowned while acting in "Lenape."

Claire Whitney, formerly of the Solax Company, is now at liberty.

A miniature in china of Naomi Childers has just been completed for the exhibition at the San Francisco Exposition.

No; Arthur Cozines and Ethel Cozzens, of the Vitagraph Company, are not cousins.

You might think that "Bill" Shea (Vitagraph) is a very wicked man because he threw twenty Chinamen off a roof, but he isn't.

When Roscoe Arbuckle (Keystone) was first weighed, the scales said 16½ pounds. The next time he weighed it was 295 pounds. The next time—well, he wont get weighed again, and prefers to grow in popularity.

Francelia Billington and Billie West are to be seen in "Thru the Dark," which is just the way stars should be seen.

Helen Gardner is playing in a big feature soon to be released by the Vitagraph.

Carlyle Blackwell's new company is the "Favorite Players Film Company," and their first play will be "The Key to Yesterday," in four reels. Edna Mayo is his leading woman.

Miriam Nesbitt (Edison), having captured first prize in a "Maxixe" contest, is now eligible for membership in the "Terpsichorean Society."

Flora Finch was recently overcome by the heat at the Vitagraph studio, and it was necessary for her to take a week's rest.

The Lubin Company is producing a series of pictures, "The Beloved Adventurer," in which Lottie Briscoe and Arthur Johnson are starring.

Pauline Bush now has a company of her own, under the Universal brand, and her first picture is "Her Bounty."

Chad Fisher, a Vitagraph camera man, was killed by lightning while taking a picture in Yonkers, and Lillian Herbert and Director Lambart were also severely injured.

Winifred Greenwood has just done "Lola," which is her first picture since she was injured in a motor-cycle accident.

An ardent baseball fan is Irene Boyle, the dainty little Kalem star. She is the mascot of the Kalem baseball nine, and her encouragement has helped them win almost every game this season.

The Photoplay Clearing House's prize for the best photoplay received this month is awarded to Arthur E. Luzzi, 229 West Fifty-first Street, New York City, for his four-reel international drama, "The Climax."

Mary Fuller is still at Shohola, Pa.

Helen Holmes' admirers will shortly have the opportunity of seeing their favorite actress in a series of railroad stories now being produced by Kalem. The series will be called "The Hazards of Helen."

Pacific Coast society is taking an interest in G. M. Anderson's pretty little leading woman, Marguerite Clayton, who is kept busy these days accepting invitations.

All players should read "The Reward of Thrift" and heed the lesson that it teaches. Watch out for the rainy day, because it is as sure to come as the rainy film.

Earle Foxe is now with the Selig Company.

Alice Hollister proves, in "The Devil's Dansant," that as a dancer of the Argentine she has few equals.

The Great Artist Contest

First Honors Go to Earle Williams and Clara Kimball Young

At noon on August 20th the greatest contest that has yet been conducted was closed, and a corps of clerks began the work of counting ballots. It was soon discovered that there were one or two important changes in the standing of the players. Miss Young, who was fourth last month, gradually increased her lead, until finally she caught and passed Miss Pickford and even Mr. Kerrigan. Crane Wilbur lost fifth place, among the men players, Francis Bushman just beating him out. Mary Fuller lost second place for ladies to Mary Pickford, who has gradually been increasing her lead lately. There were a few more changes, but most of the players remain in about the same positions as last month. It is a remarkable thing that over eleven million votes were cast in this election, and it must be remembered that we offered no inducements whatever to encourage voting, such as a large number of votes for a certain number of subscriptions, etc., nor did we offer any prizes for the winners. The election was therefore as fair as an election could be. While we tried to induce our readers to vote for artistic merit only, we must admit that the elements of personal magnetism, popularity, and heroic glamor have entered largely into the balloting. This may account for the fact that several of our best artists are far down on the list and that two or three are not on it at all.

We congratulate the winners, and to each and every one of the many who did not succeed in getting on the list of one hundred great artists we extend our compliments, and sincerely hope that in the next contest they will leave their rivals far in the rear.

HERE ARE THE ONE HUNDRED GREATEST ARTISTS AND THEIR VOTES

Earle Williams (*Vita*)	487,295	
Clara K. Young (*Vita*)	442,340	
Mary Pickford (*F. P.*)	437,670	
Warren Kerrigan (*Univ*)	435,355	
Mary Fuller (*Uni*)	385,870	
Marguerite Clayton (*Essanay*)	320,050	
Arthur Johnson (*Lu*)	295,110	
Alice Joyce (*Kalem*)	253,090	
Carlyle Blackwell (*Alco*)	246,790	
F. X. Bushman (*Es*)	233,555	
Crane Wilbur (*Pathé*)	232,750	
Edith Storey (*Vita*)	215,855	
Florence Lawrence	188,975	
King Baggot (*Imp*)	186,715	
Anita Stewart (*Vita*)	184,180	
Romaine Fielding (*Lu*)	181,580	
Maurice Costello (*Vit*)	169,145	
Lottie Briscoe (*Lu*)	164,130	
G. M. Anderson (*Ess*)	162,675	
Florence Turner (*F.T.*)	151,965	
Blanche Sweet (*Rel*)	142,320	
Vivian Rich (*Amer*)	134,295	
Lillian Walker (*Vita*)	129,760	
True Boardman (*Ess*)	124,530	
Norma Talmadge (*Vit*)	115,760	
Pauline Bush (*Univ*)	111,000	
Florence LaBadie (*Th*)	109,615	
Thomas Moore (*Kal*)	100,305	
Ethel Clayton (*Lubin*)	94,150	
James Cruze (*Than*)	93,835	
Ormi Hawley (*Lubin*)	92,550	
Harry Myers (*Univ*)	90,415	
Edwin August (*E.A.Co.*)	87,765	
Rosemary Theby (*Uni*)	76,645	
Beverly Bayne (*Ess*)	74,535	
Pearl White (*Pathé*)	72,200	
Ben Wilson (*Univ*)	72,175	
Owen Moore (*Maj*)	70,925	
Leah Baird (*Vita*)	70,575	
E. K. Lincoln (*P. P.*)	70,525	
Mabel Normand (*Key*)	68,480	
Leo Delaney	68,060	
Julia S. Gordon (*Vita*)	67,270	
Gertrude McCoy (*Ed*)	66,210	
Augustus Phillips (*Ed*)	62,420	
Kathlyn Williams (*Sel*)	61,445	
Anna Q. Nilsson (*Kal*)	60,535	
Jessalyn Van Trump	59,930	
Marguerite Snow (*Th*)	59,780	
Dorothy Kelly (*Vita*)	59,095	
William Shay (*Imp*)	57,380	
Guy Coombs (*Kalem*)	57,080	
Jack Richardson (*Am*)	57,075	
Irving Cummings (*Th*)	57,005	
Wallace Reid (*Maj*)	55,915	
Marc MacDermott (*Ed*)	55,825	
Ruth Roland (*Kalem*)	55,580	
Frederick Church (*Un*)	54,160	
Henry Walthall (*Rel*)	53,625	
Wallie Van (*Vita*)	51,090	
Mary Charleson	50,215	
Mary Maurice (*Vita*)	49,040	
Harry Benham (*Than*)	45,040	
James Morrison (*Vita*)	44,130	
Claire McDowell (*Bio*)	44,030	
John Bunny (*Vita*)	43,870	
Earle Metcalfe (*Lu*)	43,710	
Billie Rhodes (*Kalem*)	43,465	
Harry Carey (*Prog*)	42,550	
Betty Gray (*Bio*)	42,475	
Marg. Courtot (*Kal*)	42,280	
Bessie Eyton (*Selig*)	41,905	
Muriel Ostriche (*Prin*)	41,770	
Sidney Drew (*Vita*)	41,675	
Octa. Handworth (*Ex*)	41,660	
Walter Miller (*Vic*)	41,290	
Phillips Smalley (*Bos*)	41,270	
Yale Boss (*Edison*)	40,940	
Mabel Trunnelle (*Ed*)	40,120	
Marg. Fischer (*Beauty*)	39,200	
Lois Weber (*Bos*)	38,780	
Ethel Grandin (*Small*)	37,700	
William Russell (*Bio*)	37,380	
Ford Sterling (*F. S.*)	36,575	
Edward Coxen (*Amer*)	35,920	
Lillian Gish (*Mutual*)	34,180	
Chester Barnett (*War*)	33,300	
Ruth Stonehouse (*Ess*)	33,120	
Harold Lockwood (*F. P.*)	32,465	
W. C. Miller (*Bio*)	32,135	
Richard Travers (*Ess*)	30,820	
Harry Morey (*Vita*)	28,685	
Louise Lester (*Amer*)	27,420	
Barbara Tennant	26,320	
Alice Hollister (*Kal*)	26,195	
Flora Finch (*Vita*)	25,045	
Rogers Lytton (*Vita*)	25,025	
E. H. Calvert (*Ess*)	24,915	
Mae Marsh (*Mut*)	24,905	
Edgar Jones (*Lubin*)	24,805	
Charlotte Burton (*Am*)	24,605	

$100 Prize Photoplay Contest

A New Kind of Competition in Which Each Contributor Writes for His or Her Favorite Player

THE Great Artist Contest has drawn to a close, and the results of this most interesting and significant ballot of popular favor is announced on the preceding page.

As promised to our readers, the One-Hundred-Dollar Prize Photoplay Contest now steps upon the stage, in which the leading players of the Great Artist Contest will appear in prize-winning photoplays written by readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

For the best photoplay written for Earle Williams and Clara Kimball Young, the winners of the Great Artist Contest, one hundred dollars in gold will be paid, and lots of other prizes will be offered for the best photoplays featuring the leading players of other companies.

The result of the Great Artist Contest shows that the following players are eligible for the One-Hundred-Dollar Prize Photoplay Contest: Mary Fuller and Warren Kerrigan (Universal), G. M. Anderson and Marguerite Clayton (Western Essanay), Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe (Lubin), Alice Joyce and Tom Moore (Kalem), Crane Wilbur and Pearl White (Pathé), Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne (Essanay), Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall (Mutual), Edith Storey and Maurice Costello (Vitagraph), Gertrude McCoy and Augustus Phillips (Edison), Florence LaBadie and James Cruze (Thanhouser), Vivian Rich and Jack Richardson (American).

An opposite player was not voted for for the following great artists, but scenarios may be written for them unattached: Mary Pickford (Famous Players), Romaine Fielding (Western Lubin), Carlyle Blackwell (Carlyle Blackwell Players), Claire McDonald (Biograph), King Baggot (Imp), Edwin August (E. A. Co.), Kathlyn Williams (Selig), Mabel Normand (Keystone), Marguerite Fischer (Beauty), Muriel Ostriche (Princess), Ethel Grandin (Smallwood), Ford Sterling (Ford Sterling Co.).

There will probably be fifteen or more prizes for photoplays to be paid for and accepted at their regular rates by the studios whose artists have won places in the Great Artist Contest. These photoplays will be known as "Prize Plays of the Great Artist Contest," and their authors will receive recognition on the screen, in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in the trade papers, newspapers and theatrical reviews.

The unused photoplays will be returned to the competitors immediately after the announcement of the prize-winners, and the contestants may submit them to the studios for purchase direct, or may send them to the Photoplay Clearing House, who will act as their agent in the disposing of their product.

The rules have been made as simple as possible, and are as follows:

(1) Photoplays may be submitted in detailed synopsis form or as complete photoplays. Only one and two-reel photoplays are desired. Each contestant may submit not more than two photoplays, and no employees of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or any Motion Picture company may compete.

(2) Photoplays should feature two predominant principals: a leading man player and a leading woman player of the same company, except as aforesaid.

(3) No type of play is barred, but contestants should use discretion. Comedies are not wanted for dramatic actors, nor vice versa, and foreign and inaccessible locations are not generally favored by the manufacturers.

(4) Photoplays should be typewritten, and mailed folded, not rolled.

(5) Photoplays should be addressed to Editor Prize Photoplay Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.



MARY PICKFORD



MABEL TRUNNELLE





Mabel Normand





PANZER



GANE



PRIOR



SHAY



CLARA K. YOUNG

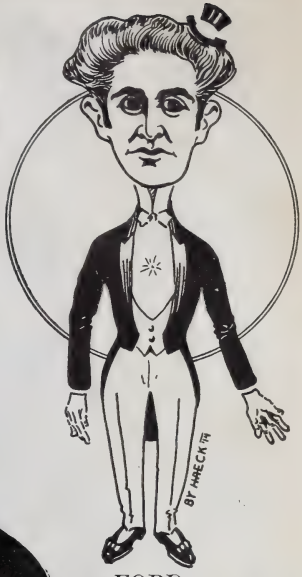




LOCKWOOD



KATHLYN WILLIAMS



FORD



AYRES



BRENNAN



MIRIAM NESBITT



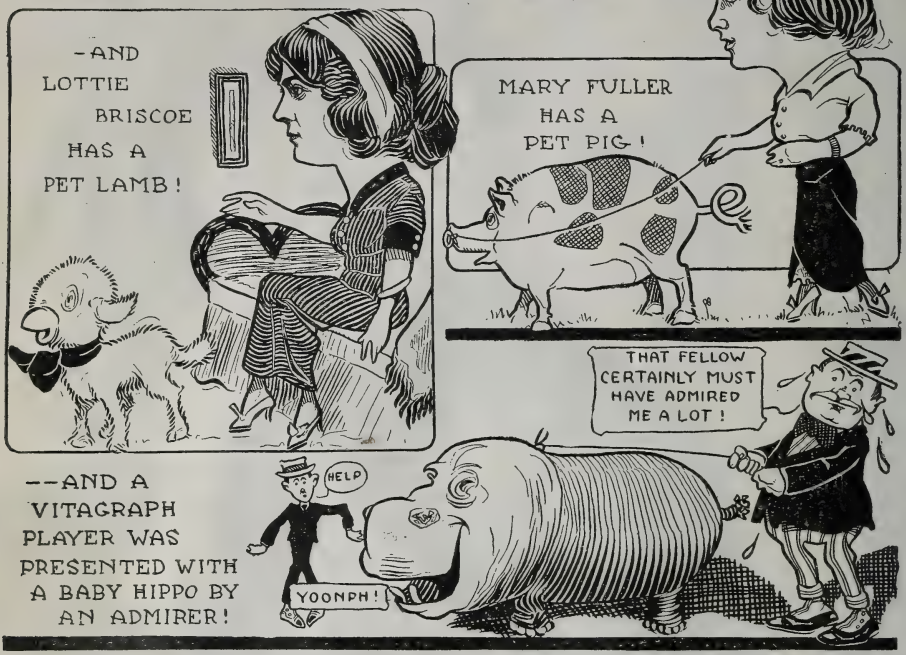
RUTH STONE-HOUSE





MORRISON

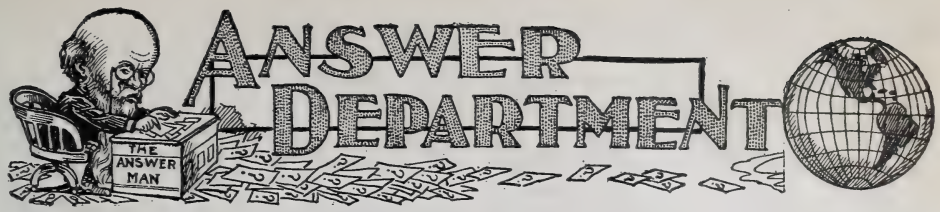
NOW THAT



DONT BE SURPRISED IF YOU SEE



FANS, FANS, ATTENTION! IF YOU WANT TO MAKE YOUR FAVORITE PLAYER HAPPY, SEND HIM OR HER A NICE LITTLE WILD ANIMAL!



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

MARY ELLEN.—Louise Huff in "Love's Long Lane" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin, and L. Shumway was the son in "A Father's Heart" (Lubin). Nancy Averill and Robert Frazer in "Steel" (Eclair). Romona Langley was the mother, and Lee Moran leading man in "Won by a Skirt" (Nestor). Barbara Tennant was the nurse, and Alec Francis was Elmer in "For Better or Worse" (Eclair). Your letter will be continued later.

ALMA B.—George Morgan was the son in "Science of Crime" (Biograph). Velma Whitman was leading woman in "The Girl of the Cafés" (Lubin).

RUTH MAC.—W. Gorman was Polly in "If It Had Not Been for Polly" (Biograph). Dorothy Davenport was the girl in "The Mountaineer." J. W. Johnson was Tom in "Dead Men's Tales" (Eclair). Arline Pretty was Ruby in "The Fatal Step" (Imp). Marie Walcamp was Marie, and Herbert Rawlinson was Roy in "Won in the Clouds" (Selig).

GOLDEN ROD.—Rosemary Theby had the lead in "Madame Coquette." Irene Warfield will be chatted in time.

VALETA W.—That is one way to make money—to marry, but it is a meaner way than to counterfeit it. Edith Storey was Ellen, Ralph Ince her father, and Harry Northrup was Sir Roderick in "The Lady of the Lake" (Vitagraph).

LELAH K.—Address Helen Costello in care of the Vitagraph. Guy Oliver had the lead in "Outwitted by Billy" (Selig).

ANNA B.—Louise Beaudet is still with Vitagraph. She is very clever in "My Official Wife" (Vitagraph).

GIRLIE U.—Ella Hall was the girl. L. Shumway played double rôle in "Candidate for Mayor" (Lubin).

EVELYN B.—Owen Moore is not with Famous Players, but with Majestic. We have never published a picture of Cecilia Stanton.

YETTA W.—The Strand Theater is on Broadway at Forty-sixth Street, and is now devoted entirely to photoplays. It changes its program once a week. A very handsome theater. Stella Razetto was the wife, and Guy Oliver the husband in "The Mistress of His House" (Selig).

GERTRUDE E. W.—James Morrison was the son in that Vitagraph. If the photoplay, "The Lure," is as bad as the stage play, I dont want to see it.

J. C. W., SYRACUSE.—Harry Lonsdale was John in "Two Girls" (Selig). No, we do not print, bind and ship the magazines in this building. That is done at 61 to 67 Navy Street, around the corner from here.

SPEED, CHICAGO.—Adele Lane was the girl in "The Right to Happiness" (Selig). Sid Smith was the brother. William Scott was Dan. Stella Razetto was Ann in "The Schooling of Mary Ann."

ARLETTE M.—Marion Leonard is producing her own plays, Classon Avenue, Brooklyn.

RONI, MOBILE.—Allen Forrest was the son, and Ella Hall the sweetheart in "The House Discordant" (Rex). Dorothy Davenport was the girl in "Countess Betty's Mine" (Nestor). Mabel Trunnelle had the lead in "The Southerners" (Edison).

ELIZABETH F.—Velma Whitman was the girl in "The Girl of the Cafés" (Lubin). Sessue Hayakawa was Koto in "A Relic of Old Japan" (Domino).

MABEL F.—Edward Peil opposite Ormi Hawley in "Two Roses" (Lubin). Billie O'Brien and Reaves Eason in "Sparrow of the Circus" (American).



THE EVOLUTION OF A "REEL" FAN

GOLDIE S. L.—Say, I think you are getting rather frisky. Why not be just a wee bit respectful for a change?

PEGGY A. K.—Gertrude Bambrick was Cynthia in "As It Might Have Been" (Biograph). That was a good example of the law's delay, but how about the trial of Warren Hastings, which lasted ten years—from 1786 to 1795?

ENID L.—You refer to Wallace Reid in "Pride of Lonesome" (American). Ethel Davis was the girl in "The Romance of an Actor." Betty Gray with Biograph.

VYRGYNYA.—So you dont call the days in September rare? You say they are well done—quite true. I really dont know what you should do. Your little song, "Why doesn't it rain Jack Kerrigan into my house?" is wonderful. You know that with rain there usually comes a storm.

MIRIAM J.—Thanks for the chicken and rose-leaves. I prefer the real thing. Yes, there is perhaps too much liquor-drinking in the pictures, but then, they should be true to life, and there you are. As Dr. Aldrich says, "If on my theme I rightly think, there are five reasons why men drink: good wine, a friend, or being dry, or lest they should be by-and-by, or any other reason why."

ALLEN L. R.—I really cant tell you who the "fellow who acts so crazy in the Keystone" is. There are so many of them. Most houses charge 10 cents admission in New York, but some charge 15 and 25.

MARIE E.—Louise Glaum was the girl in "Chasing the Smugglers" (Kalem). Blessings on you, my child.

GUSSIE H.—Frances Ne Moyer was Rosie, and Robert Burns was the florist in "Roses for Rosie" (Majestic). Dick Cummings was the grandfather in "Just a Song at Twilight" (Majestic). Walter Edwards was Armand, Barney Sherry was Pierre, and Joseph Frauz was José in "So Shall Ye Reap" (Frontier).

MILLICENT H. F.—William Bowers was the fat boy in "Fire! Fire!" (Lubin). Babe Hardy was the boob cop in "The Female Cop" (Lubin). Louise Huff was the girl in "The Inscription" (Lubin). Ernest Shields was Mr. Green in "Pay the Rent" (Joker).

OLGA, 17.—You call me a dear, moss-grown old fellow, and then expect me to answer nine questions. Always rub the fur the right way to make the cat purr.

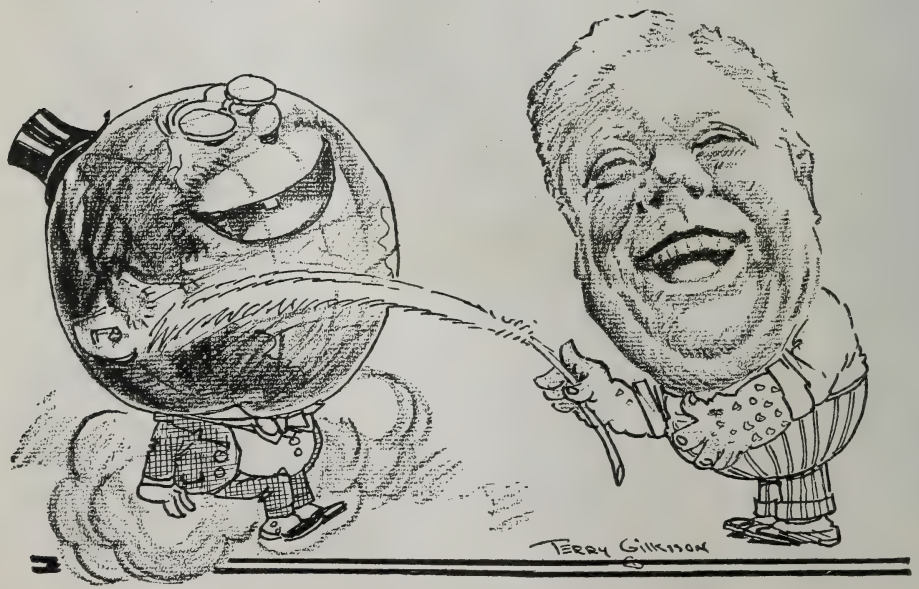
MARY M., CINCINNATI. — Marguerite Clayton has not left for the stage. She is playing regularly opposite G. M. Anderson. Yes, to your last question.

LIPPIE.—George Morgan was the doctor, and Louise Vale was the broker's wife in "The Ethics of the Profession" (Biograph). Edward Peil opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Price" (Lubin).

ELFRIEDA.—Enid Markey in the Kay-Bee. The other questions have been answered before. Ray Gallagher in "The Masked Rider" (Powers). You would be happier if you looked up more, and down less. It's the looking down that makes us dizzy. Look up and cheer up.

DOROTHY E., AUCKLAND. — Gladden James was the son of money in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). E. K. Lincoln in "The Lost Millionaire" (Vitagraph).

ENAKOPS.—Rosetta Brice and Ruth Bryant were the girls in "The Greater Treasure" (Lubin). Eva Nelson was the girl in "The Bathhouse Beauty" (Keystone). Yes, that's what I meant, eleven.



BUNNY LAUGHS, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH HIM

W. T. H.—I hope then that you never get in focus of the incandescent brightness, scintillating brilliancy and iridescent glory of Clara Young's lamps, for I would lose one of my most valued correspondents. I guess Vera Sisson was born on the Fourth of July. I have often observed the strong resemblance between Marguerite Gibson, of the Western Vitagraph, and Ethel Clayton, only the latter is a size older. Yes, I have eight scrapbooks, but I am no prize-fighter.

Edith S.—Betty Gray was Miriam, and Vivian Prescott was Rachel in "Woman Against Woman" (Biograph). Miss Ellis was the mother, and Harry Lonsdale was the father in "Two Girls" (Selig). Lafayette McKee was the colonel in the Kathlyn pictures.

Frederick.—Rene Alexandre opposite Madame Robinne in "For Love Is Life" (Pathé). George Morgan was the violinist in "Melody and Art" (Biograph). Grace Cunard was Nell in "The Return of the Twin's Double" (Universal).

Geo. W. S.—I believe Edward Dillon is still with Biograph. Sorry you dont approve of Harry Myers as a lady acrobat. I thought he was just too cunning!

Sylvia G.—Yes; Mary Pickford is the best drawing-card, but it does not follow that she is the best artist. Those Keystone players certainly earn their salaries.

B. S. S., Chicago.—Rosetta Brice and John Ince had the leads in "Cruel Revenge" (Lubin). William Russell and Irene Howley in "Bondage of Fear."

Helen L. R.—Yes, that was Arthur Johnson in "The Two Boys" (Biograph). Miss Post was Mrs. Seymour in "The Speedway of Despair." Shall see about a chat with William Bailey. James Ross was the father in "The Cabaret Dancer."

Bernice B.—Marie Weirman was Beatrice in "The Evil Men Do" (Vitagraph). Mary Charleson was Margaret. Murdock MacQuarrie was everybody's friend in "The Hope of Blind Alley" (Universal). J. Rogers Lytton was Baron Friedrich in "My Official Wife" (Vitagraph). Earle Williams was Sacha. Yes, write to them.

Polly P.—Lillian Gish was Jane in "Battle of the Sexes" (Mutual). So you really spoke with Mr. Kerrigan.

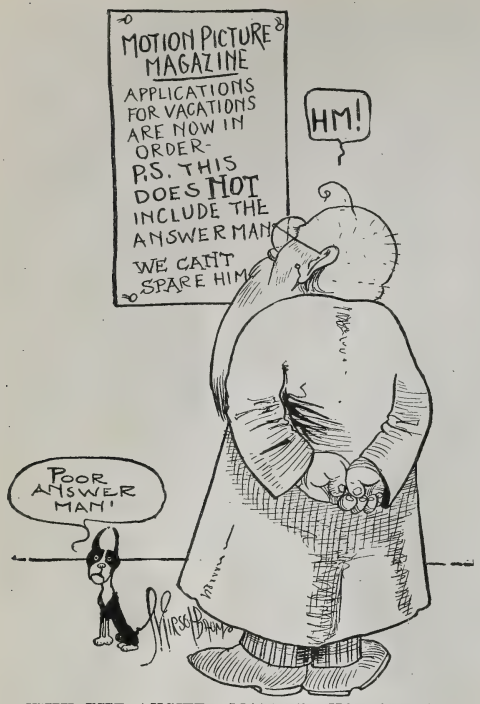
Joseph C.—Mabel Trunnelle was Doris in "Across the Burning Trestle" (Edison). Pauline Bush was the girl in "The Hope of Blind Alley" (Universal). Harry Morey was Lennox, and Clara Young was the wife in "My Official Wife." Ruth Stonehouse in "Nighthawks" (Essanay).

Ruth A. J.—Boyd Marshall was the husband in "When the Cat Came Back" (Princess). The child is the Thanhouser Kidlet. Read my chat with Bunny, and you will see. When I first saw him, I picked him up in my arms and kist him on the brow, saying, "Come to my arms, my beaming boy, I am proud of you." And then he beamed. I am twenty years his senior, and I felt like a father to him.

Arthur J.—Morris Foster and Ethel Jewett had the leads in "Remorse" (Thanhouser). Charles Chaplin in that Keystone. Rube Miller was Hecker in "A Gambling Rube" (Keystone).



END OF PART I; PART II WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY



WHY THE ANSWER MAN DID NOT GET A VACATION THIS SUMMER

MILLY.—Vivian Prescott was Sarah in "Man's Enemy" (Biograph), while Franklin Ritchie was Tom. Miss Berner was Aunt Sarah in "The Accomplished Mrs. Thompson" (Vitagraph).

ABE, 99.—I have not been able to get Leah Baird's prescription for reducing, but, anyway, it beats Ormi Hawley's. The play you refer to is not a Selig. Impossible to tell you how many question marks appear in my mail every day.

LOTTIE D. T.—That was not a Selig. Louise Willis and Eddie Redway had the leads in "Pat Casey's Case" (Essanay).

FLOSSIE W.—Mary Fuller does not live in Brooklyn, but in New York City. She is now in Pennsylvania.

NORINE H.—Joe King was McCarthy in "The Salvation of Nance O'Shaughnessy" (Selig). William Ehfe was the husband in "Love's Sacrifice" (Kay-Bee). Germany is a limited monarchy, and so are Belgium and Austria-Hungary. Russia is an absolute monarchy.

MISS B. B.—Jennie MacPherson was the girl in "The Moth and the Flame" (Pathé). Mae Marsh was the maid in "For the Son of the House" (Biograph).

MARY M.—I hear from many others that they are getting tired of the so-called slapstick comedies of the Keystone and of which there are now so many very bad imitations. Elsie Greeson was the girl in that Majestic. Charlotte Fitzpatrick was Charlotte in "Kid Love" (Keystone).

EVELYN C. L.—Louise Huff and Edgar Jones had the leads in "A Pack of Cards" (Lubin). Isabelle Rae opposite Alan Hale in "By the Old Dead Tree" (Biograph).

A. H.—Thank you; how did you know that I chew gum? Alan Hale was the jeweler in "The Curse of the Opals."

BLONDY, CHICAGO.—Mabel Normand was the girl in "Mack at It Again" (Keystone). I dont know which is worse, a crowing hen or a cackling rooster.

STELLA E. E.—Edna Goodrich is going to star in a Lasky film. (Looks like Russian for *alas*, doesn't it?) Harry Morey was Arthur in "My Official Wife" (Vitagraph). All Mary Pickford plays will be shown in most of the smaller towns.

PERLE G.—Sorry, but I haven't those Universals.

MARY B.—Rosetta Brice and John Ince in "The Greater Treasure" (Lubin). Ruth Bryant was Rose in the same. Alfred Vosburgh and Hazel Buckham in "A Wartime Mother's Sacrifice" (Broncho). Your letter is a gem.

ZILLAH.—Laura Sawyer was Kate, and William Chamberlin was the son in "An Hour Before Dawn" (Famous Players). Haven't Laura Sawyer's present whereabouts. George Cooper was Steven in "The White Feather" (Vitagraph). You refer to "The Episodes at Cloudy Cañon," by Essanay. Edwin Carewe was Dave in "Into the Light" (Lubin).

SHALOTT C.—Haven't the author and director of "She Never Knew." Much obliged for all you say. Of course I agree with you. About half of the world's sugar production is beet sugar.



M. P. ACTOR—I am going to get a big write-up—that fellow over there has been questioning me for the last half-hour. Do you know him?

ONLOOKER—Do I? I've been his keeper for the last twelve years.



"Waffor dat Phœbe Snow so stuck up de las' few days?"

"Huh! Y'u dunno? Dey used huh ole man fo' de horribul 'xambul fo' de Movin' Pitchers, an' sence dat she so stuck up she don' know dis pusson no mo', huh!"

L. M. Car.—The play is too old. I saw the "Lambs' Gambol" and liked it, but it was too long drawn out. Niagara Falls are only 164 feet high, but they have no equal anywhere. The falls at Sutherland, New Zealand, are 1,904 feet high.

Dorothy M.—Victor have a studio in Hollywood, Cal., and one in New York. Famous Players have a studio in New York. Vitagraph have one in Santa Monica, Cal., and one in Brooklyn.

Anna M.—The reason we dont have gallery pictures of the players you mention is because we dont get photographs good enough to use. If I were a player, I would spend at least $50 every three months on photographs. Betty Gray was the girl in "In the Nick of Time."

Anita M.—You failed to enclose the stamped, addressed envelope for the list.

Thelma C.—William Garwood was the brother in "Feast and Famine" (American). That's a funny part to play when you have an onion patch. Clara Kimball Young and Mary Anderson and Eulalie Jensen in "My Official Wife" (Vitagraph). They tell me that "Uncle Bill" is the best comedy that has ever been done. Donald Hall was the uncle, and Billy Quirk has a good part. You will see it soon. Harry Benham in "The Miser's Reversion" (Thanhouser).

John V. L.—The General Film Service is more expensive. The Licensed companies release more plays than do the Mutual or Universal.

Jeanne L.—Morris Foster was Joseph in "Deborah" (Thanhouser). Tom Powers is in Europe, and I haven't Charles West's whereabouts. Letters like yours are scarce.

M. M. S., Galveston.—Franklin Ritchie was the financier, and George Morgan the doctor in "Ethics of the Profession" (Biograph). George Morgan in "The Idiot."

Anthony.—Go to the head of the class. Hi ho! So you want the Pest to write to you. Mary Charleson is still playing. Joseph Kaufman was Rosemary Theby's husband in "The Drug Terror" (Lubin).

Mary Ellen.—My child, you mustn't ask twelve questions in a four-page letter. Home-run Baker and Marguerite Courtot in "Home-run Baker's Double" (Kalem). L. Shumway and Mrs. Burbridge in "Vengeance Is Mine" (Lubin). Robert Chandler, Richard Coburn, Sylvia Ashton and Billie Rhodes in "And the Dance Went On" (Kalem). Justina Huff and Joe Smiley in "The Living Fear" (Lubin). Others will follow.

Titanic.—Dorothy Gibson is not in Moving Pictures now.

Donald D. T.—Margaret Gibson and Alfred Vosburg had the leads in "The Last Will" (Vitagraph). Charles Horan was Nicholas in "The Golden Cross" (Thanhouser). May Buckley is not playing. Dave Morris in "The Hop Head's Dream" (Biograph). Murdock MacQuarrie and Pauline Bush in "The Forbidden Room."

W. T. H., Chicago.—*Gaybee Daylee* is correct, I believe. I am not editor of Greenroom Jottings, but I sometimes jot once or twice. You're right—Anita Stewart did not have that suit on her hands, but had her hands in the pockets, which is perfectly natural for a woman.



Mrs. Jones—Mr. Green wants to know if you are going to the club tonight.

Mr. Jones—Tell him nothing doing. I've got some very important business on hand.

ADELE 15.—I advise you to stick to high school and to take up art later. David Griffith is supposed to be the greatest director of the day.

OLGA, 17.—With springs in her slippers and bells on her toes—that's Mabel Normand. So you want to know full particulars about young Crane Wilbur. Write to Thomas Chatterton for particulars.

LA ROCHEA.—Marguerite Gibson was the daughter in "The Riders of Petersham" (Vitagraph). Edward Earle was Paul in "The Unopened Letter" (Edison). Frank Trevor was Arthur in "The Mystery of the Fadeless Tints" (Edison).

CECIL P.—Claire McDowell was the wife in "For Auld Lang Syne" (Biograph). I believe Mount Everest, in Asia, is the highest—29,002 feet.

MISS MILWAUKEE.—Gerda Holmes was the lead in "The Elder Brother" (Essanay). Vera Sisson opposite Warren Kerrigan in "A Twentieth Century Pirate" (Victor).

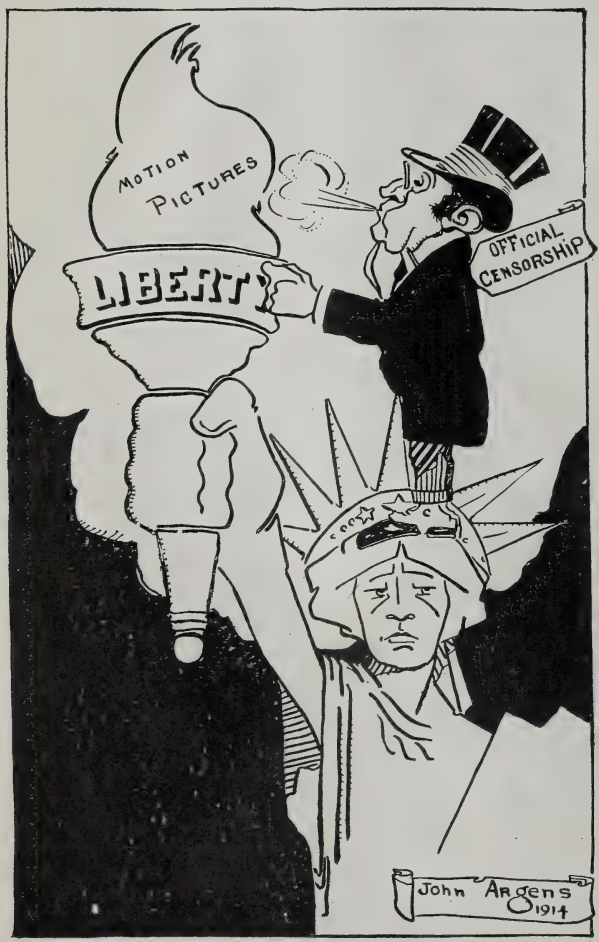
JOHN V. L., EVANSTON.—I agree with you that pictures are twice as interesting when we know who the players are, and it is so with a ball game or a stage play.

ANNA D.—I appreciate your letter. The mere fact that that player owes his tailor $65 does not prove that he gets a small salary. The larger the salary the larger the bills, and they dont always pay them.

W. WALKER, SYDNEY, AUS.—You are about 8,000 miles under my feet, so I cannot trod on you. You can get photos of the players from their companies. Ask your theater. Look me straight in the eye and tell me if those players are best.

LUCILLE H.—Sherman Bainbridge was Bainbridge in "The Nation's Peril." The longest bridge in the world is the Tay in Scotland, which is over two miles across. The one across San Francisco Bay will be three miles long.

BILLY, HARTFORD.—You might try the companies direct. Florence Lawrence is still with Victor.



TRYING TO BLOW OUT THE LIGHT

VESTA.—I stated that Harrish Ingraham played the brother in "A Thousand Dollars Short" (Pathé); should be George Nolan Leary.

TILLIE, THE FIRST.—Paul Smith was Joe in "The Parent Strain" (Lubin). Edward Brennan and Lillian Broderick were Dunbar and Ada in "The Mutual Girl" series. Stella Razetto and Guy Oliver in "The Schooling of Mary Ann" (Selig).

H. R. S.—I do not know enough about the technical end of it to tell you which is the better—the Simplex or the Powers machine—but most of my friends seem to prefer the latter. The child was Helen Badgely.

ANNA R.—Neva Gerber was the girl in "The Political Boss" (Kalem). Carlyle Blackwell intends to produce only one play a month, which is to be released thru the Alco Film Company.

CLICK, 16.—Thomas Chatterton was Dick in "The Voice at the Telephone" (Broncho). Webster Campbell was the lead in "A Girl of the Cafés" (Lubin). Stella Razetto and Guy Oliver in "The Girl Behind the Barrier" (Selig).

DOROTHY D.—James Lackaye was the fat man in "Fanny's Melodrama" (Vitagraph). Grace McHugh, leading lady of the Colorado M. P. Co., was drowned in the Arkansas River while in a scene in which she was fording the stream on horseback.

ABE, 99.—Stella Razetto was Alice in "A Splendid Sacrifice" (Selig). Eugenie Besserer was Mrs. Clifford, Guy Oliver was Mr. Clifford, Lillian Wade and Frankie Wade the two children, and Joe King was the artist in "A Splendid Sacrifice" (Selig). Yes, I hear that the Moore family has grown larger recently.

LOTTIE D. T.—Claire Whitney was the wife in "Shadows of the Moulin Rouge" (Lubin). Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto had the leads in "A Flirt's Repentance" (Selig). Olga Treskoff was Annie, and Thomas Mills was St. John in "The Coming of the Real Prince" (Reliance). Minta Durfee and Edward Kennedy had the leads in "The Star Boarder."

PEGGY.—Yes, I have met Antonio Moreno. He is a handsome brunette. He was the country boy in "Our Mutual Girl" series. William Campbell the younger son in "The Wharf-rats."

HERMAN.—You think these answers should be in the front of the magazine because everybody reads them first. Nay, the Editor thinks I had better sun myself at the back door.

BETTY A.—Norma Talmadge was the daughter in "The Wayward Daughter" (Vitagraph). Myrtle Gonzalez and Edith Storey had the girl parts in "Captain Alvarez" (Vitagraph). Barry O'Moore in "Hard Cash." Wallace Berry was the husband in "Curing a Husband" (Essanay). The Pathé Stock Company has been disbanded, and only Pearl White, Crane Wilbur and Paul Panzer remain.

MOLLY MCM.—Always write direct to our Circulation Department for back number information, or enclose letter on separate sheet. Yes, some kinds of film are waterproof and some are fireproof.

CONSTANCE K.—You're on the wrong track. Thomas Santschi was the hero in the Kathlyn series. "Big Ben" Wilson has not left Universal to form a company of his own. False alarm.

THANHOUSER LOUIE.—Bill Noel was the youth in "An Hour of Youth." Victory Bateman was the stepmother, and Ernest Joy was Quachino in "Cymbeline." Lila Chester was the mother, Dave Thompson the father, and Sidney Bracy the uncle in "His Namesake." Irving Cummings was the husband, Ethel Jewell the wife, and Helen Badgely the child in "For Her Child"—all Thanhousers.

MARY ELLEN.—Continued. Robert Gaillord is still with Vitagraph. J. P. McGowan and Helen Holmes in "Kentucky Bill" (Kalem). Anna Luther in "Three Men and a Woman" (Lubin).

BILLIE, 17.—E. K. Lincoln is with the Photo Life Production Company.

SANTA PAULA.—Thanks so much for the four-leaf clover. I hope it brings us both good luck. Write to Vitagraph for pictures of Norma Talmadge. She might send you one if you plead hard and enclose postage.

E. E. O., ME.—Leo Delaney has not connected as yet. The three Moore boys are brothers. A majority of them are married.



In the mirror Phyllis sees a picture passing fair;
A pretty maid with raven locks, red lips and dimples rare.
The maiden nods and smiles at her, she has such pretty ways;
So at this Moving Picture vain Phyllis likes to gaze.

JOYCE-CARLYLE.—Thanks for the doll's hand, saying "The Glad Hand." Very clever. The magazine is on sale on the 15th. The player you mention is not very popular. Wont you please number your sheets hereafter? It is like a puzzle, trying to read it straight. I have rubber-stamped your jokes O K.

AGNES A.—Thanks for the picture. Very handsome girl. Romaine Fielding is managing editor of his own Lubin Company, and does just about as he wishes. He writes, directs and moves about wherever he pleases, and nobody tells him what to do. He is now at Colorado Springs.

LULU C., TULSA.—Sorry I am too old for you. Too bad. I cant tell whether Robert Leonard and Eugene Pallette are married; against the rules. When it is noon at Washington, it is 6:02 P. M. at Berlin, and 6:11 P. M. at Vienna.

EDDIE, LOS ANGELES.—You say they were real Hindoos in the Kathlyn pictures, residents of your city, and that "Hearts Adrift" was taken not at Santa Monica, but at Santa Catalina Islands. Very well, have it your way. Perhaps I was misinformed. Thanks for your sparkling letter.

WILL H.—I have labeled you Diogenes, because you are so wise and witty. I just couldn't get along without your help and appreciations.

RALPH T. H.—See above. Some players furnish their own clothes, while others just furnish their evening costumes. Anthony Novelli and Jeanette Trimble in "Anthony and Cleopatra."

ANTHONY. — No, we have never chatted Richard Tucker. Marguerite Courtot was the girl in that Kalem. Vivian Prescott was Sarah, and Franklin Ritchie was Tom in "Man's Enemy" (Biograph). You seem to be well liked by all the members.

WALTER C.—Ernest Joy was opposite the clerk in "The Clerk" (Majestic). Perhaps it took me that long to find the information. I am indeed sorry. Yes, there are too many poor scenario writers in the field. Have you seen a copy of "Here Lies"? Every writer should have one.

POOR BARNABY.—From about $40 up. We sell several books on photoplaywriting. "Writing the Photoplay" sells for $2.12 and is very popular.

RETTA T.—Your letter fairly sparkles with wit and good sense. I shall pass the verse along. Write Wheeler Oakman at 45 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill. Richard Tucker is with Edison.

DOROTHY GISH.—I am obliged to you for your note, and I am proud as a peacock to know that artists like you and Lillian enjoy my humble department. Thank you for attending to Miss C.'s letter. What makes you say "lady"? I am curious to know.

ABRAM L. J.—Mabel Normand is the leading lady for Keystone. Frances Nelson is still with Biograph. Miss Greeson was Clara in "The Empty Sleeve" (Selig). Mabel Van Buren was Mary in "The Squatters" (Selig). Yes. Yours was interesting.

L. M. CALDWELL, HATTIESBURG.—So it was Irene Boyle in "Vaccinating a Village," and not Ruth Roland, and you will not forgive me for not saying more nice things about Irene. Well, I cant say anything too nice about her.

ROBERT WEBB, GLACIER, B. C.—Thank you for the clipping. I agree with you. A bushel of wheat must weigh not less than sixty pounds, and oats thirty-two pounds.

EDNA C.—Alan Hale is with Biograph. Clara Beyers was the adventuress in "The Woman Without a Soul" (Majestic). May Bosen was Billy's wife. That was produced in California. You were just a little late.

OLGA, 17. — Dontcher dare to discontinue writing to me; if you do, I'll stop writing, too. Your baseball letter pleased everybody, and I find your regular letters very helpful.

J. McD.—So you dont care for the revived Biograph Mary Pickford's. Many people are complaining. Yes, she is Mrs. Owen Moore. You refer to Marshall Neilan.



UNCLE—Have you forgotten what I told you about being seen and not heard?

MABEL—You mus' fink I's a Movie Picture, 'stead of a little girl.

RYLMA PETIT, MEMPHIS.—Your letter makes me feel young again. I'll blow the bugle and call out all the poets to write verses about Florence LaBadie for you.

MRS. WALTER S. L.—I am sorry I cannot answer from your description, but I believe you refer to George Gebhardt. He isn't playing at present.

EDWIN MILES, CARLTON, AUSTRALIA.—Glad to hear from a brother 8,000 miles below. So Melbourne has nine picture theaters, and you like Mary Fuller, Mary Pickford, Lillian Walker, Marguerite Fischer, Gertrude McCoy, Earle Williams, Crane Wilbur, Arthur Johnson, Maurice Costello, Ben Wilson and Ford Sterling best? I note that the word "Movies" has come into general use, even in Australia. You must remember that Li'l Mary cant send *everybody* a picture.

VONA L., NEWBURGH.—I will try to accommodate you later. Haven't the time just now. The war doesn't bother me.

THE LOOKER-ON.—Ruth Stonehouse was Miriam, and Bryant Washburn was Peyton in "Trinkets of Tragedy" (Essanay). John Bunny has secured from the Vitagraph an unlimited leave of absence so he can tour the world as head of a big show. Your verse is good.

BEDELIA.—Sydney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "Destinies Fulfilled" (Mutual). They also played in "The Call of the Traumerei" (American). The Thanhouser Kidlet in "Baby's Joy Ride."

L. Q. CHATHAM.—Hal August was the brother in "The Withered Hands" (Powers). Yes, that must have been me in my $9,000 Ford. Am ashamed to be seen in a cheap Renault.

W. T. H., CHICAGO.—That was clever of the suffraget who said to the men, "We dont want to be free *from* you—we want to be free *with* you." Your arguments are eloquent. I expect if you were the umpire, that lots of films would never reach first base. Mabel Normand will be delighted when she sees that you have called her the double-distilled, concentrated essence of electrical energy. She *is* rather a live wire.

L. J. F., TROY. — Whoa, back! Dont say that I underrate Bunny. It would be hard to overrate him, altho he is trying to reduce. Ruth Stonehouse appeared in the Gallery in April, 1914; R. C. Travers in December, 1913, and F. X. Bushman in December, 1912.

O. C. D. G.—Bill Noel was the youth in "An Hour of Youth" (Thanhouser). David Thompson in "An Errand of Mercy" (Thanhouser). Maude Fealy will be chatted very soon.

ALAN M. S.—I dont remember. Anyway, you have the wrong title on your Lubin question. Find the correct name, and I will be glad to answer your question. Thanks for your kind words.

E. F., SAN FRAN.—Edward Alexander was the major in "The Spy" (Universal). Zena Keefe is on the stage.

LOTTIE D. T.—Yes, about time for you again. You have the wrong title on that Lubin. Anna Luther, Kempton Greene and Earle Metcalf in "Three Men and a Woman." Runa Hodges is with Mutual, Reliance. Charles Chaplin was the hero in "Mabel at the Wheel" (Keystone). Ethel Clayton and Gaston Bell in "The Lion and the Mouse." Miss Beautiful in "Repentance" (Thanhouser).

ANNA D.—As to who is the best motorist in Lubinville, it lies between Ethel Clayton and Rosemary Theby, with Harry Myers one lap behind. Guy Oliver was Big Jim in "Big Jim of the Sierras" (Selig). Joseph McDermott is the only one cast in "The Scar." Howard Entwhistle was the father in "Cutey's Wife" (Vitagraph). Thanks for soda money.



LOST OPPORTUNITIES OF HISTORY.

SLYPOCRATES—Why all this clamorous wailing, Prognosticus?

PROGNOSTICUS (of the Appian Film Co.)—Have you not heard the news? Cassius and Brutus but a few minutes ago stabbed Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue, and I, lethargic vassal that I am, was not there with my camera! Dost wonder why I wail and gnash my false teeth?

MOLLIE K.—Jack Richardson's picture was in the January 1913 issue. He was chatted in July, 1913.

ALICE F. L.—You refer to Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem. Yes, I saw that play, and the leading man reminded me of a bottle of root-beer with the cork left out overnight. He was pretty flat and had no pop to him.

WILLIAM L.—In "The Lineup" (Vitagraph), William Humphrey was Joe Thompson. Captain Amundsen (Norse) discovered the South Pole on December 14, 1911. Am not sure about Dr. Cook.

HAYWOOD C.—Carol Halloway was the girl in "A Strange Melody" (Lubin). You ask me if I can do trigonometry. I dont know; I never tried it. The word *avon* is Celtic for *river*.

POLLY, 14.—Norma Talmadge was Grace in "Fogg's Millions" (Vitagraph). Bill Bowers was the father in "A Tango Tragedy" (Lubin). You refer to Art Ortega. (Rather an artistic name, eh?)

SNOOKUMS.—Your letter was interesting. I think that the moral lesson of "John Barleycorn" was splendid. When the Penn. State Board of Censors suppressed that play, they made a terrible blunder. And that is just what official censorship always will do—blunder, blunder, blunder.

FLORENTINE H.—We dont hear much of E. K. Lincoln now, so I fear the Editor wont comply with your request.

MIRIAM, 15.—Gonna get after you with a big stick if you dont learn to write better and kinder.



1. MEDITATION: THE PLAYWRIGHT
2. VEXATION: THE DIRECTOR
3. RELAXATION: THE HERO
4. DETERMINATION: THE VILLAIN

What and Why Is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

THOUGH many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever present, unconquerable American Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself—who is optimistic, cheerful, and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the American, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our

activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physical Culturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing —to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull-spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsements of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found, by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drugshop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing—

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon consistently clean, drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practiced for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as all American men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observation make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

FREE "POSTAGE" STAMPS

OF ALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYERS

One Hundred of the Most Popular Motion Picture Actors and Actresses Now Have "Postage Stamps" Bearing Their Portraits. You Can Get these Beautiful, Colored Portrait Stamps with gummed backs Free by Simply Writing and Asking for a Stamp from each, and thus Form a Valuable Complete Collection.

Newspapers are filled with accounts of this latest collection craze. Young and old alike are collecting these stamps and pasting them in albums, trading in them, or using them as seals on the back of their letters.





A new craze is sweeping the country.

It is the collecting of "postage stamps" bearing the latest portraits of American motion picture actors and actresses. Of course, these stamps are not actually good for postage, but otherwise they represent postage stamps.

time. The stamps are most pleasing in design and printed in beautiful colors. They are really objects of artistic value, and therefore their possession is eagerly sought by the admirers of motion picture players.

really attractive they are.

A collection of these stamps will soon be of undoubted cash value, as new designs are constantly being made and the first ones will in time grow very scarce. All those who have collected postage stamps know that some series which are no longer used bring fabulous prices, as high as a thousand dollars having often been paid for an old, cancelled postage stamp by some enthusiastic collector who needed it to complete his collection and who had neglected to secure it in the days when it could have been had for the asking.





These are only four out of the one hundred portrait stamps that form the complete collection. It is impossible to reproduce in the above illustrations the clearness, beauty, rich color, and artistic values of the actual stamp. Each stamp is three times as large as an ordinary stamp.

QUICK and CHEAP WAY TO GET COMPLETE COLLECTION

(To write one hundred letters to photoplayers would take a lot of time and cost you $2.00 for postage. Unless every one answers your letter, your collection will be incomplete and therefore valueless.)

We are authorized by the leading players to distribute their stamps, and can save you time, trouble and money. We can send you a Complete set, including all the rare ones. We send you absolutely free of cost a Copenhagen Blue Album with ruled spaces for one hundred Stamps and also a Full and Complete set of one hundred different portrait stamps, colored like real postage stamps, if you will send us the name of the Theatre you usually visit and also enclose 15 two cent stamps to cover cost of assorting and mailing.

Simply mail us your name and address, the name of the motion picture theatre you visit, and enclose 15 two-cent stamps, or three dimes, and you will receive by return mail the stamp album and the COMPLETE SET OF ONE HUNDRED STAMPS. Please don't forget to give us the name of your favorite theatre.

Address **THE THEATRE SUPPLY CO., 1495 Broadway, N. Y.**

LEWIS M.—Myrtle Stedman and Tom Mix in "The Law and the Outlaw" (Selig). The priest was Guy Standing. All Broncho Billys are taken near Niles.

RUTH E. B.—My child, you must not ask the age of players. Guy Coombs has left Kalem and formed a company.

HELEN T.—The Reliance studio is in Los Angeles. The Fairbank Twins are at New Rochelle, N. Y.

M. A. D.—Perhaps you sent me that lobster as a joke, but really I appreciated it. It was perfectly fresh when it arrived, and I had it cooked and eaten within an hour of its arrival. Heap much thanks. Very good joke indeed.

MYRA V.—William Garwood was John in "The Lost Sermon" (American). Pauline Bush in "The Hope of Blind Alley" (Bison). Earle Williams was Sacha in "My Official Wife."

PEARL H.—Accent on the last syllable. Charles Perley was the minister in "The Scarlet Letter."

CURIOSITY.—Charles Craig was Sir Percival Glyde in "The Woman in White."

LOTTIE D. T.—Thomas Harper in "A Man for a' That" (Essanay). Ethel Grandin and Ed Mortimer in "The Adventures of a Girl Reporter" (Imp). Yes, Ethel Jewett is with Imp. Yes, they are sisters. Charles Brown and Miss Berner were Mr. and Mrs. Cook in "The Maid from Sweden" (Vitagraph). George Lessey is directing King Baggot, of Imp. Cissy Fitzgerald in "The Accomplished Mrs. Thompson." John Travis in "The Devil Within" (Ramo).

KATHERINE K.—Robert Frazer was Mr. Welby in "Duty" (Eclair). William Brunton was the burglar in "The Monogramed Cigarette" (Kalem). Dont call me an old man; I am only 73.

RUSHOLME.—No, I shall not go to war. If there must be fighting, I am willing to let others do it. Lester Cuneo in "The Marrying of Gretchen." Victoria Forde was Sophie in "Sophie of the Films."



THE BABY

Baby knows
Mamma goes
To the picture shows.
That is why
She doesn't cry—
Only coos and crows.
For as soon as she is older
And her steps a trifle bolder,
Her mamma
And papa
With delight will take the lady
To enjoy the picture shows.

MARTHA W.—I fear you are a flirt. I am much too old to think of it. Eleanor Woodruff remains with Pathé. Irving Cummings told me personally that he was not married, and he ought to know. Fear he is a trifler.

NATHAN T.—You describe Thomas Chatterton, of the Kay-Bee. He is not Crane Wilbur, as you thought.

MARIE L.—Wallace Reid is now with Majestic. Miss Allen, and Roy Watson was Herbert in "Two Girls" (Selig).

MRS. G. P.—Haven't the cast, but presume it was Arthur Johnson. I think Mary Pickford and Mary Fuller have had more advertising than any other player, altho all these serials have given a great deal of publicity to Crane Wilbur, Francis X. Bushman, Kathlyn Williams, Florence LaBadie, Grace Cunard, etc.

KRAZY KAT.—Cheer up, you must not feel lonely. Everybody thinks his own trouble the very greatest in the world. To me yours looks very small. A month from now it will look small to you.

LITTLE EVA.—You refer to Walter Miller, not Tom Moore. L. Case Russell is a woman, and a clever one. She is here nearly every day. She wrote "Here Lies," and we jokingly call it "Her Lies" here.

W. G. ROBERTS.—No cast for that foreign Pathé. Florence Turner is in Europe now. There are 135 members of the National Board of Censorship.

$3000 FOR YOU



That's the money you should get this year. I mean it. I want County Sales Managers quick, men or women who believe in the square deal, who will go into partnership with me. No experience needed. My folding Bath Tub has taken the country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water works required. Full length bath in any room. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. I tell you it's great! GREAT! Rivals $100 bath room. Now, listen! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on liberal plan. I'm positive—absolutely certain—you can get bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before. I KNOW IT!

Exclusive Territory 100% Profit

TWO SALES A DAY— $300.00 A MONTH

That's what you should get—every month. Needed in every home, badly wanted, eagerly bought. Modern bathing facilities for all the people. Take the orders right and left. Quick sales, immense profits. Lock at these men: Smith, Ohio, got 18 orders first week; Meyers, Wis., $250 profit first month; Newton, California, $60 in three days. You should do as well. 2 SALES A DAY MEANS $300 A MONTH. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent, fascinating. It means a business of your own.



Demonstrating Tub Furnished

Little capital needed. I grant credit—Help you out—Back you up—Don't doubt—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You cannot lose. My other men are building houses, bank accounts, so can you. Act, then, quick; SEND NO MONEY. Just name on penny postcard for free tub offer. Hustle!

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"HERE LIES" Is a Little Book That Is Causing More Talk Than All the Scenario Textbooks. The Brightest, the Most Timely, and the Most Valuable Contribution to Bewildered and Discouraged Writers.

L. Case Russell, the well-known photoplaywright, is its author, and new and interesting chapters are contributed by Eugene V. Brewster, Editor of the Motion Picture Magazine, and Edwin M. LaRoche, Editor of the Photoplay Clearing House. Replete with clever drawings, and it tells you **how not to write** in most entertaining fashion.

The most liberally quoted book of the year in trade publications, newspapers, book reviews and magazines.

The greatest obstacle in the way of a photoplay writer is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. It has been discovered that at least 80 per cent of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. That is why they don't sell! For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified, and buried in a most emphatic manner. "Here Lies" is written in a most novel and refreshing manner, and the lessons it teaches will never be forgotten.

Read what prominent studio editors, directors, and dramatic critics think of this little book:

I want to acknowledge receipt of your splendid little book, "Here Lies." So far I have only had time to glance at it, but I can readily see that it is going to be of great assistance to me.
LOUIS GLASER,
Motion Picture Editor, Washington Herald.

I want to compliment you on the booklet, "Here Lies." It is too bad nobody ever thought of getting it out a little sooner. It might have saved the editors lots of needless work as well as heartaches for the aspirants who think it is as easy to write scenarios as it is to see a nickel show.
Your book is so full of wit and humor that I took it home with me and gave it a place of honor on the same shelf in my library with the works of O. Henry and George Ade.
EMILY BROWN HEININGER,
Essanay Editorial Staff.

Some time ago I wrote L. Case Russell my "hearty congratulations" on the clever little book entitled "Here Lies." I sincerely feel that she has performed a great mission. My first thought after reading it was how can this be put into a wide circulation.
It has been my misfortune to be compelled to read hundreds of impossible photoplays and to give a truthful opinion to amateur authors. I shall gladly contribute from my weekly salary for the free circulation of "Here Lies."

It strikes so truthfully at the many pitfalls to all beginners in photoplay writing.
I feel confident that every producer shall feel it his duty to supply readers with copies of "Here Lies" for distribution among amateur writers.
BERNADINE RISSE LEIST,
Kinemacolor Company of America.

Your little Don'ts in "Here Lies" articles should be a great assistance to scenario writers in general and amateurs and beginners in particular. If your little book serves the purpose for which it is intended it will be of great assistance to the editor.
With kindest regards and best wishes, I remain,
F. A. WALL,
Scenario Editor, American Film Co.

I do not see why it should not be of great help to photoplay writers, and I am sure it will be to photoplay editors, in that it will teach outsiders to keep clear of the hackneyed themes which stare at us from every mail.
Best of all, and contrary to its more ponderous brothers, it gets to the point quickly and tells what to use and what not to, without confusing its readers.
Thanking you for my copy, and with best wishes,
CRAIG HUTCHINSON,
Keystone Editor.

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Write today for our free catalogue de luxe No. 31, and see how easy it is for you to own and wear a beautiful Diamond. **L. W. SWEET & CO., Inc., 2 and 4 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City**

BABY GABY.—I believe you were mistaken about that player. Marin Sais was the daughter in "The Barrier of Ignorance" (Kalem). Mildred Gregory was Helen in "The Lure of the Pit" (Lubin).

T. W. GILMER, TREASURY DEPT., WASH.—So you think Mr. Brewster's articles on the emotions a valuable contribution to the literature of the drama. Your verse on Pie-faced Comedy is so good that I must publish it.

The Keystone police are tumbling out fast,
While laughing millions watch them go past;
Chaplin and Sennet are in a mad race
For beautiful Mabel, with pie on her face.

Her sparkling black eyes bewitch all the boys,
Her willowy form imbues them with joys;
She swims and flirts with wonderful grace,
Mischievous Mabel, with pie on her face.

The fun-loving people enjoy those tricks:
The biting of legs and throwing of bricks,
The spreading of pie upon a sweet face,
And gluteris maximus in the wrong place.



THE KEY TO HER HEART

THELMA, CHICAGO.—Betty Gray was the reporter in "Her Big Scoop" (Biograph). Yes, that was really and truly Home-run Baker. Miss Brockwell was Annette in "A Relic of Old Japan" (Domino). Vera Sisson was opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Toilers of the Sea" (Victor).

VYRGYNYA.—Your essay on "The Schoolteacher" is fine. Sorry I haven't room to print it. Your "slate" was also clever. Thanks for the "undying love." William Worthington was John in "Prowlers of the Wild" (Bison). Your letter is as bright as a December morn in June.

AUBURN, 17.—I am afraid there is no hope. Write to the companies direct.

DOTTLE, MELBOURNE.—It is very necessary that I have the name of the company when answering questions. Address Mary Fuller in care of Universal.

L. J. F., TROY.—Joseph Allen was the bandmaster, Horace Newman was Hod Mullins, and Augustus Phillips was the officer in "A Drama in Hayville" (Edison). Charles Kent was the father, Dorothy Kelly the daughter, and James Morrison the son in "The First Endorsement" (Vitagraph). Eleanor Kahn was the little girl in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Julian Reed and Cliff Hechinger in "Cheese Mining" (Edison).

THE OWL.—Guy Oliver was Carl, and Eugenie Besserer was Nell in "When the Night Call Came" (Selig). Pauline Bush in "The Hope of Blind Alley." Please dont accuse me of writing "Junius." Not guilty. I have much to *answer* for, but not that.

LUCILLE, BROOKLYN.—Every well-regulated company should provide themselves with a good burglar alarm to prevent the stealing of their star players. Francis Carlyle was Henry in "Wasted Years" (Pathé).

EDDIE, OF LOS ANGELES.—You have got me, and I am yours. Old age has its privileges, one of which is to find fault with everything and everybody.

FRITZ, N. Z.—Many thanks for the postal snaps. I was glad to get them. The average weight of an adult is 150 lbs. 6 oz., and his brain is 3½ lbs.—of a woman, 2 lbs. 11 oz.

M. A. D.—Quite right; love on the screen is only too often a very tame affair between two young, unsophisticated persons. Let us have more real, deep love-matches between mature persons. With young boys and girls, love is usually only a passing fancy. They catch the disease quickly, but are quickly cured. Young hearts dont break. They bend.



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SUNSHINE K., ST. LOUIS.—Glad you like the club. Excellent letter. No, that was not me in Kalem's "The End of the Rope," but it did look like Rip Van Winkle.

DOROTHEA W.—Florence Turner was the leading woman in "St. Elmo" (Vitagraph).

THELMA.—William Stowell, Adele Lane and Miss Johnson in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig). Vera Sisson in "Toilers of the Sea" (Victor). Roscoe Arbuckle was Fatty in "Fatty and the Heiress" (Keystone). No, the pictures that appear in our Gallery are not for sale.

LIFE, 7.—God bless the phools, and dont let them run out. It is my one form of dissipation, and I need them in my business. Kindly blow away with your nonsensical questions and idiotic allusions.

THOMAS A. W.—You refer to Charles Chaplin, of the Keystone. Marie Corelli's "Vendetta" was released September 1, thru the General Film Company.

LOVELORN.—Mary Powers was the child in "The Road to Dawn" (Lubin). Why do you ask if Leah Baird's name is Lena Porter? I dont know and wont find out, sir, for that is *her* business.

BENNY.—What! Arthur Johnson as Lord Fauntleroy? Look out, mother, the Arabs are approaching.

MARY T.—Antonio Moreno was Mr. Brown in "Too Many Husbands" (Vitagraph). Arthur Ashley was Richard in "The Crucible of Fate" (Vitagraph). Naomi Childers was Mrs. Powell. Naomi Childers is noted as the Grecian Girl in St. Louis. Her chat will appear soon.

ED K.—Frances NeMoyer was the girl in "She Wanted a Count" (Lubin). Marin Sais was the girl in "Trooper Billy" (Kalem). I dont know which is the best—Pathé's Weekly, Animated Weekly, or the Hearst-Selig. There is a sameness to them all, and some people are tired of them.

MIZZI W.—Belle Bennett is with the Balboa Company. Mary Pickford was interviewed in November, 1913.

LIZZIE, OF LONG ISLAND.—Frank Borzage was Thomas, and Tsuru Aoki was Kismora in "A Tragedy of the Orient" (Broncho). Robert Frazer and Helen Marten in "The Dupe" (Eclair). Alice Hollister was the vampire in "The Vampire's Trail" (Kalem). Josie Sadler was the Sleeping Beauty in "Our Fairy Play."

OLGA, 17.—You should not complain so much about the weather. The chances are that we would never be satisfied anyway. If it were always sunshine, we would not appreciate it, and then what would the farmers do? You write charmingly.

SWASTIKA.—Gerda Holmes has 2,450 votes at this writing. Warren Kerrigan is still with Victor.

BLACKWELL ADMIRER.—Adrienne Kroell and Maxwell Sargent in "The Bond of Love" (Selig). Lester Cuneo and Eleanor Blevins in "Marrying Gretchen" (Selig). Della Mastella in "The Tomboy's Race" (Majestic). Irving Cummings and Mayre Hall in "The Leaven of Good" (Thanhouser). Anita Stewart and E. K. Lincoln in "The Swan Girl" (Vitagraph). Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott in "The Veil of Sleep" (Lubin).

JOHN F. L.—Yes, it isn't right to start a film with a long subtitle. Send your criticisms to the Editor.

JOHN H.—I dont think Elsie Janis has appeared in Moving Pictures yet, but we'll have them all in time. "I gather them in," says the M. P. Sexton, but he's not an undertaker.



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OLIVE S.—James Cruze had the lead in "The Woman Pays" (Thanhouser). Your letter was very interesting.

TANGO BILL.—Edison has not secured anybody as yet to take the place of Mary Fuller, who left for the Universal. She leaves a hard place to fill.

CHRISTY H.—So you want me to read "Broad Highway." Jean Darnell has recovered, but not sufficiently to play. She writes for this magazine frequently. She will probably return to Thanhouser when she resumes playing.

H. P. T.—James O'Neill had the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo." No, your letter was not too short. Just right.

L. J. F., TROY.—Yes; Earle Martz was the store-boy in "A Four-footed Desperado" (Edison). Carlton King was the lead. Harry Beaumont in "An Absent-minded Mother" (Edison). Mae Abbey was Mrs. Grayson in the same. William Bailey in "Let No Man Escape."

J. U. S. — Constance Talmadge is Norma's sister. Mrs. Costello is Georgia Maurice. She is very beautiful. Rita Bori was the mischiefmaker in "The Mischiefmaker" (Vitagraph). Pride will have a fall bonnet.

THELMA.—The pictures in the Gallery are not for sale, but all of the scenes or illustrations in the magazine are for sale.



REGGY—The "movies" are a beastly bore. Bah jove! one cawnt go out between the acts, dont y'know.

CLEO—Yahs, and they always have it so dark one cawnt show off one's clothes.

Write us what you want, and we will give you a price. Roscoe Arbuckle in "Fatty and the Heiress" (Keystone).

O. A. D.—Olive Drake was Lily in "Lily of the Valley" (Selig). "Home, Sweet Home" was taken in California, and is said to be one of Griffith's best.

HENRY J. M.—I have no temper now. I lost it entirely on reading your letter.

EUGENIE P.—Your letter was indeed interesting. We have never printed Belle Adair's picture. I believe that Sarah Bernhardt is coming to America this winter to make us another farewell visit. She is about my age—in the early seventies.

FRITZ, N. Z.—Glad to hear you have secured a position. Will always be glad to hear from you. The reason people inquire about Vitagraph players, is because they dont read or remember the cast that is always given on the film.

MRS. T.—I am sure that I do not know what kind of beauty cream John Bunny uses for his complexion. What silly questions some of you people ask! And some of them are offensive.

B. B., WELLINGTON.—Thanks for the card. Yes; New Zealand postal notes are acceptable, but be sure to allow for the discount in this country.

FRED S.—Bess Meredith was the girl in "The Cure" (Joker). Jere Austin was Dr. Brent in "Nina of the Theater."

FRANCES MC.—I advise you to go to the theater just the same, but to ignore the manager, since he slighted you.

L. J. F., TROY.—Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in "The Sob Sister" (Rex). Mabel Trunnelle and Herbert Prior in "Meg o' the Mountains" (Edison). Cleo Madison and George Larkin in "The Severed Hand" (Powers). Warren Kerrigan and Vera Sisson in "Out of the Valley" (Victor). O. A. C. Lund and Barbara Tennant in "Allah — 3311" (Eclair). William Clifford and Marie Walcamp in "A Mexican Spy in America."

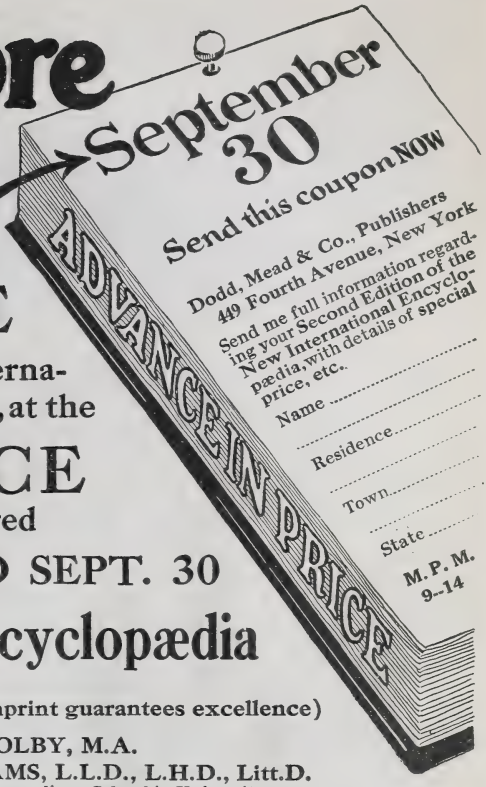
E. B. B., NEW ORLEANS.—Octavia Handworth is with Excelsior Company. Your letter was very interesting. I knew a hen that laid two eggs a day, but one of them was a porcelain egg.

FREEMAN.—Mr. Weidemann and Asta Nielsen in "The Devil's Assistant" (Pathé). Rose Tapley in "My Official Wife" (Vitagraph). Ray McKee and Edyth Anderton in "That Terrible Kid."

HESTER H.—Romaine Fielding is still in Denver. George Morgan was the violinist in "Melody and Art" (Biograph). Mr. Adair was Captain Hood in "Romance of the Sea" (Broncho). All players like to receive observing letters.

VYRGYNYA.—Have heard the rumor that Warren Kerrigan has left Universal to form a company of his own, but it has not been confirmed. Where there is so much smoke, there is usually some fire, so watch out. Last I heard of him, he was well enough to sit up and take nourishment.

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Director, School of Journalism, Columbia University

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HARRY J. M.—Warren Kerrigan with Victor. You had better write to the companies direct. You did not enclose postage.

ANNA S.—Have not heard that Flora Finch has had throat trouble. She may have tongue trouble, however, for that member must be badly worn—Bunny is such a bothersome husband.

RETTA R.—I believe Louise Orth is still with the Selig Company. I agree with you. Mack Sennett did not show many signs of genius in those early Biographs.

MRS. B.—Your questions about Marshall Neilan and Carrie Neilan, and Dixie Compton and Howard Compton and Carrie Compton are all out of order. Sorry. Relationship is forbidden.

LOTTIE D. T.—Yes, about time for you. Justina Huff and Clarence Elmer in "The Living Fear" (Lubin). Harry Millarde and Robert Walker in "The Treasure Ship" (Kalem).

FLORA MCD.—Yes, the letter was sent to Anita Stewart. Dorothy Gish was the girl in "Silent Sandy" (Reliance). Your letter was very fine. Many thanks.

ROBERT L. M.—Yes; Gerda Holmes is rapidly gaining popularity for Essanay, and, as you say, Beverly Bayne and Ruth Stonehouse had better watch out.

MISS URAL C.—Your letter was sent to Francis Bushman. You know you can get a list of addresses of the studios by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to us.

MILDRED W.—We shall print a picture of Webster Campbell soon. Yes, my child, they are real animals in the Selig Company. "My Friend from India" was produced by Edison, with Walter E. Perkins in the title rôle.

HARRY G.—Many thanks for the aluminum pens. Donald Hall was the Englishman in "Mr. Barnes of New York." Sorry I cannot tell you the name of the artist opposite Lillian Walker in the unnamed two-reel feature. I read all the letters.

MISS JEFF.—Woe is me, I am weepingly sorry that I hurt your feelings. I take it all back. Yes; Harry Myers, Rosemary Theby and Brinsley Shaw are now with the Universal. Alfred Vosburgh was the husband in "Mareea, the Half-breed" (Vitagraph). Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto in "The Cop on the Beat" (Selig). Mr. Scott was Mars in "The Story of Venus" (Selig).

KATHERINE S.—No; Owen Moore in "The Sultan's Garden," also King Baggot. Jere Austin was the brother in "The Weakling" (Kalem). Claire Rae was Joan in "The Ghost."

MARION.—All players like to receive letters of appreciation, but you must remember that they cant write to everybody. There are only a hundred prominent players and about a million fans.

JESS, OF MEADVILLE.—I value your letters highly. Edna Bunyea was the girl in "The Knight of Trouble" (Selig). Louise Vale was the girl in "Her Big Scoop" (Biograph). Helen Holmes in "The Flaw in the Alibi" (Kalem). Carol Halloway in "A Practical Demonstration" (Lubin). She is no longer with Lubin. Harry Millarde in "The Showgirl's Glove" (Kalem). Mabel Van Buren and Helen Kendricks in "When Thieves Fall Out."

A. V. ARM.—Miss L. Guinchi was Lydia in "The Acting of Lydia" (Cines).

STANLEY B.—You forget that the farther away the machine is from the screen, the more light is required and the larger will be the picture, other things being equal. With a given distance between lens and screen, there is practically but one size of picture obtainable.

OLGA, 17.—You say the September was the best ever. October is still better, isn't it? Your letter made me jolly all over.

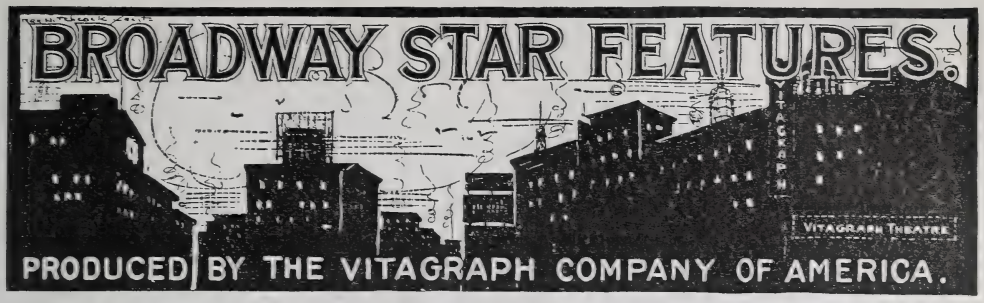
GERTIE.—You, too, are raving about Thomas Chatterton and think he was splendid in "The Voice at the Telephone" (Broncho). Herschal Mayall was the villain. Anna Little was the operator, and Harrington Raynolds was John. Why didn't you ask for the cast?

WAEGWOLTIC, HALIFAX.—So you would set all the villains of the screen on our artist who drew that picture of me, and you insist on having my real picture published. No, dear Waggy, but I'll publish your pome, and here it is: "Answer Man, now tell me true, who dared to so malign you? That picture of a man so wise truly caused me some surprise. Big head, they say, little wit; little head has not a bit. Therefore, I do not think it fair the way they have you pictured there, with head so large and body small, we know it isn't you at all."

WEE WILLIE.—Yes, stop in any time; I promise not to chew you up. Hope you enjoyed your trip.

WINNERS OF THE POPULAR PLAYER PUZZLE

In the July issue we published a drawing which picturized the names of many players, and we offered five prizes for the best solutions. In the September issue we gave the correct answers and we now announce the winners, as follows, in the order named: Lillian E. Batty, 330 East 56th Street, Chicago, Ill.; William T. Knapp, 15 Madison Street, Rutland, Vt.; Rogers Young, Jr., 1408 N. 21st Street, Philadelphia; Oscar Lintner, 439 Forest Avenue, Bellevue, Pa.; and Frederick Tanzer, 281 Front Street, Secaucus, N. J. Prizes have been sent to these successful puzzle solvers. The following are awarded honorable mention for their artistic designs: E. H. Ray, 131 Sycamore Street, Buffalo, N. Y.; Henry Knaub, 311 Monteiro Avenue, Barton Heights, Va., and to an unknown artist whose design in water-colors bears no name or address.



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MRS. A. S.—Edwin Carewe was with Warner Company last. If Broncho Billy pictures are shown on the screen faster than other plays, it, no doubt, is the fault of the operator.

VYRGYNYA.—I shall tell Mr. LaRoche you want him to chat Edwin August.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Thanks for the snapshot. It was very handsome. I believe Mary Pickford is the highest paid artist. Adele Lane was the girl in "The Right to Happiness" (Selig).

CHIQUITA.—Ruth Donnelly was the girl in "The Lady of the Island" (Imp). Anita Stewart in "A Million Bid."

HENRY R.—Thanks for the picture. Your representation of Ford Sterling is very good.

OLGA, 17.—Edward Peil was the lover, and Edwin Barbour the father in "The Klondike Buffle" (Lubin). Arthur Matthews was the friend, and Eleanor Barry the mother. Anna Little was the girl in "The Silent Witness," and Jack Nelson was the sweetheart. Your business letter was splendid.

LOTTA D. T.—Cleo Madison and George Larkin in "The Severed Hand" (Powers). William Clifford and Marie Walcamp had the leads in "A Mexican Spy in America" (Bison). Velma Whitman and Webster Campbell had the leads in "The Lure of the Car-wheel." Robert Frazer and Lucie Villa were husband and wife in "When Death Rode the Engine" (Eclair).

FLORENCE M. H.—Thanks for all the information. I am sorry your questions were not answered.

MISS MAY.—Florence Lawrence has left the Universal Company. She is taking a rest.

JULIANA S.—Thanks for the postals. Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., and enclose a stamp, about the club.

CANARSIE MERMAID.—The Mary Pickford Biographs were taken over two years ago. Haven't heard from William Mason since he left Essanay.

NUFF.—The reason that Mr. Blackwell left Kalem was that he thought he could better his condition. A 1000-foot reel costs anywhere from $1,000 to $25,000, accordingly. Harold Lockwood opposite Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift." House Peters is with California Company, and Louise Orth with Selig. Have never seen a smile on the mouth of the river, a corn on the foot of a hill, a frown on the face of the earth, nor a muscle in an arm of the sea, but I have a correspondent who can ask some very foolish questions.

LAWRENCE LYSTER.—Thanks for your very complimentary verses. Am very proud of you and them.

LLOYD HARMS, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—If Grace Cunard sees this, she will at once send you her photo and ask Mr. Ford to do likewise, for you deserve it. I admire them, too.

ABE, 99.—No such Selig play. You will find those lines in "Othello," Act ii, Sc. 3.

M. F. BRYANT, LOWELL.—Rosetta Brice and John Ince in "The Greater Treasure" (Lubin), and Ruth Bryant was Rose. Alfred Vosburgh and Hazel Buckham in "A Wartime Mother's Sacrifice" (Broncho). Thanks for information that the figure-head of the *Constitution* is at Willow Dale, Lowell, Mass. Your letter could have been much longer without infringing.

H. B., PROVIDENCE.—If your first letter was not answered, it must have contained forbidden questions. We cannot get Biograph players, but you will see all the others in the Gallery in due time.

CONSTANCE W.—So you think King Baggot and Phillips Smalley resemble each other, and you want us to print their photos on opposite pages, facing each other and dressed similarly. If these players will agree, I guess the Editor will.

W. T. H.—I appreciate your beautiful letter regarding the death of my father.

(*Continued from page* 63)

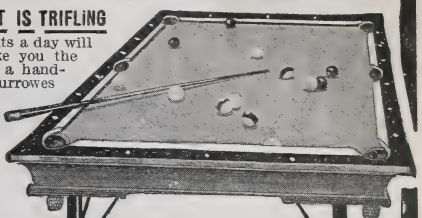
New York Motion Picture Company. The American Company operates at Santa Barbara, and the Ammex Film Manufacturing Company at National City. In all, there are twelve concerns operating in that section, these including forty-five producing companies. These companies employ about 1,500 men, the weekly payroll of which runs up to $50,000. The average weekly output of that section amounts to 50,000 feet.

The largest company operating in the West is the Universal Film Company, which is located at Hollywood. This organization maintains sixteen companies in the field. Seven hundred people are regularly employed, and the extra list often runs this number up to 3,000 in a single week. The weekly payroll averages $21,000. At these Hollywood studios, which are the largest in the world, there are 56,000 square feet of stage room. A mammoth stage, which was completed recently, has a floor space of 24,000 square feet, this being the largest stage in the world. This company manufactures all its own furniture, guns, shields, and other properties, as a consequence of which it supports a sawmill and a carpenter shop. This branch of the Universal Company produces an average of 24,000 feet of film every week.

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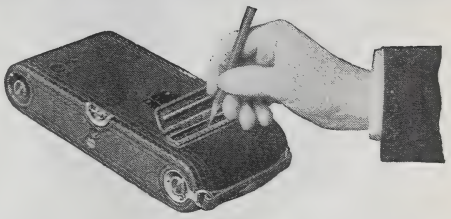
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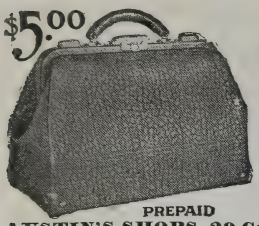
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SUNSHINE R., ST. LOUIS.—I have handed your brilliant reply to Olga 17's baseball letter to the Editor, who says if there is room he will print it. So you think it would be a dreary world without me and the magazine? Nonsense, my dear; it is barely possible that the old sphere would keep on going around the same as ever.

GERTIE.—Yes, yes, yes, that was Tom Chatterton in "The Voice at the Telephone." (I'm getting tired saying that.) Hershal Mayall was the burglar, Anna Little the operator, and Harrington Reynolds was John. You really overestimate the gray matter in my belfry, but it is quite clear that Crane Wilbur has lost a charming and talented admirer and that Thomas Chatterton has found one. Your affections are now equally divided between Thomas and the villain, admiring one because he is good and the other because he is bad. Oh, fickletedee, thy name is Gertie.

RETA TUCKER.—Yes, you may change your name, but it is usually done in another way. You mustn't call Mr. Bushman "Bushy." He wont like it. I cannot give you Wheeler Oakman's personal address. You must give Mr. Fielding an extension of time to answer, as the lawyers say. I am now convinced that sweet things come from New Orleans, and they are not always molasses. I admire your sparkling letters.

HOPE, 16.—I enjoyed your letter immensely and agree with all you say.

VYR, ETC.—I dont know the answer to your question, but I will get it for you because you have been so kind to me. Be prepared for the worst.

A. W. W. W. W.—Dorothy Kelley is still with Vitagraph. Only a small portion of my correspondence is answered in this magazine. Most of it is done by mail.

E. A. GEOWE, UNION HILL.—Your patriotic letter is appreciated, and it is a good plan to "See America first," but dont you know that there are just as many American scenics shown as there are foreign? Lots of Yellowstone Park, Niagara, and all the great American beauty gardens have been filmed. Perhaps you have missed them.

ONE A. R.—No answers on the ages. In securing permission to picturize mansions, the directors usually have to pay the owners.

L. J. F., TROY.—Lillian Wiggins and M. O. Penn in "Where the Heart Calls."

HELEN L. R.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Empty Sleeve" (Selig). Charles Brown was Wilson in "Private Bunny" (Vitagraph). Marjorie Ellison was the girl in "The Gap" (Edison). A bright letter, that.

BLOSSOM.—Augustus Phillips and Gladys Hulette had the leads in "A Deal in Statuary" (Edison). Nestor studio is at Hollywood, Cal. I am indeed glad to know you.

E. L. S., Cranford.—Flora Finch is not John Bunny's wife. Mr. Bunny is traveling. Annette Kellerman only appeared in that one picture.

James L. T.—At this writing Kinemacolor stock is quoted at 1¾ bid, 4 asked; World Film, 3¾—4¼; Colonial, 4—9½; Thanhouser, 94—101; N. Y. Motion Picture Co., 82—85; Mutual Film, 70—74, and Anso Film, 225, with none offered. Write to Rice & Co., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

Lulu C.—That's usually the operator's fault. Your letter was sent on to Anna Little.

J. T. W.—Edward Lincoln is correct. Send to the Circulation Department for back numbers.

Frank L. H.—Often judge a play by the number of different sets required. From ten to fifteen. Why dont you get a copy of "Here Lies"?

Betty S.—Yes, that cast is twisted. Roy Howard was Baxter in "A Race for a Mine" (Kalem). Gerda Holmes was the dancer in "The Elder Brother" (Essanay). Constance Talmadge was the girl in "Buddy's Downfall" (Vitagraph).

Stella C.—Larry Peyton was Ira, and Marin Sais was Alice in "The District Attorney's Duty" (Kalem). The player you speak of is married no longer.

Lottie D. T.—Darwin Karr had the lead in "The New Love and the Old" (Solax). Miss Gray and Lillian Burns in "Too Many Husbands" (Vitagraph). Goldie Colwell in the Kathlyn series. Paul Willis was the boy in "The Poor Folk's Boy" (Vitagraph). Yes, that was a fine thing. Rosetta Brice and Ruth Bryant were the girls in "The Greater Treasure." Alfred Norton is the father in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

A. W. W.—You say, "After receiving twenty-two rejection slips from film companies, I sent one to the Photoplay Clearing House and sold it for fifty dollars. What do you think of that?" I think you are very fortunate in getting on the right track. Your verse is fine.

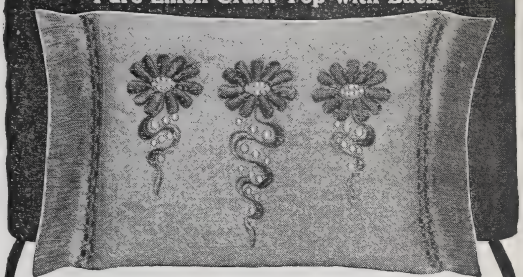
Sally B.—Arthur Johnson isn't playing very much now. He directs mostly. I shall speak to the Editor about your wishes.

Gertrude L.—Since the Lucille Love pictures are completed I suppose Francis Ford and Grace Cunard will play in regular plays.

Harry M. T.—Billie Rhodes was Grace in "And the Dance Went On" (Kalem). Mae Hotely was the mother in "He Never Found Out" (Lubin). Francis Nelson was the rich girl in "The Fatal Portrait" (Kalem). You refer to Carol Halloway in "A Practical Demonstration" (Lubin).

Grace M. B.—Theo Salem was the butler in "Brown's Big Butler" (Lubin). Write to Kay-Bee for a picture of Thomas Chatterton, or to him. The company will charge you, but Thomas might not.

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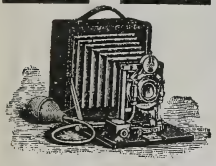


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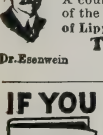
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BILLIE, 17.—The fudge was great, and I enjoyed it. You are an excellent cook.

OLGA, 17.—Thanks for "them kind words." So you think she is too self-conscious and walks about like a female turkey gobbler.

BARBARA U.—Lillian Broderick was Ada in "Our Mutual Girl" series. George Periolat was the father in "The Passer-by." Helen Dunbar was the aunt in "The Song in the Dark" (Essanay). Bessie Learn was the girl in "The Hand of Horror" (Edison). Winnifred Kingston was the girl in "Brewster's Millions" (Lasky). James Morrison was chatted in August, 1912.

LORRY.—Thomas Chatterton was the second husband in "His Hour of Manhood" (Domino). Arthur Jarret was James in "The Final Reckoning."

D. M. BAKER.—Crane Wilbur and Claire Rae in "The Couple Next Door" (Pathé). Alma Russell was Bessie in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). Lillian Drew was Theresa in "The Testing Fire" (Essanay). Edwin August was the schoolteacher in "Waifs" (Biograph). Miss Covne was the girl in "Never Known to Smile" (Biograph).

BORSONIE.—Ruth Stonehouse did not play on the stage before entering the pictures. The heat did not affect me much this summer, thank you. I am not an old man, as you imagine—73 is young.

HELEN L. R.—Marie Tener was Eva in "The Passing of Diana" (Vitagraph). Barney Furey was Algie in "Algie's Sister" (Selig). Robert Ellis was the son in "Accused" (Kalem). Haven't heard where Mildred Weston is.

GUSSIE.—Thanks so much for the beautiful picture. F. Hearn was John in "Dead Men's Tales" (Eclair). Your Mutt and Jeff drawing is very good.

FANCHON C.—I am glad you are not so lonesome now. Owen Moore is with Famous Players. Ethel Grandin is with her own company, under Mr. Smallwood.

ETTA C. P.—Where have you been? Fred W. Huntley was the hermit in "Dawn" (Selig). Max Davidson was Izzy in "How Izzy Stuck to His Post" (Reliance). You refer to Shorty Hamilton.

RACHEL K. H.—If I did not speak of your verses, it was not because I did not appreciate them. I get so many, and sometimes I hand them to the Editor and sometimes to Gladys Ball for the P. P. P. Department. I hope you will enjoy your farm.

THE OWL.—Your letter was very clever. But you dont seem to mind the names you call me. I am not too old to go to war, but I wont go.

RUTHIE, 16.—Please give name of company. To say "Universal" is not usually sufficient. Your chat will be forthcoming.

KATHERINE C. M.—Your letter was very nice. No, I do not possess a secretary and dont want to be bothered with one.

L. AND W. CALDWELL, AND OTHERS.—Your signed petition calls for pictures in the Gallery of Mary Anderson, Irene Boyle, Alma Russell, Harold Lockwood, Owen Moore, Tom Moore, Lottie Pickford, Sally Crute, Bessie Eyton, Lillian Drew, E. K. Lincoln, Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, Pearl White, Dorothy Kelly, Walter Miller, Ethel Grandin, and the Editor says he will grant the request as soon as he can get suitable photos.

M. V. VORHEES, PHILA.—Your kind suggestion is not a new one. Many of the companies now give the casts on each film, and no doubt that will be the policy of all in the near future. It would take too much room to print a hundred or more casts each month.

AXEL.—The size of the aperture plate and also the size of the actual picture on the film is 11-16 inch high by 15-16 inch wide, and each foot of film contains sixteen pictures, but dont forget that a 1000-foot reel contains titles, leaders, etc., and that each picture has four sprocket-holes on each side. Positives are printed from the negative, just as you print photos from a negative. Fine penmanship.

VYRGYNYA.—Your questions are fearfully hard to answer, but since you address me as "Dearest of all men," I am going to set a day aside to answer them —soon. One I shall answer now. You ask why is it that the material resources of the United States are great, but as yet so imperfectly known? Because we have been depending on foreign products. But now that the foreign supply is cut off, we shall soon start digging.

F. W. JACKSON.—Your criticisms are very intelligent and just, and in the main I agree, excepting your remark about Kalem.

MISS SUNDMAKER.—Your verses are so excellent that I shall place them in the hands of Mr. Kerrigan.

GERTIE.—Miss Brockwell was Annette, Sessue Hayakawa was Koto, and Tsuru Aoki was Katuma in "Relic of Old Japan" (Domino). Hershal Mayall and Gertrude Claire were Mr. and Mrs. Reed, and William Campbell was the son in "Wharf-rats" (Broncho).

PERCY VAN V.—You say, "If Wallie has a Van, why does Lillian Walker feet off?" Let me know ahead of time when you are going to spring anything like that.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Yes, all Keystone comedies are passed by the National Board of Censors. Yes; Carlotta De Felice has left the Vitagraph. Your letter was O K, with large, capital letters.

WINNIFRED M. D.—We will chat Harold Lockwood very soon. Mary Pickford has no permanent leading man.

J. C. M., CHICAGO.—The Vitagraph Theater shows only Vitagraph films. "The Painted World" and "Florida Enchantment" are playing, at this writing, with the daily release also.



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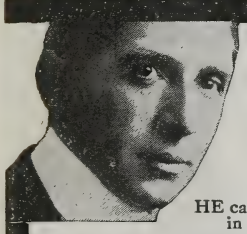
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(*Continued from page* 103)

along toward success. He served with a number of prominent stock companies in different parts of the States, and soon took leading parts. He had his little "go" at vaudeville, too, touring with a sketch entitled "Mephisto," with E. W. Hoyt.

"I like the pictures best, tho," he said. "I was never very stuck on studying up three to six parts a week and playing one-night stands, even with bigger engagements in between. I get all the variety I want playing for the screen, and I have bigger audiences and larger opportunities. Yes, I like it much and hope to get right to the top and stay there."

Mr. Lockwood (my! it seems so funny to say *Mr.* when writing of this boyish man) told me lots of interesting things about his work in Motion Pictures. His first experience was with the Nestor Company, and his first director was E. S. Porter, who was instrumental in getting him into the Famous Players, where he now is. He took leading parts, but often had to "double," as did every one in the cast. The actors assisted in getting the scenes placed, and one of the directors was quite a good scene-painter. He then joined the New York Motion Picture Company at beautiful Santa Monica and was with them for some months, when he left to go with the Selig Company. Then along came Mr. Porter, with delightful little Mary Pickford, and Harold and she made a perfect pair in "Hearts Adrift" and "Tess of the Storm County." He is now working under Allan Dwan, at the New York studios of the Famous Players, and has just acted in "Wild Flower," opposite Marguerite Clark.

Harold (I *must* call him Harold; nothing else seems just right) asked me to have an ice-cream soda, and I did, and he told me all about his ambitions. He is so earnest and so jolly, at the same time, that I am just sure that he is going to get all he wants, for he is already one of the most popular young men on the screen.

He is a nice, unaffected young fellow, and he is good-looking—and oh, he has such a nice smile!

WILLA H.—I am indeed glad to know you. Vera Sisson is Warren Kerrigan's leading lady now. We expect to chat William Shay soon.

EDGAR J. O.—Owen Moore is her husband. The other player you mention is divorced. You refer to Anna Nilsson and Guy Coombs, not to Alice Joyce and Tom Moore. The latter are married, and a happy couple they are.

VERNA G.—Your letter was fine. That is because Kalem is not releasing much "big stuff." We all think that the demand for one-reel films will be just as great in the future as it ever was.

FIFI, 16.—L. C. Shumway had the leading male rôle in "The Candidate for Mayor" (Lubin). Your verse is fine, but a little too long to print.

GWENDOLYN.—Some players look better on the screen than in real life, and others just the opposite. I should say Francis Bushman is more handsome off the screen than on.

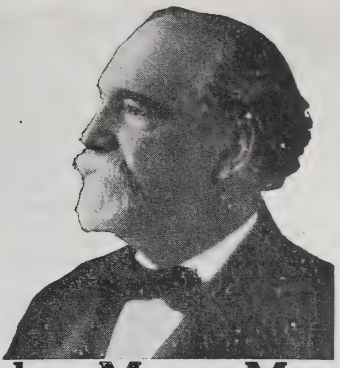
THOMAS G. H.—William Clifford was the captain in "The Vagabond Soldier" (Universal). Every successful player is tempted to leave his present environment and start a company of his own. Many will be ruined by this vanity. A little prosperity kills many good souls. It is all right to be ambitious and to take advantage of opportunities, but there is such a thing as letting well enough alone.

T. W., NEW ZEALAND.—Anna Nilsson was the teacher in "The Breath of Scandal" (Kalem). Guy Coombs was the minister. Anna Little and Joe King were sister and brother, and Burton King was Jim in "The Battle of Gettysburg."

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Yes, the war will hurt 'most every one. You may expect that chat with Norma Talmadge next month. If you saw her sister Constance in "Uncle Bill," you will probably want a chat with her, too.

HAZEL J. S.—Maude Fealy was the princess in "The Runaway Princess" (Thanhouser). Florence Dye was the schoolteacher in "The Mix-up on the Plains" (Selig). Thomas Chatterton was the minister in "In the Southern Hills" (Domino). Lila Chester was the wife in "The Children's Hour" (Thanhouser). Edward Coxen was the artist, Winnifred Greenwood the Lady Golden, and George Field the rich noble in "Youth and Art."

MELVA, 18.—Ruth Stonehouse opposite Francis Bushman in "Trinkets of Tragedy" (Essanay). Guy Coombs was Donald, Alice Hollister was Marion, and Harry Millarde was Major Humphries in "Thru the Flames" (Kalem). Milanos are taken abroad. No, I dont hear from Flower E. G. nor Flossie C. P. any more.



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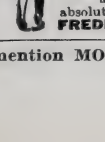
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GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

FOLLOWING are a few letters, selected at random from many thousand that were received in the Great Artist Contest:

Mr. Earle Williams is every inch a remarkable actor. We are not referring to any particular instance in which his incomparable ability has been displayed, and there is no necessity of a detailed explanation to prove his supremacy.

We wish to express our admiration due to Mr. Williams and we feel confident that he will be the most successful in the race for the highest honors in the Movie field as well as the recipient of all full measures of credit which superiority of talent merits.

With best wishes and congratulations to Mr. Williams, "The Silk of the Screen," we are,

THE HERMAN KIEFER HOSPITAL.

In reading of the "Great Artist Contest" in the latest MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, (June), I notice you have had votes from "far-away Melbourne," so I venture to send in my contribution. I take the keenest interest in the contest and would have sent in votes before, but I thought I was much too far away to take active part. However, I am very happy indeed to note that my favorite is just where I would have her—first and foremost—the greatest artist of the day—incomparable in comedy or tragedy—"Little Mary."

I consider William Shay, of Universal, the greatest actor. A man who can bring tears to the eyes and lumps to the throats of his audiences as he did, in "His Hour of Triumph," when he pretended a mere bundle of script was his motherless and deserted babe, is, as you Americans would say, "some" actor. I have seen him in many other productions and admire his powerful portrayals immensely.

As a second choice I would nominate little Norma Talmadge and good old Arthur Johnson. While, perhaps, Norma is not yet as great an artist as, say, Mary Fuller or Edith Storey, still, I think she shows great all-around ability, and it is only a question of time before she becomes a serious rival to present stars of the first magnitude. Wishing the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE every success, believe me, yours truly,

WILFRED J. RIDER.

My first and second votes for Romaine Fielding, because of his ability to portray any character, like in "The Accusing Hand," "Good for Evil," "The Weaker Mind," also "The Harmless One." I wish I could impress on the minds of the people his wonderful and

superb acting. The vocabulary or dictionary would be exhausted if I continue my praise.

Mary Fuller fully deserves her standing in the column. Her work as Mary Stuart, and in "Dolly of the Dailies," was perfect. She can assume any rôle, and play it with expression that is worth mentioning.

The same is said of queenly Alice Joyce, in "The Hand of Mystery," "Our New Minister," "The Weakling" and "The Hunchback," and many others which I have forgotten.

But, after all, there are many players who claim attention and whose work is perfectly natural. Love and success to them all. I remain, yours,

MISS CAROLINE BROWN.

In choosing the greatest Moving Picture artist of the day, I found that by the process of elimination my final choice lay between two actors, namely, Mary Pickford and Mary Fuller.

On one side stood "Little Mary," roguish little imp of a thousand rushing emotions; beautiful little angel with heart of gold and a smile like a sunburst, irresistible and dazzling in its enchantment and splendor. She was the essence of gay and joyous youth, and the personification of the beauty in pure youthful emotions. Her acting was ever a delight to watch, a perpetual fountain of youth.

But, on the other side stood Mary Fuller, Mary of the noble brow and deep-seated emotions. Was ever there anything more beautiful and exalted than Mary Fuller's characterizations of parts that needed really intense emotions to make them a success? To see her act was to feel that she could and would do the same things in real life that she did in the silent drama, that all the world was not to be distrusted yet; in short, to be uplifted and gain faith in ideals.

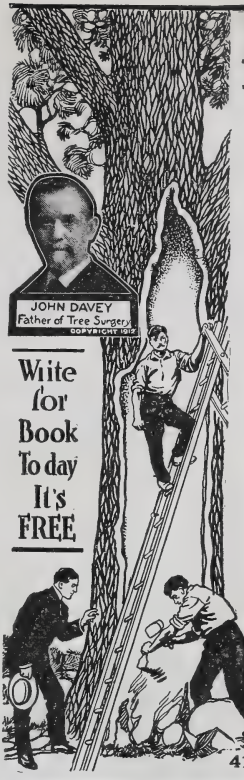
Therefore I decided that Miss Fuller's was the greatest artistry, Miss Pickford's brilliant and lovable personality being the greatest reason for her great and deserved success.

M. IVENTGE.

I kept all my ballots and delayed casting my votes until now in order to study more carefully the work of the various artists. I developed into a regular "fan" while attending the University at Columbus, and my final decisions, shown on the enclosed ballots for Marguerite Clayton and G. M. Anderson, are based on a most careful and enthusiastic study of the Motion Picture play and the artists who represent it on the screen. Yours truly,

HARRY M. WILSON.

Enclosed you will find fifty votes for Jack Kerrigan. I consider him the finest actor you have on the screen. He has no mannerisms, and there is nothing me-



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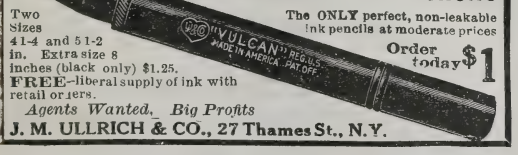


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chanical about his work, for it is all so spontaneous and natural. His Sampson stamped him as a fine, intelligent and emotional actor. He grasps each and every situation, and for the time being is the character he impersonates. I certainly wish we could see him in more of the stronger plays. And I would also like to see Mary Pickford playing opposite him. She is a wonderful little actress. And there is that something indefinable about them both that appeals so strongly to one. Wishing them both success in this contest.

MRS. HARRIET CAROLAN.

I am glad of the opportunity to say a few words in praise of Clara K. Young. In my estimation she doesn't get enough praise. In "The Little Minister" as Lady Babbie and in "Love's Sunset," also as the Japanese girl in "A Study in Botany," she was at her best. Besides being a clever actress, she is beautiful as well. But her eyes—oh, oh! what eyes.

MARTHA S. STUCKIE.

I certainly think that Edith Storey is the greatest artist. How any one that knows anything about acting and who has seen Miss Storey in "The French Spy," "The Prince of Evil," "The Vengeance of Durand" or "The Christian," can say that Clara Young is a greater artist I do not understand, but then I see, in the August magazine, it is the actors and actresses voting for their favorite and I thought this was a Great Artist Contest for the public. I do not want to say anything about the other actresses that are even above Clara Young in the contest, but I would like to know in which picture it was that they showed any great artistic talent. I certainly have never seen Alice Joyce do any great acting; of course, we all like her. As for Edith Storey, "She is not a beauty, but a great actress," is one of the remarks I usually hear about her, and as one old lady said when we saw her in "The Christian," "She is so natural you would think the picture was taken right from her life."

I would also like to know why we cannot have a leading lady for Earle Williams. I love to see him and Edith Storey play together, and I know that a great many people would like to have her to be his leading lady. I only hope that she and E. W. will play in the great play together. Yours sincerely,

MARGUERITE MUNAY.

I enclose my ballot for the Great Artist Contest. I give first place now and all the time to Ruth Roland. I never miss a picture of hers if I can help, and her spontaneous merry-making has more than once broken up a fit of the blues and made life look like it might still be worth living and that there are

other colors in the rainbow besides ultramarine.

I rank Ruth Roland in her sphere of unspoken plays with May Irwin on the speaking stage. Yours truly,

PERCY SUGDEN.

Enclosed find 360 votes for Clara K. Young and Earle Williams. These votes have been brought in voluntarily by patrons of our theater. Very truly yours,

MRS. T. S. SCOTT.

Since first I saw Earle Williams, he has been my favorite and is to me the greatest artist in photoplay.

Because he is handsome some infer is the cause for his extreme popularity. 'Tis true he is of most pleasing personality, yet he never seems conscious of it, but no doubt it is his comely appearance that has won for him so many admirers. But altho he is there with the looks, (so to speak), he is also there with the acting. With him "beauty is more than skin deep."

How many times in actual life are we not attracted by a pretty face, and by more intimate associations we discern nothing deep lies beneath the surface; does not the charm soon wear away and the individual lose his hold upon you?

And so it would be in photoplay were beauty all that was there to hold—for there especially is facial expression most essential.

Unlike many, Mr. Williams is quiet and unassuming. No wild gesticulations mark his acting, but a face that speaks volumes brings the desired effect.

Surely such productions as "The Vengeance of Durand" and "Love's Sunset" bespeak one's artistic talents.

My votes I now enclose, and with them go my wishes for Mr. Williams' success.

LENA JENSEN.

I think Earle Williams is the "greatest artist" because of his wonderful emotional talent. No matter what part he is called upon to play, he always plays it perfectly. He does not use a great many gestures as so many of the players do, but, instead, depends upon his very expressive face to carry his emotions to his audience. I believe there is no other actor on the screen who can portray an emotion as quietly and with as much effect as Earle Williams.

DOROTHY N. WALTON.

I vote Mary Pickford and J. Warren Kerrigan the two greatest artists, because both know just how to put the right spirit into every part they portray, and therefore make it convincing. My greatest wish has always been to see them play opposite each other. Respectfully,

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"Captain Bill"	Universal
"Her Brother's Voice"	Selig
"The Little Stocking"	Imp
"A Motorcycle Elopement"	Biograph
"Downfall of Mr. Snoop"	Powers
"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"The Little Music Teacher"	Majestic
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
"A Cadet's Honor"	Universal
"Cupid's Victory"	Nestor
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"His Tired Uncle"	Vitagraph
"The Swellest Wedding"	Essanay

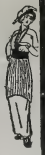
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I vote for Anita Stewart, because she is fine in either comedy or drama. Besides perfect beauty of face and form, she is always expressive in every motion. Never camera-conscious; charming, graceful and dainty, here's to Sweet Anita, greatest artist of all.

MRS. W. F. BOYER.

Please find enclosed votes for two Motion Picture artists—whom I have seen for the past six years—ever since they played together in the old Biograph, in the play "Testing His Friends." That was the first Motion Picture I ever saw, but not the last, I hope. I go to two theaters every night. I have also had the pleasure of meeting both Miss Lawrence and Mr. Johnson and like them very much, both on and off the screen. I also enclose a letter out of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and they are my sentiments of Mr. Johnson as well as the writer's.

I have seen so many pictures that I have become a sort of amateur critic, and I rather enjoy it. I have seen some few hundreds.

Hoping Miss Lawrence and Mr. Johnson win the contest, I beg to remain, a faithful attendant and reader,

MRS. JAMES MCSHANNIC.

Enclosed find sixty votes for Francis X. Bushman. He is the greatest artist in the field, but the people are rather slow in finding it out. He is a real dramatic actor, so full of life that it is a pleasure to see him play. Here's to success for Mr. Bushman!

MILDRED KADOW.

I vote for Carlyle Blackwell, first because his acting is so superb and excellent, and second because he is so very handsome.

I want Mary Pickford to be first, because I think she is the most talented little actress I have ever seen, and Mr. Blackwell and she, I am sure, will make a perfect team.

I am living in hopes of their success.

MISS MARY L. DOBSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A LETTER is a glimpse into a friend's mind, so these glimpses into the minds of our good reader-friends are dearly prized. What a pity that all the entertaining letters which the editor receives cannot be shared, but space demands that preference be shown the shorter ones.

Sometimes, tho, as in this beautiful letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Adams, he

must, in spite of length, let the public share this glimpse into the heart of his friend:

Your Photoplay Philosopher says that this is an age of marvelous philanthropy and human sympathy. Then how is it that not one voice has been raised against the subjecting of babies and little children to nerve-racking and harrowing experiences, and even to danger and possible death, for the sake of giving the public a laugh or a thrill? Perilous rides are made over cliffs—from burning buildings —over trestle-works, with a locomotive thundering overhead. All these feats are so dangerous that the slightest mischance would hurl the child to instant death. Altho a child is fearless, does that say their lives should be put in danger?

Not long ago I read in the *Evening Journal* and saw it illustrated with pictures—how perilous the lives of Motion Picture actors are. The hero was to go from one building to another with a child in his arms. The safety-wire broke, and he was only saved from being dashed to death by happening to catch on to a vine. Is this humane?

I am sure there have been cases where little children have been forced to fall overboard, and they have not been trick pictures, either. They say the pictures of "The Diver" were taken at Niagara Falls. The little girl was told to fall into the rapids from a rowboat. I have nearly been drowned twice, and the choking caused by the water and the awful fear while battling for breath is horrible. In the Biograph picture, "The Sheriff's Baby," what that poor little baby was forced to undergo! It lay on its back outdoors, facing the brilliant light. A mountain lion jumped up to where it was lying and came so close to it. If the animal unexpectedly clawed at the baby and destroyed its sight, would all the realism in the world prove a compensation? Three thieves found the baby on the desert—the rest of the party having died from thirst. For the baby's sake each man in turn tries to reach civilization. Two die, and the last man is set upon by horse-thieves. A number of shots are fired, the man holding the baby in one arm and firing with the other. The explosion of those shots fired so close its ear must certainly have had an awf effect on its nerves, and the condition of the child, when the firing was over, co e vinced me of that. It seemed as d nervous tremors shook its little body. I wrote to you once before about this. Yo f answered that the company must have used a dummy. I wrote to them; they assured me it was a real, live baby.

Now once again this thing is repeated. In the late Biograph release, "The Massacre," Blanche Sweet holds in her arms a

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baby. She is in the center of a band of pioneers. They are fired upon by a horde of Indians, and fire back in return. Altho she holds this baby close to her and covers it at times with a shawl, is it right, for the sake of realism, to force a baby to endure such a shock to its nervous system? A dummy could just as well have been used. I have made it a point to question spectators on an occasion like this, and the consensus of opinion has been that people with hearts have had their enjoyment of a whole performance spoiled by witnessing the needless suffering of little babies.

Every one ought to be the protector of helpless childhood, and when parents or guardians, for fame or gain, are so lost to feeling, ought not the public step in?

When companies produce such pictures as make little ones suffer, the Board of Censors should condemn them. On the stage, the Gerry Society has stepped in to protect childhood. How much more is a society needed to prevent children being exposed to great danger for the sake of thrilling an audience! Perhaps the Board of Censors, by consigning such films to the scrap-heap, may do for the children in Motion Pictures what the Gerry Society has done on the stage. There is a great to-do about censorship for the sake of children in the audience; how about the children themselves who are forced to act for the pictures?

There are enough worthy subjects and plays that do not torture a child by their requirements. I have never seen a happier band of child actors than that of the Edison Company, and their plays and acting have been a pleasure to watch. I speak of this since I am more familiar with the Licensed companies.

I hope my poor, weak protest will do some good, and that for such a worthy cause you yourself will do all in your power. In the name of charity I ask it.

Miss Bessie Havens, of Owego, N. Y., adds an interesting little item—perhaps it will interest you, too:

Since the success of your magazine is a matter of common interest to us both, I simply cannot longer curb my pent-up enthusiasm.

The growth of your magazine has, to my mind, been nothing short of marvelous. I now have on file in my library every issue to date, and, that you may know how much it has come to be prized by other fans, would say that I have just recently been offered $10 for my first copy. Would I sell it? *I should say NOT.* Only yesterday I compared your first issue with the current one, and when one notes in detail the wonderful strides that have been made, it is a problem in my mind as to how it can be made any better.

Still, I have not the least idea but that the present year will leave us gaping with wonder at the new things that have come to us from the various departments.

By way of illustration of the popularity of OUR best seller of magazines, I cannot resist telling of a little incident that came to my notice a couple of months ago. I was on a car going into the shopping district of Pittsburg one morning, the 14th of the month, and on the car I counted 27 people; out of that number there were 14 buried alive behind the covers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and when the conductor roused one lady to tell her that she had reached her destination, the look she gave him would have withered any ordinary person. When one stops to consider that this magazine is still in its infancy, it seems to me that every one connected with its development should be individually congratulated on the brilliant success that has crowned their efforts.

Here is a plea for the sake of the players themselves, from Irwin Matberry, of St. Louis, Mo.:

I have had some experience in the advertising branch of the show business, and, having kept in touch with the Motion Pictures from the beginning, I know that the regular patrons take a greater interest in a film where they can identify the players than they do in one where they see none but strangers.

I attend a neighborhood theater, which has Mutual service, several times a week, and it is interesting to hear the comments of the patrons. I can hear whisperings all around me to the effect: "Watch Ayres wallop Richardson!" "Doesn't Calamity look nice?" "Bet Charlotte Burton gets the worst of it!" I'd just as soon sit thru a baseball session without a score-card and be boring my neighbor by asking, "Who's that at the bat?" as to see a film and not know the leading characters. When you attend a theater to see and hear the spoken drama, you are furnished with a program giving the cast.

I fail to see why they follow the foolish policy in many photoplays of hiding the player's identity, as the foreman of a Dago construction gang hides Tomasso Angelica under No. 36.

The newspapers in all the larger cities are now conducting popularity contests, the idea being to publish each week the picture of the photoplayer having received the most votes during the preceding week, and a glance at the daily standing of the contestants shows that players of companies withholding casts are not in the race. Every contest won by a player not only adds to his individual prestige, but boosts his company's films and the houses in which they are shown.

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Will you please have Mr. Hamby sign and return form, when we will forward our check for amount specified, twenty dollars?
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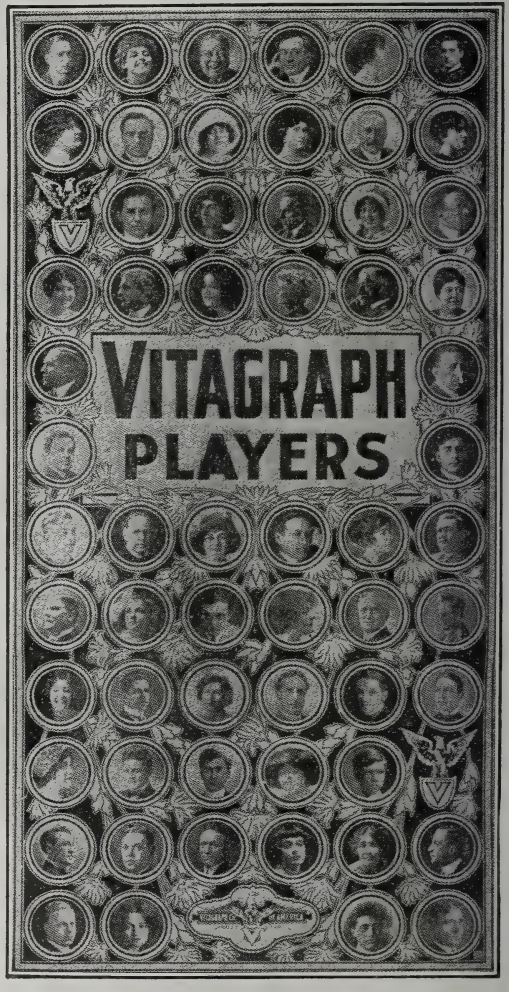
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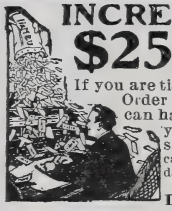
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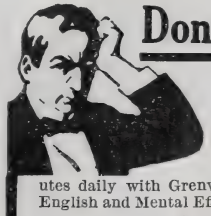
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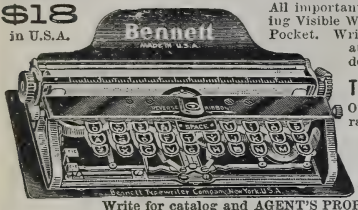
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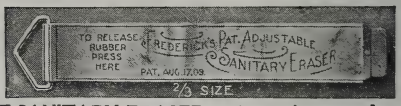
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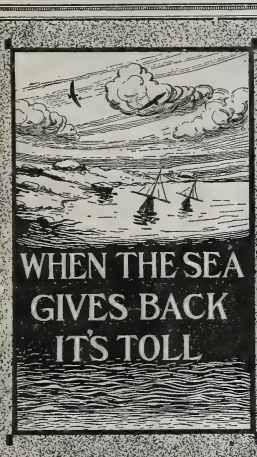
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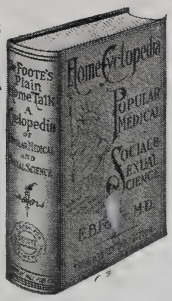
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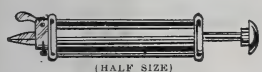
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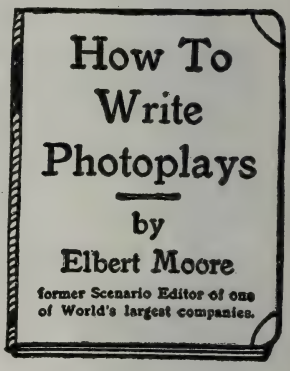
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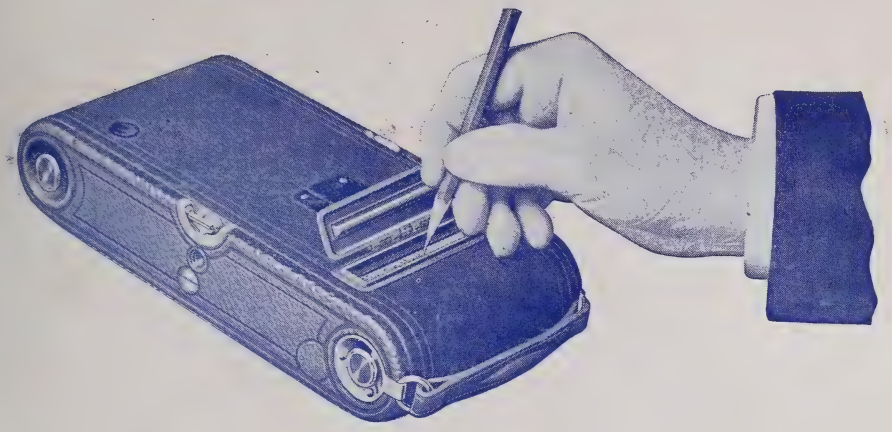
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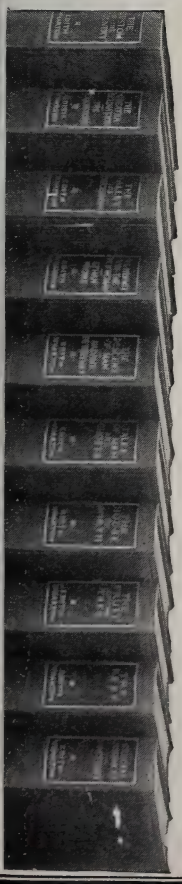


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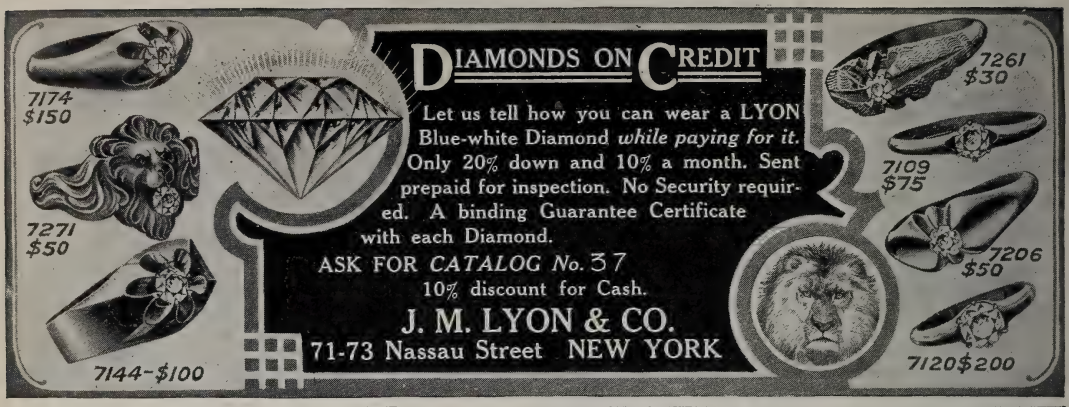
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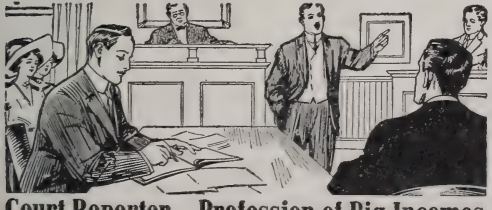
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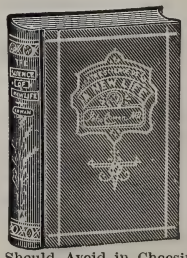
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TRUE BOARDMAN (Essanay)



ANITA STEWART
(Vitagraph)



MAE HOTELY
(Lubin)



DOROTHY DAVENPORT
(Nestor)



EDGAR JONES
(Lubin)



MARGUERITE COURTOT
(Kalem)



THOS. CHATTERTON
(N. Y. M. P. Co.)



MILDRED HARRIS (N. Y. M. P. Co.)



RUTH ROLAND (Kalem)



ANNA LITTLE (Universal)



HELEN COSTELLO (Vitagraph)

LEADING ESSANAY PLAYERS



WALLACE BEERY



RAPLEY HOLMES



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FRANK DAYTON


Three
EDISON
BEAUTIES
GERTRUDE McCOY
ELSIE MAC LEOD
BLISS MILFORD



THE DIRECTOR

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Vol. VIII No. 10



The Warning

(Majestic)

This story was written from the Photoplay of RUSSELL E. SMITH

DOROTHY dried the dishes her mother handed her, warm from the suds, with vicious little jerks. Her pretty forehead was wrinkled ominously, her eyes were mutinous.

"If it's that city feller you're sulkin' over, Dotty, you might's well save your temper," adjured her mother, untactfully. "He dont mean any good by you. Should think a girl as smart as you might know that. You read stories enough and see plays enough, *land* knows!"

Dorothy accepted a dish fastidiously and eyed her parent in ill-concealed pity. "It's because I *am* so smart, mother," she reproved, "that I know a real man when I see one. I have simply been wasting my life, and I might have wasted it entirely if I had listened to these—these *country* fellows—and had not met Mr. Crisp."

"*I* married one o' your 'country fellers'," bristled Mrs. Price, "an' I dont see's *my* life's wasted."

"Our *ideas* are different, mother; that's all. What is pleasure to you is slavery to me. I'm meant for other spheres; as Mr. Crisp says, 'born to play another rôle.' We can never become reconciled in our thoughts, I fear—you and I." She piled the dishes, disdainfully, and the look in her eyes was realistically Ibsenesque.

"Humph!" grunted Mrs. Price, whose vocabulary did not extend into melodrama.

"I'm going out to the hammock," vouchsafed Dorothy, the last dish absently dried; "if Donald—Mr. Crisp, you know—calls, just tell him I'm having my afternoon 'syesta'."

Out in the hammock the frown on the pretty brow deepened. Over her head an apple-tree was bursting into bloom, and now and then a snowy, scented petal fluttered in her face. Across the fields a wild clover breathed its fragrant tale. The skies were unbearably blue. Heaven itself might have opened and poured its stores of sweetness divinely forth—one soul at least would have been adamantine. To the half-awakened girl in the hammock only one thing mattered—the joy of the life Donald Crisp had painted for her. He had put into her senses the throb of the lighted ways; the urge of crowds; the lure of silk-clad women who did nothing but wear brilliant jewels, loll in velvet-lined motors and astonish a wondering world with their altogether superhuman exquisiteness. He

had also adroitly conveyed to her the altogether unusual nicety with which she was fitted to assume such a position. He conveyed, furthermore, his own peculiar adaptability in placing her in that deserved sphere. With all the misguided ardor of her small-town soul, the girl yearned for this life of the city—this wonderful, wonderful life, where she and Donald might—— Some one had taken her in fierce, encircling arms; some one was kissing her mouth with kisses she had known only in certain ill-printed, paper-covered volumes. Some one was whispering perfervid endearments in her ear.

"I have waited long enough, sweetheart," he was saying. "I am going away today, and you must—you *must* come with me. You will never regret it, baby doll; I promise you that."

Dorothy regarded him with eyes that loved and doubted—torn between her unreasoning desire for the things this man promised her and her hero-worship of the man himself. He was wonderful, indeed, to look upon; *very* wonderful to the untutored child, for whom he was an absolute departure from all her life's knowledge—correctly tailored; perhaps *too* correctly; irreproachable tonsorially; dazzlingly manicured; as to manner, saccharine. What frail defense had Dorothy?

"I'll go," she answered him, shaking with her own temerity, "and will you *really* and *truly* buy me all the things you said and marry me the very *instant* we get to the city?"

"I'll do anything you tell me to. Can I say more?"

"N-no. Well, I'll go get my things. Dont you think we ought to tell my mother?"

The man repressed his impatience. "Not yet, sweetheart," he said; "it'll be all over when she knows it, and she'll like it *much* better that way. Just think, she'll have no expense, no worry; nothing but the knowledge that her little girl is safely married."

"And you'll *truly* marry me and buy me all the things you said?"

"Truly, little girl."

"A-all right. Wait here."

The trip to the city was an enchanted one for the girl whose outings had been Sunday-school excursions and bicycle rides. Yet every turn of the wheels seemed to monotone awesomely, "Turn back—turn back—turn back!" Each speeding mile carried her on to that strange life that had sounded wondrous fair in the safe environs of melodramas, and loomed up now with a darkling, sinister outlook.

"Where are we going first?" she whispered, the tumult of the station drowning her voice and quickening her pulse.

"To a boarding-house where I am well known," Donald told her. "I want you to begin in a modest way; take things easy, you know. Then when you have a night's rest and get sort of in tune with things, we'll get the preacher-man around."

"But you said we'd be married the *instant* we got here," insisted Dorothy.

"My *dear* little girl," Donald laughed indulgently, "an instant in the city is often a day and a night. Ministers are not waiting at every corner, you know, for the special joy of joining eloping couples in matrimony. There are—er—arrangements to be made."

The boarding-house was a far, far call from the twentieth century palace of Dorothy's dreams. In fact, it compared very unfavorably with the trim, flower-decked little cottage in Meadow Farms. An air of musty gloom pervaded the untasteful furnishings; hand-made flowers long past their painted bloom sent forth their dusty breath; uncouth pictures in oils accosted one from massive, golden frames. Weirdly incongruous in the midst of this tawdry antiquity was the occasional strident laughter echoing from some realm above-stairs, and more incongruous still the presiding genius of the establishment, who had not foregone *her* painted bloom, if the flowers had. In fact, she was radiantly colored, and most effusive to

Dorothy. She quite overwhelmed the now dismayed child with the effusion and the perfume of her embraces. To Dorothy the lady was one in a million; to Donald Crisp, a weary repetition of a piteously weary type.

"I'll be back early in the morning, sweetheart," he promised her, "and I'll have the minister with me. We'll be married, and I'll show you the *real* city—the city I told you of. Dont lose your nerve; be a good girl and do just as Mrs. Kingsley here tells you."



A WILLING WITNESS TO THE CEREMONY

The night was a horrid dream to Dorothy. Fresh from her clover-swept country, she was uncomfortably conscious of the decided staleness of this atmosphere. Strange sounds reached her ears from time to time: bottles clinking; laughter that smote her with a brassy sound. Then came morning at last—a gray, dingy dawn that painted the gloom of the chamber more uncompromisingly than the flickering gas had shown. Unaccountably fearful, Dorothy dressed and went forth to meet the groom. He was there—she could not say *why* she felt joyously relieved—and he was accompanied by a suave young gentleman in clerical garb. Somehow the sacrilegious thought of a motley masquerade flitted thru her mind, still fearful from the terrors of the night; then she stoically took her place by Donald's side and dazedly repeated the sacramental words. The lady of dazzling charms flanked her on one side; on the other an unbelievably thin girl, with the most peony-scarlet cheeks and hair that bade defiance to the constellations. Dorothy granted to the city the most remarkable-looking persons she had ever seen.

Followed bewildering days, all merged into one chaotic whole: the indubitable marvels of the city; alternating tenderness and abuse on Donald's part; the sickening discovery that the musty, dusty boarding-house was to be their permanent abode. He had told her the truth in *one* respect. There *were* lovely ladies



AND A ROOM FOR THE BRIDAL COUPLE

whose Alpha and Omega of existence was to loll in silk-lined equipages and wear priceless gems—but *she* was not one of them. She belonged to the inmates of the boarding-house: girls with eyes too tired ever to shine again; with faces unlovely under the peony red; sad, bruised souls, aged before the rightful rush of time. And the realization brought a terror that gripped her in its vise. She woke, at last, to the call of the sweet field-clover, the bud-glory of the spring, the simple goodness of her mother's despised creed.

"I'm sick of your whining," Donald told her one morning, when the horror of what she had done had wrenched the wailing truth from her soul—"*sick* of it. Now you can go to blazes, for all I care. We never were married, anyhow—get wise to that. Dont make a scene—scenes wont go in this joint; they're too old a tale. Ta—ta!"

"Donald!" The girl held him back as he started down the stairs. "Donald—you—you *couldn't!*"

"Ta—ta!" and the door slammed after him, suit-cases and all. The dazzling lady was leering at her from a doorway. Dorothy turned to her, hands outstretched. "Tell me," she begged, "just *one* thing. *Weren't* we married—*truly?*"

"Married! *Gawd!* Girls, girls, come hear the latest! Our Dotty is playin' the 'ongenoo'!"

The long, long, fruitless tramps; the rebuffs; the dwindling away of the tiny sum Donald had charitably left her; the advice of the one kindly soul she encountered who urged her to return to her mother. It awoke the dormant craving, that timely counsel; the craving for the blessed rest of the countryside; the craving for her own white bed; for her mother's arms. And she went home. It was not her mother who met her at the little gate; not the mother she had left, who had always had the love-light in her eyes for the little, foolish girl she sometimes chided. This woman was a stern, hard-faced person who pointed an accusing finger at the wretched prodigal daughter and bade her "Go!" And she knew, poor, storm-weary outcast, that if there was no

mercy for her in *that* heart, there would be none anywhere on earth.

What, then, was left for such a one as she? What did one do?—the river! *That* was what one did. She had thought it silly, melodramatic; she knew now. It was the only thing one *could* do. It seemed a shame to defile this little, rushing, gladsome river with such an ugly thing as death. Her feet halted an instant on the little bridge. How many times she had skated on it, canoed on it, bathed in it—this playful stream. Well, she would bathe in it now. Perchance *it* would be merciful, at least, and wash away her sins. She felt herself falling, falling—She heard a voice in her ears and shrieked aloud. How it *hurt*, falling into water! She had always supposed——

"Dorothy—*Dorothy!*" What *was* that voice haunting her even in death? The roaring of the river in her ears? She opened her eyes—— She was on the ground; the apple-tree was raining its fragrant shower on her. She had dreamed, and Donald Crisp had waked her, calling her name across the field. She stumbled to her feet dizzily and ran to the house like some hunted thing.

"Mother!" she called, as she dashed into the kitchen and threw herself at the astounded woman, "mother, *mother,* here comes Mr. Crisp. G-go tell him *never* to come here again as *long* as he lives—never, never, *never!*"



"DONALD—YOU—YOU *COULDN'T!*"

Picture Plays

By HARVEY PEAKE

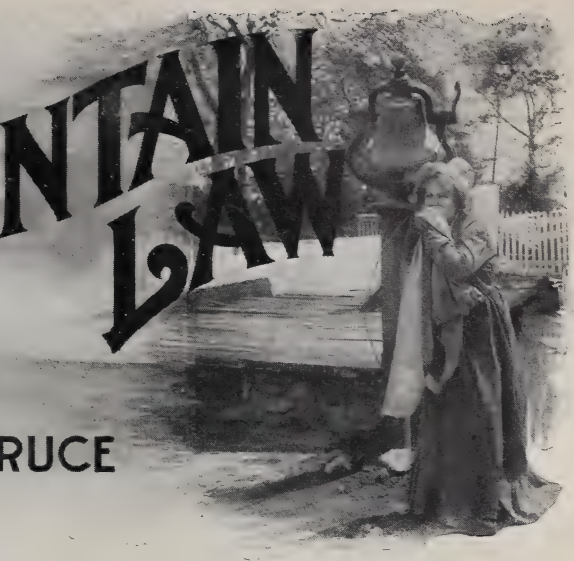
See the fascinating plays,
Picture plays!
How their humor and their pathos
Charm us in a hundred ways!
How their awe-compelling motion,
As we watch them on the screens,
Fills us with a strange emotion,
And gives us a passing notion
That we're seeing real scenes!
How they gleam, gleam, gleam,
In a never ending stream,
And catch the fleeting fancy
Of the endless crowd that goes
To the shows, shows, shows, shows,
Shows, shows, shows,
To the wonder-working Motion Picture shows!



YALE BOSS, OF THE EDISON PLAYERS

The MOUNTAIN LAW

(LUBIN)



By

NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of HERMAN A. BLACKMAN

"STAND *by your kinsman to the death! Fight for him; steal, lie, kill for him; and never, under any circumstances, betray him." This is the mountain law.*

Death is not so powerful as this law; life is not so powerful; love is not so powerful. It is not a law learnt from books; not a law made by lawmakers. It is instilled into the very blood and being of the child generations before he is born. Those who are old in mountain lore realize this, but the younger generation was always slow to admit its chains.

Bob Tyler was jubilant. Sitting on the worm fence, a bit apart from the group of silent, grim mountaineers in front of the cabin, he looked away over the narrow valley, with its shiftless corn-patches and rooting hogs, upon a glorified world. The tang of crushed smartweed was in his nostrils like an odor of success. He watched a bright, blue speck moving on the hillside, and the young blood leaped to his face and heart, warming him.

"Bob!"

The boy sprang down from his perch. "Yes, pap?"

"Hyar's whar ye make yore mark, I reckon."

The group chuckled. Bob Tyler stooped over the smooched and bleary sheet of paper with swelling heart. A peace pact at last between Hurf and Tyler! He saw the ungainly scrawls of the others' signatures from hands more ready with the gun than the pen, and a mist obscured his eyes as he added his name. The consumptive circuit-rider bowed his head and raised a bony hand when the scratch of the stub-pen ceased.

"Let us thank Gawd, my brothers an' sisters, in th' spirit of brotherly and sisterly love," he droned. A woman's sobs sounded on the outskirts of the group. Mattie Hurf stood in the low door of the cabin, gingham apron over her head. Her unlovely elbows protruded thru rents in her calico dress. The cords stood out startlingly on her yellow neck. Once she had been called the "Lily of B'ar Mountain." That was twenty years ago, before she married Tom Hurf, bore him twelve children and watched her father, two brothers and one son brought home dead, with a Tyler bullet in their hearts. She was thirty-six years old now—an old woman, Bob thought, contrasting with her seamy, faded face and dingy screw of hair Betty's wistful loveliness. Need of her seized him; he leaped the low fence and plunged into the underbrush.

"Oh, Gawd! we thank Thee," droned the circuit-rider. The smell



THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE PACT

of bruised and sappy weeds was strong and pungent all around.

"Betty, Betty," cried the lover, "dont y'u go for to tease me now, gal! Whar y'u hidin', honey?"

The blue speck that he had watched from the hillside rose suddenly from a clump of sycamores. A bright face, framed in tangled curls, dimpled at him from the depths of a sunbonnet, but she eluded his outstretched arms.

"Pore Tyler trash!" she mocked. "Go 'long of y'u. 'Pears like yu're mighty sprightly, all on a sudden!"

"Betty! They've done signed!" he cried eagerly. "We-uns haint enemies no longer. We're friends!"

The girl's mockery vanished. The color drained from her round, warm cheeks as her eyes probed his for the truth.

"Bob! Air that *true?*"

They stared at one another solemnly; then, with feminine unreason, she burst into tears and buried her face on his homespun shoulder.

"Thar! thar! Honey gal——"

A harsh laugh drove the two apart. Old Jim Tyler stood, a sneer on his evil old face, staring at his son thru half-shut, peering eyes.

"I didn't 'low t' interrup'," he said. Then his loose mouth grew ugly. "Bob Tyler, y'u pore fool, come home 'long o' me," he snarled. "Pact or no pact, I dont aim t' have blood o' mine co'tin' a Hurf." He spat out the word venomously.

The girl's bright face darkened; the round young body grew tense; the hard, little, brown fist doubled. A torrent of mountain abuse sprang from her lips in a muddied stream of words.

Laughing loudly, the older man passed on down the mountain, clumping clumsily in the unfamiliar "comp'ny shoes" donned for the occasion. Bob met her anger with cajolery.

"Pretty li'l Betty—don' y'u cayr, honey—dad don' mean no harm—"

But she was gone, in a flash of blue, among the sycamores on the hill.

A peaceful week passed over B'ar Mountain. The neighborhood ceased to run, with horrified anticipation, in the direction of every chance gunshot. Tylers and Hurfs passed one another on the road with rough greetings, and their women folks began to breathe more freely.



BOB TYLER AND OLD JIM QUARREL

"Hit looks like hit's true," sighed the faded "Lily" to her daughter. "I 'low I'll stop after meetin' next Sabbath an' ask Lou Tyler f'r her wrapper pattern. Her an' me war good friends oncet." Slow tears filled her eyes. Feuds are hardest on the women who marry into them. The zest of hatred is lacking; only the duty of it is left. The girl sniffed scornfully.

"Hit's mighty lucky f'r that thar ornery, wuthless Bill that th' feud's done over," she remarked, with a toss of her head toward where the subject of her remarks sprawled lazily on the bench by the fire. "Bringin' his precious hide home after the shootin's done finished, like a licked houn' dawg!"

She sprang to her feet and snatched her rifle down from the wall, with an angry flirt of her curls. "Goin' after squerrels, mammy," and she was gone. The bushes snapped in the wake of her impetuous course. The cowardice of her brother, who had hidden in the city while the feud was at its fiercest, nagged her on like a snapping cur at the heels of her thoughts. She did not notice her direction until she plunged into the clearing where Jim Tyler and his two sons bent over their whisky-still. At the sound of her approach, the three men whirled, hands on guns. Ever in the mind of the law-breakers lurks the thought of the law. It is a more potent punishment than conscience, for it is ever-present and imminent, not to be laid aside, waking or sleeping. It is as tho the ghost of a murdered man should haunt the slayer before he commits his crime. But now the bushes framed nothing more terrifying than Betty's piquant face, her blue eyes thunderous above the rifle-butt as she caught sight of her lover and Old Jim.

"Needn't draw this time, boys!" laughed the father, contemptuously. "We-uns haint got nawthin' t' fear from th' Hurf gang. They-all's afeard o' they shadder, they-all is! Tell Bob we haint 'lowin' t' hurt him, gal."

"Tell him yoreself, if y'u aint afeard!" flashed the girl. "Big talk, little do! 'Pears like y'u jumped f'r yore guns mighty lively jest now!"

"Betty! Betty! Honey gal!"

"Shet up, Bob Tyler—yore's bad as th' rest! As f'r y'u, y'u white-haired ol' scou'drel, I'm layin' t'

show y'u whether y'u got nawthin' t' fear fr'm a Hurf some o' these days!"

Bob's face quivered with the angry sting of her words, but the old mountaineer's hide was tough. He laughed loudly as the slight figure crashed out of sight, and turned back to the still. "Better lug us 'nother sack o' corn, boys," was all he said, coolly.

Half an hour later Bob returned alone. The rough sack, balanced on one shoulder, cast a shadow over his handsome young face.

"Her 'n' pap couldn't never hit it off," he muttered, discouragedly. "She'm a wild-cat, and he'm a b'ar." He parted the bushes, then started back in surprise. "Lawsy, if thar haint her again—runnin' like Ol' Nick was after her!"

A sudden dread, like a chilly hand, seized him. The bag of corn fell in a shower of gold to the ground. He stood paralyzed, hardly daring to turn his eyes toward the still. When at last he did, the woods rang to his despair.

"Pap, pap! Why war it y'u that done hit, Betty gal?"

Beside the prone figure lay her rifle, a silent witness. The man stumbled to his knees with the uncouth groans of a suffering animal and felt of the silent heart. Betty! His pretty little sweetheart! 'Twas pap's houndin' had maddened her. He thought of her warm, dimpling face; the soft weight of her in his arms; the shy wonder of her kiss. The man on the ground there had given him life, but the slip of a girl whose rifle lay under his hand had given him love, and the taste of joy, and the knowledge that he was a man and a human being. Suddenly he snatched a scrap of paper from his pocket. A broken bit of pencil lay on the ground. With icy fingers and the sweat of agony stiffening on them, he scrawled a few words upon it and pinned it to the sprawling coat-sleeve. Then, sick and shaking, he seized the rifle and stumbled away. The woods were fearsome to him, pitiless, unfeeling. He ran until he was breathless and spent; then, dropping down in a clump of bracken, lay very still, trying to control the shaking of his limbs. The sick sky whirled dizzily above him. As tho from some inner recess in his brain, a bell sounded, faintly tolling — tolling. Suddenly he sat up, listening.

"Hit's th' 'larm bell," he muttered. "They-all is gatherin'! Maw's done ringin' th' 'larm bell f'r th' Tylers t' ride!"

Far behind, in the half-lighted Hurf cabin, Betty and her brother Bill faced each other above a pistol held unsteadily on the girl's hot palm.

"Y'u-all—done—hit!"

The man cringed from her awful eyes; his weak face was streaked with wet fear.

"He—he 'lowed he wouldn't strike hands with a coward," whined Bill. "He—he done laugh at me, Bet. I couldn't stan' hit t' see his ol' face a-laughin'. I didn't aim t' *kill* him."

"Y'u fool! Dont y'u know hit'll start up th' feud agin? My Gawd, hit *shant!* Lemme go, y'u red-handed, white-livered coward, y'u!"

"What y'u 'lowin' t' do—give me up?" The man laughed triumphantly. "Betty, y'u-all cant do hit! Hit's th' law o' th' mountains t' stand by yure kin!"

She staggered back from him, white, breathless, at bay. Yes, he was right. It was the law of the mountains; stronger than love or hate or fear. Beaten, she turned in the doorway.

"I reckon I'll find Bob Tyler an' try t' stop th' shootin'," she said colorlessly. But in her stricken face he read his warrant of safety and let her go unhindered, laughing hysterically, with his head in his guilty hands.

In the clearing the two clans were gathered in battle array. The hate that no pact can erase, no oath enchain, glowered in a score of sullen faces. But before a shot was fired, a



"WAIT! DONT SHOOT! READ THIS!" SHE CRIED DESPERATELY

slender figure broke into the ring, waving a scrap of paper on high. To stop the terrible slaughter of the instant was Betty's only thought, yet the paper scorched her fingers and her heart.

"Wait! Dont shoot! Read this!" she cried desperately. "Th' wind done tuk it yender. It must 'a' been pinned t' ol' man Tyler's coat."

The grim mountaineers, abating not a jot or tittle of their purpose, gathered about her and read the message aloud. It was a confession of murder signed by Bob Tyler.

Betty watched their faces change, watched them turn away, mount their horses and set off down the mountain road in half-hearted pursuit of the patricide. Then, with wild tears and writhings, she flung herself down upon the moss, beating the hard earth with frenzied fingers. She had followed the law of the mountains and saved her brother; but she had broken the law of God, which bids a woman cleave only to the man she loves for better or worse as long as they both shall live.

The days of the coming month dragged heavy-footed, until one morning, suddenly it was autumn, and the mountains were a pyre of gold and crimson flames. The girl in the doorway of the Hurf cabin drew in the spiced air in long breaths that were sighs. Autumn! And Bob and she had planned that before the frost yellowed the cornfield they would be married. Was not the little cabin almost furnished, yonder in the hollow, with the rain and rotting leaves falling thru the roof and the wind banging the door to and fro all night long?

" 'Pears like I got a tech o' siaticy," her mother's voice complained behind her, in a patient, dreary whine. "I wist I could git ovah t' Lou Tyler's. She done makes a tea outer roots that's powerful good f'r siaticy——"

A lump rose in the girl's throat. Was life this, then? Empty cabins, broken hopes, aches and pains?

A sound on the rocky path up the hillside broke the gray thread of her thoughts. A group of men a-horseback, carrying sinister guns across their saddle pommels, drove into the yard and dismounted. The hindermost figure caught the girl's eye.

"Bill, what air y'u hyar f'r?" she



BOB FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN THE TRAP HE HIMSELF HAD BAITED

cried out sharply. "An' y'u, Uncle Luke, thar—whar y'u goin'?"

A stranger, dressed in the menace of official blue uniform, answered her.

"We're after the Tyler gang of whisky distillers," he explained succinctly. "Your uncle is an unwilling assistant in his capacity of sheriff. He insisted on coming here before we made the raid."

Luke Hurf leaned out of his saddle, grasping the girl's thin shoulder roughly.

"Y'u-all knows what this hyar business 'll lead to," he said meaningly. "Call th' folks together, so's t' be ready, gal."

Dazed, she saw the group ride away in the direction of the whisky-still. Hot shame fired her.

"Hit war Bill done hit—*f'r pay*!" she thought fiercely. "Yes, I'll git th' folks together, but hit'll be t' help th' Tylers, not t' shoot 'em!"

The gathering of the "folks" was just in time. As, Betty at their head, they rode into the clearing where the whisky-still had stood, they found all traces of it gone; but a sinister group gathered where it once stood. Rope about his neck, Bob Tyler faced them all—angry kinsmen, feudal enemies and officers of that cruel "city" law that does not allow mountain folks to live and die and manage their affairs in their own way. Overhearing Bill's treacherous offer to reveal the still to the revenue officers, he had ridden fast and far from the city to destroy all evidences of lawbreaking. And now he found himself caught in the trap he had baited himself for the sake of his mountain sweetheart.

With a wild cry, the girl was down from her horse and on his breast, frenzied arms tugging at the rope.

"No, no!" she panted, "not *that*—O Gawd, ha' mercy, not *that!* Bob, Bob, say y'u love me! Say y'u forgive me! Oh, what'll I do?"

Her hunted glance met that of Bill, sitting coolly in his saddle. He was smiling down at her boldly, smug with the protection of the law of kin. But it was another law that finally interfered. The stranger in the blue uniform motioned his men to lead Bob away.

"Lock him up for trial," he ordered curtly.

"But he done confessed he killed his pappy," said a voice in the crowd, doubtfully. Betty wrung her hands.

"Every man has a right to a fair



"NO. NO!" SHE PANTED, "NOT *THAT*——"

trial," said the officer. "A confession is not proof in law."

The dead leaves whirled down from the sycamores in russet heaps; the boughs creaked and groaned rheumatically overhead. The smell of death and decay was in the heavy air, like an intangible depression. Huddled on the door-sill of the half-finished cabin, the girl looked before her with heavy-lidded eyes. Three weeks had passed since she had gazed out on the autumn and wondered whether life were as sad as it seemed then. She could have laughed at her folly. Sad *then?* And now Bill, her brother, was in prison awaiting sentence, and she had not seen Bob since the trial that had culminated so strangely.

Relying on the firm arm of the mountain law, Bill had not realized that the bit of broken pencil in his hand in the courtroom could convict him. Strange, when one has avoided such large pitfalls, that a tiny pebble can trip him! She reviewed it all now, sitting forlornly among the ruined leaves—how Ed Tyler had noticed the pencil, had remembered the broken pencil stump that he had found by his father's body and, secretly matching them, had risen in the courtroom and accused Bill of the murder of old Jim Tyler. So Bob had been saved without the necessity of her playing false to her kin. But he had evidently not forgiven her; would evidently never forgive. A hopeless stoicism drove the tears from her eyes. It was useless to cry, useless to remember, useless to hope. She would go on, grow peaked at elbow and yellow and full of aches and pains like other mountain women, and the snow and rain and wind would beat down on the little, lonely cabin until it fell to ruin under the trees——

Swift feet sounded among the leaves; a tall figure swung toward her under the rattling, moaning boughs. And suddenly to her dazzled eyes every naked twig was a-shimmer with the promise of the leaves it would yet bear in coming spring-times, and life was a wonderful and holy thing.

"Betty! sweetheart! Honey gal!" cried her lover, and caught her, sobbing, radiant, close in his warm, strong arms.



"So," said the girl, quietly, "so that is the way men love."

The book slid from pulsing fingers into her lap. She made no motion to regain it, fearing to break the spell its golden words had woven about her. She felt them in every fiber of her being now, in every throb of her startled heart. It was almost painful, this fierce surprise of emotion, like the birth of a new self within her. Love! The little word, like a subtle chemical dropped into a peaceful beaker of liquid, had dissolved her world into a chaos of unfamiliar sights and sounds. So *that* was the way men loved! What a puny, schoolgirl conception she had had of it before—a thing made up of blushes and raptures and cocked-hat notes and diamond rings!

And now a few lines of print from an unknown author had found an undreamed doorway within her soul and flung it wide. She was dizzied at the promise and possibilities within: the thoughts she was capable of thinking; the joys and the griefs that she might —God willing—know. With sudden fierceness, she longed for her fulfillment, for the bitter-sweet draught of the love that he sang—this Norman MacPherson, who spoke from the nowhere and nothingness of stranger-hood so clearly and so surely to her soul.

"Meta, Meta, dear!"

With the sweet reasonableness that was so much a part of her, the girl rose to her feet, brushing back the dreams and closing the door strongly on that terrible and holy sanctuary in her soul. She would never be quite the same Meta again, but no one else would understand that, much less this beloved summoner.

"Yes, Grandmother Van — right here in the pergola."

The white-haired little woman, in the coquettish dress of a girl, ran lightly toward her thru the lacy shadows. Quick words bubbled to her lips, outstripping her eager feet and extended hands. Mrs. Vandeveer dressed and lived according to the age of her head, which was as young as a child's.

"Meta, dear, you'd never guess! I've got a husband for you up at the house this minute!"

"Mercy! It's *so* sudden!" laughed the girl. Yet a chill swept over her, quenching the exaltation of a moment ago. It was the feeling of a novice who hears her saint profaned. "I suspect that means that the great and wonderful grandson has at last arrived?"

"George—ten minutes ago, in a taxi, looking like Lord Byron, my child. If I were a girl, I'd lose my heart in a moment. And he's taking us into town to a Bohemian restaurant where they eat soup with a French accent, and to a play afterwards——"

Meta Dandridge followed the ebullient little figure thru the grave,

formal gardens to the house with a sense of surprise that everything—gay hollyhocks, prim purple aster and flaunting, scarlet-skirted peony—should be exactly as it had been an hour ago. Everything was the same—dear Grandmother Van, George—everything and every one except herself. She knew, for Mrs. Vandeveer was not reserved about her hopes and plans, that the much-heralded George was predestined by his grandparents for her, and hitherto the idea had not been displeasing. It was romantic to consider herself pledged to a handsome, wealthy, dashing young cavalier whom she had never seen; it was a different thing to watch the greedy look of appraisement in a flesh-and-blood man's eyes and the still more disquieting approbation that succeeded it. Meta, slim and virgin as the white birch behind her, felt, with inexpressible terror, a new knowledge of her own beauty. It was a two-edged weapon, she realized; dangerous to her and to others. With an effort, she flung introspection aside and met George's badinage with her usual gaiety; but her heart was strangely heavy with foreboding, as of one to whom is given in a dream the doubtful privilege of seeing his own manner of death.

Yet as the summer drifted by, she grew half-ashamed of her distaste for the well-looking and charming young fellow so constantly at her side.

"I wonder whether I am not hysterical and over-emotional?" she dissected herself one evening when she found herself at length in her own room with his impassioned proposal still echoing in her ears: "Meta, Meta, you dont guess how I love you; but I'll teach you, you cold, little, pale thing. Why not, little girl?"

Why not, indeed? Had she any reason? A few impersonal lines of print—— She rose and brought the volume of Norman MacPherson's verses to the window, where the cold moonlight could touch the pages. The words throbbed like blood in her veins, filling her with a sobbing grief. No man could write such things, except to a woman. She was raving like a love-sick girl over a matinée idol. He was, no doubt, a middle-aged man, bald, fat, *married!* She would let no folly like this ruin her life. The insidious moonlight, the spoken and written words of the night, filled her with a restlessness that she mistook for love. And if it were not love, what of it? Those dear old people to whom she owed her quiet, happy girlhood, those more-than-parents would be glad. A passion for self-immolation seized her. And with the mood still upon her the next afternoon, Meta gave her promise to marry George Vandeveer.

"I knew you were just *made* for each other," beamed Grandmother Van, hovering over the girl with little chirrups of delight. "I brought you up for George, my dear. It's the most comfortable arrangement in the world."

Even in her exalted mood Meta had to smile wryly at the term. "A comfortable arrangement!" So *that* was what marriage really was! The poem—she thrust back the thought of the poems that had taught her all she knew of love. They had been just poetry, after all. Life was different, a thing of comfortable arrangements and pleasant commonplaces; not the heights of rapture nor the valleys of despair. And, meanwhile, it was pleasant to turn George's ring about on her finger and to feel the pride of possession when he bent over her before guests.

The engagement was announced at a moonlight fête on the lawns of Vandeveer Court. Meta went thru the evening as a heroine of a popular novel moves thru its pages, gracefully the mistress of the situation. She was avowedly conscious of standing a bit apart and watching her own perfect mechanism, but once a cold chill shot over her as she thought: "Will it all be like this? Will I be playing a part all my life?"

"Pretty girl, very!" a fat guest, in evening clothes, remarked to the young fellow he found at his elbow. "But I'm not so keen for all this



THE DANCE OF THE WOOD NYMPH

fancy-dress dance stuff. They say she learnt to dance with Carsi. Humph! Money thrown away."

The young man beside him did not take his eyes off the slim, light figure moving like the supple shadows over the white lawn.

"She is very lovely," he said simply, at last. "I would give a good deal to put her into words. She *is* a wood nymph, you see. She is wonderfully pagan and aloof——"

"She's engaged to that young scapegrace, George Vandeveer," said the man, with a disagreeable nudge. "Plenty of gilt-edged bonds, eh? Oh, believe me, she knows which side *her* bread's buttered on."

The young man turned sharply and looked him over with careful precision. "George Vandeveer is an old friend of mine," he said coldly. "And I have a singular prejudice on the subject of gossiping. Good-evening, sir."

He made his way thru the crowd with the ease of a man five inches taller and broader than any other male being present, and, as a shower of hand-claps announced the end of the dance, felt a hand on his elbow.

"Norman, old chap, I want you to meet the girl I'm going to marry," said George Vandeveer. His air was that of the showman exhibiting a rare and unpurchasable article. To Meta it seemed that there must be a price-mark upon her as she came forward. Then, with the sense of suffocation—of the pound of strange waters on her ears—she heard the name:

"Norman MacPherson, Miss Dandridge; Meta, this fellow's no end of a genius—a poet and all that——"

Shame at the wild beating of her heart gave the girl the courage to look coolly up into the stranger's face with a light little laugh that was as well done as any novel heroine. "Why, I know Mr. MacPherson by heart," she cried flippantly. "I'm going to give you a compliment. You dont look a single bit like a poet!"

"And, George permitting, I'll give you one," replied the man, bowing gravely. "I supposed, to see you dance, that you *were* a real wood nymph. It was very beautiful."

"Thank you. It was very simple," she replied nervously, drawing her gauzy green draperies about her. She heard George's complacent grunt at her elbow and could have shrieked aloud at the dreadful nearness of him. Bald! Fat! Middle-aged! The dark, strong face of the poet swam in a dizzy haze before her.

"Let's take a stroll; what d' you say, eh?" proposed George, feeling for a cigaret. He took the girl's arm with an air of proprietorship and drew her into a white path between the trees. "Come on, old man; what are you hanging back for?"

"Left my cigaret-case on the bench back yonder," said Norman, shortly. "I'll follow you up in a jiffy."

The betrothed strolled on thru the enchanted light in silence.

"Say, sweetheart, you haven't kist me once this evening." George tossed his cigaret into the bushes and turned. She saw his heavy, handsome face drawing near, felt his hot breath on her forehead, and suddenly cried out in pain and pushed him violently away.

"No, no! Not now—I cannot *bear* it now!"

"Well — what's the trouble?" growled the lover, in an injured tone. "I've got a right to kiss you, haven't I?"

The right to kiss her! What had she done? The veil of her illusion was torn from her eyes, and thru the tatters she looked out at this man as from a great distance.

"Oh, have mercy on me!" she cried out, in a queer, breathless, strangled voice. "I—I must go—you must let me——"

She turned from him and fled like a hunted, wild thing down the white, serene path. The gold of her hair was a flame under the moon; the diamond on her left hand shot swift sparks, and her light, blowing draperies wreathed her like a mist. George Vandeveer shrugged his shoulders.



NORMAN MACPHERSON RESPONDS TO META'S APPEAL

"Woman—nerves!" he soliloquized; "but she's a mighty pretty girl—— Powers above! what's that?"

He started to run clumsily in the direction of the shriek. It quivered like a needle plunged into the air; then died down.

Afterwards Meta realized the truth. It had not been to George that she had cried when the burly stranger leaped on her from the bushes. In the instant before the soiled hand stifled her shrieks, only one face had flashed into her mind. To that face she had sent her appeal, and he had responded.

Hot cheeks buried in her pillow, the girl lay thru the wakeful hours remembering, trying not to remember. George was a coward! He had not dared to help her. It had not been in his rescuing arms that she had slipped into unconsciousness. She had promised to marry a coward! Of the other man she would not let herself think; yet behind every thought, above, below, in the background of her consciousness, he was present, like a dull pain, like a shaded light whose brilliance would blind her if she faced it. The key to that locked door of her soul was in her hand, but she would not let herself think of using it. She had promised to marry George. She had *promised!* Meta Dandridge was not a girl who scattered her words lightly. Having sowed, she must reap. She owed a duty to those dear two who had brought her up; to George, coward as he was; to her own self-respect. Yet the look she had seen in two dark, steady eyes, and the confession they had exacted of her, moaned thru her fevered thoughts and more fevered dreams all night long.

In the morning she descended, heavy-eyed and sick at heart, to find the young poet gone and the world still turning on its axis as before.

The most irreparable breaks in existence may be patched up, fitly enough to deceive the world, at least. And all women are adepts at this poor art of darning worn places in their lives. Grandmother and Grandfather Vandeveer did not even guess at anything unusual between their young people.

"Turtle-doves!" they called them



"ROVER, ROVER, HOW CAN I BEAR IT?"

archly. "My, my! how it does bring back old times!"

"Rover, Rover, how can I bear it?" the girl moaned, her face against the rough, friendly dog's hide. She had slipped away by herself to have it out. "I thought that the worst of it was that I loved *him*, and now I know that it's worse still—that he *doesn't* love me. For if he did, he would never have gone away and left me to *George!*"

She looked away with hopeless eyes. Platitudes of comfort came to her. Life was short; duty was noble. But *her* life was not short to *her*. She must live it with George, and every day would be a hundred years. An iron hand seemed to constrict her throat. "I cant cry," she said aloud, hopelessly; "*I cant cry!*"

"No, I dont want it. No, thank you, George."

"Why dont you want it?" he persisted. "Why wont you take presents from me, Meta? I paid a cool thousand for those pearls."

"They are very pretty, but I cant wear them. George, listen to me." The girl flung out a desperate hand. "Take it off, *please.*"

"Your engagement ring? What d'ye mean? Going to throw me down?"

"No!" Meta flung back her head proudly. "No. If you want me to marry you, after I tell you I do not love you, I will stick to my word. But I'm asking *you* to throw me down."

He looked at her angrily, with sullen, covetous eyes. She saw that he did not mean to listen. With a wild little laugh, she sprang to her feet and faced him, on the panting edge of flight.

"Very well. Marry me, then, but remember I've warned you. I promised to marry you, and I will. I owe that to your grandparents. But I never promised to love you, and I



"BUT I NEVER PROMISED TO LOVE YOU, AND I NEVER CAN!"

never can love you while the world stands."

The words trailed back after her. The hollyhocks spilled their pollen on the path, and a few petals fell from a scarlet peony in the wake of her disappearance. The man left standing among the blossoms clenched his hands.

"It's MacPherson," he muttered; "she loved me well enough before."

Meta Dandridge watched the days pass in an apathy of indifference. That each nightfall brought her a day nearer to her wedding did not trouble her so much as the sight of the preparations going on about her. If she could have lived along gently until her marriage morning, she thought, she could have borne it better than this senseless swirl of trousseau, presents, plans. Each dainty lace article Grandmother Van bought for her was a separate stab. The bitter knowledge of the joy such preparations might have given her under other circumstances filled her with a loathing for the endless gowns and hats and lingeries and gloves and shoes. And when she believed she had at last schooled herself into indifference, the sound of a name set her careful world awhirl again.

"Norman MacPherson, promising young author, seriously ill," read Grandfather Vandeveer aloud over the tea-cups one afternoon. "Nettie, isn't that name familiar, somehow?"

"He's one of George's friends." Grandmother Van looked troubled. Meta gripped the wicker chair-arm until its pattern was embedded in the flesh.

"He has been suffering a nervous breakdown ever since the loss of the manuscript of his last novel, 'The Wood Nymph'—— Meta, child, what ails you?"

For the girl was laughing and sobbing in a breath. Her eyes shone in her white face. "'The Wood Nymph!'" she cried; "are you sure it says 'The Wood Nymph,' Grandfather Van?"

Leaving the group speechless with amazement, the girl fled away down the lawn to the blessed peace of the grove. And there, in its green solitude, she sobbed her joy and grief out



META HAD SCHOOLED HERSELF INTO INDIFFERENCE

on the pine-needles and was vaguely comforted. It was as tho she had received a message from the dead. That he who sent it to her was, indeed, dying; that the book that he had written was lost, and that she must marry George and go down to her grave with no more knowledge of that "mighty love" she had read of in his books of verse—it did not matter now. For he loved her. She knew it. He had written of his love in a book, naming it the name he had called her.

"Thank God!" she whispered. "Thank God I know!"

The old woman toiled up the driveway with halting feet. She made a shriveled little patch of shabby life on the beautifully kept lawn as she paused in front of Meta. She looked like a very ordinary old woman who might have eggs to sell, or even matches; certainly not a messenger of fate.

"Beggin' your pardon, young lady, but does Mr. George—Mr. George—" She fumbled in her bag for a scrap of paper and consulted it anxiously—"Van-de-veer—does him live hereabouts maybe?"

"Yes. This is the place."

The old woman heaved a sigh that shook the dusty flowers in her bonnet, and drew out of the bag a roll of closely written manuscript. " 'Tis this I've come to speak with him about," she said. Seamy lines of shame creased her flabby cheeks. "Susie, my girl, wont rest till she mends what she did, and here's every penny he give her. 'Twas dirty work, but we're poor, young lady; so she told the poor writer gentleman that she'd sent the manuscript back with the copy——"

Meta interrupted her. She had seized the manuscript and was scanning it with shining eyes. "Where did this come from?" she cried. "What has George Vandeveer got to do with 'The Wood Nymph'?"

She asked the same question an

hour later of George himself, and his heavy, red face flamed as he saw the manuscript in her hands. She did not chide or threaten. But the even tone of her arraignment warned him, before she said the words, that his chance of her was over.

"The little typist whom you paid to destroy the first manuscript of the book has thought better of her bad bargain," she said evenly, tossing the roll of bills on the table with contemptuous finger-tips. "This old woman, her grandmother, saw you pick up the package that the 'kind gentleman' let fall when he helped her across the street. He was taking it to his publishers. It is quite, quite plain to me now."

"Meta, Meta," groaned the wretched man, "I loved you—I knew if you ever saw his infernal book you'd *not* marry me. Oh, yes; I read enough of it at the typist's to know that. Confound him, Meta; I—I loved—you——"

"That is not real love," she told him scornfully. "You loved yourself and *wanted* me. That is a *very* different thing. Love should make a man a hero, not a thief."



MACPHERSON HAS A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

Thru the enchanted forest of moonshine and moon-shadow walked the two, silent because they had so much to say. Joy made them timid, afraid of one another. At last:

"You read the manuscript—you understood?"

"Yes"—her voice broke—"I read it. I did not dare try to understand."

"Only words, words," he scoffed—"the shadows of thoughts."

"Beautiful words, I thought them," she whispered. "But I did not need 'The Wood Nymph' to teach me to love you. Your poems taught me that a long time ago."

"Poems! Books! What can they say?" cried Norman MacPherson, and caught her in his arms. "Oh, little girl! lift up your face to me and let me tell you that I love you in a better way than words."

The Players

By E. K.

'Twas only last night I saw her,
Old and wrinkled and gray;
Today she is young and blooming—
Oh, what is the secret, pray?

Last week he fell from a precipice
A hundred or more feet high;
Tonight he is dancing and trotting about-
Ye gods! do they never die?

THE NEW ROAD'S MASCOT



(BIOGRAPH)

by KARL SCHILLER

Two hundred and fifty dollars! Two — hundred — and—fifty—dollars! Jim Peterson, father, laughed aloud, humorlessly. He might just as well have said two thousand—it would even have been a bit kinder, because that would have put it beyond thinking. But to be on the edge of possibility, yet out of reach, was a pain hard to bear.

The man sat hunched in his chair, sloping shoulders dragged down by the heaviness of his heart. Jim Peterson, father, was such a tiny, colorless, insignificant cog in the scheme of things that he would hardly be worth describing at all if it were not for Rosina. But his title of father gave him a sort of human dignity beneath all his dinginess and insignificance. The wee, frail child on her crutches was his excuse for living. He loved her with a fierce, unreasoning passion, for the mother who had borne her and had not waited to look upon the tiny face; for the memory of all his young plans and hopes and ambitions that had withered save for her; for her baby lips and baby fingers and the poor little twisted leg that carried her brave spirit limping thru the forlorn days. The big surgeon said it would cost two hundred and fifty dollars to mend the leg—*two hundred and fifty dollars!*

If he earned two dollars a day, or maybe two dollars and a half—again the man laughed out savagely. Fool! And here he was discharged from the gang only this morning for drinking. The foreman couldn't know that he had been drinking to forget that he was a failure in life, without the means of giving his little girl the right start.

"Hey, you! doncher know this aint no time for bummin'?" He could hear the angry voice yet in the ears of his soul. "This last bit of track's gotter be laid in a hurry. D'ye think the road is payin' f'r a whisky booze? Get your time and get out!"

Two hundred and fifty dollars—two hundred and fifty dol——

"Daddy!"

"Yes, Rosy-gal."

"When's your train goin' to 'tart, daddy?"

Oh, blessed faith of childhood, which can give the man with the sledge the unquestioned authority of a railroad president. The father's heart filled with tears; his rough hand shook on her curls.

"Tomorrer mornin', honey," he told her; "tomorrer mornin' th' first train on the L. M. & P. goes over th' road."

"And the pres'dunt, with a tall, shiny hat and the gold spike, daddy; go on, tell 'bout them," she prompted. But he did not hear, sunk in the lethargy of despair.

Two hundred and fifty dollars——

"And I'm goin' to ride on the train, daddy—you *promised.*"



"HEY, YOU! DONCHER KNOW THIS AINT NO TIME FOR BUMMIN'?"

"Yes, yes, Rosy-gal, yes."

But he did not hear her, nor know that he answered. Two hundred dollars—fifty dollars——

The rattle of the door under a brisk, capable knock aroused him. He stared in bewilderment at the tall, thick-set, easy-mannered man who entered. There was an effulgence about the stranger like that of a ring whose stone is entirely too big and brilliant to be true.

"Jim Peterson?" he inquired, shaking hands effusively. "Glad to know you, Mr. Peterson—I once swung a pick myself. What a lovely child you have! Beautiful!"

Jim Peterson's mouth worked. Suddenly the need of speech was on him. With broken gestures and uncouth phrasing, he poured it out—all the utter misery and hopelessness of the father's heart—his bitter lack of doctor money—two hundred and fifty dollars——

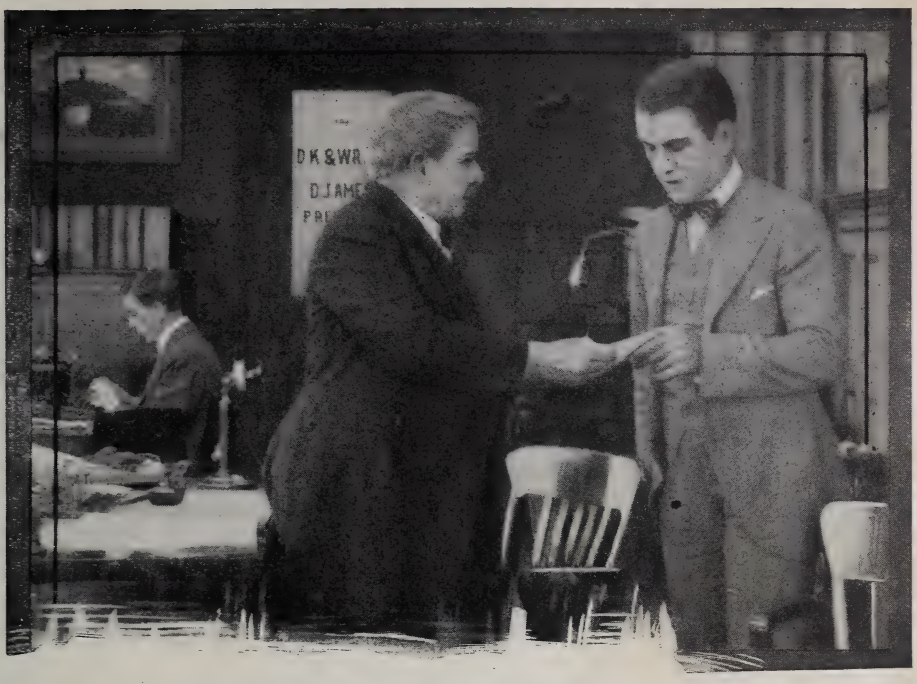
"Mr. Peterson, you're just the man I want," said the stranger, impressively. He took a plethoric roll of bills from his vest and fingered them absently. Like a magnet, they drew the laborer's eyes. Here was healing for Rosina; here was help, courage, new life——

"I've got a job for you, Mr. Peterson. It will be worth just about two hundred and fifty dollars." The stranger paused, glanced at Jim under lowered, puffy lids and went on in a confidential tone. "I'm one of the officers of the D. K. & W. Railroad. Er —well, to be frank with you, we dont want that train to pull over your road tomorrow morning. You see, I'm talking to you as a man of sense and judgment, Mr. Peterson. If your road, our rival, fails to run their train over the track by two o'clock tomorrow, you forfeit your charter, and there will be delay for legislation and so on, which will be in our favor. Now, I'm looking for a trustworthy man to help me, and I believe I've found him."

He beamed heartily at Jim with a warmless smile that chilled him. His lips moved into a husky question:

"What d'ye want o' me?"

Bending closer, the stranger rapidly whispered a few words. With a roar of rage, the other was on his feet,



PLOTTING TO WRECK THE RIVAL RAILROAD

knotty fists threatening him, face white and seamed.

"I aint no Judas—I aint no dirty assassin!" he shouted. "I never done no man a low trick before. I've gone straight. I aint th' man you was lookin' for, by a jugful. You want a murderer, a jail-bird, a low-lived scoundrel. Why—you, I'll *show* you——"

The words dribbled to a standstill. Without moving a muscle, the stranger had somehow managed to indicate the roll of bills in his hands so that they loomed large enough to cover the world. Two hundred and fifty dollars! Jim Peterson wet his lips.

"I wont do it—get out o' here! I tell you I wont——"

Two hundred and fifty dollars!

"Such a lovely little girl you have," the stranger purred, "but rather frail. It's a pity she is handicapped so. No, excuse me, Mr. Peterson; I guess I'll have to entrust that little business I was speaking about to some one else. Sorry to have troubled you—good-morning——"

Two hundred and fifty dollars—two hundred and fifty—two hundred——

He could never earn that much money; he could never borrow it nor beg it. Rosina would limp thru life always for lack of what he would sell his last drop of blood to buy for her. Two hun——

"Oh, Gawd!" moaned Jim, stumbling after the tempter and gripping his fat shoulder with a burning hand. "Here, give me th' money. I'll do it, if it sends my soul to hell!"

The man ran the last mile as tho to outstrip memory. He thought that he was dumb and controlled. In reality, he moaned incessantly and struck his hands against his head. He was a murderer—not yet, not yet; O God, *not yet!* The train was just about starting now. It would be half an hour before she reached—it. In half an hour—thirty minutes—he would be a murderer. He laughed out, insanely, and plunged up the hill, whose hot, heavy sand seemed like hands clutching his feet. Anyway,

he had the money. Rosy should walk like other girls. He—oh, what did it matter about the fathers if their children were strong and happy?

He jerked out his brass watch frantically. Twenty-five minutes more! Well, here he was at home. He would not think of the other—the splintered mass in the ravine; the shrieks and blood and flames. Rosy should have her two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Rosy—Rosy-gal."

Where was she? A sudden fantastic thought seized him. He sprang up the rotting steps, rushed like a wind thru the house, calling her, wringing his hands, muttering broken words of reassurance aloud. Impossible! No, no! she was hiding to tease him! "Rosy! Rosy!" His subconscious mind whispered to him a teasing, vaguely recalled phrase from yesterday: "The new train—can I wide in it?"

Suddenly he stopped, very still. His face hardened.

"Yes," he said aloud, slowly, "she is on that train."

He knew it. There was no room for lying hope or lying doubt. There was, too, a beautiful fitness about it that almost pleased him. For an instant the fact was too big to have any significance to him, beyond its being a fact. One cannot realize nor picture the end of the world in a moment. Then the tick of the clock on the mantel-shelf caught his dulled senses. In twenty minutes he would be a murderer—Rosy's murderer——

The agreeably corpulent gentleman, lolling on the dove-colored cushions of his motor at the edge of the crowd that had gathered to see the new train off, turned as white as a beefy cast of countenance would permit as he recognized the significance of the chill ring against his forehead. He turned cautiously, to behold the disquieting spectacle of a maniac, in laborer's clothes, clambering into the car beside him.

"Shut your lying mouth," said Jim, fiercely, "or I'll blow you to the place where you belong. An' you, there in front, drive along the river road like hell!"

The car leaped ahead, under the potent argument of the pistol. It cut the sharp, autumn air like a knife, riding in the trough of the gusts. Fine particles of rock and gravel stung their cheeks like vicious insects, leaving beads of blood. Jim sat tensely forward on the edge of the seat, as tho urging the car on by his will. His fingers clutched the pistol with a bloodless grip. Only once did he speak. Then, with a snarl, he turned to dash the tiny roll of blood-money into the smug, ludicrously alarmed face beside him.

"I'd like to choke you with it," he gasped, in intolerable white fury. "Curse you! Shut up, I say, or I'll fill you full of holes."

He strained his ears for the sound of a train. Had it passed them? Was he already Cain, with precious blood on his hands? Only the shrill whistle of cloven air. Only the pant of the motor gasping its iron lungs out beneath. He pictured what the next turn would show him. God! the gnawing flames; the death-cries; Rosy crushed and dead; Rosy alive and imprisoned; Rosy bleeding, cut with glass, broken——

"Faster, d—n you!"

"There *aint* any such thing as faster," muttered the driver, eyes desperate on the dizzy roadway. "We're goin' faster than the car will go now!"

A sudden twist in the road; a sudden hot, roaring breath on their faces. The engine had almost grazed the hindermost tire.

"On—faster!" shrieked Jim, in a flare of joy. They were ahead now! There were still several miles of life left to Rosy. The rest in the doomed train were as nothing to Jim Peterson, father. He rose to his feet in the careening motor, searching the wayside. The railroad embankment rose steeply above them. Behind—such a cruelly short distance behind—the new train came on evenly, swiftly over the smooth, new rails.

"Stop—now!"



"I'M THE MASCOT, DADDY!" SHE CRIED JOYOUSLY

The motor ceased with a great sob, and the car rocked to a standstill. Jim was out and staggering up the bank in a flurry of loosened stones and gravel. He rolled upon the roadbed on top, and the rails scorched his bleeding hands. Up, and over the ties, quivering with the mighty heartbeat of the coming train. His feet tripped him; his eyes stung with their watching. Thru the tremulous, sick, dizzy world he saw it coming: a proud, self-sufficient conqueror; a black monster hurling itself headlong to its death. Power—strength—the new train. With a last effort of will, he flung his hands on high and ran to meet it, shrieking puny defiance, like a Gulliver drowned by the giants' thunderous cries.

Men—angry, frightened, curious An outpouring of silk-hatted passengers and a group formed of bewildered trainmen.

Suddenly they took to running down the track, and the report came back that a rail had been drawn from its place.

From the observation car stepped the railroad's president, in silk hat and frock coat, and in his arms snuggled a whisp of a girl. She was unconscious of her peril and smiled thru tears of excitement. Then she caught sight of the laborer.

"I'm mascot, daddy!" she cried joyously; "I'm the mascot of the new train!"

"Yes," said the president, "your little girl delayed our start five minutes—God's time, for it gave you your chance to warn us."

"I meant to—I was thinkin'——"

Jim broke into great sobs, straining her to his breast. Lame! What did it matter? She was *his;* she was safe. He would get the money, somehow. What were two hundred and fifty dollars, anyway? Over his shoulders he jerked an explanatory thumb. "Yes, there's a rail off!" said Jim, tersely.

Then he flung back his shoulders and lifted his head to meet their eyes.

"Spike it home, quick, so's the train can be on time," he told them. "Afterward you can punish me. I did it. I'm givin' it to you straight. But dont stop to talk now. The new train's gotter pull in on schedule time."



"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL"—JOHN BUNNY

The Silent Plea



(VITAGRAPH)

By GLADYS BALL

This story was written from the Photoplay of C. MAE KOCH

To have the light of one's life go out on the taking of a breath is a sorry thing. To be plunged from the warm, sunlit heights of protection and loving companionship and tender hopes to the abyss of stricken destitution is bitterly scarring. These things came to Marie Carson when they brought her husband's body home to her. He was the love of her youth, but he was *more* than that. He was the father of her children. The parental instinct had been mighty in both of them. Close linked in their common passion, they had planned bright, glorious futures for Audrey and for Tom. Their home had been rarefied by what is more than money. It had known the tender triplicate of welded love and faith and endeavor. And it had known a *friend.* Such a friend as comes, methinks, but once. John Wierman had loved Marie. She had loved Phil Carson. Of such stuff are total strangers made, but John Wierman loved with a love that can shake off the manacles of desire and stand free, splendid, totally unasking. He had admitted them all into his generous heart: the girl he had wanted, her husband, her children.

When what had been Phil Carson was brought home, cruelly mangled and stilled forevermore, Marie had longed for John's protective strength. He might have stood a little between the world that leered at her, hideously unmasked, and her own untutored need.

The grim moments come to most of us alone. The darkest night, the hottest tear, the sharpest thorn we bear, or bend beneath, unaided. Marie faced loneliness abysmal, poverty, exile and strangeness single-handed. The protected wife, the shielded mother, had become, in that deep loss, the bread-winner, the bearer of the burden.

She fled to the big city to fight her battle, seeking, as most of us do, to hide her pain and terror in the solitude of crowds. In the tiny rooms, sheltering the remnants of the old furniture and the sadly shorn little family, Marie faced the children, a battle-light in her eyes. It was the light of the mother fighting for her young—that glorious, dauntless courage that will go down into the Valley of the Shadow, if need be.

"Dears," she said, "you are so young perhaps you wont quite under-

stand, but try to know this: Daddy has gone, and mother has got to make the money for us all. It will be hard. Perhaps we may not be able to have the time together we used to have. We may have to give up the old stories and games and romps, but your mother will be working for you, and she'll love you, love you, *love* you—that's what you must remember."

"We will, mums!" Two pairs of strong young arms gripped her; two earnest, warm-flushed faces looked promises into her eyes. Yet, somehow, her heart contracted. Somehow she was afraid. They were so young, so pliant, so malleable. The city was so gigantic. It would be the survival of the fittest. God grant that *they* be fit!

How gigantic the city really was Marie found when she went to meet it hand to hand. She was the veriest atom, a fragile, impotent thing at the doubtful mercy of a resistless tide. And while she tramped the streets, wearied and futile, the children tramped them, too. While she, in the wisdom of her maturity, learnt the city's lesson, the children learnt it also in the greenness of their youth. Out of it all the mother gleaned despair and aching fear, yet ever crowning defeat—the Christhead. Out of it the children gleaned smirched truth, soiled honor, tawdriness of instinct and of tongue. Their birthright of gentle breeding gave way to the insistent murk of their environment.

From the highest to the lowest Marie searched and hoped. Each new day was a new promise. Each night was a slough of despondency.

The last rung of the ladder was reached when she applied at the dingy side entrance of a still dingier garment factory, where "Piece Work Taken Home" was placarded. The factory "Boss" sat at his littered desk, conventionally heavy, conventionally callous, conventionally coarsened. He really did not need additional workers—he did need the stimulus of a new and pretty face. Marie afforded him both. He appraised her carefully.

"Yer on," he announced finally, with a chuckle; "th' foreman 'll give yer a bundle. I'll want it back Tuesday—*sure*. Drop in my office when you return it. Dont forget—*will* you?"

"I'll not forget," Marie promised. She felt vaguely uncomfortable. No one had ever looked at her quite like that before. She somehow felt that no one *should*. But he had given her work, and that meant food and a slight easing of the dreadful fear pressing at her heart.

Then, one night while the children slept and the small machine sewed tirelessly on, the fear returned—in new form, more menacing, more sinister than ever before. The Boss came in. His intention was uncloaked. The vague feeling of distrust became a horrid actuality.

"Little girl," he said, as he dropped familiarly into a chair nearby, "dont seem right you should be workin' nights, too."

"I have to," she replied simply; "there are my children, you know. Is there—is there anything you wish to say?"

"There's plenty I wish to say," the Boss said, his tones oily, "but between such a clever little dame and me there aint need of much jawing."

"Please explain yourself. You must see that I am very busy." Marie rose and faced the bulky, insolent form with stony determination.

"If you *need* explaining, all right. Strikes me ye're somewhat thick." The Boss rose also and leaned toward her, tapping the machine with a bejeweled finger. "We didn't need any hands at the shop. Got plenty. I didn't want your work—I wanted *you*."

Marie went white and swayed a little. Swiftly before her mental vision rose Phil's fine, tender face, the children at her knee, John Wierman reading to them aloud. The peace of it, and the security; the haven, and the rest! A sob rose in her throat; her face tensed. The situation seemed luridly melodramatic; yet it was grippingly real—so

anciently real. She raised her head proudly.

"I want you to go," she said sharply; "I understand you now—understand you *quite*. Your proposition is contemptible. *You* are worse than contemptible. I want you to *go!*"



THE MOTHER PLEADS IN VAIN

The Boss was a coward. Such men are. To cover his defeat he assumed the sneering bravado peculiar to his kind.

"As you say, girlie—as you say," he observed airily. "I'm off, but *you'll* be off, too."

Marie, in the cold despair of the days following, did not awake to the full sense of the Boss' words. They came home to her, fully, forcefully, the next time she took her work to the factory. She was fired. No appeal to the friendly foreman could save her. The Boss had spoken. His word was law. Once again the endless city pavements; once again the hunger-look on the children's faces; once again—oh, Father in Heaven, the city's gruelling clutch!

On that walk home Marie tasted the bitterest draught of the waters of Lethe. She questioned her God; she wondered, futilely, what she had done that this thing of horror should be hers. Did torment come on earth? Had her heaven passed?

As she neared the tall, closely elbowed building she called home, the tinpanny, jangly notes of a hand-organ grated on her ear. A crowd of typical street children were gathered about, and some one was dancing in the center of the group. It was Audrey — her little, timid, shrinking girl of that dear long ago. No timidity now. There was an unrestraint in every coarse gesture; a gypsy rowdiness that cut to her mother's heart.

"Audrey!" she sharply commanded. The child stared impudently; then recommenced the wild commotion of hands and feet. Marie broke thru the applauding mob of slouchy, half-grown boys and girls and dragged the child after her. In the tiny sitting-room at home



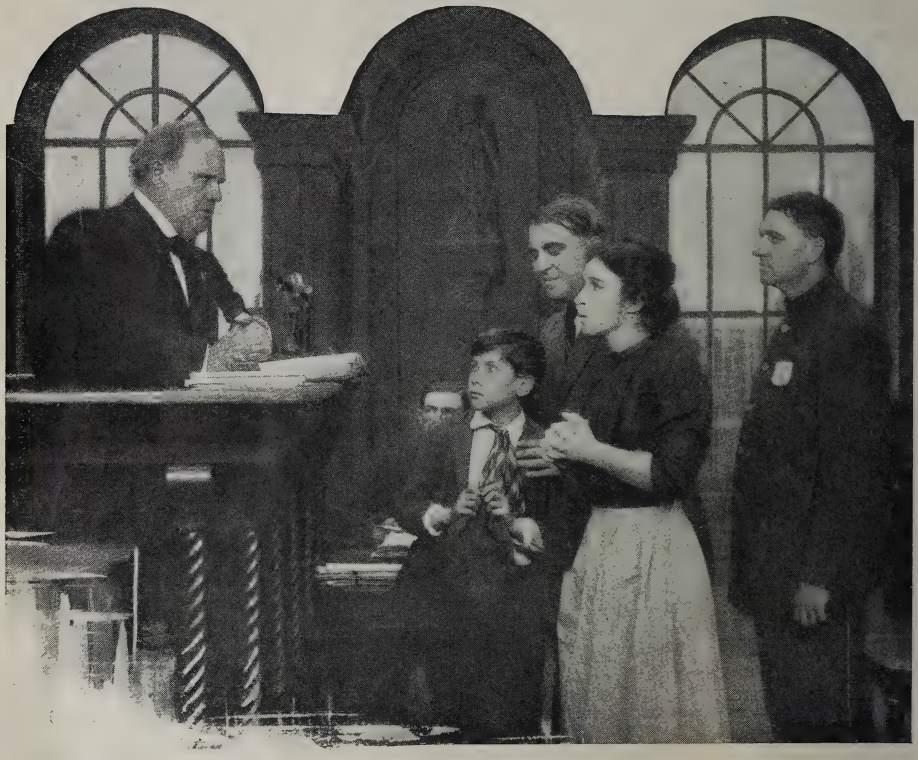
ARRESTED FOR GAMBLING

she expostulated with her, sadly, urgently, and saw, with a strange sinking of the heart, the unchildish callousness of the pitifully unchildish stare.

"Audrey—" the mother breathed tremulously. Then came a sound of hurry, terror-urged feet, and Tom burst into the room. His face, hardened by that same street-taint, was whitened under the grime.

tions of children of the streets. Marie pleaded for him. She told the pitiful, every-day story with her heart-break in her wistful eyes. And the judge, understanding, let the boy go on parole.

Yet Marie felt the end of it all. The parole and what it meant was clear to her. She stood condemned of inadequacy. She had tried, and she had failed. The streets had taken



AND THE JUDGE, UNDERSTANDING, LET THE BOY GO ON PAROLE

"Mums," he burst forth, "th' cops —th' cops are after us!"

"What for? Tom, answer me! What have you done?"

"We was in a cellar—shootin' craps—not for *much.* 'Tisnt any harm, anyhow. None of *their* sneakin' business. Golly, mums——"

Birthright; breeding; work-worn fingers; a mother's heart-break avail nothing against the law and the law's decree. Tom was taken to the Children's Court, and there arraigned, in company with all sorts and condi-

their toll of the children and had marked them indelibly. The judge had said a "Home." He had told her how much better they would be there than on the streets. A Home! What a mockery! Thus does the City cradle her orphaned young, until the doing of some actual wrong, some glaring lack on the part of parent or purse; then are they taken from the cradle of the streets and put into Homes, where, with careful repression, they are uniformly and quite consistently trimmed, pruned and modeled into

conventional exteriors. Individualities; characters that stand forth dominant, aggressive—the nurseries of the city have no time, no care for these. They can maintain more equably the conventional exteriors sans care of the smouldering volcanic possibilities within—sans thought of the aching mother-hearts left destitute and wretchedly alone.



Such a fate befell Marie and her children when the parole officer, dutifully inspecting, found it necessary to separate them.

"They will be *far* better off," he assured her, not unkindly. "They will be cared for, fed, clothed, educated, and *you* will have no worry on their behalf."

"Why cannot the city give mothers the money, individually, they give Homes collectively?" Marie demanded. "Does *any one* deny a mother's better knowledge of her child? Doesn't *every one* know that, if we mothers were not worked to the uttermost thread of endurance, we



"THEY WILL BE FAR BETTER OFF," HE ASSURED HER, AND SO THE CHILDREN WERE TAKEN TO THE HOME

could make finer men and more capable women of our children than any cheerless Home?''

''The city has decided—'' the officer insisted. Marie laughed a bit wildly and hugged the children to her body hungrily.

''The city!'' she laughed—''the city! Why, the city is a *monster,* I tell you, where women and children are concerned. What can the city know of my boy and my girl? What can the city *do* for them? Clothe them—yes. Feed them, teach them to read and write. But what of their *hearts;* what of their souls and ideals, and what—what of *me.* I am one, but I represent a majority. The city is a corporation; it is a machine; an iron idol of parenthood. I am flesh and blood and a mother!''

They went; of course they did. Where did flesh and blood *ever* avail against corporate power? Only money can do that. Where there is not money, there is defeat.

Thru the years of their impressionable childhood the Home pruned and trimmed and modeled Audrey and Tom according to the standards set. They took the money allotted them for each child and spent it, uniformly and drably. Thru their impressionable years their mother worked and saved and suffered a woman's deepest pain. The breach between them widened day by day. The mockery of her motherhood smote her in the face.

And then they were returned to her. The streets had put their pliant senses in mould; the Home, cold harbinger of destitute, loveless childhood, had hardened the mould. All trace of the timid, graceful girl had vanished. No possible trait of the manly, lovable boy remained. Marie could little believe these two were the wide-eyed, soft-fleshed babies she and Phil had hovered over with such ecstasies of love.



THE MOTHER COULD LITTLE BELIEVE THAT THESE TWO WERE THE WIDE-EYED, SOFT-FLESHED BABIES SHE AND PHIL HAD HOVERED OVER

Audrey, the very antithesis of her mother, worked and played in complete disregard of any anxious counsel. Her life was a thing apart from her mother's. She resented interest, regarding it as intrusion, and stuck her young fingers in the fire, reckless and unafraid. Tom, a morose, silent, half-grown youth, was equally taciturn and aloof. The mother, bewildered, unknowing, watched them, sick of soul.

It all came at once—the deluge. It seemed the poignantly bitter culmination of the cruel, slow-shod years.

Audrey was dressing to go out. The mother noted, anxious eyes unmissing, the girl's more than customary care. Every bright tress was noted, each lacy frill and gaudy ribbon received attention, and when she flounced from the room her every gesture breathed a high importance. A limousine, singularly incongruous in that neighborhood of trucks and a solitary antiquated car-line, stood at the curb. Audrey approached it confidently, and the man who greeted her raised his face to the revealing glare of the street-light. The Boss! That coarsened face; that oily, leering smile; the touch, the obnoxious touch of his speaking hand! Marie shuddered violently. She started to call—when the engine started, and the car rolled out of sight. The Boss and her girl, her foolish, pitiful, untaught girl! What could the end of it be? What would his power be over the little daughter hers no longer? She turned from the window as the door opened. It was Tom. He would help. Surely he could not see his little sister—something warned her that she could not go to him for help.

"Tom," she said to him gently, laying her empty, yearning arms about his shoulders, "your sister—listen, dear——"

"I cant, mums!" The boy threw off her clasp. "Dont bother me now. I'm—I'm done—all in, I mean."

"What is it—cant you tell me?"

"Dont talk, mums; quit, or I'll end it all!"

The horrid nightmare of that night remained vivid to Marie until the last breath she drew. She sank with her children to the blackest abyss, and knew that the city had won. It was all confusion, all strangeness and unbelievable shame and searing knowledge.

Audrey came in, eyes ablaze, voice hysterical. She had gone to a café; the Boss had involved himself in a brawl and had been killed at her very feet. While she sobbed and laughed her tragic story, Tom was accused of juggling accounts at the bank he worked in, and was arrested, guilt admitted on his frightened face. Marie stood alone, the ruins of her home crushing her beneath them.

We are not tried beyond our actual strength. We may think we will break beneath the load, but we will only bend. Always, at the crucifying moment, some saving grace is given. To Marie, in her darkest hour following her boy's disgrace, came the remembrance of John Weirman. She had read of him not long ago. He had attained the political position of State senator, and she knew that he would help. His great, kindly heart would remember the sunshine years and feel for her now in her dark distress. Further than that—well, Marie did not admit the many times his face had come to her in the dragging, cheerless years. She did not admit that she longed, even now, for care and strength and rest. For her boy's sake she went to him and, self forgot, begged him for his help.

John Wierman had been preparing a bill against widowed mothers' pensions. He had honestly not believed in them. When the woman he had loved his life thru came to him again and told him her life and the life of her children; when he saw, close to his heart, what the streets and the Home and the separation had done to those dear little ones of his remembrance, he saw his own fallacy.

"Oh, John," the mother told him, "they have no chance—my babies, and others like them. Those Homes—hundreds of children, John, each one different, bent and broken under the same rule, fashioned into the same mould, angels and devils underneath——"

John took her hands tenderly.

"Wonderful woman," he told her softly, "dear, *dear* woman! We'll save the boy; we'll introduce a *new* bill; we'll seek our happiness." And Marie bent her tired head against the heart that years could not swerve, nor age undo.

John Wierman knew the Governor well, and Tom was set free. In that freedom the stain of the streets



"GIVE THE *MOTHERS* THE MONEY THAT WE GIVE TO HOMES!" HE SAID

was washed away, and the long years at the Home left the heart of the child again.

That month John Wierman introduced his bill urging widowed mothers' pensions. Never had his eloquence been so convincing; never had his appeal rung so finely true. Marie was there, and he sought her eyes as he made his plea.

"Give the *mothers* the money that we give to Homes!" he said. "They will feed the children, house them, clothe them. They will make the money go above and beyond any Home dispensing by the sheer sweat of their bodies and the sight of their eyes. They will do *more* than feed and clothe them; they will give them *souls*—hearts to pray, strong hands to work, a vision clearly true. They will send them into the world men and women, gloriously equipped. They will give the nation its wealth untainted."

Before the mind's eye of the speaker and his house a vision was conjured up: a sea of childish faces, clean, joyous, childish faces, open-eyed and straight and true. Over these hovered the tired faces of women—*mother* faces, worn, yet triumphantly glad. The speaker's eye sought out one face—a *real* face—and, quite apart from all things else, he knew that he had won.

The PIPES of PAN



BY
ALEXANDER LOWELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of A. W. GOLDEWEY

STEPHEN ARNOLD sat before his own hearth-fire, and as he sat he dreamed. And the dream was the gossamer, evanescent Inspiration he had wearied for so long. He dreamed a woodland glade all light-kist by the sun; he dreamed a faun and nymph making their pagan, soulless love; he dreamed a note of music—a vagrant, pleading, wild refrain. The faun caught the note as it trembled and waited on the air, and, because he was a faun, he followed it. He followed it to its source—a mocking face peering into the shaded place; a face that feeds the dreams of men when they are most alone; a face that sets the June blood racing in one's veins—a mad, glad face—sans heart, sans soul. The Daughter of Great Pan! The woodland glade dimmed and vanished; the nymph, the truant faun and the daughter of the god melted and glowed to life again in the fire on the hearth. Stephen Arnold rose, with a sigh; in his heart the weird, wild note still sang; in his soul was a mad, glad face, and the June blood leaped in his veins.

The days that followed were hard ones for those who loved him best—his wife and his friend, Arthur Darrell, who was visiting. They realized that his Inspiration had come; that as yet it eluded the long, sensitive artist-fingers. And they pitied his Genius in its travail, the while it was hard to bear with the man. Followed the unendurable period for Stephen, when his nights were crazed with that mad, glad face; when his fingers ached in their longing to capture it on canvas; when his soul possessed it, and his finite mind missed some subtle curve, some spirit-light expression. With the frenzy came the determination to find the owner of that face. It was too warmly real to be the vision of a dream alone. Somewhere in the world it lived—warm, palpitant flesh and blood, keenly, headily alive. Somehow the determination helped. Stephen Arnold ever achieved where he attempted. He did not doubt that he would achieve now. Therefore he became himself again — interested, congenial, ready and eager to take up the life of the day.

With the mad, glad face firing his



THE DAUGHTER OF GREAT PAN

brain and clouding his vision, he did not sense the fact that Arthur Darrell looked into his wife's eyes just a thought too long, or that her own seemed not averse. He did not stop to realize her loneliness in the rapture of his own desire; he did not remember that to some man, if not to himself, Marion, too, was the daughter of a god.

It was at a crowded, conventional concert in the city that the weird, wild note throbbed out again—the face came true at last. Stephen sat with his wife and Arthur Darrell. They were watching, in somewhat bored amusement, the more or less inspired talent of the evening. Suddenly the lights went low, and a great red glow suffused the place. A note rose on the air—a note that called to pagan souls and bade them remember the forest aisle and the passion-dreams of nymph and faun. And with the note, a face peered thru the foliage of the stage—a mad, glad face; a face that feeds the dreams of men—the Daughter of Great Pan! Stephen gripped the table till his knuckles whitened under the strained skin; his breath came hard between his teeth. His Inspiration at last, at last!

"What do they call the young lady



THE FACE OF MARION WAS EVER BEFORE HIM

now on the stage?'' he asked the attendant, and, oblivious himself, did not notice that his wife was oblivious, too. The attendant smiled. He had answered that same question before —oh, many, many times. He had followed up the answer as many times again.

''She is called 'Caprice,' sir,'' he said, and he smiled unctuously as his hand went out to meet the white, engraved square.

Caprice was not particularly averse to anything that was remunerative and among the ''arts.'' She was nothing if not artistic. Therefore she acceded willingly to Stephen's request that she pose for him.

''Tomorrow,'' he whispered, and smiled thru his eyes. ''Tomorrow,'' she whispered back.

Caprice came to the studio, and Genius, inflamed and eager, sought to immortalize that mad, glad face in shades and tones. And as the desire of Genius waxed more eager daily, so, too, waxed the desire of the man. Once again his nights were dream-crazed. The gratification of his Inspiration became insufficient as the clamor of his lips and arms increased. As one in a dream, he lived on the gleam of her eyes and the wine of her lips. The June blood woke in his veins, and he followed the call o' the pipes even as the wayward faun.

One day the picture was done—one warm, June day. The mocking, lovely face smiled up at its twin from the canvas on the easel; the mocking, lovely model stood beside it. Stephen sat on a low stool looking up at them.

"So you are done with me, eh?" Caprice laughed down at him. She knew it was June, and she knew the man, and she knew the call o' the pipes. She had not learnt these things in woodland glades, but she had learnt them passing well.

"Are you ready to go?" The man whitened under the query, and his hurt eyes sought hers. She held them an instant—one dangerous, glamorous instant. Stephen rose, with something unsaid in his throat.

"Devil-woman," he half-sobbed, as he caught her close, "or are you *truly* woman? You frighten me. Strange, beautiful creature, are you human or daughter of a god?"

"Human enough."

"Human enough?" he repeated after her. "Well, then, human enough to *love* me, suppose we say; human enough to *love* me, Caprice."

"To love you," she whispered back—ah, *mon cher!*"

Downstairs in the library, Marion was pouring tea for Arthur Darrell. It was a scene far removed from the dream Stephen was living with his mad Caprice: the dream of forest glades and pagan fauns and laughing, luring nymphs. And yet—— Are we *all* fauns and nymphs under our more or less well-adjusted masks? Do we hear still, in our innermost hearts, the shrill, sweet Pipes o' Pan!

Marion was looking into Arthur Darrell's eyes. And, lo, the modern setting falls away! A nymph and faun are in a forest glade; the look is the brand of the soulless love they live; over there stands the Daughter of Great Pan, and the notes of her melody, savagely sweet, woo and win the freighted air. An instant only; then Marion lifted the sugar-tongs, laughingly. "We were lost for an instant," she said; "were you very far away?"

"Not very, after all," he said softly. "I was listening to the wild love-notes of Pan, and I do not think he is very far distant, since we have met."

Marion dropped the lumps in the amber tea, with a little sigh. She was fearful for this new love; distressed for the old. Only that morning she had gone to her husband's studio and had found him gazing, tense and rapt, at a charcoal sketch he had been doing. The face was the lovely, provocative face of the figure in oils. The look in his eyes was not the artist-look; not the master's pride in a masterly work; but the *hunger*-look in the eyes of a man when he craves the woman he loves. And she had turned away, unseen and strangely sad.

She turned to Darrell suddenly. "Do you believe," she demanded, "in the gods of old—in dryads and fauns and Pan, and all that? Do you believe we humdrum mortals can come under that enchanted spell at this late date so that—so that we become changed?"

Arthur Darrell took the hand that still held the tongs gently in his own.

"Lovely lady," he told her, "I do not know whether the gods of old have cast their witchery over me, nor whether I'm really hearing the maddening Pipes o' Pan. I *do* know that *your* witchery is on me; I know that I'm hearing your silent call. I am pagan enough to believe in the strength of my own desires; I am pagan enough to dare to claim you, even tho you are another's first." He stretched out his arms. And once again it sounded thru the room, that flute-like, reed-sweet note; the walls became forest trees; a murmur soughed the tree-tops. A faun and a nymph were loving again—the faun enticing; the nymph half-ready to go.

"I will go," she found herself whispering, when her lover's arms released her; "I will go with you, for you have taught me things I never glimpsed before: strange dreams; odd imaginings; a new music in my ears. But listen"—she leaned toward him



AND STILL THERE WAS MARION ALWAYS

and the nymph-light died in her eyes —"I must tell Stephen I am going," she said earnestly. "Above all things, we must be fair. I cannot sneak from his house like some cringing evil-doer. Rather, I shall tell him of our love; of this joy that has come to me—and then we can go."

The studio door swung open to disclose the room empty. Marion paused an instant on the threshold, and something gripped her heart—a woman, human something. So many times she had sat with him here while he worked; so many times they had dreamed and planned; so many splendid inspirations had come to them together. When he had painted his "Fealty," he had said she only could be the model; that she stood to him for all that was steadfast and loyal and fine in womanhood. And now she was going away; lured from the dear familiarity of all this by the vagrant, gypsy Pipes o' Pan. She, a woman grown, who had known a woman's love, was following the will-o'-the-wisp fancy of her pagan, hidden heart. How many times, she pondered, did Pan call to mortal men? How many times was the call answered? What had come over her and over Stephen? Why were things not as they had been? Ah! A face laughed at her from the canvas—a laughing, provocative face; a mad, glad face; and in the room a shrill note sounded. Marion started suddenly, and her lips tightened.



MARION BECOMES SUSPICIOUS

"It is this picture," she exclaimed suddenly—"it is this picture whose spell has entered our blood; who has sounded thru the house, and thru our hearts, the forest notes of Pan!" The rage of the modern mortal for unseen things gripped her. She forgot the call o' the pipes in her own heart; forgot all else but Stephen and herself, and that their love of dear realities was slipping from their grasp. A rough scraping-knife lay before the easel, and destruction was the work of an instant. The peering, elfin face was gashed and shredded; the torn strips of canvas fluttered in a sudden breeze that stirred the silent studio into being. Marion stared at the ruined canvas, aghast; then she laughed. "It was not real," she whispered to herself; "it was not *Stephen.*" Over her stole a swift, disturbing shame and an aching fear. To what mad call had they been heeding, she and Stephen? To what had it been leading? And oh! how far adown the path had Stephen gone beyond her? As if aware of the breaking of the spell, Arthur Darrell, waiting in the library below, realized suddenly the passing of the time, and realized, too, the near-passing of his own honor. As the door of the house closed to after him, one single note rose on the air—the notes of Pan's Pipes; and, lo, it held a sob!

In a certain over-decorated café where men go when they are the victims of mad Caprice, Stephen Arnold was sitting with his lovely idol. Never had her eyes held so soft a light; never had her lips held so wild a lure. The orchestra played some whimsical, haunting air, and Stephen bent low across the table.

"Does Caprice *ever* become faith?" he was asking, and her low, answering laughter smote his ears with a curious, sinister note. It seemed to him as if the dense smoke cleared away, and the place stood naked in its uncompromising tawdriness; the haunting music became the doubtful harmony of a jangly orchestra; the face of Caprice the materialization of a man's mad folly. The dream! He had been dreaming; dreaming since he slept that night before his own hearth-fire; dreaming since the Pipes o' Pan captured his hidden, pagan heart; dreaming as men dream when



THE FACE OF CAPRICE BECAME THE MATERIALIZATION OF A MAN'S MAD FOLLY

they wake in the body, still sleeping in the soul. He did not stop to undergo formalities; he knew that the Daughter of Great Pan had lost her heart; he knew that she had no soul.

Home in the studio he found Marion, the knife still in her hand; the ruined canvas facing them both.

"Stephen," she sobbed, as he held her close, "oh, Stephen!"

"I know, heart's dearest," he whispered; "we have heard the Pipes o' Pan—you and I. We have slept awhile and dreamed our little dreams. We have waked, and found the reality is—*life.*"

A Pretty Photoplay

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

Villain comes down the street—
Goes into restaurant—gets food to eat—.
Breaks dish—spills stew—starts a fight—
(Regular roughhouse) out goes the light—
Scene quiet—light turned on—
Six waiters killed—the villain gone—
Cops arrive—look all around—
No sign of villain to be found,
Save shoe-prints on a waiter's face—
Ye gods, a clue!—cops leave the place—
Cops hurry down the winding lane—
See villain jump aboard a train—
Cops stop (give up the chase)—
They hurry to a telephone place—
They spread the news from town to town,
Reward is offered for the bad man, found,
A pretty girl, some farmer's daughter,
Goes to the well to get some water—
Sees note on tree, which tells the tale
Of a bad, bad man that is out of jail-
Girl—fair heroine—brave, I confess—
Pulls out a gun from her gingham dress—
Villain, stealing thru the woodland wild,
Runs right into this determined child—
She holds him up—takes 'way his gun—
Makes him do things—just for fun—
Villain cross—wears frightful look—
But the heroine knows her little book—
She forces villain back in to town—
The farmer folks quickly gather 'round—
Cops arrive on a special train—
The villain's soon in jail again—
Girl gets reward—meets Mr. Brown—
They soon get married and settle down.
I wrote this play—I made it funny,
Because I need—I need the money,
But when you would write a Picture Play,
Dont ever write it in this way.

Seth's Sweetheart



(EDISON)

By PETER WADE

This story was written from the Photoplay of J. EDWARD HUNGERFORD

IT was one of those still, sun-drenched summer days when the chickens wallowed in dust under the apple-trees and clucked superciliously at the grains of scattered corn. In the pasture the cattle lay under a solitary hickory, gravely contemplating the vapor of heat that arose about them. In the eaves of the barn the pigeons cooed incessantly. And from the kitchen shed came the soft and rhythmic splash of churning milk. It was peaceful, pastoral, millions of miles from the lure of the city.

A young girl, in blue calico, stood by the pasture bars, and the sun's rays caught in her sleek, brown hair. And as she raised her eyes to the sturdy man by her side, a light more life-giving than the sun danced from them.

He was telling her the old, old story, and she listened, with the mute, expectant tremor of the untried young.

"Mebbe I'd oughter ask your paw?" he asked, offhand, and her hand squirmed in his.

"I 'spect so," she said, and her hand lay still again, comforted.

Carriage wheels grated on the driveway, and the Greens' surrey hove into view.

"Who is that paw is bringin' home with him?" The brown eyes expressed fright, expectancy, desire. "My sakes! it's city folks!"

The blue calico trembled with indecision; then gathered itself together and bolted for the kitchen door. Seth stood blinking, like a rooster who harks to a distant lusty crow. White-flanneled legs, parti-colored coats and cigaret smoke began to issue from the rear seat of the surrey. Two beautiful young men descended, stretched their slender shapes lazily and fell upon a bag of strange-looking implements. These they swung over their heads mightily, while the iron-shod ends clipped the lawn.

"I say, quite a turf, old chap."

"Quite so, old cock."

The blue calico approached warily from the farmhouse, and at sight of its fair tenant the queer antics of the invaders ceased.

"My gal," introduced Mr. Green, "and yonder at the bars is Seth, and beyond is the ten-acre pasture and the cows."

"Delighted!"

"Overcome, I assure you, with the sweeping introduction."

The invaders advanced upon the blue calico lightly and surely. Each aimed an extended hand directly at her eyes. She had a queer notion that her fingers were seized and carried skyward.

"Charmed!"



MR. GREEN INTRODUCES HIS DAUGHTER TO THE SUMMER BOARDERS

"Fascinated, by Jove!"

"Summer boarders," yelled Mr. Green from the background, and the girl breathed easier.

"Ah, wont you show us around the parental estate, Miss Green?"

"Deucedly kind!"

And ranging themselves on her unprotected flanks, the invaders cut her off from all hopes of rescue.

As they strolled in guarded formation toward the path thru the woods, the discarded lover at the pasture bars slowly came to himself. The pasture was an exposed place to cross, but he resolved to pursue them. Without apparent aim, he sauntered down to the far angle of the field; then dropped on all fours and made a hasty and ingenious progress along the pasture fence.

"Dum it!" he muttered. "I cal'late I'm enough of a calf to be taken for one if they catch sight of me."

The convoy and its charge slowly disappeared into the woods. Back of them crept the abandoned lover.

"My name is Harold," confided one new boarder.

"And mine is Richard—or Dickie, if you prefer."

"Harold—Dickie," she memorized readily.

"Perfectly charming foliage," commented Harold—"so true to nature, you know."

Sally thought the sentiment beautiful. Seth had never spoken to her like that.

The underbrush rustled violently, and the girl stood stock-still.

"Lawsy! there's a calf loose from the pasture."

And forthwith she picked up her skirts and dashed in among the laurel bushes. A red-faced farmhand stood up and eyed her heatedly.

"You, Seth—follerin' us on ycur *hands!*"

She faced him angrily, her modesty outraged.

The convoy stood rooted to the path, between surprise and bewilderment. Then noting that the girl was outfacing the husky youth, they advanced, flicking their wand-like canes menacingly.

"Boob!"

"Brute!"



HE LAY ON HIS BACK, GASPING LIKE A FISH

With one accord they fell upon the hapless lover and made the dust fly from his manly cotton shirt. Seth was sorely tempted to twist the toy weapons from their lily-white hands, but the scornful eyes of Sally held him powerless.

Whack, whack, whack! The chastising rods descended upon his shoulders. "We'll teach you to persecute a defenseless woman!"

"A beautiful girl alone in the forest!"

Seth bowed his head and slowly withdrew out of range. The protectors ranged themselves alongside of the rescued maiden.

"Waal," said the defeated swain from a safe distance, "you're pretty pert, I must say. Hadn't been for Sal, I'd 'a' spanked ye like a pair of skinny shoats."

"A dangerous fellow!"

"A really nasty temper!"

And hooking a hand beneath the girl's arms, they led her swiftly away from the contaminating company.

For the best part of an hour the baffled lover took bitter counsel of himself in the woods. Every now and then he heard Sally's silvery laughter peal out from the distance like a convent bell.

"She'll miss me onct I'm gone," he said, and tears of self-pity rimmed his eyes. "Them Movin' Picture actors aint no use at chasin' a cow thru th' briers, or bringin' in stovewood, or heftin' up a kitchen garden. She'll——"

He came out upon the ferny bank of the mill-pond, with its lily-pads, and poplar leaves sailing down the slow, deep current.

Already he stood up to his knees. He wondered why the pond water was so unnaturally cold and pictured his peaceful face staring up at the moon above the dam.

Catfish! Eels! The pond was full of them, and the thought of how they would disturb his final haven of rest caused him to pick his way back to shore in a panic.

In the far center of the pond a pink-shirted rower was floundering about in Deacon Strong's boat, and Seth pitied the peaceful country that had been delivered into bondage to the summer boarder.

If a man gets it firmly into his head that he is bound to end his misery, more than one graceful exit will present itself, and so the sound of a jangling cow-bell caused Seth to hurry in its direction. There reposed the Widow Mullen's Holstein, tethered by a length of new, strong rope.

As he eased the animal of its bonds, he pictured his strong face, set in death, looking from the tree into the weeping countenance of his betrayer.

Now it takes some courage to be hanged, and a darned sight more to do the hanging, especially at a private party of one hangman who happens also to be the hanged. So Seth thought as the cruel noose gripped his weather-stained neck.

But just as he summoned up his last spark of courage for the death-dealing yank, a blubbering cry arose from the mill-pond, followed by a heavy splash.

"Blub, blub-ub, blub-ub-ub!" Some one was trying to sing thru a lung full of water.

Seth left off his hanging-bee and ran down to the bank. The man in the pink shirt had clambered up on his overturned boat and was making frantic signals of distress.

"I say, you fellow with the rope around your neck, cant you get me out of this?"

Seth swung the free end of his rope far out, and the unfortunate rower grasped it. Hand over hand, he was slowly dragged ashore.

For a long while he lay on his back, gasping like a fish; then he appeared to remember his manners and turned to his rescuer.

"I guess you saved my life, old chap. Thanks. Have a cigaret?"

"I aint ever smoked one yit," said Seth; "dum if I have."

"Dont do it," advised the city boarder, regaining his composure. "Say, who unhitched you, anyway."

Seth pulled the noose from over his ears, and the memory of his attempted sacrifice smote him.

"I cum mighty nigh not bein' around when ye hollered."

"Say not so, my hero," said the other, holding his weeping shirt out to the sun; "how comes that?"

And Seth, in his hour of confession and companionship, related the tragic state of his affections.

"Red blazer coat—tan canvas shoes—blond, curly locks?" catalogued the oarsman. "You remind me of some one in dear New York."

A half-hour afterward he drew the discarded lover swiftly down into the rank grass. They stood within ten paces of the enraptured three. Each of the new boarders sat with a fond arm around Sally's trim waist, and their proud glances were those of conquerors.

"It's the same pair of counter-jumpers who beat my Aunt Mame out of a board bill! Hist! lie still!"

Seth rolled moodily in the grass.

"Why dont you pitch in and lick them?" demanded the other, fiercely.



WHILE THE BATTLE IS RAGING, THE COMBATANTS ARE ATTACKED FROM THE REAR

"Waal, I dunno jest why," pronounced Seth, after due deliberation. "I cal'late I aint a coward—it's Sal."

"What's she got to do with it?"

" 'Bout everything."

"Rats! you're afraid of her."

"Might be."

"Huh! Well, it's up to me to get around this situation, I guess."

The amateur boatman wormed his way thru the heavy grass until he came out upon the wood path some distance away. Then, with a fine baritone, he burst into a popular song and swung down toward the trio.

"As I live," he said, coming to a halt opposite the group and lifting his hat gallantly, "a very pretty picture—a most captivating pose."

The new boarders' encircling arms dropped to their sides as if shot away by a bullet.

"I say, m' fine fellow, whom are you addressing?"

"Exactly! that's the point—two ribbon-counter dazzlers who beat my Aunt Mame out of a board bill."

Harold and Richard forthwith rose up and, with punitive canes, advanced upon the vulgar slanderer.

"Take that!"

"And likewise this!"

The canes descended smartly upon the intruder, but blows only made him the stouter. He leaped about nimbly, grasping at the slender weapons and wearing a most exasperating smile.

Harold and Richard became sadly overheated from their exertions, and in the thick of battle often rained blows upon each other's heads.

"Let go my hair!"

"Release my pompadour!"

The stranger had succeeded in grasping his assailants by their forelocks and was pulling with unnatural vigor. Sally's lovers fell prone to the earth, no dignity and little of valor left in them. The three struggled in a scrambled mess on the ground.

And now came the hour of Seth's triumph. Long and deeply from his concealment behind the bushes he drank the fruits of victory by proxy.

"Dum it!" he chuckled, "who'd 'a' thought their beautiful hair wuz so techy."

From the sandy hill-road came the jarring scrape of a wagon-brake, and Seth recognized it at once as the vehicle of Constable Dilberry. In most Arcadias the call of an ungreased axle is Nature's surest note.

Seth dashed thru the woods and,



AND NOW CAME THE HOUR OF SETH'S TRIUMPH

sure enough, intercepted the village police force driving home with a load of corn nubbins.

"Dum it, Cyrus," explained Seth, from the middle of the road, "there's two of them convict critters in th' wood lickin' th' sap out of Aunt Mame Sawyer's nephew. I knowed 'em by them striped jail-coats."

For once Constable Dilberry did not tarry for particulars. Flinging down his reins, he drew his ancient pistol and followed Seth to the scene of battle.

The altercation of the summer boarders was now at its height, with all three combatants rolling on the ground and Aunt Mame's nephew inflicting dreadful damage with both feet and hands.

"Hands up!" And the terrible constable stood over the battlefield. Instantly the combat ceased, and Harold and Richard were each seized in a horny hand.

"I dont know how to thank you, constable," gasped Aunt Mame's nephew, "unless you accept a lock of yellow hair, also one of brown."

And, with a bow, he presented the constable with his hard-earned spoils.

The Law retired slowly but irresistibly, forcing Harold and Richard before him.

"Simply outrageous!"

"Quite a lark!"

"Harold, you surprise me—we have never differed before——"

"Cell-mates, not soul-mates!" said Cyrus.

Rumpled, torn, dishonored, they exeunt from this story, without even a tearful glance from their former handmaiden.

From the wood path came a baritone voice, not at all musical; in fact, painful, and, with nearer approach, its owner discovered himself as the gentle Seth.

No other living creature appeared upon the scene, unless it might be Sally, who was tone-deaf, and had fallen into a swoon, anyway.

"Ah, pretty creature, have you no lover?" he said, tipping an imaginary hat. And seeing that she did not answer nor catch the spirit of his parody, he caught her up in his arms, light as blown chaff, and carried her home—to the pasture bars, where nothing remained but the sun-drenched earth, the dust-covered fowls, and the sleepy-eyed cows to frighten their Arcady.

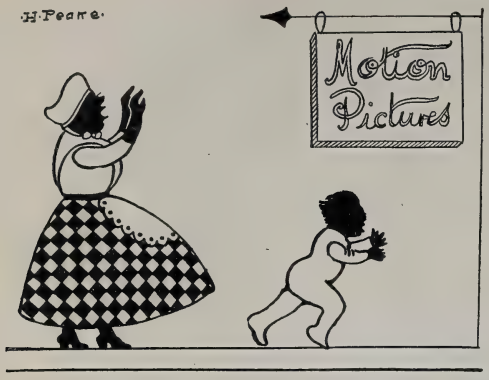


THE BELLIGERENTS ARE STILL BELLIGERENT



Mother Goose of Motion Pictures

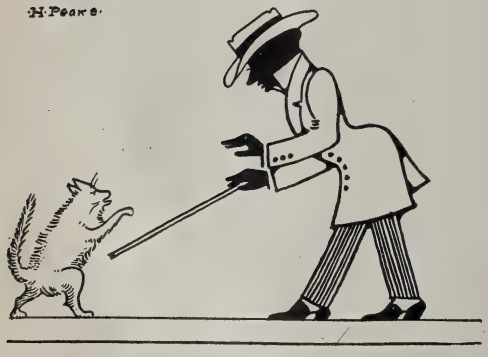
By HARVEY PEAKE



Solomon Grundy
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Saw Motion Plays Wednesday,
Others on Thursday,
Still others on Friday,
And more on Saturday;
And thus are the days of Solomon Grundy,
From Monday morn to late on Sunday.



Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her son biscuit and jell;
But when she got there,
The cupboard was bare;
But the Picture Play pleased him as well.



"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?"
"I've been up to London to look at the Queen.
But I'd have stayed home if I'd really been bright,
For the Motion Plays show us such things every night."

I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint cup
And there I bade him drum;
And so, a man that heard him
A-drumming night and day,
Engaged the little fellow
At Motion Shows to play.





KAISER WILHELM

Royalties as Photoplayers

By ERNEST A. DENCH

We all aspire to see ourselves on the screen these days, and even royalties have not disdained to pose for the "movies."

Probably no monarch has appeared in films more times than King George of England, who has been declared to be the best movie actor now appearing before us. His Majesty has been paid this compliment by several



KING FERDINAND of BULGARIA



QUEEN ELEANOR of BULGARIA



CROWN PRINCE CHRISTIAN of DENMARK



PRINCE HENRY of PRUSSIA

PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



QUEEN SOPHIA OF GREECE

film producers who realize the difficulties of this new art.

Practically speaking, Britain's king is living his life as a monarch in the eye of the Motion Picture camera. He is never conscious that the machine is before him, altho he is well aware that it is there.

For this fact he is regarded highly by camera men. That is why he is the finest actor we have outside of professional photoplayers.

The Kaiser has even been enterprising enough to engage an official camera man. Whenever the German emperor participates in the army maneuvers, or some other important event, the camera man records everything the Kaiser does.

This is owing to the fact that Wilhelm II is very fond of publicity, and these films will have the effect of revealing to the world at large what a mighty monarch he is.

Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother, recently took lessons in film photography and acting. He did so for the purpose of taking films of his own manufacture of the principal incidents that occurred on his cruise to South America. He got so much good humorous material that he wrote a scenario incorporating the whole, as well as producing and acting in some special scenes.

King Christian of Denmark became a movie actor purely by accident.

He happened to be yachting with the queen and their two sons, when they heard revolvers being fired and cries for help.



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN



KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND, AND HIS CONSORT, QUEEN MARY

The king was about to go to the rescue with his suite, when he spied, thru his binoculars, a man operating the Moving Picture camera a short distance away. In another direction he saw a thrilling fight between a gang of bandits and detectives in a boat on the open sea. The king could not help but smile, but then his attention was attracted to something serious. The heroine leaped into the sea to escape from the bandit chief, and before she had been in the water long her acting became all too serious —she was struck by a cramp.

Her cries for help were heard by the Danish king, who went to save her in a boat. He saved her just as she was going under for the last time. All the while the cool camera man was resourceful enough to keep on turning the handle, for the chance of getting a king as a film player was too good to be missed.

If only we could look behind the scenes, so to speak, in the private ex-



PRINCE WILHELM OF HOHENZOLLERN (ON THE RIGHT), HIS DAUGHTER, PRINCESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA, AND EX-KING MANUEL, HER FIANCÉ



THE EX-QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, HER SON, KING MANUEL, AND KING ALPHONSO OF SPAIN



THE GERMAN ROYAL FAMILY—THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN ON THE EMPEROR'S FIFTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY, LAST YEAR

hibition rooms of European crowned heads, we could see Moving Picture plays in which royalty plays the leads. King Alphonso of Spain, besides being an expert motorist and famous polo player, is an actor of no mean ability. But he cannot appear before his subjects in histrionic rôles; kingly custom forbids. But King Alphonso has a camera man and a private exhibition room in his palace in Madrid, where his family and himself may feast their eyes upon his acting ability.

What lover of romance has not devoured the novels of the beautiful Queen of Roumania, written under her *nom de plume,* "Carmen Sylvia"? And who has not felt his heart beat faster at the tales of her own romantic career in her semi-barbaric mountain home? And now comes the news that her novels—those strange tales of a people half-Oriental, half-Euro-

(*Continued on page* 161)



HARRY MILLARDE, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

DID you ever wonder, when watching a certain fascinating villain on the screen, just what his private life was? Just who he was in private life? Well, I have, often, and have wondered more about Harry Millarde than any of the others. Why? Well, how should I know? Or, knowing, why should I tell? Anyway, the statement stands. Being of an investigating turn of mind, else I should never have chosen the profession of an interviewer, I decided to find out. So I called on Harry Millarde at Kalem House, out in Fairfield, Fla.

I found him to be a very pleasant, good-looking chap, standing five feet eleven inches in height, and weighing, I should judge, about one hundred and eighty well-distributed pounds. He has blue-gray eyes and brown hair and is altogether a most personable young man—a bit retiring by nature, I should say, from the way he accepted my statement that I had come to interview him. However, he was very, very nice and answered all my questions, which is a lot more than the average player will do.

"I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio," he said, in a cultured, deep baritone that adds greatly to his attractiveness, "and was educated there. I am of French and German parentage. My parts? Well, now that's rather a hard question, for I am called upon to play about everything from atmosphere to the deepest-dyed villain, so I get accustomed to 'most anything. I believe, tho, that my favorite parts are those like 'The Vampire,' 'Breaking into the Big League,' and—oh, I like 'em all! I cant remember the names of them. I thoroly study them, tho, and that's the most I know about them. Sometimes I like romantic leads, and then there are other times when I like to play 'heavies.' I think one of my favorite parts, now that I come to think of it, was the 'heavy' in 'Her Husband's Friend.'"

"Have you ever been on the legitimate stage, Mr. Millarde?" I asked, in what I fondly hoped was a very businesslike voice.

He grinned. And I felt correspondingly foolish, for any one who would dare to suppose that he had acquired his present popularity in one short year in pictures, even under the expert direction of Keenan Buel and Bob Vignola—but he was speaking again.

"Yes, indeed, I have been on the legitimate stage," he answered, his blue eyes glowing with pleasant memories. "I played last season, that is, the season of 1911-12, just before entering Kalem, with 'The Blue Mouse.' Did you see that? Well, I was the mouse's real sweetheart."

I jotted all this, and a lot more, down very busily, thinking at the time how lucky was I that I should have such a pleasant morning chat with this popular screen idol, when girls all over the world were sighing over his photograph and wishing that they, too, might be privileged to know him. And Harry Millarde is a player who improves on acquaintance.

"My hobby? Baseball," he chuckled. And I saw that in hitting upon this question I had made a "home-run hit" (not bad for a girl who doesn't know a mitt from a base, or a "home-run" from a "sacrifice"). "And reading history is another of my hobbies," he added, as his eyes strayed a bit longingly to a solid-looking volume which he had discarded upon my requesting an interview. "I carry a book of history with me to and from

the studio every day, and spend most of the time, when I'm waiting for cues at the studio, with my books."

Aha! I thought to myself, all my Sherlock Holmes instincts aroused, and that's the reason for the Wednesday night visits to the library. And



I had heard that it was because of a most attractive little librarian — but never mind.

"My favorite authors are Hugo, Dickens and Tolstoi. My favorite poets? Whisper it gently, oh, my friend! I dont care for poetry, and consequently I have no favorite

poet, tho I like Lord Byron immensely, and am also rather partial to some of Kipling's 'Barrack-room Ballads.' ''

As I rose to go, he rose also and accompanied me to the door of Kalem's big, cool-looking studio.

''I'm afraid I haven't been a very interesting specimen,'' he apologized, ''but I have done my best. You think up a number of clever things (I'm sure that wont be hard for *you* to do) and sign my name to them.'' And for the implied compliment I thanked him, and I can assure you I have not ''padded'' this chat.

Harry Millarde is twenty-nine years of age, heart-whole (presumably) and fancy-free (also presumably). All this for the edification of Young Feminine America, who may be interested in information of this kind.

ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

Modern Miracles

By ARTHUR W. NEALE

At the railway depot of a Western town, at 2 A. M. on a June morning of the present year (1914), the writer, whiling away the tedious wait for a train, was pacing the long platform ''with measured steps and slow.'' Under the spell of the delicious stillness that prevailed and the thousand eyes of the night that studded an ultra-violet sky, a thoughtful mood asserted itself.

At one end of the platform was a baggage truck bearing a brown fiber box, probably one foot square. A frayed string was tied about its middle. The isolated appearance of the box made it doubly conspicuous, and a casual inspection revealed that it contained Moving Picture films.

Looking backward a few short years, I saw, in my mind's eye, on the same platform a gallant band of players assembled, awaiting a train for their next ''jump.'' There were the beautiful leading lady; the leading man, young and debonair; the character woman and man, venerable-looking and of mobile faces; the irrepressible comedian, and the many satellites to make up the complement. The buzz of conversation, the happy faces, the atmosphere of good-fellowship made an animated picture. Muffled in the inevitable fur-trimmed overcoat, pacing the platform with majestic tread and preoccupied air, a thing apart, was the star of the company. Several baggage trucks laden with scenery and theatrical trunks completed a picture of the passing show.

A vital touch of the wizard's wand, and the transformation occurred. Like two of every kind filing into the Ark, an army of players has become the imprisoned soul of the film and is still streaming into the little, magic, brown box—that familiar box with the frayed string, awaiting transportation at every railway depot thruout the civilized world.

Within that box has also passed a wealth of scenery undreamed of in the very heyday of the ''trouper,'' scenes pictured from the very heart of nature—marine, woodland, mountain and pastoral. The ice-fields of the Poles, the tropical jungle, the desert and the cities have all contributed generously. Thither, also, have assembled the birds, the fish of all the oceans, wild beasts of the forest primeval, the domestic animals —every living thing. Who shall say that the entire universe will not eventually pass within the narrow confines of the little fiber box? The miracle has happened. Express charges on the box to the next stand? Oh, yes! thirty-five cents, please.

Lubinville à la Mode

By "YVETTE NECTARINE"





FIFTH AVENUE—the Casino at Newport—London's Hyde Park—are no longer considered fashion parades by those who enjoy a view of the famous courtyard at Lubinville. Other places faintly echo the Rue de la Paix—are merely a whisper of fashion's decree—but at Lubinville there are no echoes, but only sartorial shocks.

The trend so far this season has been toward extreme simplicity: a uniformity of color; an absence of ornamentation; in fact, fewer garments. For instance, Miss Minxie Maxixe reported for work the other afternoon in an open-work pagoda parasol. With rare judgment, the studio manager cast her for the Winter Palace ballroom scene in "Michael Strogoff," to take the place of the property Aphrodite at the head of the grand stairway.

They are wearing ears this season and blondes have come in again. Miss Ormi Hawley drove in one brisk morning recently with her dull gold hair piled high under an omelet turban topped by a parsley pompom. Miss Lottie Briscoe was seen reading the matutinal mail in a morning-glory-purple embossed velvet under a tunic of woven chives fringed with baby radishes, and Miss Rosemary Theby displayed her faultless shoulders thru a garland of asparagus points supporting a princess slip of rose maline. Miss Briscoe, tho dieting, always expresses her appetite thru her dressmaker.

At the same time Miss Clara Lambert and Miss Ruth Bryan were discovered on a secluded bench, plotting to play leads. Miss Lambert wore an overdress of priceless shadow-of-tragedy lace embroidered in bits of stained glass; Miss Bryan was a charming conspirator in a tailored suit of lobster-heart linen with collar and cuffs of Bangkok. Miss Florence Williams, since becoming so enchantingly svelte, is wearing severely plain styles. One afternoon recently she wore a frank little dress of onion-skin *au naturel*, cut strictly form-fitting. At the same time Miss Florentine Hackett was heard planning her repertoire of gowns for the week, wearing a *chic* bolero of dandelion ratine edged with Lubin bells, and a pannier skirt of silver foil.

Miss Ethel Clayton, while awaiting her call, was noticed absorbed in "The Salamander," appropriately garbed in a flame-colored asbestos frock with a ruche of cut steel, not far from Miss Frankie Mann, who was heard discussing everybody else in a sweet little confection of ammonia-tinted peau de cygne with natural thistles appliqué. She carried mauve smelling-salts.

With a happy sense of the apposite, Miss May Blossom Havey, the litterateuse of the scenario staff, wears nothing but blue stockings, just as the Misses Louise and Justina Huff, when they practice disguising their Southern accent, wear hats of Leghorn decorated with wreaths of ink-balls and Georgia peach-stones.

While the yard was particularly brilliant one morning this month, Mr. Arthur V. Johnson joined the throng of notables, a conspicuous

figure in a motor ulster of wine-colored alpaca. His clothes were of Scotch tweed and his cravat of rye crêpe. His scarfpin consisted of a single sloe. Miss Mae Hotely attracted attention in a little dress of seaweed satin souple relieved by panels of blanched almonds. She was shrinking from a reporter. Later, Mr. Kempton Greene arrived on the St. Augustine train, shod in his newest invention—button boots of Russia leather with uppers of matting. Mr. Earle Metcalf, accompanying him, looked comfortable in a suit of palmetto with buttons of polished pecans.

In the late afternoon Miss Anna Luther strolled in for tea. She provoked more than the usual number of nudges from her sympathetic coworkers when she was found to be studying Sarah Bernhardt's memoirs. She looked unconcerned in a tailored shirtwaist of unbleached cheese-cloth and a diadem of rubies. She carried a dear little coatee of white mouse fur with clusters of heads and tails. Mr. Harry Myers just then glided in and alighted from his white Norwalk, a blaze of cerise haberdashery in a blazer of vermilion and canary. He called attention to Miss Carol Halloway, who was wearing a wistful look and a pelerine of matched cat. The deceased's name was Sammy.

A chorus of exclamations followed Miss Lillie Leslie during her saunter thru the frost-sprinkled hedges of the courtyard. She looked radiant in a sunrise satin jacket, an overskirt of mosquito-tinted cravenette, with a vest of kiss-colored suede. Her perfume is orange-blossom. Colonel Joseph Smiley, who was regarding Miss Leslie with baleful intensity, has succumbed to this fall's rage for primary colors and, besides a beaming smile, is wearing shirts of watermelon, canary, emerald and royal purple haircloth, with cleverly designed yokes of fish-net in contrasting shades.

Miss Eleanor Blanchard is wearing some beautiful mourning gowns, one in particular being of chiffon velvet with inlayings of jet hearse-wheels relieved by spirals of black-silk rope and bunches of tassels. Miss Rosetta Brice has added an original touch to her studio toilets by having a spatter design in white pepper and bristles applied to one of the new patent-leather capes. Miss Mary Keane always affects the purely girlish styles and is wearing some white muslin evening dresses with flounces of kid gloves in pastel shades. Miss Jeannette Hackett, appreciating her ability to wear junior styles, is arranging her hair in soft curls these days, interwoven with strings of puffed rice in the morning, butterballs at noon and fireflies at night, just as the Misses Mildred Gregory and Eleanor Barry, with a whimsical sense of originality, wear daily boutonnières fashioned of bits of grease-paint and lace paper. Mr. Gaston Bell has introduced a smart and original band on his green velour hat —a three-inch strip of genuine fox-terrier skin.

Among the serious-minded bevy of Lubin minor players there is a praiseworthy endeavor to imitate as closely as possible the wardrobe of the sister player whose income is greater, as well as an unquenchable desire to "play leads," come what may; a tireless cultivation of the broad "a" and the ability to speak of one's self as an actress without blushing. All this raises the standard of fashion at Lubinville and relieves the stars of tomorrow from the tedious drudgery of holding the mirror up to Nature, for, as they contend with irresistible logic, "it is so much more interesting to hold the mirror up to *one's self,* my de-ah."



Those Who Make Us Laugh

By the Photoplay Philosopher and Others

Isn't it fine to laugh? Is it not a luxury worth any price? We spend large amounts for other forms of entertainment, but for the greatest of all we spend least. Laughter is one of the pleasantest sensations we can experience, and to those who make us laugh we should give thanks, praise and blessings. What a capital, glorious, good thing a laugh is! What a tonic! What an exorciser of evil spirits! How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or of age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eyes of refinement — in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate for a museum — under every circumstance and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that wears off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than the measles. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laugher and one witness, there are forthwith two laughers; and so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound.

The doctors say that a hearty laugh is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties. Some physicians contend that laughter is one of the greatest aids to digestion and is highly conducive to health; and Hufeland, physician to the King of Prussia, commended the wisdom of the ancients, who maintained a jester who was always present at meals and whose quips and cranks would keep the table in a roar.



Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the blood-vessels (life-vessels) of the body that does not feel some wavelet from that great


SOME WELL KNOWN VITAGRAPH LAUGH MAKERS
WALLY VAN
KATE PRICE
BILLY QUIRK
NORMA TALMADGE
LILLIAN WALKER
HUGHIE MACK
JOHN BUNNY
JAMES LACKAYE

convulsion, hearty laughter, shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively; probably its chemical, electrical or vital condition is distinctly modified; it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular, mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And so a good laughter may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they at present are apt to do to the innumerable subtler influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe for a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that more objectionable prescription, a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock, and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required laughter.

There is nothing equal to a good laugh for restoring the tone of the mind and body when both are overcharged. Laughter after exhaustive toil is one of Nature's instinctive recuperative efforts to soothe and to invigorate the mind. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. A joyous smile adds an hour to one's life; a hearty laugh, a day; a grin, not a minute. Sterne says: "I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life." And he was right. Wit and gayety answer the same purpose that fire does in a damp house, dispersing chills, and drying mould, and making all hopeful and cheerful.

And all the authors and philosophers agree. "Laugh and be fat, sir," says Ben Jonson. "They laugh that win," says Shakespeare — which has two meanings. "A



MARGUERITE CLAYTON

FORD STERLING





JOHN BRENNAN



RUTH ROLAND

good laugh is sunshine in a house," says Thackeray. "The laughter of man is the contentment of God," says John Weiss. "Give me an honest laughter," says Walter Scott. "The most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed," says Chamfort. "The laughter of girls is, and ever was, among the delightful sounds of earth," says De Quincey. "Morally considered, laughter is next to the ten commandments," says H. W. Shaw. And, finally, not to burden the record with too much evidence: "Then let us laugh. It is the cheapest luxury man enjoys, and, as Charles Lamb says, is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market. It stirs up the blood, expands the chest, electrifies the nerves, clears away the cobwebs from the brain and gives the whole system a shock to which the voltaic pile is as nothing. Nay, its delicious alchemy converts even tears into the quintessence of merriment and makes wrinkles themselves expressive of youth and frolic," says William Matthews. And so say they all, with a few dried-up, fossilic exceptions.



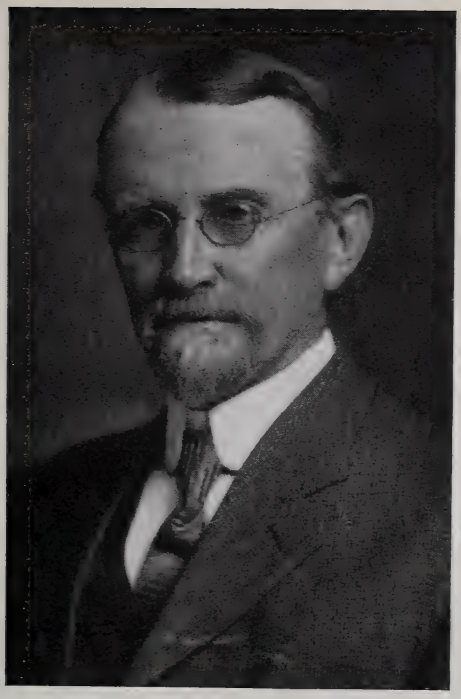
Oh, to be able to laugh heartily! What would the dyspeptic not give to have one real good, hearty laugh? I sometimes envy the ignorant. They can laugh at anything. When our tastes become cultivated, and we become connoisseurs of good jokes, wit, humor and comedy, it is hard to have a real good laugh, unless the provocation is very keen. The fool laughs at everything—how happy he must be! Why was I not born a fool? Is not the fool, in his ignorance, happier than we who are so critical that we can get no mirth out of the common things and occurrences of life? Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter, and we all should take full advantage of the gift, if we can.

Carlyle says: "How much lies in laughter, the cipher-key wherewith we decipher the whole man!" and it was also the opinion of Ouida that the quality of a man's laugh was an index to his character. "Hypocrites," says she, "weep, and you cannot tell their tears from those of saints; but no bad man ever laughed sweetly yet." Victor Hugo liked the kind of laughter "that opens the lips and the heart—that shows at the same time pearls and the soul." Carlyle thought that the man who could not laugh was not fit only for treason, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life was a treason and a stratagem.

The only man who never laughed, and who was proud of that fact, was the dignified, proper, ladylike Lord Chesterfield, who boasted: "I am sure that, since I had the use of my reason, no human being has ever heard me laugh." What a thing to boast of!

Finally, as to the persons who make us laugh: what of them! Alas! comedians, humorists, joke-makers and wits are sometimes put down in a class below our own. What a shame! The man who can make the world

(*Continued on page* 163)



HENRY R. HEYL, THE FIRST EXHIBITOR OF MOTION PICTURES

Genesis of the Moving Picture

By RICHARD J. HOFFNER

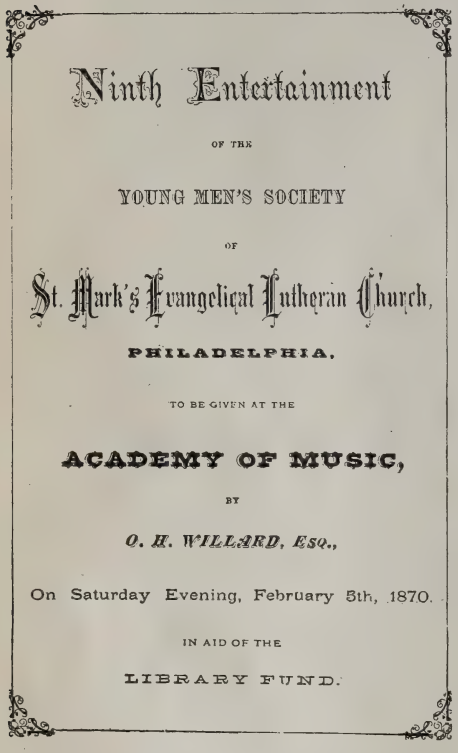
In which it is shown that the first exhibition of Motion Pictures projected by a lantern upon a screen was given at Philadelphia, February 5, 1870, by HENRY R. HEYL, the inventor.

To those of us who have lived thru the allotment of "three score years and ten" it is very interesting and profitable to look back to the time when most of those advantages for education, comfort and convenience that we today enjoy were not even thought of, and if some one had prophesied their coming, few of us would have had the courage to believe it. Seventy years ago we had no telegraphs, no electric light or power services, no sewing machines, no typewriters, no telephones, no photographs, no phonographs or gramophones, no bicycles, no automobiles; and railways were only then in immature infancy, while the Moving Picture as we now see it was not even dreamed of.

Recently a great deal of interest in the progressive development of the Moving Picture has appeared in efforts to fix upon the time and the person responsible for the real beginning and active growth of the new art. Was it an impromptu plaything, or was it in the author's mind that a most useful educational purpose would be served by discovering some way to produce before the eyes of an assemblage the actual happenings of events far away and beyond the reach of most of us—things which we cannot adequately explain by description in words, but which by means of an active picture may be made plain to the mind of a little child? Now that the means of such demonstrations are in such perfect state, we can readily believe that some of the minds that worked overtime in the early development must have had a vision of the wide possibilities that a successful system for reproducing living scenes would lead to. Two articles on this subject, appearing in the Philadel-

EDITORIAL NOTE.—With the exception of Jenkins' "Animated Pictures" (1898), none of the books seem to have the slightest idea of how and when Motion Pictures were first invented and shown. Talbot practically gives credit to Muybridge (1872), to Reynaud (1877) and to Donisthorpe (1876), and it is conceded by all that Mr. Edison's wonderful Kinetoscope was not invented until 1887, and was first demonstrated at the World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1893. This article shows that the honors should go to Mr. Henry R. Heyl, of Philadelphia, who is now a prominent citizen and inventor of that city.

phia *Press* of November 24, 1912, and the *Saturday Evening Post* of November 30, 1912, have carried the writer's mind back to an incident that he personally witnessed and has full knowledge of, and which should have some historic value as to an inkling of what was coming and has already come in this interesting field of instruction and entertainment.



Ninth Entertainment

OF THE

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY

OF

St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church,

PHILADELPHIA.

TO BE GIVEN AT THE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

BY

O. H. WILLARD, Esq.,

On Saturday Evening, February 5th, 1870.

IN AID OF THE

LIBRARY FUND.

THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION OF THE PROGRAM COVER OF THE FIRST MOTION PICTURES EVER EXHIBITED. THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EDITOR OF THIS MAGAZINE

An exhibition of Moving Pictures was given at the Philadelphia Academy of Music before a large audience on the evening of February 5, 1870, and was due to the ingenuity and photographic skill of Henry R. Heyl, of that city. The exhibition was repeated by him before the Franklin Institute, March 16th following. These are the first exhibitions of photographs to represent in motion living subjects projected by a lantern upon a screen. The subjects exhibited embraced waltzing figures and acrobats shown in life-size from photographic images 1¾ inches in height. At that day flexible films and instantaneous exposures were unknown, therefore it was necessary to limit the views of subjects to those that could be taken by time-exposures upon wet plates, which photos were afterwards reproduced as positives on very thin glass plates. The waltzing figures, taken in six positions, were triplicated in order to fill the eighteen picture spaces of the exhibiting disc attached to the lantern. The device consisted of a skeleton wheel having radial divisions into which could be inserted the picture-holders, each consisting of a card upon which were mounted two of the photo positives in such relative position that, as the wheel was intermittently revolved, each picture would register exactly with the position just left by the preceding one. The intermittent movement of the wheel was controlled by a ratchet and pawl mechanism operated by a reciprocating bar moved up and down by the hand. It will be apparent that the pictures could be moved in rapid succession or quite slowly, or the wheel could be stopped at any point to complete an evolution. In the exhibition at the

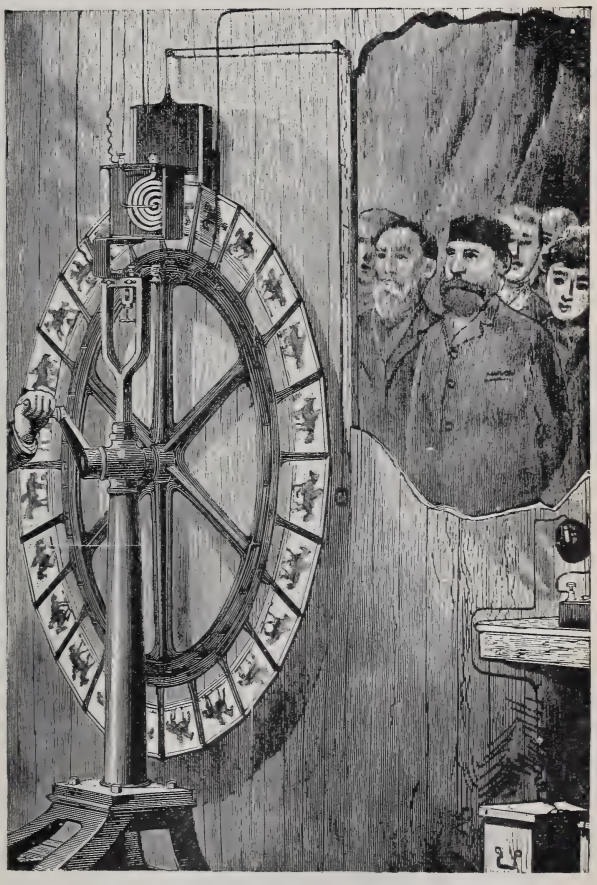
The following paragraph appears in the program of Feb. 5, 1870:

The Phasmatrope

This is a recent scientific invention, designed to give to various objects and figures up n the screen the most grace'ul and life-like movements. The effects are similar to those produced in the familiar toy called the Zoetrope, where men are seen walking, running, and performing various feats in most perfect imitation of real life. This instrument is destined to become a most va'uable auxiliary to the appliances for illustra'ion, and we have the pleasure of having the first opportunity of presenting its merits to an audience.

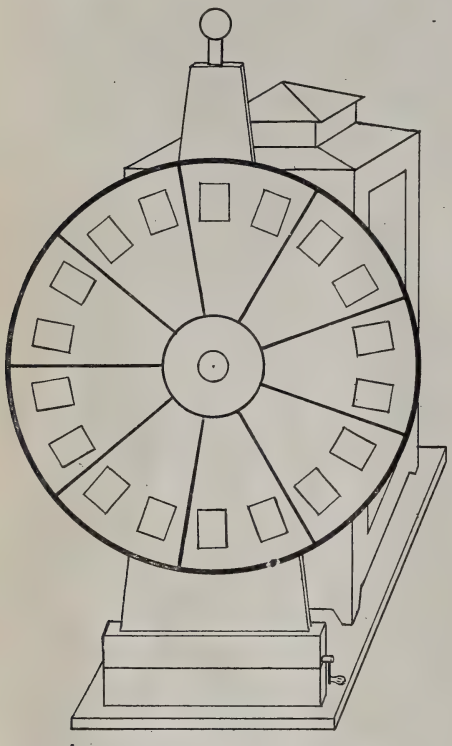
Academy, above alluded to, the movement of the figures was made to correspond to the time of the waltz played by the orchestra, and, when the acrobatic performers were shown, a more rapid motion was given, and a full stop was made when a somersault was completed. A vibrating shutter placed back of the picture wheel was operated by the same draw-bar which moved the wheel, only the shutter was so timed that it moved first and covered the picture before the latter moved, and completed its movement after the next picture was in place.

This description will suffice to give a clear understanding of the lantern devices used and the degree of perfection of this first known exhibit of Moving Pictures, shown upon a screen before a large audience. This occasion was more than twenty years prior to the final advent of a practical system of processes and machines which would reproduce, in a natural way, what the eye could see. At that time the art of photography was only about twenty-five years old, and there is no record of any attempt to produce negatives from instantaneous exposures, nor was there any kind of flexible film known that could be used as a substitute for the glass plates upon which to take the negatives. When the Phasmatrope was designed, the inventor fully realized the meager results that might be gotten from the materials then available. He also knew that certain essentials were missing, and that he had a very doubtful chance of making a fairly successful attempt to produce lifelike representations of actual scenes. The wanting elements were a highly sensitive pellicular ribbon upon which to obtain the negative impressions in rapid succession, a camera constructed to make quickly following exposures and having means for advancing the ribbon intermittently between the exposures, and a perfectly transparent ribbon for the positive transfers to be used in a lantern equipped like the camera, to move the ribbon intermittently to project the related pictures upon the screen. It was two decades after the exhibit of 1870 before the celluloid ribbon of indefinite length came into existence, which was the key that unlocked the



ANCHENTZ'S TACHYSCOPE, DESCRIBED IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN" IN 1889, WHICH WAS BASED ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS MR. HEYL'S PHASMATROPE

door to rapid perfection of all the accessories of the Moving Picture art. Thus, in designing the Phasmotrope, the inventor was restricted to the use of glass plate positives, reproduced from similar negatives, capable of taking quick exposures from subjects that permitted quick changes of position. With such well-chosen subjects it was then possible to make,



HEYL'S PHASMATROPE, THE FIRST TO PROJECT MOTION PICTURES ON A SCREEN BY A LANTERN

in a limited way, upon a screen, very natural reproductions of photographed objects in motion. Recognizing the necessity of projecting the succeeding related pictures in such manner that each picture in view remained fixed for a much longer period of time than it took to substitute the next following one, thereby taking full advantage of the persistence of vision, the results obtained were a marked advance in natural reproduction of animated subjects over all previous efforts in that line. During the years following no further advance was made until after the year 1877, when two eminent scientists, Dr. Marey in France, and Edward Muybridge in California, began cotemporary work in the investigation of animal locomotion, their work continuing over a period of some ten years. Both of these investigators added materially to the facilities for instantaneous photography in the construction and operation of their cameras, but the glass plate negative still "held the fort," and their facilities for displaying the pictures of dissected movements were thereby greatly restricted. Mr. Muybridge's "Zoopraxiscope" (the counterpart of Mr. Heyl's "Phasmatrope") was the limit of the former's success in the line of lantern projection.

The work of Donisthorpe in England between 1878-88; Le Prince, New York, in 1886, and Evans and Green, in 1889, added somewhat to the progress of the art; but until the advent of the celluloid film in 1890 every prior effort fell short of practical success, and the work of the past was soon outdistanced by the new equipment and methods that developed in the next five to six years. Scarcely a vestige of the many years of prior work is to be found in the perfected outfit of today, save that every projecting lantern must still provide means for the movement of the films, so that the period of rest of the picture in view shall greatly exceed the time of substitution of the next picture, which element remains indispensable.

The one purpose of the exhibition of 1870 in Philadelphia having been served, and further progress at that time being clearly impractical, the inventor put the Moving Picture matter aside and did not renew his activities in that direction in after years when the fullness of time had arrived for complete success. So far as authentic information is available relating to the art of reproduction, before a large audience, of photographic representations of active ob-

jects, Philadelphia seems to be entitled to the credit of being the birthplace of the new art, for the public exhibition above described antedates by many years all other known efforts in this direction. During the thirty years of experimenting prior to 1890, the progressive steps will be recognized in the work of Dr. Coleman Sellers, of Philadelphia, in his stereoscopic cabinet of 1861; A. B. Brown's lantern slide, 1869; Henry R. Heyl's Phasmatrope, 1870; Edward Muybridge, California; Dr. Marey, France, and Donisthorpe, England, 1877 to 1887; Augustus Le Prince, New York, 1886; Georges Demeny, France, 1888, and Donisthorpe and Croft, England, 1890. From 1890 forward we find prominently the efficient work of Thomas Edison, with his Kinetoscope, 1891; Rudolph Melville Hunter, Philadelphia, 1893-94; C. Francis Jenkins, Washington, in his Phantoscope, 1894-96; August Lumière, France, in his Cinematograph, 1896, and Herman Castler, in his Biograph, 1896.







Altho celluloid had in various forms come into extensive use before 1890, it is noteworthy that the efforts of Messrs. Edison, Hunter and Jenkins included the preparation of their picture films from wide sheets of celluloid which they cut into suitable narrow ribbons, spliced them together in long films and perforated them to adapt them to the feeding mechanisms of their cameras and lanterns; but, a little later, perfected films in any length already sensitized and perforated ready for use were to be had, the production of which today by Eastman and other inventors and manufacturers is an enormous business.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Of the two persons who posed for the Waltz in the Movie Exhibition of 1870, the lady is deceased; but the gentleman is still alive and his photo appears at the head of this article. These are the first Motion Pictures ever projected on a screen by a lantern (1870). The original glass slides used were about seven-eighths of an inch wide by about one and a quarter inches long.

Artist, Author, Director, Painter

THE dilettante had started out to make a sketch. As he turned the corner of a side street, leading to the mountains, his progress was stopped by a large crowd of vehicles and people. There were automobiles, delivery wagons, a buggy or two and many bicycles. There were men, women and children of every class and condition. All eyes were fixed on a large wooden platform, erected on the side of a hill, with a background of the Rocky Mountains and the snow-clad Pike's Peak. On the platform were half a dozen actors, apparently rehearsing a short scene. Near-by stood a man with a huge camera, which was leveled on the players; but they seemed to pay no attention to him. The costumes of these actors were of no particular period, and their faces were covered with a heavy, white paste, while their eyes were circled with dark blue paint. The dilettante watched them for some time. Finally his curiosity got the better of him, and he turned to a small boy standing near him and asked, "Who are they, and what are they doing?" The small boy sized up his interlocutor to see if he could really be so serious, and such colossal ignorance could be true. Then he replied, with no effort to conceal his contempt, "Movies, of course."

Movies! The dilettante then remembered having read in the papers that a Moving Picture company expected to spend the summer in Colorado Springs, Col. There had, from day to day, been letters in the local papers from "Constant Reader," "Old Subscriber," "Good Citizen" and "One Interested," protesting against many of the pictures which had already been exhibited in Colorado Springs and begging one Fielding to continue to use his well-known influence for good, when producing dramas of this region.

These letters had made very little impression on the dilettante. Many years before, in the earliest days of Moving Pictures, he had seen one of the first shown. Each film had been accompanied by dazzling sparks of light, like a rain of tiny golden sequins. He had thought the invention wonderful, but had gone home with a ghastly headache, and consequently had never again seen a Moving Picture. More and more frequently, as the years went by, the subject of the "movies" had entered into the conversation of his friends and acquaintances, but he thought only of the golden, blinding rain, and wondered how people's eyes could stand the strain. Even now he had no realization of what the finished product was like. The scene before him seemed strange and mysterious. There was a fascination in the realism of the acting, and for several hours the dilettante lingered and wondered.

That afternoon he selected a spot for sketching on the mesa, overlooking the entrance to the Garden of the Gods. Just as he was about to open his paint-box, he noticed, some little distance beyond him, another artist When he walked close enough to see, he found he had made good progress in his sketch. The gateway to the

Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak in the distance and the mesa in the foreground, had been laid in with bold, sure strokes and honest, clean color.

The artist was a stranger to the dilettante. He was tall, dark, muscular and apparently about thirty-five years old. His hair was very thick and black, and the dilettante thought it needed cutting in front, as a lock or two fell down over his forehead and seemed constantly to bother him. As the artist looked up at the dilettante, he showed a pair of blue-gray eyes, surrounded by long, dark lashes. The expression in these eyes was inscrutable and unfathomable.

The two men exchanged greetings.



THE MANOR HOUSE, "GLEN EYRIE"





THE PICTURESQUE SCENERY AROUND "GLEN EYRIE" AND THE UNUSUAL ROCK FORMATION MAKE AN IDEAL SETTING FOR MOTION PICTURES



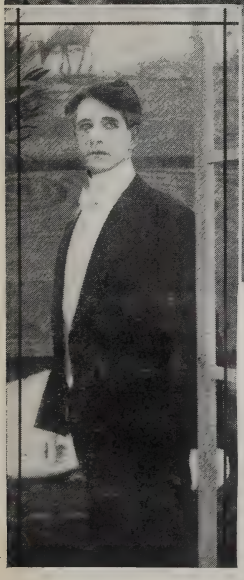
MR. FIELDING'S "STUDY" AT "GLEN EYRIE"

"It's bully," said the dilettante, warmly; "you've got just the hard, theatrical outline of those red rocks. I never see them without thinking of the Indians who held their councils here. Wouldn't that be a great subject for some of these movie people who are now in town—the Indians; war-dances; then pipes of peace—with all this as a background?"

"It wouldn't be bad," replied the artist, as he stepped back to squint at his canvas. "A place for brute man."

"A man in my business must become more or less a Jack-of-all-trades."





"What do you think of this movie business, in relation to real art?" asked the dilettante.

The artist gave a keen look; then said, in quiet, rich tones and with an amused smile: "I am perhaps a prejudiced party—I am a 'movie man'—as you call it."

The dilettante gasped: "You are? But you paint!"

"But what has painting to do with movies?"

"My company will be here very shortly, and I'll be glad to show you, if you have the time, and care to see, a practical illustration. I have just written a little scenario called 'The Dreamer.' I play the part of the artist-hero. When the curtain rises, this sketch, which I have attempted to make, will cover the entire screen. It will dimly appear, then slowly grow stronger, in outline and body, until it is perfectly clear. My hand, with the brush, will move over it in the act of painting; then it will gradually fade away, and another

picture will show me standing before this same sketch, in its actual size, with my subject, the real rocks and the peak, as a background. It will be a horrible contrast, of course, but I hope the audience will be indulgent and not notice my poor little painting, but center their interest in the background and in the drama as it unfolds."

Just then the two automobiles with the actors and the camera appeared,

"God bless your soul, man, it was a back number," said the artist, laughing. "Listen, please, they dont wiggle in these days; science and art have joined hands to make the uncouth infant pictures into living, breathing bits of reality. Less of stage-craft and more of real life is what makes the art of today so intense. We have real actors now; real stories from life; photographers who are artists; ah, but see for yourself."



MR. FIELDING DIRECTING AN "INTERIOR," WHICH IN THIS CASE IS TAKEN OUT OF DOORS

and the artist dreamer instantly became a man of action. Locations were marked off, the actors directed in their business to the smallest detail, and the description given by the artist was truthfully enacted.

Several of the finer scenes were photographed twice or three times to insure a perfect production, for it is a long stretch from the Rocky Mountains to Lubinville.

On the way home the dilettante confessed that he had seen but one movie in all his life, and that some ten years ago. "But it wiggled so," he said, in explanation, as an excuse.

"I will," said the dilettante; "I feel that my education has been neglected. It has taken a man of your versatility—I should say genius—to open my eyes."

The artist said nothing aloud, but that mysterious smile of his and those haunting eyes, with their searching gaze, spoke volumes.

Upon his return home the dilettante found out the mysterious artist was none other than Romaine Fielding, Lubin's famous actor, author and producing manager.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY,
Dilettante.



THE SCENARIO WRITER

BY

CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE



Scenarios? Why, certainly! Sure, that's an easy game;
It dont require no thinkin', and they're all turned out the same.
Why, any fool can turn 'em out, and I've turned out a lot;
It's easy kind of writin', 'cause you never need no plot.
You've only got to read a lot of monthly magazines,
Or go and watch the pictures that you see upon the screens,
And then sit down and write the thing that you've just seen or read,
And send it in as something that was thought out in your head.

It's easy writin' photoplays, it doesn't need no brains,
And I can never understand why any one complains
That writin' these scenarios is difficult at all,
Since any child can turn 'em out, no matter if he's small.
Just take two leading characters and call 'em Jack and Jane,
And make 'em meet and fall in love, and then fall out again,
And put a heavy villain in, who lives on cigarets,
And make the girl's fond parents two old, cruel martinets.

Then make the villain meet his pals inside a bum saloon,
And plot to fix the hero as he starts to honeymoon;
Then make the hero do a stunt that shows him very brave,
And show the villain put in jail and sentenced as a knave.
Of course he kills the jailer, with a blow upon the head,
And then falls down and breaks his neck—and then you show him, dead.
Then send the hero back to Jane, with smiles upon his face,
And make 'em both elope again, and end it with a chase.

Of course I've written "Western" stuff, all full of love and thrills,
With sheriffs and a stage-coach and a lot of Broncho Bills;
I always give the Indian squaw a lovely-sounding name—
It's easy writin' "Western" stuff, the plots are all the same.
You've only got to sit and think of what the cowboys do,
And that is very easy, 'cause they do the same as you.
Oh! I can write scenarios—— What? Sell 'em, did you say?
No, not as yet, I aint, but I hope I will—some day!





A VISIT TO THE ESSANAY STUDIO

BY A RANK OUTSIDER (M.V.O.)

I GAVE my name to the girl in the box-office of the Essanay studio with all due ceremony and asked for Mr. Washburn of photoplay fame.

"Is Mr. Washburn expecting you?" she asked icily. I smiled and tried to assume the attitude of not having heard her. Frankly, Mr. Washburn, or any other member of the Essanay Company, didn't know of my existence. I had fared forth bravely from the hotel simply with directions to reach the studio and my own unbounded nerve. I wanted to see how they took Moving Pictures, and any idea of being thwarted hadn't entered my head until this time.

"Tell him it is very important," I fibbed. I was willing to take a chance—Brodie did. Evidently the box-office girl believed me.

"Just be seated, please. He's very busy at present—being married."

I was puzzled, but when she laughed softly a great light dawned. "He'll be up as soon as he can leave his bride after the ceremony. It's the third time he has been married today."

As I waited, my courage began to depart. Here was I, a rank outsider, a curious invader, who had imagined it would be quite a simple matter to get into a "movie" studio. I began to think the only simple thing about it was myself. I was casting longing looks at the door and street beyond as a means of escape when Mr. Washburn appeared.

He greeted me in a most encouraging way, and I took a strangle-hold on what remained of my self-confidence and said:

"I'm so very interested in Motion Pictures, and I thought possibly—"

"INDEED!" (I wish you could have heard that word.) He looked at me as if he wondered how I could possibly think, and I realized how brilliantly original I had been in my opening remark (I could have done better on the weather); how surprised he was to discover any person in the world who would really care to watch them work, and what an honor I had conferred upon a certain Mr. Washburn by calling him from his work at the busiest hour of the day. Oh, gentle sarcasm! Desperately I appealed to his sympathy.

"Would you—could you—will you show me thru?"

"With the greatest of pleasure."

I owned the earth and was only lending it to the common herd as he led me into the sacred precincts of picturedom.

I was a stranger no longer. I knew every member of that company. There stood the handsome Francis Bushman, conversing like any other ordinary mortal; Beverly Bayne strolled by, and other familiar faces were all around me. Suddenly all



IRENE WARFIELD

BRYANT WASHBURN

conversation ceased. The director, a busy little man in a tan shirt (I wondered if he could work in some other color—it was the most awe-inspiring shade of mustard yellow I had ever seen), called out his orders, and the members of the company took their respective places.

"Will you excuse me?" Mr. Washburn turned to me gallantly. "I'm the lover in this scene. Stand over here, and you can see how well I propose. It's a habit I have. I've had so much of it in make-believe I'm quite sure I shall never say the words in earnest. I'm satisfied to get my experience in this way. Miss Irene Warfield is the victim in this instance," he continued. "Watch us carefully, for this will be quite a lesson."

"READY!" the Tan-Shirted One called again. "Now tell her you love her, cant live without her; lean toward her—look away, Miss Warfield; raise your eyebrows, smile—that's good. Lean forward, look into his eyes—no, no, not like that. He didn't ask you to go to the ball-game this afternoon—he wants to marry you. Now once more. That's right. Ready with the camera—steady—keep on with the action—now, let 'er go." The click-click of the camera took in the scene, to the smallest detail.

"Prepare for the wedding!" The director busied himself with the property men, while the actors took their places. A stone porch (or so we would imagine from the front row of our favorite picture house) was being hastily constructed, a front door arranged and lace curtains hung in the big windows of the bride-to-be's home. "You see," explained Mr. Washburn, "I'm to be married again. I marry Miss Warfield, who is Bushman's wife, and he sees it thru the open windows. It's a pathetic thing. He's supposed to be dead—quicksand or some horrible end, and I marry his wife. He returns home in time to see us at the altar, and he leaves without making himself known."

"Unselfish man," murmured Miss Warfield, softly.

"And I dont even get a piece of the wedding-cake," added Mr. Bushman, sadly.

"PLACES!" the Tan Shirt was

calling. "Bushman, come up the steps just as they kneel at the altar. Make it tragic. Ready—come on with the camera." I sat transfixed.

In this scene Mr. Bushman brought something suspiciously like tears to my inexperienced eyes. The wedding guests assembled; the preacher (who takes villains' parts on Thursday—so I was informed) opened a dictionary, or some somber, neglected-looking book, and proceeded with the ceremony. Miss Warfield was bewitching in her wedding gown, which she later said she had donned for the fifteenth time that week (oh, fickle woman!), and everything was ready for the return of the wandering husband.

"Now, Bushman," called the Tan-Shirted One, who had been silent for nearly a minute, "walk up those steps and look in—turn sadly away and get out of the scene. Give 'em the sob stuff; you know how to do it." He did. For it was here I felt my eyes getting damp, and I reached for the handkerchief I hadn't brought. His expression of grief was wonderful to behold—the knuckles of his hands were white with the strain of suppressed emotion, and these words came from his passion-gripped lips:

"Some infernal property man has left paint on this railing, and, by Jove! if I get any on this new overcoat, there'll be a funeral around the Essanay studio that Webster wont have the heart to take." So Webster was inside the Tan Shirt!

"Cheer up, Bushie, me boy," came in silver tones from the marriage altar as Miss Warfield yielded herself to the embrace of the groom. "A dinner at Rector's will drive away all your clouds. Every overcoat has a lining—you can wear yours wrong side out."

What a gay, little, make-believe world it was! Before me came and went Calvert, tall, cadaverous, full of dread; Richard Travers, darkly handsome, the perfect lover; Lillian Drew, lithe and dimpled. And in a distant "set," like their "very selves" on the screen, were the petite, vivacious Gerda Holmes; Ruth Stonehouse, slim and girlish; and back of her, watchful and motherly, stood Helen Dunbar, the Essanay "mother." I sat there quietly watching scene after scene, with a great longing in my heart "to belong." I dreaded going outside into the rain. I hated to leave this cheerful place where no one thought about the weather and disagreeable things. I wanted to carry artificial flowers and be married and divorced fifteen times a week like Irene Warfield. When the studio doors closed after me, part of me stayed behind—my heart. All the way intown I sat thinking, and I've been thinking ever since.



BEVERLY BAYNE

FRANCIS BUSHMAN

IF

BY JOSEPH F. POLAND



If Moving Picture shows had but been thought of
Some centuries or so before they were,
Full many a hero whom we've all been taught of
Might not have made the least bit of a stir.
The "Movies," with their potent fascination,
Affairs of state would sadly have deranged;
And now, just for the sake of illustration,
Let's turn the page and view past eras changed.

BALCONY SCENE—ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet appears— O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou, Romeo?

Voice (from below)—Beg pardon, miss, he couldn't wait;
For if he had, he'd have been late
Arriving at the picture show—
A four-reel film is there, you know.

Juliet— Good gracious, no one told me so!
I really think I'd better go.

Exit. Curtain.



TENT SCENE—CÆSAR'S HEADQUARTERS.

J. Cæsar discovered, reading MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
Soldier enters, breathless.

Soldier—My lord, the enemy are here;
Their ranks extend both far and near;
They press us hard on flanks and rear——

Cæsar— Oh, can that stuff, my man! Look here,
This picture magazine's just out;
Pray, put the enemy to rout.

Soldier exits. Cæsar hurls a helmet after him and continues reading. Curtain.



SCENE—EGYPT, PYRAMIDS IN BACKGROUND.

Napoleon discovered, addressing his army.

Napoleon—Army of Italy, here we stand;
Our enemies on either hand.
Ahead is glory for you all;
Tomorrow we shall stand or fall.
'Tis sad, the thing that I must tell
(This fighting game I love full well),
But still today I leave to go
Back home to start a picture show.

The soldiers weep. Napoleon counts his money, finds enough for carfare and exits. Curtain.



A DAY WITH
NORMA TALMADGE
OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

THERE is one child of the screen who will probably be a child ten years from now. While we do not know her as a child, that is what she is—off the screen, but never that on the screen. It is a beautiful thing to be able to preserve one's youth and not to be too anxious to appear older than we are. Most girls, when they get to be Sweet Sixteen, begin to cast aside girlish things, to "come out" into society, and to imagine that they are young ladies who have just





stepped across the line from girlhood into womanhood. Norma Talmadge is not one of this foolish kind. She will probably not thank me for calling her a child, tho. She is now rated as one of the few really great players of the screen, and, as a prominent leading woman of the great Vitagraph, she will perhaps not relish being called a child. Yes, she was nineteen years old last May 2d, measures five feet three inches in height, and weighs over one hundred pounds. Pretty good-sized child, you say? Well, childhood does not consist of pounds and inches, nor even of years. Some girls are young ladies at sixteen, and old ones at twenty-five. But not so with Norma Talmadge. She still loves to be young, and is not at all anxious to assume the dignity and responsibilities of womanhood. Of course she can be dignified when she wants to, and she can even make you think that she is forty-five, as she did so superbly in "Silver Bachelorhood." But when she is just Norma Talmadge, she is a beautiful, sunshiny, rollicking, laughing girl, fairly bubbling over with the mirth and joy of innocent childhood. I found her romping with her two sisters at their pretty stucco house, at No. 1125 Fourteenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and I watched them a while without betraying my identity. The sisters are fifteen and seventeen, respectively, but they all acted as if they were fifteen. When it became known, thru her mother, that a reporter was there to interview Norma, you should have seen the change—it was great! *Miss* Talmadge now came forward, erect, dignified, sedate, and bowed a "How do you do?" as might a princess.

"None of that, now," I remonstrated; "I want to interview the *real* Norma Talmadge — not a society matron; so please be yourself, just like you were a moment ago."

We soon got on good terms with each other, and when Miss Talmadge found that it was to be a painless operation and that



I was nothing but a mere man with a harmless pencil and pad, we got along charmingly and had a delicious chat.

"What do you like most in this world?" I asked, after a while.

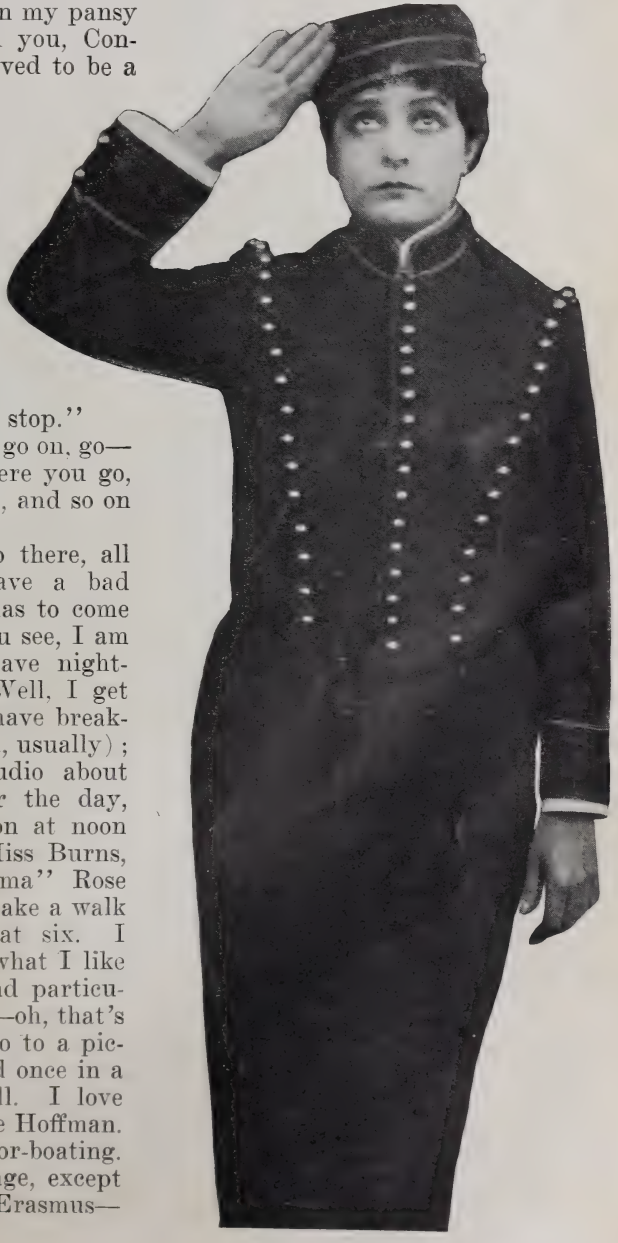
"Huyler's ice-cream sodas and chewing-gum," came back the laughing reply. "And, oh yes, I love flowers—love red roses and candy and dancing, and, not least of all, dear little 'Honey' over there in my pansy bed. Chase him off, will you, Constance?" ("Honey" proved to be a little, white puppy.)

"Sing? — swim? — recite?" I called off, referring to my memorandum sheet.

"Sing? Yes, when in the bath where nobody can hear me. I sing *beautifully* then. Swim? Yes, I can go ten strokes now without hollering 'Help!' Recite? Yes, I used to until I was paid to stop."

"Fine," I interjected; "go on, go—all about your habits—where you go, what you do, what you eat, and so on—please go right on."

"Well, I sleep right up there, all alone—except when I have a bad dream, and then mother has to come in and sleep with me. You see, I am so very wicked that I have nightmares once in a while. Well, I get up about seven or eight; have breakfast (grape-fruit and cocoa, usually); get to the Vitagraph studio about ten; work until done for the day, with a little light luncheon at noon with some of the girls—Miss Burns, sister Constance or "Mama" Rose Tapley—and I sometimes take a walk before dinner, which is at six. I have a fine appetite, and what I like best is a boiled dinner, and particularly home-made apple pie—oh, that's great! In the evening I go to a picture theater sometimes, and once in a while we have friends call. I love Eva Tanguay and Gertrude Hoffman. I enjoy walking and motor-boating. No, I was never on the stage, except when I was a pupil at Erasmus—four years ago. I left Erasmus School to join the Vitagraph. Sorry to say I was a very bad student. I like baseball and travel, but I have not done much traveling yet—except I went to Harlem once. I dont care much for fashion and dress, and am not always watching the styles, as some do. The water has a wonderful fascination for me at night—I love the mysterious.





MISS TALMADGE IN "SILVER BACHELORHOOD"

and things that are odd and different. I dont care much for business, and I sometimes even forget my pay envelope. Sometimes I start to cry when the costumer sends me a gypsy dress or a fishermaid's bodice that is fit for a masquerade. It's then that I go shopping, sometimes in out-of-the-way places, and hunt around till I find the real thing. Yes, I have a number of rather intimate friends, but my mother is my real pal, and we always do our shopping together. There! I'm all out of breath—now you do some of the talking."

"Nay, nay, be it not so," I smiled; "all this is too interesting. But tell me how you made up in 'Silver Bachelorhood,' retaining all your beauty, yet showing plainly the lapse of some twenty years, and how you made yourself look twenty-five in 'Harriet's Babyhood.'"

"Oh, that's easy," replied Miss Talmadge. "Dont you know that we simply sprinkle aluminum on our hair to make it gray? I dont have to make-up my face any differently, as some do. I simply dress the part and feel the part, and that seems to be all that is necessary. I sometimes feel my parts so intensely that real tears roll down my cheeks, and at other times I tremble all over. I did that once—and pretty well, as I thought—and then something went wrong somewhere, and I had to do it all over again, and I know I didn't do it nearly so well the next time. I have a great leading man now, Antonio Moreno, who has taken Leo Delaney's place. He is very dark, very handsome, very intense, and—oh, well, I hope he doesn't read this!

"My pictures? I've had hundreds of them taken—mostly good. By the way, wont you tell my friends that it takes a lot of stamps and photos to supply everybody?"

"I sure will," I answered. "By the way, I saw you in 'The Wayward Daughter,' and you never played better. You are gaining new admirers every day."

"That is gratifying, of course, and it is fine to know that I am improving—there's lots of room——"

"I deny it!" I said emphatically, because, admirer as I was before I met this smiling miss, I was now her captive, along with several thousand others who think that she is quite beyond compare.

THE STROLLER.

A New Medium of Artistic Expression

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Author of "The Photodrama," "The Plot of the Story," "Art in Story Narration," etc.

THE *writer of the Silent Drama must portray emotions that can be felt by all mankind, and create heart-beats that can be felt round the world!*

In all expressions of true art we find the portrayal of a message from the soul, mind and emotions of one man to those of his fellows. The message may be graven in stone, wrought in iron, blended in color, poured thru a pen, or spoken from the stage. Art consists simply in an endeavor to express thru an outward and visible symbol some inward and spiritual truth or struggle.

All new and unfamiliar forms of art are subject to superficial criticism, if not ridicule, on the part of the uninitiated. They fail, or refuse, to see the underlying truth interpreted by a work of art. Upon being shown one of the splendid marbles of Angelo, they see but a piece of carved stone, and not the wonderful vision that inspired the artist.

But once let the appreciation of art values become part of a people's understanding, and the glories of a new and more wonderful world are opened to them. Which brings us to the conclusion that there is a difference of opinion regarding even the Fine Arts—some are patronized by the few; others are participated in by the many. Among the latter we find the devotees of fiction and dramatic literature far outnumbering all others. The reason, without doubt, lies in their portrayal of a segment of life, with all the vicissitudes, settings, characters and contributing elements that lead to its climax; as opposed to the single static incident that the artist has limned in stone or wood, or on canvas.

Stage drama takes even a step in advance of fiction literature in its approximation of realistic illusion. The characters of the play become the breathing, living, walking and talking persons conceived by the playwright.

Thus we come to the inception and introduction of a new medium of artistic expression that is destined to be numbered among the Fine Arts. While the photodrama is closely allied, and dependent upon, both fiction and dramatic literature, yet it has a construction, an expression and a production so uniquely its own that it is even more unlike than like its allied sources. The photodrama is notable, too, in being science's first direct contribution to the Fine Arts.

The photodrama has had to fight its battle of the new standards. The day was when we scoffed at the possibility of a mere animated photograph making an artistic appeal to us sufficient to stir our emotions. The conquest of the lighter emotions is already a reality, as any one may learn who will step into a photoplay theater while a comedy is being run.

Too often the message of fiction or of stage drama has been limited by the printed or spoken word, or to the understanding of one's own people; but the drama of the screen is told in terms of world-wide action, spelt in a tremor of world-old emotion, and writ in the simple language of the human heart—regardless of culture or color, clime or creed. He who has eyes to see may readily understand!

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

FLORENCE LAWRENCE



Was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. She weighs one hundred and twenty pounds and stands five feet four inches. We all remember her with the Biograph, later with Lubin, and lastly with Victor, opposite Matt Moore. She has played with King Baggot in Imp plays before going with Biograph. She is very fond of out-of-door sports and needle-work. Her favorite line of acting is tragedy or comedy, according to her mood. Owing to ill-health, Miss Lawrence has discontinued playing for a short time, and she will spend the winter at her country home in suburban New York.

GRACE CUNARD

(Gold Seal)



Grace Cunard, who is so popular in the "Lucille Love" pictures, was born in Paris, her mother being American and her father a Frenchman. She came to America when a baby. She was educated at Columbus, Ohio. She has been on the stage ever since she was thirteen. Has been in pictures over four years—with Biograph, then joining Lubin, and now with the Universal. She has written a large number of photoplays: "The Wolf," "The Twin Sisters' Double" series, etc. She is a brilliant actress and is a beautiful woman; especially fond of adventurous and emotional mystery parts.

ARTHUR V. JOHNSON

(Lubin)



Arthur Johnson was educated in Kemper Hall, Davenport, Ia., in a military school. He stands six feet and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He was with the Biograph Company for two years; later with the Reliance, and then with the Lubin, where he has been for the last five years. On the stage he was leading man for Marie Wainright and Robert Mantell. He attends the theater about three times a week. Most of his summers are spent at Lubinville, for he loves the seaside, but does not care for long voyages. He will always be remembered as playing opposite Mary Pickford and Florence Lawrence in the old Biographies which are now being revived, and later with Florence Lawrence in the Lubin plays. Lottie Briscoe and he

make a fine team, and he is always known by the lifelikeness of the characters which he creates.

MABEL TRUNNELLE

(Edison)



Was born in America and stands five feet three and a half. She weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. She has played on the stage in New Orleans, Syracuse and in the Shubert all-star cast in Philadelphia. She is an exceedingly attractive ingénue; she prefers comedy. The Edison was the first company she joined; then later went with the Majestic, but after a year returned to Edison. Her favorite sport is the seaside, where she spends many of her summer days. Her home is in the Bronx, near the Edison studios. Her leading man is Herbert Prior, and they make an interesting couple on the screen. She has been with the Edison Company for about four years.

MAURICE COSTELLO

(Vitagraph)



Maurice George Washington Costello was born in Pittsburg, Pa., on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1877. His father was born in Ireland. He was educated in the public schools at Pittsburg. He left school when eleven and worked in a printing shop. He played in stock, and in two comedies he burlesqued female characters. Six years ago he joined the Vitagraph, where he has remained ever since, heading their list. In addition to acting, he now directs all his own pictures. In December, 1913, he headed a company of Vitagraphers sent around the world. He has played everything, from a servant to Christ—appearing as the Saviour in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." He is an enthusiastic automobilist and boxer. He is also very fond of horseback riding. He weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, stands five feet ten, and has about five trunks full of letters that he has received from admirers.

JACK W. KERRIGAN

(Victor)



Stands six feet one inch, weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds. He has black hair and hazel eyes, with fair complexion. He appeared on the stage in "Brown of Harvard," "Road to Yesterday" and for the Shuberts. He likes the pictures best because they have a bigger scope. He has been with Essanay, American and Universal companies. He was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1899, of Irish and Scotch parents. He now lives in Hollywood Court, Hollywood, Cal., with his mother. His father died recently. He has a sister, Kathlyn, who played in "Everywoman," and later appeared in "Samson," by Victor. He has a twin brother, Richard, who is business manager of the Western Universal. He is very fond of riding, swimming, hunting and all outdoor sports. He is now playing opposite Vera Sisson.

ANITA STEWART

(Vitagraph)



Miss Stewart is being featured in 'most all of the big Broadway Vitagraph productions and has become famous. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on February 17, 1895. She has never been on the stage. After leaving Erasmus High School, she entered the Vitagraph, under the direction of her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince. She is very fond of music, and sometimes composes it during her leisure hours. While attending high school, Miss Stewart's personal beauty was first utilized by several New York artists. She was employed by them as a subject for calendars and high-class pictorial lithography. She is now playing opposite Earle Williams.

ETHEL CLAYTON

(Lubin)



The girl with the auburn hair. Her complexion is very clear, and her eyes are blue, and in a flash she resembles Ellen Terry. Miss Clayton has played opposite Emmett Corrigan, Wallace Eddinger, with Edwin Stevens in "The Devil," and in "The Country Boy," and "The Brute." She was leading lady in "The Lion and the Mouse," which she considers one of her best plays. She has been with no other company than Lubin and has played over one hundred parts. Miss Clayton does not care for publicity and discourages interviews.

G. M. ANDERSON

(Essanay)



G. M. Anderson, who is known all over the universe as "Broncho Billy," was born in Arkansas. When he was a small boy, he always had a desire to be associated with the theaters and circuses and always found something to do in order to be with theatrical people. Later on he joined a school of acting. After finishing his course, he came to New York, where he became a Motion Picture player. His first appearance was with the Edison Co.; the first play he appeared in was "The Great Train Robbery." Since then Mr. Anderson and Mr. Spoor formed the Essanay Co. (S. & A.).

KING BAGGOT

(Imp)



Was born on November 7, 1877, in St. Louis, Mo. His education was directed along lines entirely foreign to his ultimate profession. His father's idea was to place him in the real estate business, but Mr. Baggot turned toward the stage and played at Moener's Garden, in St. Louis, thruout one summer. His first visit to New York City was as a member of the cast in "The Queen of the Highway." He is leading man for the Imp, and is now playing opposite Arline Pretty.

How I Became A Photoplayer

It happened in the streets of a country village in New Jersey. A crowd had gathered, and a breathless boy informed me, "dat dey wuz takin' Movin' Pitchers!" I had never seen a Moving Picture taken, so I watched with great interest as the director and his actors rehearsed. The scene was this: A maddened horse comes tearing down the street, the screaming heroine clinging to his back; suddenly the hero dashes out, stops the horse at the risk of his own life and saves the girl!



They started the scene. The horse came galloping down the street; the hero crouched behind a stone wall, ready to spring out and stop him. It was a tense moment. Suddenly it became apparent that the horse was playing his part only too well. The heroine had lost control of him, and he was really running away. It was a realistic scene. The director shouted: "Great! Keep grinding, boys! Grab him, Bill; you can stop him!" Breathlessly we watched the hero, but he seemed to have lost his nerve, for he did not move. The director cursed and pleaded, but in vain—the poor hero was scared to death! I had been raised on a farm and handled horses all my life, so it seemed but natural for me to jump into the middle of the road and grab the runaway as he drew near. I helped the heroine to the ground, and, as rehearsed, she promptly fainted away in my arms. The director was furious. He discharged his faint-hearted leading man and thanked me profusely. "Well," he exclaimed, "the scene was successful, all right, but we had the wrong hero." And then an inspiration seemed to strike him. "Do you think you could play the part?" he asked. I admitted that I had been on the stage for a number of years. He asked me to come down to the studio the next day. I did, and was engaged to play the leading rôle in the picture. The director was Mr. Harry Handworth; the company, Pathé Frères. I have been with them ever since. So you see I became a photoplayer in spite of myself. Fate did it—not I.

Crane Wilbur.

We started in the Moving Picture work two years ago last June. We had been attending a girls' school in Virginia, and when school closed mother promised us a trip to New York City. Mary Pickford being a



childhood friend of ours, the first thing we did on arriving in New York was to make a visit to the Biograph studio in hopes of finding Mary. Naturally, we met Mr. D. W. Griffith's assistant, who, in turn, introduced us to Mr. Griffith. Thinking that we were looking for an engagement, he ordered some tests taken of us. The result was that we started posing the next day, and we are still working for the greatest man in Moving Pictures today.

LILLIAN AND DOROTHY GISH.

How I became a photoplayer? By asking for a position. If you ask me why, I will say that it was to make ends meet and a living. In other words, I needed the money and took a chance offered when I saw an advertisement from Thomas Ince in the papers to the effect that he wanted a Spanish type. I applied and got the job and obtained a good salary with it, altho I had never acted in either pictures or on the stage before, my nearest approach being singing in concerts and for benefits. I did not even know how to ride well, but I soon mastered it, and from the first appearance to this day I have not known what nervousness was. I acted a Spanish girl in my first picture, and shortly after took my chance to be



an Indian girl, and I have been playing Indian maidens and Spanish types almost ever since, with occasional dabs at Eastern and Western girls. Like it? I would not do anything else, believe me.

MONA DARKFEATHER.

I had just finished an engagement and was taking a short holiday, when a friend stopped me in the street and asked me to come to the Biograph with him and watch them take a scene or two. I did so, imagining it was rather child's play. Whilst at

the Biograph I was asked if I would play in a picture, and, more for the fun of it than anything else, I said yes. I played first in a Stock Exchange photoplay and was taken downtown to the financial district of New York, where the spectators annoyed and scared me, and I said, "Never



again." I was told I had done well and was persuaded to try again, and I did, and from that day to this I have never stopped trying. I soon lost the sense of strangeness and became greatly interested in the work, and felt sure that it was the coming art for the actor to follow, both from an artistic sense and from a business one. I have never regretted the step, and altho I do not think that the photoplay is in its infancy, I do think that the possibilities for the future are enormous and far-reaching.

EDWIN AUGUST.

Four years ago I closed a short season with a stock company in Troy, N. Y., and so returned to New York City to look for another engagement. Among several offers received was that of leading man for the Reliance Motion Picture Company.

Pictures being new to me, I consulted some of my friends about the matter, and they advised me to take the opportunity and, if I made good, to stay in pictures. So I joined, and remained with the Reliance Company for a year. Then, heeding the call of the footlights, I joined the Hall stock company in Jersey City, where I played juvenile leads for a season. Then I began to realize what the picture business meant, so I entered



the field again, playing with the Rex and Edison companies before joining the American Biograph, with whom I remained nearly two years, where, under the direction of Mr. D. W. Griffith, I gained so much valuable experience.

Three months ago I joined the Victor Brand of the Universal forces and am working hard at the Coytes-

ville, N. J., studio to try and please my many friends thruout the world.

WALTER MILLER.

"So you are going into Moving Pictures?"

"Yes."

"You are crazy."

"Am I? Why?"

"Can you swim, dive, ride a horse, mount, dismount, properly throw a lariat, row a boat, sail a vessel, run an auto, a launch, fall from a fifty-foot cliff into a river, ride a bicycle, go up in a balloon, and a hundred



other things that they have to do every day in Moving Pictures?"

I looked in blank amazement for a moment, and then I said:

"Yes, I think I can ride a bicycle."

"Well, you will do well in Moving Pictures—dont believe me."

Just the same, I made up my mind that I was going to have a try at it, for I was convinced it could not be any harder than the things I had experienced during my twelve years on the legitimate stage. During my last stock engagement at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco, I had received a very good offer from the New York Motion Picture Corporation to join their forces at the Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino studios, which are situated at the mouth of the Santa Ynez Canyon, near Santa Monica, Cal. I arrived at the studio on a Tuesday and went to work the following day. The first "stunt" required of me was to jump off the end of the long wharf at Santa Monica into a hundred feet of water. Well, there I was. I couldn't swim a stroke, but it had to be done. They placed several lifeguards, in bathing suits, near at hand, and I jumped in with all my clothes on. I have not the power to describe the sensation I felt, but as I was supposed to give an imitation of a drowning man, the director said I was "great!" In my second picture it was necessary for me to do a great deal of riding. I had never been on a horse in my life, but I made up my mind I was going to learn, so I took a two-hour riding lesson every morning for a week from one of the cowboys at the studio. I have been playing in the Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino films for a year and a half, and during that time have experienced every sensation known to the Moving Picture actor, with the exception of one thing, and I find that I am now doomed for that, as the scenario writer informed me last week that he was writing an aeronautic story in which I am to be featured. Do I like pictures? Well, I should say I do. So much of our work is in the open, and I love the great out-of-doors. My only regret is that I did not go into pictures six or eight years ago.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

In the December and January numbers, the following artists will tell how they became photoplayers: Mary Fuller, Wallace Reid, Marguerite Clayton, William Garwood, Margarita Fischer, Carlyle Blackwell, Ruth Roland, and others.

What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?

SOME time ago this magazine offered a prize of ten dollars in gold for the best answer to the above question, in two hundred words or less. No time limit was set for the closing of the contest, but it is our intention to award the prize in the December issue. We have received hundreds of highly interesting letters covering all phases of the Motion Picture industry. Critical contestants have treated the broad field of improvement, from the petty annoyances to the big problems of Motion Pictures, and many of them have handled their subjects ably and in an interesting manner. We have, therefore, been loath to close the contest as long as our readers show a constructive interest in the welfare and progress of Motion Pictures, and so we have continued to welcome the product of their pens. We are publishing herewith several letters that we feel sure are of deep interest.

G. B. Bowen, 3442 Clay Street, San Francisco, Cal., thinks that the sum of little details goes to make a perfect whole:

"What improvement in Motion Pictures is needed most?" More attention to details! A man escapes. There is always another machine across the way in which to pursue him; also, there is always a chauffeur in his place, and the machine is *never*, by any chance, cranked or even a pretext made to self-start it.

More particularly should regard to detail be taken in army and navy pictures. Have you ever noticed what an important part the sword plays in the make-up of a uniform? It is always a source of much amusement to a military observer, as is also the reversing of the non-commissioned officer's sleeve chevrons.

So many good plots are spoiled for an observer by such oversights. Recently I saw a film in which fourteen years were supposed to have elapsed between the first scene and the last. The girl grew up; her father and the villain grew grizzled, but the detective hadn't changed one hair from beginning to end, even wearing the same overcoat and hat.

Surely these slight details that mean so much can be altered. It would mean more than anything else, to my mind, to improve the films of the present day, for Americans are critical and are always ready to find and laugh at some such oversight as I have given.

W. B. Klingensmith, 1954 Park Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., believes that the camera man is entitled to his reward:

Perhaps what I have to say does not come under the question asked, "What for the betterment of the pictures?" but I write this in hopes it will be printed and read.

There is demand for the scenario writer's name on the film. That is all right.

There is another name which should go there also. Think what the efforts of the scenario writer, director and actors would amount to if this other person should "go bad." Who am I talking about? Wait a bit. Who perfected most of the devices which make for the superiority of the taken picture of today over that of two years ago? Upon whom depends the study and understanding of the lighting and background effects? In short, upon whom depends, in every way, the results of the endeavors of every one connected in any way with the production of a picture? The camera man will answer all these questions.

So why not tell the public in each instance to whom they are indebted for the beautiful pictures which they are witnessing? They never think of that now, but they would soon learn to watch for the name of their favorite camera man on the screen. And it would make the camera men more proud than ever, if that is possible, of their wonderful work.

W. N. Mackey, 119 Orange Avenue, Irvington, N. J., does not believe in forced grief nor canned laughter:

The dearth of really good comedies is to be lamented. We as a nation have educated ourselves above the level of the slap-stick and the inflated bladder; the long chase, with its grotesque and impossible accidents, fails to bring applause. Neither can we enthuse over the ridiculous antics of the modern Falstaff or the lover in fantastic garb. On the other hand, we have had more than enough of the morbid drama dealing with the sex problem and the human fiend; enough of the "blood and thunder" Western play with out-of-date Indians and cowboys. Certainly it is high time that we placed

our taboo on the sensational nonsense and turned our efforts into other channels, *i. e.*, the comedy, liberally sprinkled with laughs and minus the stench or tears.

What might be termed the up-to-the-minute school of Motion Picture acting is headed by John Bunny, of Vitagraph fame. As an exponent of the silent comedy he stands unrivaled. Every movement of his face calls for and produces a burst of spontaneous mirth. Authorities tell us that the plots for comedies are few and far between. We repeat, the dearth is to be lamented.

We print an interesting letter from George W. Gauding, a prominent exhibitor, of Pittsburg, Pa.:

As you are no doubt aware, 'most all of the stock used is Eastman and is labeled "Eastman." This film is far inferior to the grades heretofore used, inasmuch as the sprocket holes invariably tear out without the plaint of rough usage; they become streaky far more quickly than formerly, and are much more pliable. The fault is, I believe, in the stock itself (noticeable chiefly on Kalem and Biograph productions), which fault always comes back to the exhibitor in the way of "breakdowns." For myself will say that in my house there have been only two stops on account of breaks in the past two months. But I have an extra man who inspects every reel run by us. He catches things which no exchange man could catch, for the simple reason that he devotes much more time to it. The blame cannot be placed on the exchange, for they do their part.

Now, regarding printing, strange to say, the worst printing is done, in my estimation, by the Vitagraph Company, whose films go out of frame *without* an out-of-frame patch. This takes place very gradually, showing that the printing has not been done correctly. I consider theirs the "best" photoplays, but not the best films. Selig, who make no claims, apparently do the best photography, while Essanay and Biograph impress me as being without light in their studios—as a rule.

On the subject of clear films, I was compelled to turn out several of my house lights one day last week, owing to the extremely dark Essanay and Biograph. Vitagraph, Lubin, Pathé and Kleine films are always the clearest, and when Eastman stock is being used almost exclusively, why should only several companies secure good results? G. Mèliés woke up!

F. H. Pillsbury, Barton, Vt., suggests an improvement that would add to the length and smoothness of a photoplay:

I have read with much interest *all* the articles in your magazine, and especially with regard to "Improvements Needed."

A suggestion for using slides for the casts is given; but what I cannot understand is this: Why cant a single frame of a foot of pictures be given to the film for the cast entire, or as much as is desirable; to the censorship tag, if we still must have it; and to the title, as well as the first leader, if one is necessary? And then if one is using a motor-driven projecting machine, which operates only when the lever is held in, why cannot the motor be stopped first at the censorship tag, next at the cast, next at the leader, and use at most not over five feet of film to properly show all of these? This would also permit of holding any particular part, such as the cast, any length of time without loss of valuable film. If a hand machine is used, it can certainly be done, and once the operator understands this, a matter of from twenty to thirty feet of film can be saved. What's the matter with this scheme?

S. A. Van Petten, 945 Galt Avenue, Chicago, Ill., catalogs the shortcomings of Motion Pictures in a brief and forceful manner:

To improve a thing we must know what's wrong. For some time past I have made note of complaints regarding "movies"—complaints from all ages and classes of patrons, and also from exhibitors, authors, directors, critics and one manufacturer. The most frequent complaints seem to be: Stories improbable. Impossible coincidences. Stories lack motive, soul or underlying truth of human nature. Characters are mere wooden puppets. Adaptations—nine out of ten are not adaptable. Conventional endings. Neglect of convincing details of setting and characterization. Unintelligible and uninteresting because of censor cut-outs. Plotless, spectacular features. Sub-titles—too many; too long. Stories written by the star with the sole purpose of showing to advantage. Stories hard to understand. With the best companies, directing and photograph are far superior to plot. Stories too similar.

The trouble is at the foundation. Better scenarios are needed. How are they to be obtained? Paying more money; giving author credit on screen, etc. Authors will be able to give more attention to details; better authors will take up the work.

The proof: "What company produces the best pictures?" Eighty per cent. of those of whom I asked this question named two companies, and they are companies that advertise the author and pay the highest prices.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

MAY I suggest? That all contributions, whose authors wish them to be forwarded to the sources of inspiration, will be inscribed with the name of the actor or actress for whom they are intended. Also, that *brevity* and the light of print are largely synonymous.

This month the Muse has waxed most eloquent with the fame of Grace Cunard, and the prize-winner is signed, "A Hospital Waif," who wishes his *true* name suppressed:

A HOSPITAL WAIF TO GRACE CUNARD.



O f'en set an' think an' ponder,
In the land of day-dreams wander,
Fleeting hours of time jes' squander
As an ancient minstrel bard;
'Cause, you see, I'm jes' a cripple,
On life's sea a little ripple—
Nurse says my head 'd sure be 'tipple'
If it wan't for Grace Cunard.

Long ago, I jes' remember,
When 'twas snowin' in December,
Nurse took me an' Jimmy Lember
To a place across the yard.
In a great big shinin' palace,
Where they aint no grief er malice
("Picture show," I heard nurse tell us)—
That's where I saw Grace Cunard.

Gee! she's got great, big, black lashes,
Coverin' eyes like stars that flashes,
'Nen again are gray like ashes—
Bet yuh she's a dandy pard.
And her smile jes' grips you tighter,
Makes your heart feel so much lighter,
'Pears to make the whole world brighter,
Does the smile of Grace Cunard.

Gosh! her face was jes' so dreamy
'At I tol' Blind Jake and Heemy
'Twas better'n one (if they'd belie' me)
I saw on a postal card.
Me an' Jimmy cant ferget her;
Jes' seems 'sif we both had met 'er,
An' *I* know they aint a better
"Cheerer-up" than Grace Cunard.

An' when nurse shows me the real queen
Of the actors on the hull screen
In the MOTION PICTURE MAG'ZINE,
Why, yuh see, it 'taint so hard;
Fer I jes' can sit and ponder,
In the land of day-dreams wander,
Fleeting hours of time jes' squander,
Thinkin' still of Grace Cunard.

Miss Florence M. Carter, 97 Sycamore Street, Somerville, Mass., has touched Mary Pickford's birthright with the divine. She writes:

TO MISS MARY PICKFORD.



an Cupid sobbed and hung his head,
And to his queenly mother said:
"The folks on earth are growing cold,
And hearts are being bought with gold.
In love I cannot make them fall;
Why, they wont notice me at all."

"Hush, hush, my son," then Venus said,
"Those tears you really must not shed;
For if your powers they deny,
We'll show them, son; so do not cry.
A helpmate we will give to thee—
No fairer nymph on land or sea—
One whose smile will banish hate,
And love and sympathy create.
My beauty to her I'll impart;
Minerva's wisdom, grace and art;
The fire of Vesta she'll control,
And Juno's purity of soul."

"O wondrous mother!" cried the boy,
"Who is this maid who'll bring such joy?"
His mother said, "An earth-child fairy,
And folks will call her 'Little Mary'."

An extremely interesting letter from a contributor, signed "Pollide," contains two particularly interesting excerpts:

Blanche Sweet is beautiful as "Judith of Bethulia," and her acting is finished and charming. Serious-minded men and women who are able critics were delighted with this film, to the detail work of which was given great thought.

To Clara K. Young and Sidney Drew: We wish to congratulate you on your interpretation of "Goodness Gracious." Only artists of great skill and a deep sense of humor could delight an audience with such a farce—one that might be so easily overdone. We have asked for a return date in this town.

The authoress of "To One and All of the Players" is anonymous and certainly impartial, also rhythmical:

TO ONE AND ALL OF THE PLAYERS.



ike a dream that is sweet in remembrance,
Like a rose that blooms by the way,
Like a fairy on wings of enchantment,
Are the photoplay stars of today.

They turn weary hours into gladness,
Each tear to a smiling refrain;
To a heart that is clouded with sadness
They bring back the sunshine again.

So praise them forever and ever!
Hail each one a king or a queen,
And pray that nothing may sever
The stars from the photoplay screen.

From faraway New Zealand and from faraway Paul Hiram Simpson, 286 Madras Street, Christ Church, comes this more than gratifying verse:

FROM NEW ZEALAND.

Say, you picture actresses, and actors, too, you know,
I'm sending hearty greetings from this land;
I guess you dont know much of it—it's such a little show—
But they call it "God's Own Country," and it's grand.

Out here in New Zealand, many thousand miles away,
We've picture shows, an' mighty good 'ns, too,
Where the young men and the flappers like to go and see you play;
The old folks, too, are all in love with you.

I thought you'd interested be to know that over here
You've quite a million friends you've never seen;
Away down at the bottom of the Southern Hemisphere
You walk and entertain us on the screen.

When I write my picture plays and send them to New York,
It takes three months to get an answer back;
You see how far around the globe an actor's fame will stalk,
When he's gifted with the Moving Picture knack.

Should Carlyle Blackwell ever become prey to self-doubt, let him refer to the ringing tribute of Miss Dorothy E. Farmer, 606 Harrison Avenue, Canon City, Colo.

TO BLACKWELL—EXCELSIOR!

What is success?
'Tis said the man who rests his oars
And gazes back to land
Is lost to further usefulness
And drifts upon the sand.
Not his, success.

This is success!
The man who's never satisfied
With all he may have done;
Whose past achievements spur him on;
He true success has won.
Such is success.

His is success:
This actor of the picture world
Whose every character
Is finer, stronger, truer, best.
To you, Carlyle—Excelsior!
To you success!

A contributor, ambiguously subscribed "L of Fourteen Years," sends in the following list with which it seems fitting to conclude:

The six natural wonders of the United States: 1. Yellowstone Park. 2. Grand Canyon. 3. Mammoth Cave. 4. Niagara Falls. 5. Yosemite Valley. 6. MARY PICKFORD.



LITTLE WILLIE'S DREAM

The Spirit of the Play

By "JUNIUS"

In the next issue of this magazine will appear an article by Helen Ware, the eminent interpreter of Hungarian and Slav music, entitled "The Renaissance of Improvising," and since it was written specially for this magazine, it will be timely and of great interest to the Motion Picture art.

And this fact, that we are to have a contribution on music, leads me to devote my page this month to the same subject, for what is music at the photoplay but *the spirit of the play?*

In the first place, music at the photoplay theater is a necessity, not only because it drowns the click of the projecting machine, not only because it is pleasant to the ear and assists the eye, but because there is something incongruous about *"seeing sounds on the screen"* and *not hearing them,* unless we hear *something else.* When we see a picture, we forget that it is only a picture, and our imagination will make us think that it is a reality, provided some pleasant sound reaches our ears. Thus, we unconsciously believe that the latter sound (music) has drowned the former (the voices on the screen).

That *good* music is necessary to accomplish this purpose goes without saying, because, if it were poor music, we would quickly become conscious of it and our attention would be diverted from the screen to the music. And how seldom do we hear really good music at the Motion Picture theaters! Good music seems to be the exception rather than the rule. Some theaters make a specialty of good music, and include in their programs all of the latest songs that are good. There is something very captivating about a good ballad or popular air when it is played at just the right time to accompany the action on the screen. It fits nicely into almost any comedy, and into some of the lighter parts of a drama, especially if it is topical. We have all experienced that peculiar thrill of pleasure on hearing the pianist play a few bars from a popular air, with the words of which we are familiar and which just seem to fit the situation on the screen. And then we have numerous "tone-colorings" in music that seem to aid the imagination. Every good piece of music has a certain influence on us, be it pathetic, thrilling, inspiring, tragic, sentimental or sublime, and it seems to strike a sympathetic chord within us. Who is not moved by the plaintive strains of "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" or of "Ben Bolt"? And who is not thrilled by such stirring martial airs as the "Marseillaise," even if he be not a French sympathizer.

And so it is with nearly all good music. Every bar seems to strike a responsive note in us somewhere, and the good composer and the good pianist know this well, and they play upon our heart-strings almost at will. How important, then, that the Motion Picture pianists be provided with good music and with appropriate music! And how important that they know how and when to play it! And, mind you, it is not necessary that we know the words; the notes should tell the story. A good musician, with good music and a good instrument, can almost make us *see* Moving Pictures on a blank screen!

On the other hand, the music that accompanies a photoplay can be *too* good. I have been in theaters where a large orchestra played so divinely that my attention was distracted from the screen. And I have been in theaters where the music was so overpowering in volume that I could not keep my mind on the photoplay.

As to those stupendous organs, now so popular, I concede their wonderfulness and their almost unlimited possibilities, but I am inclined to the opinion that the players thereof are often more anxious to startle us with strange and weird noises than to assist the unfolding of the plot on the screen. Mere noise, however wonderful, is not music.

$100 Prize Photoplay Contest

A New Kind of Competition in Which Each Contributor Writes for His or Her Favorite Player

As promised to our readers, the One-Hundred-Dollar Prize Photoplay Contest now steps upon the stage, in which the leading players of the Great Artist Contest will appear in prize-winning photoplays written by readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Clara Kimball Young has left the Vitagraph Company, and Earle Williams will have Anita Stewart as his leading lady. For the best photoplay written for this pair of stars one hundred dollars in gold will be paid. As Edith Storey won a very high place in the Great Artist Contest, she, as well as her new leading man, Antonio Moreno, are eligible to the list printed below. Where players are not designated by the authors, the Editor will use his discretion in submitting the photoplays to a particular studio. All photoplays that have been previously submitted casting Earle Williams and Clara Kimball Young will be sent to the Vitagraph Company, and due allowance made for the change of principal to Anita Stewart. This contest will run until a closing date is announced.

There will probably be fifteen or more other prizes for photoplays to be paid for and accepted at their regular rates by the studios whose artists have won places in the Great Artist Contest. These photoplays will be known as "Prize Plays of the Great Artist Contest," and their authors will receive recognition on the screen, in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in the trade papers, newspapers and theatrical reviews. The result of the Great Artist Contest shows that the following players are eligible: Mary Fuller and Warren Kerrigan (Universal), G. M. Anderson and Marguerite Clayton (Western Essanay), Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe (Lubin), Alice Joyce and Tom Moore (Kalem), Crane Wilbur and Pearl White (Pathé), Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne (Essanay), Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall (Mutual), Edith Storey and Maurice Costello (Vitagraph), Gertrude McCoy and Augustus Phillips (Edison), Florence LaBadie and James Cruze (Thanhouser), Vivian Rich and Jack Richardson (American).

An opposite player was not voted for for the following great artists, but scenarios may be written for them unattached: Mary Pickford (Famous Players), Romaine Fielding (Western Lubin), Carlyle Blackwell (Carlyle Blackwell Players), Claire McDonald (Biograph), King Baggot (Imp), Edwin August (Eaco), Kathlyn Williams (Selig), Mabel Normand (Keystone), Marguerite Fischer (Beauty), Muriel Ostriche (Princess), Ethel Grandin (Smallwood), Ford Sterling (Ford Sterling Co.).

The rules have been made as simple as possible, and are as follows:

(1) Photoplays may be submitted in detailed synopsis form or as complete photoplays. Only one- and two-reel photoplays are desired. Each contestant may submit not more than two photoplays, and no employees of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or any Motion Picture company may compete.

(2) Photoplays should feature two predominant principals: a leading man player and a leading woman player of the same company, except as aforesaid.

(3) No type of play is barred, but contestants should use discretion. Comedies are not wanted for dramatic actors, nor vice versa, and foreign and inaccessible locations are not generally favored by the manufacturers.

(4) Photoplays should be typewritten, and mailed folded, not rolled.

(5) Photoplays should be addressed to Editor Prize Photoplay Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.



ALICE JOYCE and Tom Moore leap over the side of an ocean liner in "The Girl and the Stowaway."

Dolly Larkin, who has probably been a member of more different companies than has any other player, has left the Frontier Company.

Antonio Moreno has prospered so well during his short stay with the Vitagraph that he has been assigned to lead Edith Storey, heroine of the ne'er-to-be-forgotten "The Christian."

Now Jack Richardson has an auto, and he is learning to enter the grounds at the Santa Barbara studio without taking the gates off.

Edwin August's publicity man (Benny, by the way) says that Mr. August nearly fell off a skyscraper in "Below the Dead-line." Humph! That's nothing—why didn't he fall off?

Annette Kellermann was forced to abandon her Paris residence, which was in range of the big guns.

Add one more: The Leslie Carter Film Company. And still they come.

The newspapers are busy getting out "extras," and the film companies are busy taking on "extras" to appear in war scenes.

Warren Kerrigan will be seen in "The Proof of a Man" with a crutch which he really had to use. He was suffering from a poisoned foot, when his director got busy and wrote the play to fit the crutch.

Clara Kimball Young has left the Vitagraph and joined the new Peerless Company, under the direction of her husband, James Young.

Mabel Trunnelle has played every conceivable part, from a grave-digger to Cupid, except that of a Japanese girl, and now, in "Greater Love Hath No Man," she has done even this, and furthermore she embroidered her own Japanese gown.

Edwin August is now producing under the Eaco brand, meaning E for Edwin, A for August and CO for company. Edward Anderson, brother of G. M., is also one of its officers.

The Kalem Company has a new laugh-maker in the tall, lean and lanky person of Lloyd V. Hamilton.

Margaret Gibson, of the Vitagraph Western, celebrated her nineteenth birthday on September 14th by giving a housewarming in her new bungalow.

Violet Horner is now with the All Star Company, and O. A. C. Lund, formerly of the Eclair, is now with the Peerless Company.

Edna Flugrath has left the Edison Company and joined an English company.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Mildred Harris, formerly of the Broncho Company, will now be seen in Oz films.

John Bunny's fame played him a mean trick. Two burglars entered his home and stole a pair of his socks. Then they went next door and, using Bunny's socks as bags, took a large collection of jewels and some money.

Harry Eytinge and Harry Linson, of Edison, both carrying 250 avoirdupois, have agreed to run a mile. The record for the mile is surely in danger.

Grace Cunard has just returned to Francis Ford, Universal Company, after a much-needed rest and will be seen in "My Lady Raffles," a series of pictures, as My Lady.

Chester Barnett is now with the Eclair Company.

Andrew Mack is the latest stage star to be caught by the lure of the screen, and the Alco Film Company are his captors.

The latest improvement is a nursery attached to one of our New York theaters, where the mothers may leave their babies in care of nurses. But why not censor the films so that the babies can see them, too!

Velma Pierce, of the Sterling Company, is in a California hospital as the result of stepping on a needle, which penetrated her foot.

Everybody knows that it is a good thing to economize during these war times, but it hardly seems necessary for King Baggot to play ten different parts in one play, as he does in "Shadows."

Ruth Roland certainly looks to be "the noblest Roman of them all" in "The Slavery of Foxicus" (Kalem).

Frank Montgomery and wife, Mona Darkfeather, have caught the disease. They have left Kalem and formed a company of their own.

Emmett Campbell Hall has published a book of fascinating stories. "The Beloved Adventurer," descriptive of the Lubin plays of that name.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "The Wood Nymph"; second prize to the author of "The Pipes of Pan."

That was a very appropriate title they gave Mary Pickford's latest play—"Such a Little Queen."

In spite of the war, Pathé Frères are still producing pictures.

E. K. Lincoln says he does not want to be an angel—just yet—but he has bought himself a hydroplane so he can fly. If he doesn't look out, he may be an angel before he wants to.

New York's famous pitcher, Christy Mathewson, will play for the Universal Company this winter.

Elsie Albert has joined the Victor Company.

Olive Golden, formerly of the Famous Players and Selig companies, is now with the Lubin Company.

Max Asher has ceased to be a "Joker," and is now a "Sterling" player.

Ned Finley, whose prolonged illness caused deep solicitude to his many admirers, has completely recovered his health and has rejoined his fellow players in the Vitagraph Company.

Anna Luther is now playing opposite Ben Wilson in the Victor Company, while Charles Ogle is Mary Fuller's leading man. Rosemary Theby, Harry Myers and Brinsley Shaw are also "Victors."

Crane Wilbur is taking a three-weeks' vacation "for a much-needed rest," and he is spending it on the stage.

We have with us this evening: Bryant Washburn and Ruth Stonehouse (page 42); Richard Travers (page 50); Pauline Bush, Carmen Phillips and Joseph King (page 65); Edith Storey, Mary Anderson and Denton Vane (page 62); Harry Morey (page 64); Edgar Jones and Louise Huff (page 37), and Arthur Housman, Edward Boulden, William Wadsworth and Viola Dana (page 72).

Gertrude McCoy had two of her pink digits nearly crushed by a slamming door in a recent photoplay.

Out on the Coast, where they swim all the year 'round, Harry Von Meter has wagered that he will yet outdo William Garwood, whose bathing-suit is made of yellow silk.

Henry Albert Phillips (Larchmont, N. Y.) has published another fine little book, "The Photodrama," with an introduction by J. Stuart Blackton.

Bliss Milford's beauty stood her in good stead last week. She was riding in Central Park, in her Oakland, at about thirty miles an hour, when discovered by a policeman, who was about to arrest her. A few moments' conversation, however, convinced the officer that she had been driving at only six miles an hour.

Rose Coghlan in "The Sporting Duchess" is Lubin's "headliner."

Frederick Thompson, who was more or less responsible for at least two classics, "Love's Sunset" and "The Christian," has returned to the Vitagraph as director of star productions.

Anita Stewart and Earle Williams have been cast in "The Sins of the Mothers," which won the $1,000 prize in the *Evening Sun* contest.

Marin Sais and William H. West have tried their hands at comedy, for a change, in "Micky Flynn's Escapade."

Jack Richardson and George Field were to have an auto race. Both players carried heavy insurance, and in some way the race was stopped by the insurance company. Now they have decided that the winner will be the one who can drive his machine the slowest to a given point.

C. W. Johnston, Oil City, Pa., has been awarded the prize of the Photoplay Clearing House for the best photoplay received during this month. It is entitled "The Boss of 'One-man Town.' "

King Baggot has moved his throne (and family) to the Shelbourne Hotel, Brighton Beach.

George Larkin has been presented with a valuable bull terrier by a San Diego admirer. Atfer diving sixty-two feet with his hands tied, jumping over cliffs, etc., in "The Trey o' Hearts," he now has "nothing to do till tomorrow," except to take his bull for a walk.

Alas! Lillian Walker no longer loves Nature. Since her encounter with some Jersey mosquitoes and a large blacksnake, she has decided that Nature settings are not of the best kind.

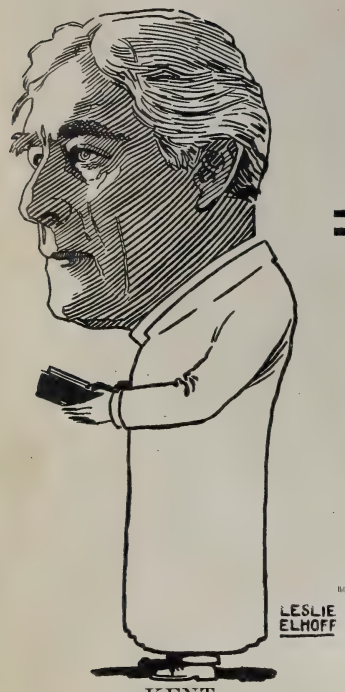
Vivian Rich has just written several photoplays in which Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard will play, under the rose emblem of Beauty.

The effect of the war seems to be a lesser market abroad and a greater market at home for American-made photoplays. The attendance at American photoplay theaters does not seem to have been affected.

Robert Grau's new book, "The Theater of Science," is out. It has nearly 400 pages, is full of illustrations and is well worth the $5 asked for it.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are now working on a six-reel production of "The Phantom of the Violin."

Tennis is the popular pastime at the Edison studio, and Richard Neill and Edward Earle are the champions.



KENT





FLORA FINCH



KERRIGAN



FRED MACE



STANLEY



WILBUR





MILLER



O'MOORE



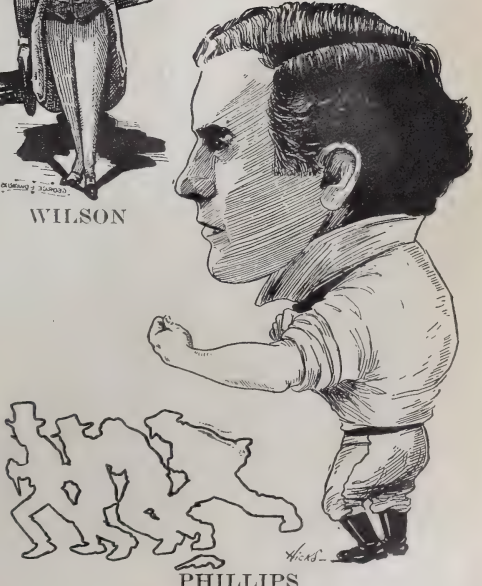
WILSON



SMALLEY & LOIS WEBER



SENNETT



PHILLIPS





ANDERSON





RUSSELL





RUTH ROLAND



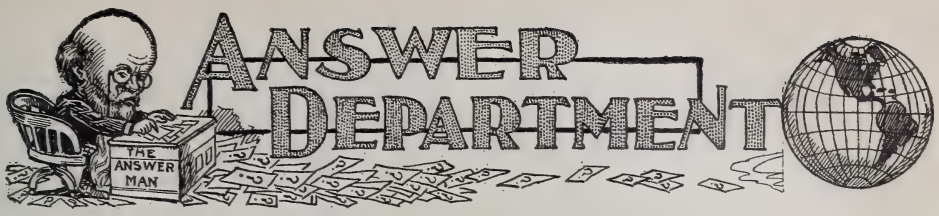
PEARL WHITE



LOTTIE BRISCOE



DE GRASSE



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

ANASTACHIA.—As I have told you before, you are wrong and will probably always be wrong, because you are too lazy to inform yourself and too stupid to change your mind.

LILLIAN H. G.—I am very sorry. Grace Barton was the girl in "The Fighting Blood" (Lubin). I have no cast for "At the Circle's End." We chatted Romaine Fielding in June, 1912, but we have another which will appear this month.

H. W. KERR. — Harry Schumm was Lieutenant Gibson, E. M. Keller was General Love, Ernest Shields was Thompson, and Eddie Boland was the Government Aviator in "Lucille Love, the Girl of Mystery."

FRANCIS W. J.—I have passed your letter along to the Editor. Very bright.

ANTHONY.—I could not read your last letter. Do not understand your system.

M. A. D.—Thanks so much for the bar of soap. It came in very handy. Your letter was refreshing. So was the soap.

E. M.—Your complaint because you cannot get us to print pictures of Florence Turner, James Morrison and Marion Cooper is well founded, but remember that all things come to him who waits. We cant always publish the pictures we want to, because we cannot get good ones.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Monroe Salisbury was the district attorney in "The Master Mind" (Lasky). Herbert Rawlinson was Bixby in "Prowlers of the Wild" (Bison 101). William Sheerer was Jasper, Mildred Bright was Grace, Robert Frazer was Tom, and Helen Marten was Vivian in "The Dupe" (Eclair).

V. L. K., WEST AUSTRALIA.—Rosetta Brice was Evelyn in "The Puritan" (Lubin). Yes; Ruth Roland and John Brennan in "Hubby's Night Off" (Kalem). Mildred Harris was the girl in "The Colonel's Orderly" (Domino). Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "On the Brink" (Lubin). Charles Chaplin was the lead in "Twenty Minutes of Love" (Keystone). I consider him lucky.

JEAN, 15.—Harry Chira was the officer in "The Silent Death" (Edison). Applause for a villain is like the laurel wreath—poison in the extract, but honor in the leaves. Liege, Belgium, is famous for its university—over 1,000 students. Liege fell before Marlborough in 1702.

W. A. G., DALLAS.—Vivian Rich with American, Mabel Normand with Keystone, Mary Pickford with Famous Players, and Warren Kerrigan with Victor. The manufacturers will supply you with photos.



BERYL B.—Edward Genung was David. Ethel Clayton was the heroine in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin). Andrew Carnegie assists Canadian libraries, too. He has given over $2,000,000 to them.

MAURICE F. M.—Your letter was very interesting. I am sorry you are troubled with hay-fever. Lionel Barrymore is still with Biograph. Sidney Drew, Louise Beaudet and Ada Gifford in "Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut" (Vitagraph).

MELVA, PORTLAND.—Justina Huff remains with Lubin. See above. Anna Little in "Prowlers of the Wild." Thanks.



'TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY

TYLLYE.—So you have changed your name? Walter Miller left Biograph some time ago, joined Imp and is now with Victor. Louise Huff in that Lubin. Your daffydills are interesting.

ALVIRA H.—Thank you for the berries. They were quite refreshing. Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Catch of the Season" (Lubin). Eleanor Woodruff and Irving Cummings in "In the Mesh of Her Hair" (Pathé).

M. P. M., PHILADELPHIA.—The reasons for E. K. Lincoln leaving Vitagraph are unknown. Leo Delaney is not playing now. Norma Talmadge is not Mrs. Delaney. She is unattached.

KATHLYN W., ARK.—Write to Vitagraph for information about their bulletin. Kathlyn Williams and Charles Clary in "A Woman Laughs" (Selig). Crane Wilbur in "A Nation's Peril" (Pathé).

ANNIE D., CHELSEA.—You must give the name of the company. Arthur Cozine was the elder brother in "Buddy's Downfall" (Vitagraph). There are four companies who pay the expenses of conducting the National Board of Censorship—the General Film, the Mutual and the Universal—but the money does not go to the persons who pass on the films themselves. It goes to the secretaries and for rent, postage, etc. Warner Features has also contributed.

H. L. R.—All of Itala plays are taken abroad, and we do not get the casts. Ormi Hawley was Madge in "A Leaf from the Past" (Lubin). Harry Morey was Geoffrey Marsh in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph). Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan in "Mother Love vs. Gold" (Selig).

FLORENCE A. S.—Harold Holland was the doctor in "The Lucky Vest" (Edison). Harold Lockwood at the New York Famous Players.

PAULA L.—Neva Gerber was the girl in "The Wire Chief's Reward" (Kalem). Always write to the players in care of the company.

ELSIE L. F.—You will have to write to Pathé's Weekly, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N. J. There are three million more males than females in this country. The war in Europe is rapidly killing off the males, and I am sorry for the maidens during the next few years.

WILLIAM G. D.—Say, when you get anything like that in your system again consult a physician, not me.

ADELE R.—Stay, stay, dont call me any more nicknames; am already well supplied. Your letter was very interesting otherwise; and I appreciated it.

MARGOT, 19.—I dont remember that in "My Official Wife" the story differed from the play itself. Sometimes the scenario which we receive differs from the finished play, and we are guided by the scenario.

ABBEY E. P.—No, to your first question. David Hartford was Daddy Skinner in "Tess of the Storm Country." Martha Russell is not playing at present. Maude Fealy is playing in stock at Detroit, but will return to Thanhouser. Tefft Johnson is daddy in "Daddy Jim" pictures.

KERRIGAN FIEND.—John Smiley and Justina Huff in "A Desperate Chance" (Lubin). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "Before the Last Leaves Fall" (Lubin). New York City has more than twice the population of Chicago.

JOHN A. L.—I am not certain which company took the pictures of the Princeton commencement exercises, but believe it was Pathé.

ISABEL D.—Yes, I have met Crane Wilbur personally, also Earle Williams. The latter is playing opposite Anita Stewart, and you will see more of him from now on.

MISS MAY.—That is for you to decide which is the handsomer, Warren Kerrigan or Francis Bushman. Florence Lawrence will not play for a while.

GRACE, 17.—I haven't Pauline Bush's middle name, if she has any. Some players seem to shine because the other members of the company are worse than they are. It is not much honor to be a bullfrog among tadpoles.

TYLLYE.—I am sorry you sprained your ankle. When I was 72, you said I was 27; now I am 73, and you say I am 37. That's growing old fast! For my part, I dont care for the serials, but I get letters on both sides. You had better stay at school, but you understand conditions better than I do. You can get a good training at business school.

T. B. HANDY.—All scenarios should be typewritten before submitting them to a company. Thanks for the clippings.

LILLIAN MC.—You might write to Kathlyn Williams in care of Selig. I think she will answer you.

R. V. C.—The clock you saw while going across the ferry to Jersey City is the largest in the world and belongs to the Colgate Company. Its diameter is thirty-eight feet, and the minute hand is twenty feet long. Westminster clock, London, is twenty-two and a half feet, and the Philadelphia city hall clock is twenty-five feet in diameter. The Colgate clock can be read four miles away.

VYRGYNYA.—Yours is as bright as ever. What do you use—Sapolio? No, I haven't Warren Kerrigan's birthday, but I doubt if he has arrived at that point where birthdays are concealed.

HELEN C. T.—I am sorry the article displeased you, but you know we cant please everybody. William Stowell, Adele Lane, Edwin Wallock and Miss Johnson in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig). Edward Earle in "Mystery of the Laughing Death" (Edison). Winnifred Kingston was Peggy in "Brewster's Millions" (Lasky). Dolly Larkin and L. Shumway in "Claim No. 3."

MAUDE MCH.—Henry King and Carl Von Schiller had the leads in "Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin). Harry Myers was the hero in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Myrtle Stedman and Tom Mix in "The Law and the Outlaw" (Selig).

H. A. S., PORTSMOUTH.—Yes, the Editor is trying to get a good picture of Edith Storey to use. The one in this issue might be better. Carlyle Blackwell and Neva Gerber in "The Wire Chief's Reward" (Kalem). Yours was very fine.

HERBERT T. W.—R. A. Walsh was Colter in "The Angel of Camp Content" (Mutual). George Seigmann was Magoon. Winnifred Greenwood had the lead in "Lure of the Sawdust" (American). I am sorry you cant escape the serials in your town. Many are with you when you say you prefer one-reel dramas.



THE PIPER

LILLIAN D.—I have many associates, but few intimates. The best friend I have and the one who understands me best is myself, and we never quarrel. Jack Nelson and Elizabeth Burbridge in "A Common Mistake" (Domino).

HELEN, 16.—Reina Valdez was Madeline in "The Weaker's Strength" (Essanay). Why not join the Correspondence Club?

ROSEMARY, CLEVELAND.—Write Grace Cunard at Gold Seal studio, Hollywood, Cal. She is very popular in the Lucille Love series.

MATT MERENESS, SCHOHARIE.—You say that everybody admires the players and never thinks of the people who are working so hard to make those players popular by getting out this magazine. I shall have to print your clever verse, noting that by omitting the lines in parentheses there are two different themes, and those in parentheses tell of the troubles you had in writing the verse:

This talk of all the famous actors is all right,
(Hang it all! the words I crave I cannot think;)
But I want to give credit to many who are bright.
(Gee! I guess my brain is gone plumb on the blink.)
Of course, the bright ones whom I mean
(Now say, I aint much of a poet,)
Are the ones ordained to run the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.
(And it dont take long to show it.)
I always read it thru, from cover to cover,
(I rave around and tear my hair,)
As also does my dear old mother,
(And smash the bottom from my chair.)
And then she hands it to my brother.
(This job sure aint no cinch,)
For a long time I have read this entertaining book;
(I might do better, I suppose, in a pinch.)
Altho I get several, at this I take first look.
(My writin' machine, he talks in whispers,)
The word admiration,
('Cause he's got cobwebs in his whiskers.)
The word gratification,
(The poor old man)
With the words both great and good,
(Steals a peek in the book when he can.)
Means I wouldn't undertake to make the magazine any better, if I could.

MAURICE F. M.—Your letter was full of interest. I must reluctantly decline.

ALICE L.—The Emerson-Currier Cinematograph Corporation is going to produce and release a series of religious plays called "Animated Catholic Magazine," which will be exhibited in the Catholic churches and schools. Claire Whitney is not playing at present. I am sorry that part of the answer to your last query appeared on the end of another's. That often happens, and I am powerless to avoid it. Wash the parts with alcohol immediately, and ivy poison will not spread. You might write to the government at Washington for their pamphlet on the subject.

OLGA, 17.—You say, "All is fair in love." I thought your Crane was a brunette. That's right, keep busy; it is the surest road to permanent happiness.

F. G. W.—S. F.—Write to Universal Company for information about Frederick Church.

FRANK E. P.—Your letter was very interesting. I understand that the daily pay-roll of the Pennsylvania Railroad is about $500,000.

GUSSIE J.—If I did not say I liked your letter, it was not because I did not fully appreciate it.

AUGUST FLOWERS.—Crane Wilbur and Claire Rae in "The Couple Next Door" (Pathé). Alma Russell was Bessie in "The Stolen Heart" (Selig). Lillian Drew was Theresa in "The Testing Fire" (Essanay). Zena Keefe in "A Game of Cards" (Vitagraph). Yes, that was an old play.

CALIFORNIA POPPY.—No, my child, John Bunny is not dead.



EARNING MONEY FOR THE MOVIES
"Say, lady, give us fifteen cents for the houn'."

SUNSHINE, ST. LOUIS.—Yes, we have a Gallery picture of Thomas Chatterton. "Trilby" has been done by an English company—the same one who did "The House of Temperley."

MARION M. E.—Joe King was Scott, and Bessie Eyton his wife in "In Defiance of the Law" (Selig). Marguerite Courtot was the maid in "The Beast" (Kalem).

ETHEL H.—You failed to enclose package. Dont write to the players asking them to get you a position in their company. See ad. in back of our magazine.

MRS. E. H.—No, I never throw my letters away without reading all there is in them. George Morgan was the idiot in "The Idiot" (Biograph).

MELVA, PORTLAND.—If I dared, I would print a long list here of players, both male and female, who do not know how to make up. Some of them would not pass in amateur theatricals at high school. True 'tis 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.

WOPOWOG.—All of your surmises are correct. Thanks very much for the clippings.



READY FOR THE MOVIES

GEKIE.—No, we have our own staff of writers, and we give them a scenario from which to write the story. Adrienne Kroell was the girl in "Love vs. Pride."

BUSTER BROWN.—So you think "Uncle Bill" was great. I do not usually object to any man on account of his color, but it is hard to be sociable with one who is blue. Cheer up.

C. Y. H., PHILA.—Thanks so much for the postals. Villette Stringer was Helen in "Heart Rebellious" (Lubin). Oh, yes, I am very happy in my work. Your letter was very interesting, and I want to hear from you again.

BILLY ROMAINE.—You ask if the world owes you a living. Yes, if you earn it.

BILLIE, 17.—Yes, "St. Elmo" was done by Vitagraph some time ago. I believe that the first thing they do when a person has received a serious electric shock is to begin artificial respiration. It is wrong to administer any liquids by mouth until consciousness is restored.

VERA S., FRANKLIN.—You refer to Goldie Colwell in the Kathlyn series. Frank Fannington was the leading conspirator in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

D. M. R., CANTON.—Yes; Arthur Johnson has been with Biograph. So you think Antonio Moreno and Norma Talmadge make a fine team.

TEMPEST.—My loving-cup that was presented to me by the Pansy Correspondence Club stands on my files right near my desk, where I and everybody can see it. It is an incentive.

E. V. F.—Anna Luther was leading woman in "Three Men and a Woman" (Lubin). The Gaumont Palace in Paris is the largest Motion Picture theater in the world; it was the hippodrome of the Paris Exposition in 1900.

MABEL AND HAZEL.—Lillian Broderick was Ada in "Our Mutual Girl." Leo Maloney was the assistant cashier in "The Flaw in the Alibi." Helen Holmes was the banker's daughter.

DOROTHEA N.—The girl you refer to is Vera Sisson. Neva Gerber in that Kalem.

MABEL A. S.—Your letter was fine. Raymond Gallagher was Tom in "The Parent Strain" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was Fitzhugh in "Fitzhugh's Ride" (Lubin). Louise Orth in the Biograph.

FRED S.—Mr. Lo, the poor Indian, seems to have disappeared from the films, but he will soon be back. Marguerite Courtot was the daughter in "The Show-Girl's Glove" (Kalem). Neva Gerber in "The Political Boss" (Kalem). Accent on the *La* in LaBadie. Warren Kerrigan's autobiography in July, 1914.

HELEN M. O.—Yes; James Cruze. Mayre Hall was the teacher in "The Widow's Mite" (Thanhouser). Alice Hollister in "Thru the Flames" (Kalem).

ALVARETTA W.—Dave Thompson was the violinist in "The Musician's Daughter" (Thanhouser). Antonio Moreno was John in "John Rance, Gentleman" (Vitagraph). Mae Marsh in "The Reformers."

VENICE.—The drawing of me is splendid. You must not read the magazine during school hours. Pauline Bush was the girl in "The Hope of Blind Alley." I find that those who argue most are usually those who know least.

AUDREY M. F.—I believe the film was an advertisement. I haven't seen it, but no doubt you are right.

ETHEL S.—Cannot tell you the name of the play from your description. Alan Hale was the minister in "The Ragamuffins" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood opposite Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift." Haven't Jane Gail's address.

MILDRED S.—Warren Kerrigan was in Santa Barbara when with American, but he is now in Hollywood, Cal. You refer to Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passerby" (Majestic). Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "The Trinkets of Tragedy."

BETTY S., CRANFORD.—Mary Pickford had appendicitis some time ago. S. Rankin Drew was Victor in "The Idler" (Vitagraph). Leo White in "Beans" (Essanay). Charlotte Ives and House Peters in "Clothes" (Famous Players).



"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" UP TO DATE. WILL THE BLOODHOUNDS CATCH ELIZA?

IONE M.—Yes. "Absinthe" has been shown all over. The Fairbank twins are about 12 to 14 years. "The Christian" was taken at Boston and Brooklyn.

ELMA C.—Marguerite Gibson was Jess in "Mareea, the Half-breed" (Vitagraph). Robyn Adair and Louise Glaum in "The Impostor" (Broncho).

IRMA A., PORTLAND.—Robert Frazer was Tom in "The Dupe" (Eclair). Helen Marten was Jasper in the same. Yes; Lillian Walker is a beauty.

BERNHARDT.—Betty Gray, Vivian Prescott and Lionel Barrymore in "Woman Against Woman" (Biograph). I wouldn't call that player beautiful. She is very dainty, however.

LORETTA G. S.—Your letter about Romaine Fielding is intelligently appreciative. Mr. McCabe was "Muff" in that play. A fool cannot be an actor, but an actor must play a fool's part.

R. L. H.—Robert Grey is now with Western Vitagraph. Frankie Mann was the girl in "The Crowning Glory" (Lubin). Claire MacDowell was the daughter in "Her Mother's Weakness" (Biograph). Morris Foster was Jim in "The Strike" (Thanhouser). Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood had the leads in "The Foot-prints of Mozart" (Mutual).

HERMAN.—The General Film program is as follows: Monday, Biograph, Kalem, Edison, Pathé, Selig, Vitagraph. Tuesday, Essanay, Edison, Kleine, Pathé, Lubin, Méliès, Selig, Vitagraph. Wednesday, Kalem, Edison, Essanay, Lubin, Selig, Méliès, Pathé, Vitagraph. Thursday, Biograph, Essanay, Lubin, Méliès, Pathé, Selig, Vitagraph. Friday, Edison, Essanay, Kalem, Selig, Pathé, Lubin, Vitagraph. Saturday, Biograph, Edison, Essanay, Kalem, Lubin, Pathé, Vitagraph. Later: add Biograph Tuesday and Friday.

PAULINE D.—Earle Williams was John Storm in "The Christian" (Vitagraph). Elsie Greeson in "The Empty Sleeve" (Selig). Tom Moore was Paul in "Nina of the Theater" (Kalem).

ROSE D. B.—I would sooner believe that Ben Franklin was a spendthrift and that Lazarus died rich than to believe that Earle Williams intends to leave the pictures and retire. There is no truth in it. So you have really seen Warren Kerrigan? Wonderful!

DOLORES.—Dorothy Phillips and Ruth Donnelly were the girls in "The Man Who Lost But One" (Imp). Norma Talmadge was the girl in "The Wayward Daughter" (Vitagraph). Eugene Pallette was the lover in "The Wheels of Destiny."

MARION, ANXIOUS.—If you are anxious, you should give the name of the company, and this you did not do. Dorothy Kelly in "The Antique Engagement Ring" (Vitagraph). Lottie Briscoe and Arthur Johnson in "Behind the Footlights" (Lubin). Darwin Karr was Paul in "Spirits and the Clay."

CLARA H.—You must give the company. Marguerite Courtot was the second wife, and Guy Coombs leading man in "Thru the Flames" (Kalem).

MARY E., FORT WORTH.—The Essanay studio is at 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Ill. Marguerite Clayton is at Niles, Cal.

ALLEN L. R.—Your letter was long and interesting. No, I have an Ingersoll, not a Waterbury. So you like the Kalem fob?



"YOU ARE A GREAT AID IN THE PROGRESS OF OUR NATION"

STELLA C.—Thomas Chatterton in that Broncho. Pearl White will be interviewed soon. Her picture in April, 1913, and October, 1912.

KATHRYN R.—William Withey was Richard in "Mario" (Broncho). You refer to Frank Borzage. His picture will appear soon. Nolan Gane and Muriel Ostriche in "Too Much Turkey."

MARGARET E. T.—The reason that they call Richard Travis "Doc" is because he once studied to be a doctor and succeeded. So did Romaine Fielding. Leo Delaney is a lawyer as well as a player.

MELVA, PORTLAND.—Have no fear; I shall not go to war. He is Thomas Chatterton. It is no disgrace to be a clown, if a good one. Good clowns are scarce. They are not all clowns in the Keystone and Sterling companies. Ford Sterling is a fine, dignified fellow off the screen. So is Mack Sennett.

MARIE S.—Hazel Buckham was the girl in "The Awakening" (Rex). Charles Chaplin in "Caught in a Cabaret."

MAYFLOWER.—I am sure your letter must have been answered. Write to Essanay or to Mr. Bushman himself.

PUSSY, 17.—You say, "It must be very nice to marry a handsome actor." Not always, my child, and you have plenty of time. You must ask questions and not talk love.

MABEL, TEXAS.—Questions of race and religion are forbidden. What if a player is a Jew? Does that make him or her any less good a player?

MARGUERITE E.—Gladys Brockwell and Frank Borzage in "The Ambassador's Envoy" (Domino). Antonio Moreno was Mr. Brown, Miss Gray was Mrs. Brown, and Jane Morrow was Crane's ward in "Too Many Husbands" (Vitagraph).

LUELLA B.—Send me your letter for Olga, and I will see that she gets it. Harold Lockwood opposite Mary Pickford in that play. Write again.

LILY MAY C.—Justina Huff was the girl in "The Wall-flower" (Lubin). Carol Holloway was the girl in "The Trunk Mystery" (Lubin).

KITTY C.—L. Shumway was John in "Vengeance Is Mine" (Lubin). Thomas Chatterton and Anna Little in "The Primitive Call" (Domino). Have a heart.

RUSSELL W.—James Kirkwood had the lead in "The Eagle's Mate" (Famous Players). Lillian Gish was Nettie, and George Seigmann was Magoon in "The Angel of Contention" (Majestic). Mary Charleson in "Iron and Steel."

MARGUERITE C.—Walter Miller was the detective in "A Million of Pearls" (Victor). Elizabeth Burbridge was the girl in "The Latent Spark" (Domino). Yes; Muriel Ostriche.



WHEN THE REAL MOTHER BREAKS UP THE BEST SCENE

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It is the collecting of "postage stamps" bearing the latest portraits of American motion picture actors and actresses. Of course, these stamps are not actually good for postage, but otherwise they represent postage stamps.

time. The stamps are most pleasing in design and printed in beautiful colors. They are really objects of artistic value, and therefore their possession is eagerly sought by the admirers of motion picture players.

really attractive they are.

A collection of these stamps will soon be of undoubted cash value, as new designs are constantly being made and the first ones will in time grow very scarce. All those who have collected postage stamps know that some series which are no longer used bring fabulous prices, as high as a thousand dollars having often been paid for an old, cancelled postage stamp by some enthusiastic collector who needed it to complete his collection and who had neglected to secure it in the days when it could have been had for the asking.





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Simply mail us your name and address, the name of the motion picture theatre you visit, and enclose 15 two-cent stamps, or three dimes, and you will receive by return mail the stamp album and the COMPLETE SET OF ONE HUNDRED STAMPS. Please don't forget to give us the name of your favorite theatre.

Address **THE THEATRE SUPPLY CO., 1495 Broadway, N. Y.**

PAULINE C.—Vera Sisson was Marion in "As Fate Willed" (Victor). We have already published that little item.

OSCAR S. KENDRICK.—We will chat Alice Hollister and Romaine Fielding shortly. Marriage questions are forbidden. While we sometimes state who are and who are not married, it is only when the players have so announced. Some believe that they will not be so popular if it is known that they are married. I think this is foolish, but it may be wise. We can admire, even adore, a player without desiring to marry him or her. Only giddy girls and silly youths think of marriage to the players.

MARION C. M.—William Brunton and Helen Holmes had the leads in "The Stolen Tapestry" (Kalem). Romaine Fielding had the leading part in "When Valley and Mountain Meet" (Lubin).

MADGE M.—Your letter is interesting, but you dont ask questions. I dont know of a studio in Minneapolis.

ETTA C. P.—There is no permanent studio in Boston. I understand that the average attendance of children at the Motion Picture shows in this country is from ten to twenty per cent.

MRS. L. B. V.—I am indeed sorry. The play you refer to was taken abroad. I did not see it, but no doubt it was a trick picture.

SIDNEY D.—Your letter is too long to print, and it would never do. Some of your remarks are just, but I dont agree with you on the others.



UNCLE RUFUS (with the latest number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which has just arrived via R. F. D.)—Wal, Marthy, I reckon th' hired man will have to do the milkin' alone this evening.



JIMMY, THE CAMERA MAN (always on the job)—Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead and commit suicide if you're going to—I'm ready.

MAXINE.—Earle Metcalfe had the lead in "Three Men and a Woman" (Lubin). Yes; James Cruze is Norton in that Thanhouser. Webster Campbell was Thomas in "From Out of the Dregs."

COURTENAY.—Your letter is excellent; was glad to hear from you. Henry King is with Broncho. Jane Wolfe in "The Quicksand" (Kalem). Douglas Gerrarde was the lieutenant. Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunnelle in "Across the Burning Trestle" (Edison).

MAY, BRONX.—Thanks for the corrections. There is no Decatur Street in New York City; it should have been 2826 Decatur Avenue, for Edison.

P. T, O., DAYTON.—Harold Lockwood is still with Famous Players, but not playing opposite Mary Pickford. Thomas Forman was the lead in "A Romance of the Northwest" (Lubin). Ethel Pierce in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig).

VIVIAN K.—Every politician believes in high wages for the workmen, high prices for the manufacturers, and low prices for the consumers. We will chat Vivian Rich soon.

RETTA G. S.—Now what are you trying to tell me—Vyrgynya a male? Then she has deceived me!

ANTHONY.—Thanks for the fine photograph. That was a mistake. So you think Pearl White is married? I have no objection to your thinking anything you wish. Very interesting letter.

EMMA C. S.—Far from it. Edwin Coxen and William Garwood are not the same. Both play in the American, however. Villette Stringer was the girl in that Lubin. It is true that House Peters is married. The bride is fortunate in getting a house so soon.



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ANNA D.—You have the wrong title for the Selig. Hobart Bosworth and Roy Watson in "The Hobo" (Selig). Dorothy Kelly was Cleo, and Marie Tener was Eva in "The Passing of Diana" (Vitagraph). Yes; Carlyle Blackwell is back to Los Angeles. One is Adele Lane; two is William Stowell; three is Miss Johnson, and four is Edward Wallock, in the picture you enclose. Many thanks for the beautiful picture.

MYRA H.—Flossie doesn't write any more. Billy Mason was in the thirteenth episode of "Perils of Pauline." Villette Stringer and John Ince had the leads in "The Heart Rebellious" (Lubin). Marin Sais and George Melford in "The Master Rogue" (Kalem). Clara Kimball Young had the lead in "Goodness Gracious."

JOSEPHINE M. G.—The Pennsylvania Railroad is not owned by a few men, but by about 100,000 different persons of both sexes. Yes, to your Marguerite Snow.

PEGGY.—Edward Earle was Tom in "The Gilded Kidd" (Edison). The Talmadge girls are sisters. No, I dont send pictures of myself out to my admirers, but I might send some to my enemies. So Mignon Anderson has won you?

HERMAN.—Thanks for the garters, but they were the wrong kind. One of the editors has made use of them, however.

LULU C. T., OKLA.—Sorry, but I haven't the lord in "All Love Excelling." No indeed, dear child, I have no hard feelings toward you; they are very soft. You are right; Anna Little is with the Rex, not Broncho.

UNSIGNED POSTAL.—Please observe the rules of the One Hundred Dollar Prize Photoplay Contest. Typewriters are the author's friend, the business man's delight, and the editor's blessing. A contest editor would discharge himself twice a day and go home stone blind if he read handwritten scripts.

MATILDA J. R.—Earle Metcalf was John in "Three Men and a Woman" (Lubin). Louise Vale was the girl in "A Bit of Human Driftwood" (Biograph). Mae Marsh was Molly in "Moonshine Molly" (Mutual). No; Cleo Madison is still with Universal.

GERTIE.—Charles Ray was Jack in "In the Cow Country" (Kay-Bee). Roy Laidlaw was the father. You are wrong when you call me a hard-shell Baptist; I am a Republican.

WALTER K., SAN FRAN.—George Morgan was the idiot in that play. It seems as if that camera was on wheels or a platform. Yes; Vitagraph have released colored films; but that was years ago. Interesting letter, yours. A good way to mark the pictures is by numbering from one to ten; ten being the very best, one the poorest, and so on.

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Yours is also interesting. So you have been investigating as to who I am? Ah ha! I thought I saw somebody following me recently. Richard Travers is still with Essanay. I dont know if he is related to the other Travers. Courtenay Foote in "The Reincarnation of Karma" (Vitagraph).

MABEL D., ATLANTA.—Jessalyn Van Trump is still with Universal. About one-sixth of the films manufactured in this country are Westerns, but the proportion is gradually decreasing.

ABE, 99.—Please dont get so perturbed. What have I done? Ruth Stonehouse was in April, 1914. Selig is producing "Doc Yak" pictures.

FANCHON L. N.—Donald Hall is with Vitagraph. He has played in several plays. Warren Kerrigan is with Victor.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Viola Barry was the girl in "The Sea Wolf" (Bosworth). The loving-cup is fine, and so were its contents. I drink your health.

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES



If the famous old woman who lived in a shoe,
With her half-gross of kiddies for whom naught she could do,
Existed today in your town or mine,
To the movies she'd take them, where they'd have a fine time.



The Prayer of a Horse

To Thee, My Master, I Offer My Prayer

FEED ME, water and care for me, and when the day's work is done provide me with shelter: a clean, dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in in comfort. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you.

Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you mean; but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Examine my teeth when I do not eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

And finally, Oh my master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You may not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. **Amen.**

NEW YORK WOMEN'S LEAGUE FOR ANIMALS
OFFICE: 26 WEST 40th STREET -:- -:- -:- NEW YORK

WILLIAM F. P.—Rene Kelly was Grace in "Love vs. Pride" (Selig). Vivian Prescott was Camilla in "An Italian Love Song" (Biograph). Betty Gray was the poor girl in "The Bartered Crown."

C. F. H.—James Morrison was the son in "He Never Knew" (Vitagraph). Anita Stewart was the girl. Always give the branch of the Universal, instead of saying just Universal.

LUANE C.—Vivian Prescott was the girl in "The Song of Sunny Italy." Charles Eldridge was the commissioner in "The Locked House" (Vitagraph). The other plays were taken in the studio.

VIRGINIA L. S.—So now you want to see Earle Williams in "Hamlet." Perhaps you may yet. It pleases me much to have praise when I deserve it, but it joys me more to deserve praise when I have it.

CRANETTE.—Vivian Rich and William Garwood in "Beyond the City" (American). Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "The Lure of the Pit" (Lubin).

AMELIA H.—Richard Travers is with Essanay, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Ill. George Routh was Mr. Baxter in "The Death Warrant" (Lubin).

C. M. J.—Your letter is fine. Thanks for the clippings. Florence Lawrence is not playing now. Harold Lockwood remains with Famous Players. Yes, I have noticed that many players throw their burnt matches and envelopes on the floor, whether in a ballroom or at a bar. Very bad manners!

GERTIE.—Richard Morris was Kid Hogg in "Codes of Honor" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley was Marie in the same. Your head seems to be full of brains.

ULYSSES IV.—You must sign your name, please. You refer to Charles Clary. I appreciate your joke, tho a counterfeit.

CAPRICE R.—Your letter was very entertaining. I think you had better give up the idea of acting and stay at school. Your father knows what is best for you.

MARSHALL B. M.—Sidney Olcott and Gene Gauntier had the leads in "The Lad from Old Ireland" (Kalem). Cleo Madison and Ray Gallagher in "Hills of Silence" (Bison). Your letter certainly did shine.

MYRA V.—You are one of many who say that they do not see enough of their old favorites and too much of these special features with unknown players. I believe you refer to Peggy O'Neill, of the Lubin.

MARIE T.—The first copy of our magazine went to Brooklyn, of course. Commodore Blackton has it. What do you mean? Vitagraph has a number of recognized beauties, such as Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Lillian Walker, Mary Anderson, Leah Baird, Dorothy Kelly, Marie Weirman, Helen Gardner, Edith Storey, Ada Gifford, Naomi Childers, etc.

FRANK L. H.—Your letter was great. Glad to know you. I hope to meet you again some time in the mails. Wont give me the names of your favorites? Zounds!

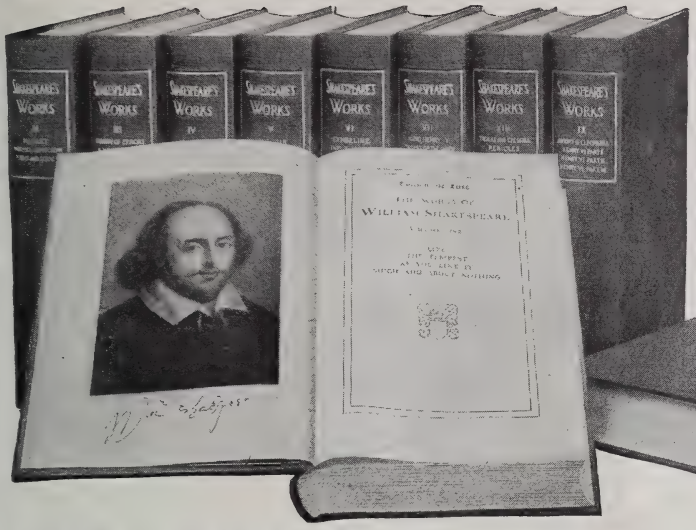
IRENE M. B.—Marin Sais was the daughter in "The Barrier of Ignorance" (Kalem). Marie Tener was Eva. Gaston Mervale was the count in "Warfare in the Skies" (Vitagraph).

WALTER H. K.—Joseph Kaufman was Roger in "The Drug Terror" (Lubin). So you think Lillian Walker and Wallie Van are one? Not yet, and probably not soon.

LUCILLE DOUGLAS.—You are entirely in error as to Mr. Brewster's Millions, unless you refer to millions of readers. There are fifty-five sovereign nations, of which forty-six were civilized enough to be invited to the second Hague conference.



Simple Simon met a pieman once upon a time;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman, "None of your pies for mine.
They say I'm simple, it may be true; but this five cents is not for you;
At yonder movie house I'm due. Good-by, dear pieman, farewell, adieu!"



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THOMAS F. M.—I am afraid you expect too much of our little club. Pansy is running it all right, and I believe she ought to be re-elected president, because it was her idea and she organized it. It is a correspondence club, and not a social club. I fear I cant agree with you. Why not organize another? Thanks for the picture.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Edward Coxen was Robert in "A Modern Freelance" (American). Winnifred Greenwood was the girl. Harry Gsell was the sweetheart in "The Lifted Veil" (Crystal). Mary Charleson was the wife in "Love—the Clairvoyant" (Vitagraph). Marion Leonard has played opposite Arthur Johnson.

MAT MIL, NEW YORK.—Ethel Clayton and Ormi Hawley have not left Lubin. I am not a vegetarian, but I live largely on buttermilk. I have it every day.

CUTIE.—Velma Pearce was the girl in "His Favorite Pastime" (Keystone). For the last time, I state that Mary Pickford's husband is Owen Moore. I enjoyed your jokes and witticisms immensely, particularly the one about knocking the stuffing out of the teddy bear. I do not wish to express any opinion about the European conflict, except to say that there can be no disarmament and no encouragement to the theory of universal peace unless the allied forces win. I pray for peace.

KISMET.—Clever as you are, you forget that this is a Motion Picture magazine, not a baseball one. Sorry I have not the space, but the lady shall have it.

THIRTEEN NUTS.—If I published all the good things like yours that are sent to me, the magazine would contain 1,000 pages.

PERCY V. V.—Mr. and Mrs. Young have left the Vitagraph. Gene Gauntier did not get killed in the war, but is safe back in Nooyawk. You should publish a joke-book. Why not "Bill Nye II"?

PESKY CUPID.—You certainly have poetic ability. I appreciate your sentiments. Antonio Moreno, who played the son in "No Place for Father" (Biograph), is the same who is now playing opposite Norma Talmadge in the Vitagraph. I enjoy a long feature once in a while, but for a steady diet I prefer the old-fashioned one-reel plays.

GEO. T. BRYANT.—Thanks for the information about Motion Pictures for the hello girls at luncheon. Capital idea.

MRS. SHERWOOD.—Haven't heard much about Edwin Carewe since he left Lubin. Will suggest to Marguerite Clayton that she makes up her lips and eyes too heavily. She is by no means our worst offender, however.

SOCRATES.—I know not whether somebody has appropriated your pen-name or whether an answer got tacked on your query that did not belong there. But why make such a fuss? Do you hold a copyright on "Socrates"? And have you the consent of his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns to use his name?

M. ROSE.—Same to you, and thanks for verses. We do not see the pictures move. Each little picture is presented just long enough to stimulate the eye; then it is removed while the light is shut off; then another picture is presented, and so on. During the time that the light is shut off, the first picture must persist in our vision until the next picture is shown, and this is the "persistency of vision" that makes Motion Pictures possible.

MR. HENDERSON.—I think that I am not betraying a secret when I state that Mary Pickford's salary is $1,000 a week. That's just $992 more than mine. It must be an awful nuisance to take care of so much money. I find it so even with mine. When you write *bong swahr*, I cannot tell whether you are using profane or a foreign language; so kindly write English only. The clock struck three, and the umpire said, "Out!" I agree with you about continued-story films and "Perils and Adventures of Kathryn—Pauline—Love Mystery." We are apt to get them mixed, and we ought to see all or none.



Old Jack Noel was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he.
He called for his hat, he called for his coat,
And he called for his children three.
To a movie show then they all did go
And got four seats in the very first row.

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J. E. Pitcher.—I dont know where Harlan is or has been since he left Kalem. I compliment you on your literary style.

Tyllye.—Yours are as good as any. I receive on the average about 250 daffydills a month. Romaine Fielding is back in Philadelphia. He ranks among our best directors and players.

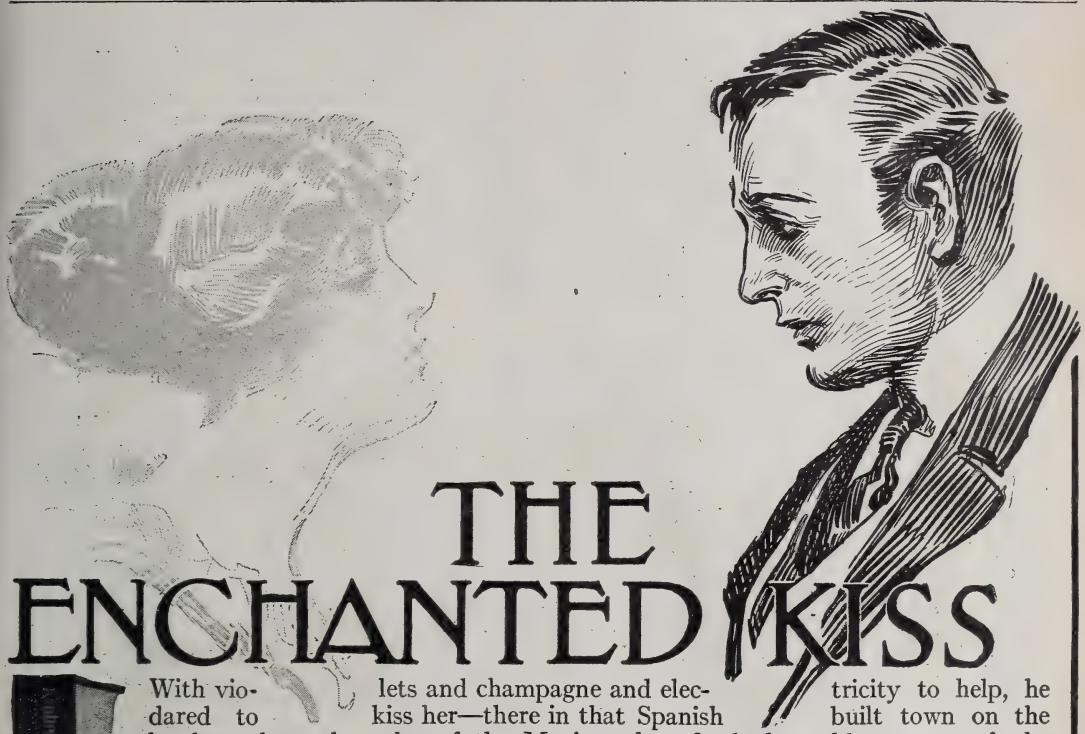
Mary A. G.—I am pleased to meet you. Shall be glad to answer your questions at any time. I have heard that there is to be a two-weeks' armistice, or cessation of hostilities, in Europe, because the newspapers have run out of ink.

Screen Lover.—So you are tired of Bunny and Anderson, and think Marguerite Clayton could never play a dressed-up? Come, come, it's time to wake up and let the cows out to pasture.

K. B. G.—This department is for the answering of questions, not for jokes and laudatory pomes about the players and myself. I will send your elegant effusion to Mr. Bushman.



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VYRGYNYA.—I do not know why millionaires are so often animated by a spirit of noble benevolence, looking on their wealth merely as a trust and not as a possession; nor do I know why the last years of a well-spent life are so serene and happy; nor why effective legislation must always follow rather than precede public opinion; nor why youth and old age are jealous of each other; but I do know that you are wise enough to answer these questions yourself, since you are wise enough to ask them.

W. T. H.—All photoplays submitted in the prize contest should bear the correct name and address of the author, not assumed names. Authors will not be considered—only their product. The current of electric mentality that courses thru your cerebro-magneto does not appear to me to be vitiated in your old age. Miss Hall's idea was that Mrs. Jarley's Waxwork showed the love of putting motion in inanimate bodies, just as children craved toys that moved, and finally got pictures that moved. Speaking of eyes, wait till you see Cissy Fitzgerald in "A Win(k)some Widow." It will bring tears of mirth to the eyes of a brass monkey. Your defense of Anderson, Johnson, Bushman, and the others would please my readers, but it is too long. I am again indebted to you for your wise analyses, but if you persist in calling me a woman, I shall have to declare war on you. How would *you* like to be called a woman? There are times when patience ceases to be a virtue, and this is one. Beware!!

MARION B.—Thanks for those cigars; I enjoyed them. Of course you have to have experience. Irene Howley and Walter Miller in "The Fatal Wedding."

LEOLAND S. LEOLA.—The Mutual Girl plays are still being released regularly. Mary Anderson and Charles Bryant in "A Train of Incidents" (Vitagraph).

MRS. J. S. S.—Certainly I have a reference library, and it is a good one; but I sometimes have to go to the public library. Mona Darkfeather is still with Kalem.

RITA R.—My child, the Editor is overstocked with drawings at present. Baby La Reno was Monty, and Baby De Rue was Peggy in "Brewster's Millions."

M. G. M.—Some studios will allow you to visit, but very few will; they look upon visiting as a nuisance. A letter of introduction will help. Rosemary Theby was the girl in "The Drug Cure" (Lubin). Clara K. Young in "My Official Wife." Yes, she is now with the Peerless films.

G. A. C., LOUISVILLE.—Kathlyn Williams was the girl in the Kathlyn series. Lottie Briscoe was the girl in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin).

F. M. B.—You seem to be going thru the world on tiptoe, picking up all the gossip and scandal. Fay Cusick was the daughter in "The Yellow Traffic" (Blache). Harry Morey in the Vitagraph. Mary Charleson is not playing at present.

J. L. N. Y. C.—Edith Storey and Myrtle Gonzalez were the girls, and William Taylor was the secretary in "Captain Alvarez." Naomi Childers is a beauty, and she will be chatted soon.

ANNA M. O'N.—I never make dates, my dear. The only way is to come here and see me. Come and be disillusioned.

HELEN B.—Alfred Vosburg was Sheriff Dan in "Out in Happy Hollow" (Vitagraph). I rather leave it to you to tell who the greatest Moving Picture actor is.

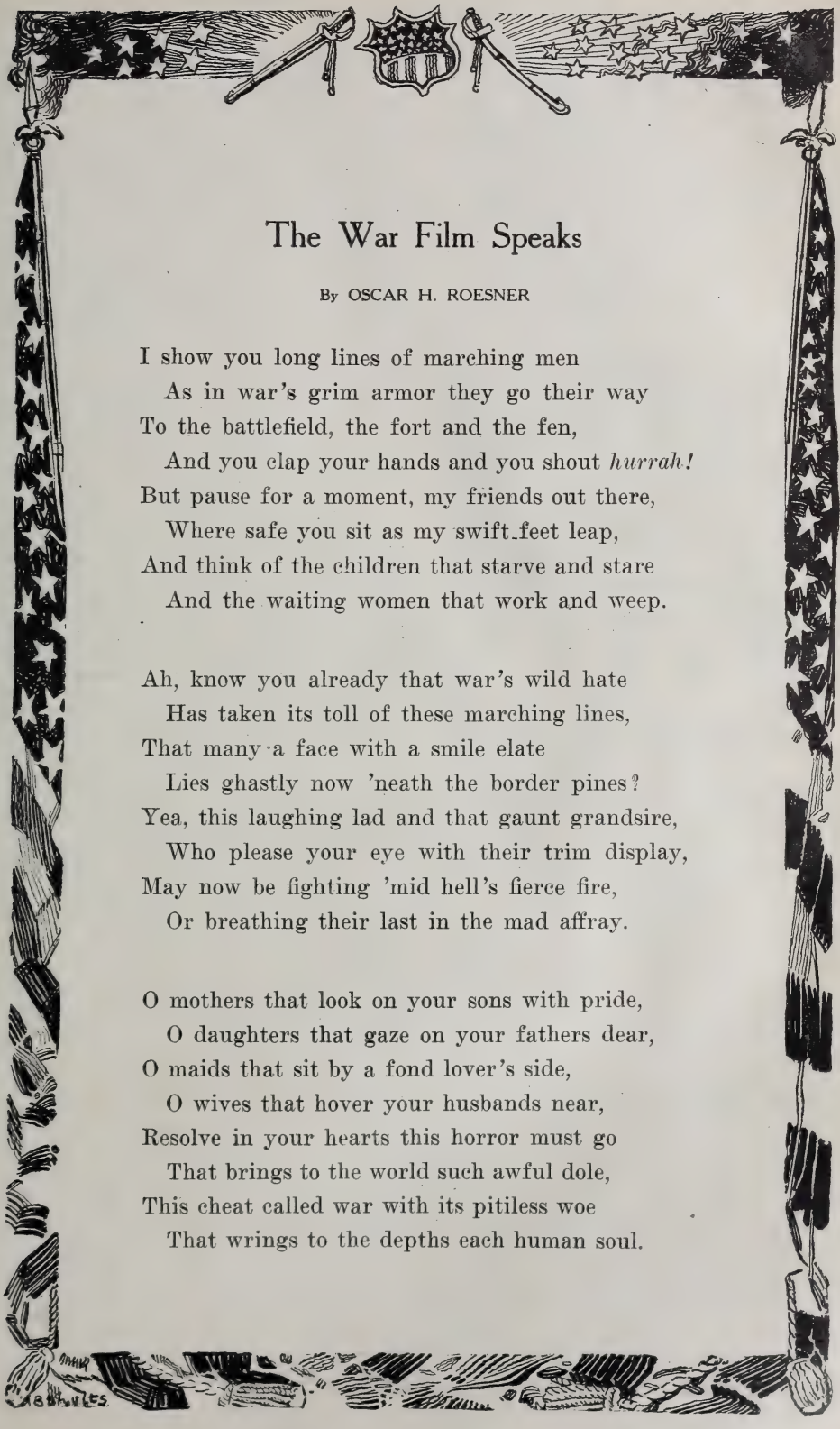
MARION S., TOMS RIVER.—Harry Morey was Arthur in "My Official Wife" (Vitagraph). Walter Miller in "A Bunch of Flowers" (Biograph). Charles Chaplin is still with Keystone, and funny as ever.

VYRGYNYA, FRANKFORD.—You are infringing upon another's copyright. You had better select another name. L. Shumway and Velma Whitman had the leads in "The Candidate for Mayor" (Lubin).

MRS. G. K.—Of course I love you all. You are all my children, and we all belong to one large, happy family. Cheer up.



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I show you long lines of marching men
  As in war's grim armor they go their way
To the battlefield, the fort and the fen,
  And you clap your hands and you shout *hurrah!*
But pause for a moment, my friends out there,
  Where safe you sit as my swift-feet leap,
And think of the children that starve and stare
  And the waiting women that work and weep.

Ah, know you already that war's wild hate
  Has taken its toll of these marching lines,
That many a face with a smile elate
  Lies ghastly now 'neath the border pines?
Yea, this laughing lad and that gaunt grandsire,
  Who please your eye with their trim display,
May now be fighting 'mid hell's fierce fire,
  Or breathing their last in the mad affray.

O mothers that look on your sons with pride,
  O daughters that gaze on your fathers dear,
O maids that sit by a fond lover's side,
  O wives that hover your husbands near,
Resolve in your hearts this horror must go
  That brings to the world such awful dole,
This cheat called war with its pitiless woe
  That wrings to the depths each human soul.



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VYRGYNYA.—'Twould do you no good if I told you where I lunched, for you could not see me that way. I dine right here, where thieves cannot break thru and steal. Wait patiently. Excellent letter.

JOSEPHINE P.—Millicent Evans and Walter Miller had the leads in "The Fatal Wedding" (Biograph). Irene Howley and Charles Mailes were the others.

BILLIE, 17.—Harry Rattenberry was the captain in the "Lucille Love" pictures. Yes, that was Wallace Reid in "Moonshine Molly"; Mae Marsh was the girl. Cleo Madison was Nan in "The Severed Hand" (Powers). Edward Brennan was Dunbar in "Our Mutual Girl." You were too late for the last.

OLGA, 17.—So shivers really ran down your back when you saw the villainous Rogers Lytton, and your heart forgot to palpitate. Thanks once more. I couldn't forget you if I would, and I wouldn't forget you if I could.

MRS. K. H. R.—I believe you refer to Ruth Stonehouse in "The Brand of Evil."

SWEET WILLIAM.—T. Ritchie and Irene Howley in "The Honor of Law" (Biograph). Lester Cuneo was the sheriff in "The Sheriff and the Rustler" (Selig). William Russell was the brute in "Her Primitive Model" (Biograph). Harold Vosburgh and Walter Roberts in "The Doctor's Mistake" (Selig). Barney Farey was Algie, and Lester Cuneo was Pop in "Algie's Sister" (Selig). Bessie Eyton, Harold Lockwood and Wheeler Oakman in "The Smuggler's Sister" (Selig).

MISS MAY DAY.—Egad! peste! zounds! So you have been to a phrenologist, and he read your "bumps" and said you were a good imitator and, therefore, would make an excellent actress. Why not consult a plumber? You will add more bumps if you become a player. George Morgan and Louise Vale in "A Bit of Human Driftwood" (Biograph).

LOTTIE D. T.—Billie Rhodes and J. Lindley Phipps in "A Race with the Limited." Lionel Barrymore and Claire McDowell in "The Cracksman's Gratitude." Dick Rosson was the son, and Agnes Vernon was Jess in "The Old Cobbler" (Bison).

RUTH, MAE AND KATHERYN.—Gertrude Robinson was the other girl in "Strongheart" (Biograph). Arthur Ashley was Harmon in "Bread Upon the Waters" (Vitagraph). Audrey Berry was the second child. Richard Travers in "The Letter from Home" (Essanay). You must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and not only the stamp.

V. CATHERINE.—Mildred Bracken and Richard Stanton were with Broncho last.

LILLIAN B.—Thomas Commerford was the father in "The Seventh Prelude" (Essanay). The only correspondence club I know of is the Pansy, and you write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa.

EDNA C., STAFFORD.—Harry McCoy was Mabel's lover in "Mabel's Nerve" (Keystone). Howard Gaye was the other lover in "Golden Dross" (Reliance). You refer to A. Forrest in "Aurora of the North" (Rex). Fear not, I will never take the fatal step.

PAL.—Solax do not give us information. Violet Mersereau was opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "Spitfire" (Famous Players). He who is everybody's friend should be nobody's confidant.

CISSY.—William Russell was the Primitive Model in the play of that name. Irene Howley was Helen in the same. Antonio Moreno was the brother in "The Persistent Mr. Prince" (Vitagraph). George Morgan was the employer in "The World and the Woman" (Biograph). Harry McCoy in "Mabel's Stormy Wooing" (Keystone). R. and M. stand for Reliance and Mutual. Heap much thanks.

MARTHA S.—Sorry but I haven't the hero in "The Fatal Step" (Rex).

LULU B.—Riley Chamberlin was the doctor in "In Their Hour of Need." Florence LaBadie the daughter.

K. B., 11.—But you must sign your name. You dont obey the rules. Did you not hear me say that you must write all questions at the top of your letter and your comments after? I read all letters at one time, and write the answers at another time. Haven't time to read my correspondence thru twice. Yours was interesting, tho.

VYRGYNYA.—You ask "Why do cats have whiskers?" and you answer, "To tickle their faces." "What kind of gum was J. Kerrigan chewing in 'Little Meg and I'?" I am now making investigations and research to supply this important information.

ANNA D.—William Chill and Jack Delson were James and Bob in "Codes of Honor" (Lubin). William Stowell and Adele Lane in "The Skull and the Crown" (Selig). Grace Darmond and Thomas Flynn in "The Estrangement" (Selig). Adrienne Kroell, Renee Kelly and Harold Vosburgh in "Love vs. Pride" (Selig). Rose Wasserman and George Routh in "Latin Blood" (Lubin).

CHISEL.—If your cousin is with Selig, I should think he would be able to have you shown thru the studio.

SEÑORITA. — Against the rules, but Antonio Moreno is not married. Edith Storey. About twenty-five. Thanks.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—I congratulate you. That chat with Romaine Fielding is in this number.

BERYL B.—I haven't the hypnotist in that Gold Seal. So you prefer Warren Kerrigan to them all?

SYLVIA GREY.—Thanks for your very kind letter. Also for the verse. I read it with great pleasure. So you saw Francis Bushman in all his glory in "The Masked Wrestler" (Essanay).



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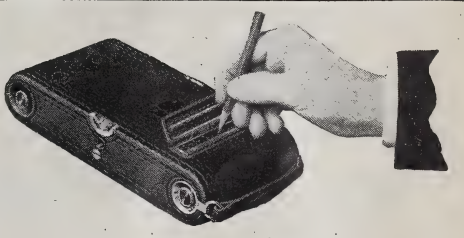
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GERTIE.—Charlotte Burton was Louise in "A Man's Way" (American). James Kirkwood had the lead in "The Eagle's Mate" (Famous Players). Come along.

LIPPIE B.—Vivian Prescott was the girl in that Biograph. George Morgan was the sweetheart. Franklin Ritchie in "Ethics of the Profession" (Biograph).

HELEN L. R.—Have no cast for the sister in that Vitagraph. Edward Peil and Justina Huff had the leads in "The Root of Evil" (Lubin). G. A. Pulliam was the fellow in "The Operator at Black Rock" (Kalem). No; Little Mary did not come, as she promised to many times.

MADGE, 15.—Thanks for offering me a home when I get older. Very kind of you. I am sure we could get along well together—15 and 73.

SANDY.—Your letter produced erubescent conditions in my complexion. The water scene in "Love, Luck and Gasoline" was taken in New York Bay.

MARIE.—William Russell was the model in "Her Primitive Model" (Biograph). Margaret Thompson was Nell in "Shorty Turns Judge" (Broncho). Shorty Hamilton was the judge. Velma Whitman was the girl in "A Girl of the Cafés" (Lubin).

ETTA C. P.—The Secretary of the Treasury of the United States has the right to be a censor if he wants to, because he can refuse to allow immoral films to come into the country. Yes, come right along.

ARTHUR R.—But you did not decipher the puzzles. I read your poem with interest; will pass it along.

OLGA, 17.—You say: "New York is the most wonderful city in the Western hemisphere. It has the tallest office buildings in the world; it has the greatest bridges on the North American continent; it has more hotels than any other city in the world; its stock exchange is the greatest in existence; it is the world's greatest seaport; it has the most magnificent railway stations in America; it is the greatest banking center in the country; more popular songs are published in New York than in all other cities combined ('I Love the Ladies'—also Crane); it has more Pittsburg millionaires than Pittsburg; it has a larger Irish population than Dublin, a larger Jewish population than Jerusalem had in its most glorious days, and according to estimates made by some of our most able estimators, it has a larger number of native New Yorkers than has Cohoes."

ALICE I. L.—It was apparently your letter that caused all the trouble. A person is presumed to intend the natural consequences of his act. Write direct to Essanay for players' pictures.

MRS. J. B. D., CENTERVILLE.—Charles Ogle is playing opposite Mary Pickford just now. I believe you refer to Ormi Hawley, with Lubin. Anita Stewart was the wife in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph).

EMIL S., MILWAUKEE.—Mr. Vosburg was the artist in "Lost in Mid-ocean" (Vitagraph). Gaston Bell was Jefferson in "The Lion and the Mouse" (Lubin). Donald Crisp was the officer in "A Tavern of Tragedy" (Mutual). So you shed real tears after seeing "Hearts Adrift."

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Carol Holloway was the girl in "The Root of Evil" (Lubin). Justina Huff was the daughter. Denton Vane was James Morrison's brother in "A Crime of Cain" (Vitagraph). L. C. Shumway was John in "Vengeance Is Mine" (Lubin).

ANASTACIA.—Do you know that you are awfully spunky? Also disrespectful? I dont intend to shave my beard, which seems to worry you so much.

GERTRUDE P.—Allan Hale was Mr. Thorne in "Strongheart" (Biograph). You might try. Tom Moore had the part of Paul in "Nina of the Theater" (Kalem).

BLUE EYES, 15.—Webster Campbell played the part of Tom in "From Out of the Dregs" (Kay Bee). His picture will appear soon. Enid Markie was the girl. Cleo Ridgely is with Kalem. Not Tom Powers, but James Morrison in "The Passing of Diana" (Vitagraph).

E. A., MILWAUKEE.—Webster Campbell in "The Girl of the Cafés" (Lubin). Elsa Lorimer and Miss Sage were the girls in "The Pendulum of Fate" (Selig).

E. B., NASHVILLE.—I read every word of your twelve interesting pages, and I thank you.

H. C., BROOKLYN.—You have about as much chance to get into a picture company as you have to get into the moon. Dont you know that every company has a waiting list of a hundred or more? And most of them are experienced players from the stage. Nobody wants a green player nowadays. Acting is not as easy as it looks. There is not one in a hundred who can do the simple thing of walking in and sitting down, correctly.

SHRIMP, AURORA.—Tom Moore was the actor in that Kalem. Marion Cooper was with Reliance last. Haven't heard of Isabelle Lamon's whereabouts. All players are glad to accept appreciation, even if it is critical.

LUANE CHESWALL.—Dixie Marron was the schoolgirl in "Castles in the Air" (Selig). Adrienne Kroell was the stenographer in "The Girl at His Side" (Selig).

MOVIE GIRLS.—You should be reminded that the actors live in a sham world. The Nash twins are no longer with Vitagraph. We have never printed House Peters' picture. Hazel Buckham was the girl in "The House Discordant." Thanks, but I have not as yet received that package, and I am all curiosity and anxiety.

MARY B.—Harold Lockwood is still playing for Famous Players. Mary Pickford will appreciate a letter from you, but I doubt whether she will answer it for some time, for she receives thousands.

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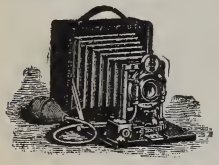
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LUCY A.—Yes, my child, you must give the name of the company always. Florence LaBadie was the girl in "The Head Waiter" (Thanhouser).

BETTY BELL.—So you think Lottie Briscoe has been as long with the Lubin as most people stay, and you still have hopes of seeing Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson back together again. It may yet be. Lots of people so wish.

SADIE G.—You must write to the manufacturers for pictures of players. See note at head of this department.

BERNICE G.—As a rule, I dont like long letters, but yours are exceptions. John Bunny is making a tour around the world. Lots of films are spoiled by poor operators who, when unwinding a reel, pull down on the film, thus causing scratching, and then when it is shown again we see "rain."

SOPHIE.—No; Hughie Mack is not one of John Bunny's boys. Robert Leonard is playing opposite Ella Hall. Walter Miller was the blind man in "Thru the Eyes of the Blind" (Imp).

ROBERT W.—Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main Street, Stroudsburg, Pa., about the Correspondence Club, but be sure to enclose a stamp for an answer. The club is prospering and increasing.

JAPONETTE.—Your letter was immense. Since you have no one at home who will listen to your troubles, I shall be glad to hear them. I have never fought in the Civil War. Ormi Hawley did not take an anti-fat cure.

MAZIE Z. N.—Sorry that I have lost your friendship, but I remember that he who ceases to be a friend never was one. Gerda Holmes in "The Song in the Dark."

KITTY C.—Glad to see you back. Violet Reid was the wife in "The Birthday Ring" (Biograph). Walter Smith was the cashier in "Out of the Depths" (Lubin). Thomas Forman in "A Romance of the Northwest" (Lubin). Ethel Pierce in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Robert Drouet was Bob in "The Two Fathers" (Lubin). Louise Orth in "Blame the Tailor" (Biograph). Brinsley Shaw in "In the Gambler's Web" (Lubin). You're welcome.

MRS. A. C. F.—I shall hand your letter to the Editor, and he will, no doubt, comply with some of your wishes.

MAY N.—Perhaps Caution accounts for more goodness than does Virtue. Harry Schumm was the hypnotist in "The Bride of Mystery" (Gold Seal). Mr. C. Cattaneo and G. Serena in "Quo Vadis?" as the characters you mention.

JUST KURIOUS.—Neva Gerber and Madeline Post in "The Wiles of a Siren" (Kalem). Ray Gallagher and Velma Whitman in "The Getaway" (Lubin). Ruth Bryant and Richard Morris in "The Strength of Family Ties" (Lubin). William West, Marin Sais and George Melford in "The Master Rogue" (Kalem). The latter played both parts.

EILEEN L. L.—Romaine Fielding was the lead in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). About one-third of the total population of the world are Christians.

VIVIENNE.—You refer to Ernest Truex in "The Good Little Devil." Eva Lewis was the mother in "The Sheep-herder" (Universal). Jane Benondy was the girl. Murdock MacQuarrie was the old man in "The Hope of Blind Alley" (Universal).

CANUCK.—The Strand Theater, in New York, is three times as large as the Vitagraph Theater. You refer to Anita Stewart.

ARCADIA.—I will quote a kind letter received from Mr. Lorimer Johnston, director of the Flying A. "I will answer 'Arcadia's' question to which you replied, 'Not in my line' (September). The 'Bide Awee and Pray' church is All Saints by the Sea, High Episcopal; Rev. George F. Weld rector, at Miramar, a section of Montecito, near Santa Barbara, Cal. I used this in my picture, 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' which I visualized from Dickens' novel and produced when I was director of the first company at the Flying A in Santa Barbara. The rector was very kind in allowing the exterior of the church to be pictured, but is rather proud of the fact that he has never seen a Moving Picture. I invited him to the studio at the time we ran the print, but he refused and said he had no curiosity on the subject. Glad to have been able to answer 'Arcadia'." Much thanks to Mr. Johnston.

L. H. C., GLOUCESTER.—Marin Sais was leading lady in "The Chinese Death Thorn" (Kalem). Tom Moore had the lead in "The Shadow" (Kalem). Crane Wilbur and Octavia Handworth in "The President's Pardon" (Pathé). Herbert Barry was Phelps, and Tefft Johnson was his father in "The Great Diamond Mystery" (Vitagraph).

BEULAH T. B.—Vivian Prescott was the girl in that Biograph. Dolly Larkin in "Claim Number 3." No, I dont believe in whisky as a brain fertilizer.

CISSY.—I have handed your story to the Editor. You know we have our own staff of writers. You omitted to give your address. Where? There are 1,307,000 miles of telegraph lines in the world, of which 225,000 are in the United States.

ANTHONY.—I am glad to see the improvement in your letters. No, that was not Crane Wilbur in "Stacked Cards" (Kay-Bee). You refer to Thomas Chatterton. Some call him the young Crane Wilbur. William Duncan is with Western Vitagraph now, and it was reported that Gwendoline Pates was with Selig. Your cast looks good.

MARION L. S.—I seldom borrow or lend —especially the latter. Sorry. Thanks muchly for the pressed flowers. Great Britain owns more ocean cables than all the other countries combined.

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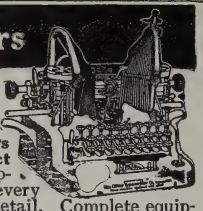
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PLYMOUTH FAN.—Gertrude Robinson is still with Biograph. 'Most all players work under contract. Marshall P. Wilder was at Atlantic City last, where he lives. I agree with you.

BILLY ROMAINE.—Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood had the leads in "The Broken Barrier" (American). Adele Lane was Edna, and William Stowell was Frank in "Somebody's Sister." Stella Razetto and Guy Oliver were the leads in "What Became of Jane" (Selig).

BLACK-EYED REBEL.—Robert Frazer was Roberts in "The Dupe" (Eclair). Earle Metcalf was John in "Three Men and a Woman" (Lubin). Robert Frazer had the lead in "Renunciation" (Eclair). Harry Carter was Jim in "The House Across the Street" (Rex). Thanks so much for the enormous fee. Very good of you.

MABEL C. M.—The handsome young man you refer to was Robert Ellis. Yes, a chat with Harry Beaumont is due, and I shall speak to the Editor.

OLGA, 17.—I am glad you have had such a dandy vacation and are ready for work. I read your letter three times and enjoyed it each time. You must use Bon Ami.

AGNES A.—Herbert Rawlinson has been with Universal about two years. He was formerly with Selig. Congratulations.

EDNA C., TOLEDO.—Many thanks for the fee. Harry Keenan was Jean in "The Winning of Denise" (Kay-Bee). The Richard Stanton question is not according to Hoyle. Yes; Henry Walthall with Reliance. Charles West is not playing. Walter Edwards was the actor in "The Stigma" (Kay-Bee).

PINKY, 17.—Thanks for your kind words. Tom McEvoy was Jonah in "The Jonah" (Biograph). Kalem produced "The Barefoot Boy."

MARIE E. D.—Harold Vosburg was Richard in "Her Ladyship" (Selig). Lester Cuneo and Eleanor Blevins in "Marrying Gretchen" (Selig). Pronounce it *See-y*. Thanks.

SEPTEMBER MORN.—Louise Glaum was Elizabeth in "The Convict's Story" (Kalem). Charles Bennett was John in "Tainted Money" (Vitagraph). Charles William Taylor was Jack Forsythe. Lawrence McClosky wrote "The Harmless One"; Romaine Fielding played the lead. Please tell me the answer to your puzzle; I surrender.

FLORENCE K.—Webster Campbell was Warren in "The Downward Path" (Lubin). Tom Moore does not direct. Your letter was very interesting.

MRS. K. H. B.—Sorry, but you failed to give the company. I will look up your questions later. Population of Berlin, 2,071,257; Paris, 2,888,110; St. Petersburg (Petrograd), 1,907,708; Vienna, 2,031,468.

EVELYN G.—Address Bryant Washburn in care of Essanay. Carlyle Blackwell with the Favorite Players, Los Angeles.

FLO, 17.—Jere Austin was the doctor in "Nina of the Theater." Owen Moore is with Famous Players. Thanks for your nice letter.

M. D. C., KANSAS CITY.—House Peters in "In the Bishop's Carriage." Ernest Truex in the second. Franklyn Hall was Dr. West in "The Ordeal" (Selig). Elsie Greeson played opposite him. Accent on the first syllable. Ethel Davis had the lead in "An Actor's Romance."

NANCY S.—Both admirers have Roman noses. But what difference does that make? Very inconvenient to be born poor.

H. S., PORT BOLIVAR.—Glad you are enjoying yourself. Many others have asked that same question about that player, and for the benefit of all, let me say it is not true. As Ouida says, "A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run."

ELSIE M. L.—I am glad you have made new acquaintances. Why dont you join our Correspondence Club?

ROYALTY AS PHOTOPLAYERS

(*Continued from page* 83)

pean—are about to be given over to the Moving Picture camera and will be produced in the out-of-the-way little country, Roumania. The news goes even further by whispering that the beautiful queen has engaged a camera man to film scenes from her own private life. But this is royalty's whim, and the pictures will perhaps be shown only in the Queen of Roumania's palace.

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ROSE S.—I saw the Cleo Madison picture you refer to, and I agree with you. I dont understand why she is not more popular. But she is still young.

FLO, 17.—Fritzi Brunetti and Thomas Mills had the leads in "Annie Laurie" (Reliance). Cleo Madison and George Larkin had the leads in "The Trey of Hearts" (Universal). Dont worry, I wont go to war just yet. Am I so ferocious that everybody thinks I will go to war?

D. P. B., SEATTLE.—Thanks. Thomas Santschi was Bruce in the Kathlyn series. We do not use the original half-tone plates, but print from steel electros.

OLGA, 17.—Our outing was held on September 4th, and all employees went to a summer resort for a good time. The fine weather was, no doubt, due to your prayers. Many thanks for enclosure.

HELEN L. R.—Antonio Moreno was John Rance in "John Rance, Gentleman" (Vitagraph). He called here recently, and he is a handsome and prepossessing young man. Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood had the leads in "Youth and Art" (American). Arthur Ashley was Harmon in "Bread Upon the Waters" (Vitagraph). Robert Walker was the nephew in "The Old Army Coat" (Kalem). Charlotte Nuneau was the landlady in "A Boarding-house Scramble" (Essanay). I have received many compliments about my loving-cup.

ABE, 99.—Billie Rhodes was Blanche in "A Leap for a Life" (Kalem). Eka Lorimer was the girl in "Broncho Billy's True Love" (Essanay). Mae Marsh and Wallace Reid in "Moonshine Molly" (Mutual). Cissy Fitzgerald is still with the Vitagraph. You want to see her in "The Win(k)some Widow."

RAY, BOSTON.—Webster Campbell and Herschal Mayall had the leads in "The Wharf-rats" (Broncho). Louise Lester was the widow in "The Widow's Investment" (American). George Hernandez was the last man in "The Last Man's Club" (Selig). Miss Clifton and Roscoe Arbuckle were husband and wife in "A Robust Romeo" (Keystone).

B. L. T.—So you dont like any man who would play a woman's part. But dont you know that nearly every player is required to do so, sooner or later?

HARRISON H.—Crane Wilbur is playing only in "The Perils of Pauline" (Eclectic). Thanks for the picture of your cousin.

BILLIE B.—Wallace Beery in the Sweedie pictures. You neglected to give your address so we could return your photoplay.

DOB.—No, not Florence LaBadie, but Marguerite Snow. I refer to James Cruze. So you know Lillian Walker personally? Isn't that nice!

ABE, 99.—Edward Peil in "At His Expense" (Lubin). James Morrison was the artist in "The Portrait."

KERRY.—Hazel Buckham is with the Rex. So you wish that Vyrgynya would take my place when I resign. I am going to live 100 more years, so she will have to wait some little time.

RETTA ROMAINE.—Please accept my felicitations and thanks. You and Anthony go to the theater together. Richard Tucker does not play in many films.

MELVA.—Your letter was indeed interesting. Harold Lockwood in that play with Mary Pickford.

LOTTIE D. T.—Louise Vale and George Morgan in "The Prospectors" (Biograph). Edna Payne and Bob Frazer in "The Renunciation" (Eclair). Dorothy Phillips was Vivian, and Alexander Gaden was Brian in "The Lady of the Island" (Imp). Walter Miller and Irene Wallace in "A Beggar Prince of India" (Victor).

O. A. D.—Louise Vale and George Morgan had the leads in "The Next Door Neighbor" (Biograph). Harry Morey in the Vitagraph.

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Donald Hall is now playing opposite Norma Talmadge, and Antonio Moreno is opposite Edith Storey. Your letter is fine.

THOSE WHO MAKE US LAUGH

(*Continued from page* 92)

laugh is entitled to a monument just as much as is Edgar Allan Poe, who did little else than spread gloom in an artistic way. We have enough grumblers and complainers and gloom-spreaders, enough sadness and shadow; let us have more sunshine. Let us crown the laugh-makers. Let us encourage them. Let us show our appreciation. God bless the people who make us laugh!

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every laugh, if merry, draws one out.

How prettily Paul Hayne describes laughter:

Low, gurgling laughter, as sweet
As the swallow's song i' the south,
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet
By the curves of a perfect mouth.

And how delightfully does Oliver Wendell Holmes sum up the different kinds of laughter:

You hear the boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.



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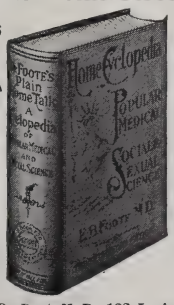
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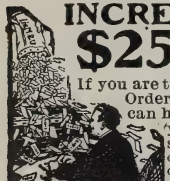
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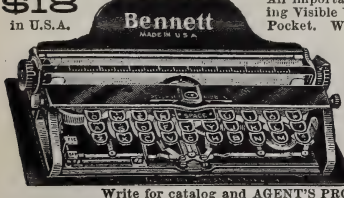
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BALTIMORE is proud of her Bushman, and does not mean to let any other city get credit for having raised him. Miss Jane F. Early, of 1205 W. Lombard Street, writes the following protest, which we publish with pleasure:

In the Brief Biographies of the October issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I notice that you have Francis X. Bushman's birthplace as Richmond, Va. This is absolutely wrong, as I know his sister personally, and she told me some time ago that he is a Baltimore boy—born and raised here. I wish you would correct this and put it in print, so that our fair city may have the credit, which is no more than right. Wont you do this?

Mr. John E. Sykes, of Cuyahoga Falls, O., holds a brief for Alice Joyce, and her critics had better watch out:

In your October number you credit Rosemary Theby with owning as her "favorite figure in the world's history" that of Catherine the Great of Russia.

After referring to the true character of Catherine, we will give the "Radiant Rosemary" one more chance at the world's greatest characters. Was it not rather the dull, plodding nation that Catherine ruled over that emphasized her seeming greatness?

It has been said by one writer, in describing their lethargy and want of energy, that "if the moon were to fall, a peasant of Russia would say to you, 'The moon has fallen,' in the same tone and manner he would tell you he had bought a new calf." Catherine is also credited with being a party to the murder of her husband, the Emperor Peter III. Besides, she was mother of from three to five children who could not rightly say "papa" to the Emperor. One more chance, Rosemary.

And also permit me to refer to a letter on page 166, wherein it is charged thus: "I certainly never have seen Alice Joyce do any great acting. Of course we all like her." This last expression saves the day, but does not account for her acting.

Has M. M. ever seen Alice Joyce in "The Cabaret Dancer" or "In Wolf's Clothing" or "Our New Minister," and many more equally good? "The Cabaret Dancer" was a gem, made so by no one else than Alice Joyce. Of course, if M. M. wants her to tear her hair and assume wild tragedy where simplicity is the thing required, then Alice cannot act. But if carrying a character thru true to

life is what is wanted, then she can do great things, and this she does.

Great acting does not imply great activity before the camera always. Some of the greatest things that are accomplished are where scarcely a muscle moves.

Here is an interesting letter from Mr. Irwin J. Cunz, of 417 First Ave., Spokane, Wash.:

With this letter I venture my third epistle to you and your worthy department.

First, I wish to tell you that, as a Motion Picture enthusiast, I never see less than thirty thousand feet of film each week, and to see them takes up nearly all my spare time. Quite frequently I attend a "movie" show at noontimes, and it is for this reason that my friends "poke" fun at me and my fad for seeing photoplays. Oftentimes, when returning from a photoshow at noon, my friends would jocosely say to me: "Well, what did you have for lunch—comedy or drama?" And it is with deep satisfaction that I come back with a reply similar to this: "Oh, I had the best on the menu, and it consisted of two platters (two reels) of Kerrigan." Fine food for a movie fan!

I consider Motion Pictures and printing the two greatest inventions. Motion Pictures for the wonderful pastime they afford me, and printing because without it there would be no MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for me to read.

Photoplayers receive many presents, so I have heard. But do they always obtain something useful? For instance, there are a few people who, when acting before the camera, always seem tired and sleepy; why should not some one send them alarm-clocks? They would make appropriate gifts.

Recently I witnessed the Universal feature, "Samson," and while so doing a woman seated behind me cried excitedly: "Oh, there's War-r-ren!" when Mr. Kerrigan appeared on the screen, and then noticing that he was costumed in skin and hides, she added: "My! but doesn't he look funny in that new suit?" Evidently she thought that skin and hides were now the vogue and that her favorite was living up to fashion's decree.

Often while viewing a Keystone egg, pie or brick-throwing contest, I would hear the audience roar with laughter, and as this happened many times, the loud laughter grew monotonous to me, as I could see nothing funny in egg-throwing, especially at the time when eggs were selling at fifty cents a dozen. Finally I thought thus: For firearms there is manufactured what is called a "Maxim Silencer," an instrument which does away with the loud report of a bullet when discharged. Why, then, should not some

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ingenious person invent a "Keystone Silencer" to check the hilarity caused by Mack Sennett's rough-and-tumble farces? I am quite confident that the inventor of such an instrument could make a fortune selling them to those who enjoy an "eggfest."

"Perils of Snootbum" and "Adventures of Silly Isabelle" serial pictures are getting to be quite the fad—with the manufacturers. Yet I am willing to wager that the players who "undergo" the "perils" in these serials are not in the same class with me when I try to gain admission into a photoplay theater where a real feature, and not a serial installment, is being exhibited. Not only am I in Great Peril of not obtaining a seat nor do I have an Adventure with stout persons on either side of me who seem to forbid my passing them, but I receive rough treatment from an eager crowd, and, furthermore, my feet are often utilized as a mat marked "Welcome"—that is to say that they are stepped upon and crushed by the crowd. Such adventures and perils as these are more exciting than those of a photoplay heroine.

That famed person who said that he "lost two golden hours—no reward is given for their return, as they can never be recovered!" certainly did not lose them in a photoplay theater; he lost them in the "legitimate gutter."

The other day I recommended a picture to a friend and told him that the play was a strong one, as it contained a "punch." "Aw!" said he, "I do not like prizefight stories in Motion Picture plays." Now what do you call that—ignorance or misunderstanding?

I will now close my near-satirical letter, which I have so extravagantly used, and I wish to state that I am a most sincere and admiring reader.

John F. Fitzgerald, Jr., of 142 Pennsylvania Avenue, Newark, N. J., makes the following suggestions:

Kindly permit me to use a few lines in regard to some people who, while attending the photoplays, are continually talking in an endeavor to explain the picture or to tell others what will happen in the following scene.

Criticism upon this subject may have been offered before, but as the Motion Picture enterprise is becoming so extensively great, the number of attendants of the photoplay theater is vastly increased; and with this multiplicity of attendance come some people who are evidently lacking in knowledge pertaining to appropriate decorum at the Motion Picture theater. They seem to be unaware of the fact that their loquacity, their useless and unnecessary talk is decidedly annoying and pronouncedly irritative to those near them.

When a letter or note is flashed upon the screen, some of the people are so ignorant that they actually read it aloud, and at the same time the intelligent people, those who attend the pictures for the purpose of sharing in the splendid benefits which are derivable therefrom, must put up with such annoyance. Do these individuals, who do the talking and reading aloud, think that the other attendants near them are not sufficiently endowed with common sense and intelligence to understand the play themselves? If not, why do they describe the play to their neighbor when their neighbor can see the play with his own eyes? If they do not regard others, who are near them, as being illiterate, why do they read the letters, notes, etc., aloud?

As a rule the Motion Pictures themselves are so explicitly portrayed that any common-sensed person can understand them without the least difficulty, and verbal explanations among the audience are entirely unnecessary, inasmuch as such talking tends greatly to deprive many of the people who hear it from the real enjoyment of the play.

Those who adhere to such a program should immediately asquiesce in the motto, "The silent play should be witnessed in silence."

The writer has not by any means submitted this letter merely for personal criticism; it is my interest in the photoplay enterprise, which is invaluable to all who witness its business, that prompts me to offer this suggestion in deference to the comfort of a majority of the Motion Picture goers.

It may have been noticed that the newspapers and magazines thruout the country are excluding from their columns the names of all poisons, especially those used for the purpose of suicide, as these names of poisons were pronounced suggestive. This should also apply to Motion Pictures as well as newspapers. The producers of photoplays should exercise especial care not to have the designation of the poison shown in the picture, as films in which the name of the poison is distinctively presented to view are not worthy of approval by the censorship board; yet the writer is strongly of the opinion that the producers would not have the name of any poison shown if they were aware of the fact that such is very suggestive.

Henry Willis Mitchell, of 45 North Washington Street, Plainville, Conn., writes as follows:

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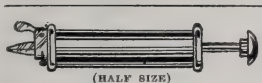
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a starter? But I mean every word I say. Were I to go into detail concerning the many beautiful girls and noble men who are delighting the millions of people on the screen, I fear I should not find paper enough whereon to pen my words.

Do you know these people are preaching sermons miles long in many cases? Do you know that there are short and long texts in a simple facile movement or a graceful gesticulation? Has it ever occurred to you that there are more ways than one to preach a sermon, and that it does not always require a Spurgeon, Moody, Talmage, Luther, Wesley or Beecher? Why, dear me, dear little Louise Huff, in her hunting-suit, compels me to go hunting in my own heart.

Marion Leonard's mouth speaks of June sunshine and dew-bespangled strawberries. Clara Kimball Young (Vitagraph), even if they didn't accept my photoplay, sets me wondering how in all creation Nature ever combined so much sweet originality and grace in so sweet a creature. My expressions are somewhat paradoxical, I must admit, but, then, sometimes words fail me. Anyway, I send her my kind wishes. Please convey.

And concerning the masculine, I will say I admire their good, noble acting and straightforward manner on the screen. I am sure they undergo much laborious work in hanging for hours together on lariats' ends, glued to bucking horses, and all that sort of thing. Please say to them for me: "Mornin'."

Here is another New Zealand admirer—O. S. W. Abbott, of 708 East Intram Road, Hastings, Hawkes Bay:

Just a line to inform you that I am a recent purchaser of your wonderful MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, a publication of the highest merit. I heartily congratulate the founders and wish them the best of success, especially on the most able manner in which each different department of this magazine is conducted. I am a printer by trade (job printer, not newspaper), and it pleases my eyes to see an excellent magazine like the above, which in general make-up and appearance is the best I have ever seen. I enclose a separate sheet of inquiries, which I trust you will kindly answer.

Mr. Paul H. Simpson writes appreciatively from far-off Christ Church, New Zealand:

Here comes a "still, small voice" from far-off New Zealand, where women have the vote and there are no suffragets. This voice is going to whisper a word or two in praise of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, so just yank out your ear-trumpet and listen.

When a magazine like yours finds its way out here, it shows pretty plainly that it's good, eh? Truly can you say that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE reaches the ends of the earth, 'coz New Zealand is right on the edge, and it takes us all our time to keep from falling over, as 'twere.

As one who is interested in Moving Pictures (having had many scenarios rejected), I think your magazine is a very creditable publication, full of interest and information. May I wish it the very best of luck?

All our towns here have their picture shows, and we get most of the good films. Well, busy man, I must away.

GREAT ARTIST CONTEST ECHOES

MISS LOIS F. COOLEY, of Minneapolis, expresses satisfaction in the election of Earle Williams as king of the photoplayers, thus:

The very best has happened—Earle Williams won the Great Artist Contest; and that is as it should be. He is noble-looking, full of the air of command, whose distinguished bearing everywhere exacts an unforced deference. Handsome, intellectual, artistic, he is unspoiled by the public's adoration; possessed of that unegotistical bearing, the quality most loved in a great artist.

He acts with skill, finesse and effect. In "The Christian" Mr. Williams achieves artistic heights which he has never surpassed during his entire career as leading man with the Vitagraph Players.

I had not intended to send any votes in, but it occurred to me that we who do not vote are helping to elect the favorites of those who do. Perhaps these votes will not count on account of being sent in all at once; at any rate, whether they do or not, I wish to speak a few words about the way we voted.

I consider Rosemary Theby and Anita Stewart wonderful players.

I consider Kerrigan a wonderful player, in that he can take any part, from comedy to tragedy, equally well. He is not only admired, but loved by the public; this I know from the remarks I have heard among the audience, young and old, and all nationalities. August, too, is a splendid player. Coxen is another player who is always received with delight, but is at his best, I think, in sympathetic plays. Mary Pickford is the cutest player. Vivian Rich the one I like the best. Winifred Greenwood makes a splendid mate for Coxen.

My first choice votes go to Bryant Washburn, because I consider him a splendid, talented player and fully the equal in every way of any of the Essanay



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Demand Increasing Daily

Do you know that producers are advertising in the open market for just such plays as you could write after mastering our course of instruction? You see many poor plays on the screen and doubtless wonder why such stuff is produced. The producers know these plays are poor as well as you do, if they had better plays the poor ones would not be produced; **but the demand must be filled** and they must take what is available. It is for this reason they want fresh ideas from people in every walk of life. They want your ideas if you have the technical training to put them in proper shape. We give you this training under the personal direction of a widely known photoplaywright.

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"Insanity"	Lubin
"The Little Music Teacher"	Majestic
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
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"Cupid's Victory"	Nestor
"A Good Turn"	Lubin
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players, and I cannot understand why he is not shown more appreciation by the voters. He possesses grace and charm and a personality that delights his audience. I know that this is true; in "The Chasm" he gave us all the heartache. Our sympathy was all for him. The audience was so interested they forgot to talk, and that was a greater tribute than applause. I would like to see him always lead, but failing that, prefer best the pictures in which he and Bushman are on equality.

Travers is a good player, but frankly I do not like to see him. I do like Gerda Holmes, however.

The result of the contest will not alter my opinion of Washburn in the least, and I hope some time to see him receive the credit he deserves. Always best, whether lover, friend, or villain.

L. C. HUGHES.

EARLE WILLIAMS.

Just run Old Glory up the mast,
And all the joy-bells ring;
Bring out the Boston Symphony,
And let dear Melba sing;
Oh, call Caruso from his dreams;
Bid Tetrazzini wake,
And insist that Paderewski
An active interest take;
Let everything that makes a noise,
Of any sort or size,
Bang out a song triumphant—
Earle Williams won the prize!

You little fishes in the sea,
Go dance around the bay;
You little birdies high in air,
Sing forth a roundelay;
Let every leaflet clap its hands;
Let every brooklet swirl;
Let all the little breezes come
And make the grasses whirl;
Let everything alive rejoice
From light to evening dim—
Earle Williams won the prize, and we
Are mighty glad for him.

He's the finest, noblest, strongest,
The handsomest, the best;
He's the most artistic, truest;
He stands above the rest—
By the greatest gifts of Heaven
And Art most rightly crowned
King, and the mightiest player—
Let every trumpet sound,
While we before this King of Art
And mighty acting rise
And shout, with one triumphant voice:
Earle Williams won the prize!

M. C. VAN B.

I would like to say that I cast all my votes for Romaine Fielding, as I think he really is a great artist. Why, take him in "The Evil Eye" and "The Clod." What better could any one desire? When we see him on the screen we forget him as

Romaine Fielding, and remember only the part he plays. He is such a great artist, that as much as I love him, it is hard for me to really make him out in some of his wonderful parts; no doubt that proves him great. Oh! I do wish he would win. I have worked a great deal here in New Orleans to help him win. With best wishes for the success of your magazine and also for your advancing figures towards my favorite. Why dont you ever print anything I write? From a friend in the picture world.

ELLA GRIMALDI.

P. S.—My favorite lady is Helen Gardner.

Enclosed you will find 160 votes for Carlyle Blackwell, 60 for Mary Pickford, 85 for Alice Hollister, 85 for Clara Kimball Young, and 80 for Guy Coombs.

I am very fond of all these artists and am anxious to see them all near the top.

I think Carlyle Blackwell the best of them all, he is so strong and manly—there is not one part I have ever seen him take that he did not make a wonderful success of. I do hope he will continue his wonderful work, and also be the winner of the contest.

"Little Mary" Pickford won my heart—as she did every one else's—in "Tess of the Storm Country." She was so sweet and innocent I'm quite sure she deserved the praise she got. Here's hoping she finishes with honors in the contest.

Clara Kimball Young's work in "The Little Minister" convinced me of her talent. She is a very beautiful and able artist and deserves much praise.

I think Alice Hollister is just wonderful and should be recognized as one of the great Motion Picture artists. Her work in "The Vampire," "The Kerry Gow," and "Primitive Man" was unequaled, and I join Miss Pearl Gaddis in singing her praises.

Guy Coombs is unsurpassed. He came up to his best in "The Grim Toll of War," "A Celebrated Case," "Shipwrecked," "Exposure of the Land Swindlers," and many others. I am his ardent admirer.

Oh! there are so many wonderful artists that deserve so much praise, that I wish I had votes for all of them. Dont you like Blanche Sweet, Henry Walthall, Marshall Neilan, Crane Wilbur, Louise Glaum, E. K. Lincoln, Mary Fuller, and a hoard of others? Well, I do, and I sincerely hope they will all be winners of contests held in their honor.

Hoping to see my favorites' (Carlyle and "Little Mary") names in the very lead, by the close of the contest, I am sincerely yours,

HELEN ROBERTS.

P. S.—You cant imagine how much pleasure I get reading your magazine. It is very interesting.

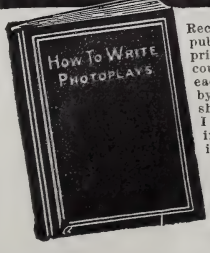


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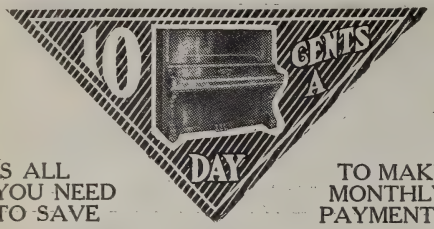
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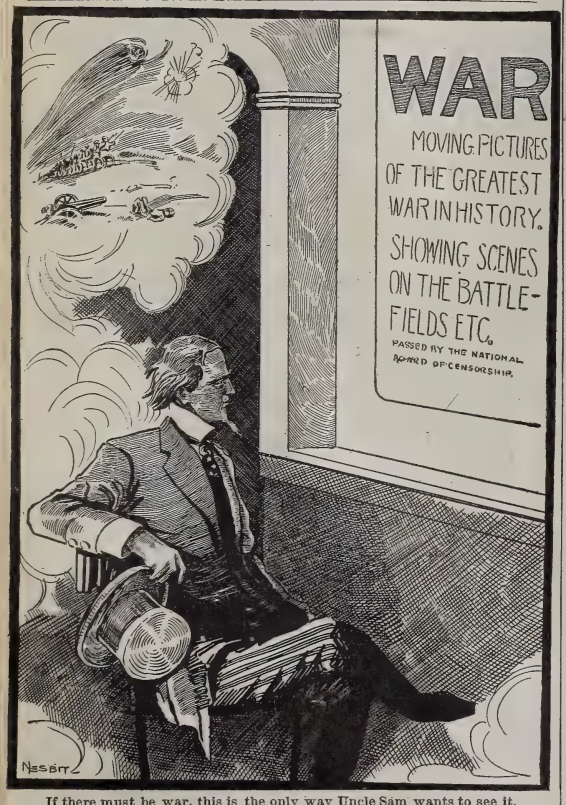
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I think that no one will dispute my claim to being a veteran picture "Fan" when I assert that for four years those evenings when I have not witnessed two or three shows have been the exception and not the rule. I have also been an interested reader of your magazine since its debut into the reading world, and I always derive most pleasure from the department devoted to the criticism and praise of the players notwithstanding the fact that it seems to me that most of the players are judged not by their artistry, but by their looks and clothes. I have my magazine at hand and am glancing over the returns of the Great Artist contest. It is (pardon my saying so, but it is) evidence of a very undiscriminating public who places such an artist as Henry Walthall almost at the bottom of the list instead of among those present at the head. Surely he is a very great artist, those of us who saw him in "The Gopher" where he played the arch villain in such a manner and again recall him as the lover in "The Soul of Honor," must acknowledge him versatile. I think that his last farewell to his sweetheart in this latter play was the most meltingly, tender and exquisite love scene I have ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Earle Williams, manly, sincere and handsome, well deserves the honor of ranking so high in the public esteem, and I sincerely hope that he and that lovely little sprite, Mary Pickford, may carry off first honors. Other favorites of mine who I would love to see receive a greater appreciation are Lois Weber, Philip Smalley, Harry Morey, William Humphries, E, H, Calvert, House Peters. I think that they are all favorites to be proud of. With best wishes for the magazine, I am, HATTIE LEE MAYER.

I am taking advantage of this opportunity to express my candid opinion of my favorite, Alice Joyce, and to impart to others the impression her splendid acting has made upon me.

Her exquisite beauty of which her deep, dreamy eyes are the most conspicuous and captivating, accompanied by her most appealing way of impersonating characters, and the realistic style which she employs in adopting herself to the several qualities and characteristics which the various parts, that she is called upon to assume, require, are the chief causes of my admiration and deference for her.

Her capability as an actress is limitless. She is at home in the comedy where joy and merriment are the prevailing elements, as well as in the serious drama where she resorts to all the force of her latent talent to effectively depict some pathetic scene, employing the different shades of emotion, causing many eyes to moisten, and many of her spectators to

cry for joy when their favorite little heroine is saved from the clutches of the villain.

I close my brief, humble account by giving vent to my enthusiasm in stating my hope that she will be offered the opportunity to show her talent in far more important dramatic products, so our Little Alice will reach the zenith of her popularity.

LILLIE PETTI.

I cast my votes for Arthur Johnson, for I consider him the greatest artist. He is unsurpassed in expression. His wonderful emotional talent places him above all others.

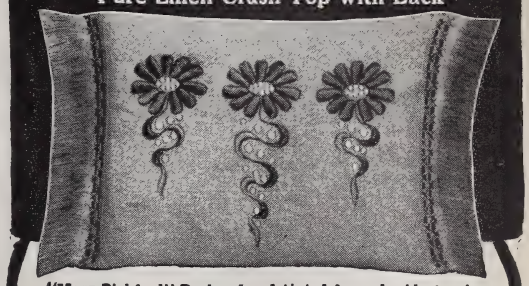
And will say the same of sweet Lottie Briscoe, whom I have always considered one of the greatest film artists.

MRS. H. B. P.

I am enclosing my votes for Mary Pickford, Clara K. Young, James Cruze, and Arthur Johnson, and am sorry that those I sent in previously were lost. Please let me take exception to the complaints sent in by certain voters regarding the status of capable players who are not handsome. They have mostly arrived at the sad conclusion that the voting public cannot distinguish between an attractive personal appearance and real ability, and one correspondent dismissed the whole matter with the disgusted assertion that it was easy to make love, and any man could kiss a girl. We wonder if he has ever taken in any amateur theatricals in his home town, and watched the pitiful timidity of the local talent leads. Almost any fair-sized town will be blest (and they are blessings when they are the real thing) with one acceptable comedian, and frequently the villain and some of the main supporting characters will do quite creditable work, but have you never invoked heaven's pity on the self-conscious young men and women who are assigned the leads? Ask them if emotional work is easy. If they speak the truth, they will probably say they never sweated so abundantly over anything in their lives. Certainly it is "easy to kiss a girl" given a favorable environment and the right girl, but I ask your correspondent to try it before an audience, or before a camera and director. I believe his honest preference would be for the part of the blackest villain unhung. It is idle to assert that those who appear in the first column "are there with the looks and nothing else." Thousands of people have appreciated the remarkable versatility of Clara Kimball Young, Arthur Johnson, Lottie Briscoe, James Cruze, Mary Pickford and others in that first column. All honor to real ability, whether it accompanies a face like John Bunny's, or a human gem like Clara Young's.

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Editorial Announcement

If you like this number of the Motion Picture Magazine, you will surely like the next, for we are trying hard to make it "The best yet!" We have a number of real treats in store for our readers, among them being an article entitled "The Renaissance of Improvising," by HELEN WARE, the eminent interpreter of Hungarian and Slav music. The name of Helen Ware is doubtless known to most of our readers, not only from her writings, but from having heard her in concert, in which field she has attained an international reputation. The article will be illustrated, and will be of unusual interest to all lovers of good music, particularly to those who are desirous of hearing better music in our Motion Picture theaters. And then we have an unusually interesting article by Wm. Lord Wright, on "Big Scenes and Purse-Strings," profusely illustrated, showing the great expense the companies go to in providing what are called "thrillers." Another article by Mr. Wright, equally interesting, is "What the Beasts of the Field Have Done in Motion Pictures." But we have not room to describe each article, so here is a partial list of articles that we have on hand:

"Their Preferences and Prejudices, Confided by the Photoplayers to Norbert Lusk"

This article makes interesting mention of such popular players as Earle Williams, King Baggot, Flora Finch, Mabel Trunnelle, Mary Fuller, Rose Coghlan, Marc MacDermott, Lillian Walker, Mary Pickford, Arthur Johnson and many others.

"What the Players Were Doing a Few Years Ago," by Lester Sweyd.
"The Soundless Message, or Movie Mouth Reading," by R. J. Cassell.
"Saving Immigrant Girls with the Movies," by Geraldine Ames.
"Filming O. Henry at Tucson," by Ralph E. Herron.
"A Week with Lottie Briscoe," by "M. B. H."
"Ten Reasons Why Movies Are Good for the Eyes," by Laurrie O'Boston.
"Funny Stories of the Players That Are True," by Albert L. Roat.
"Exciting Stories of the Players That Are True," by James Black.
"A Trip to Vitagraphville," by Agnes Kessler.
Chats with Ford Sterling and several other players.
"How I Became a Photoplayer," by Various Players.
"Expression of the Emotions," by Eugene V. Brewster.
Brief Biographies of Popular Players.

And then you mustn't forget "Greenroom Jottings," "Penographs," the Answer Man's interesting, witty and instructive department, "Popular Plays and Players," "The Spirit of the Play," seven or eight illustrated short stories by popular authors, and the beautiful sixteen pages which constitute our monthly Art Gallery.

The foregoing must not be taken as a complete list of the good things we have in store—there will be others—we like to surprise our readers.

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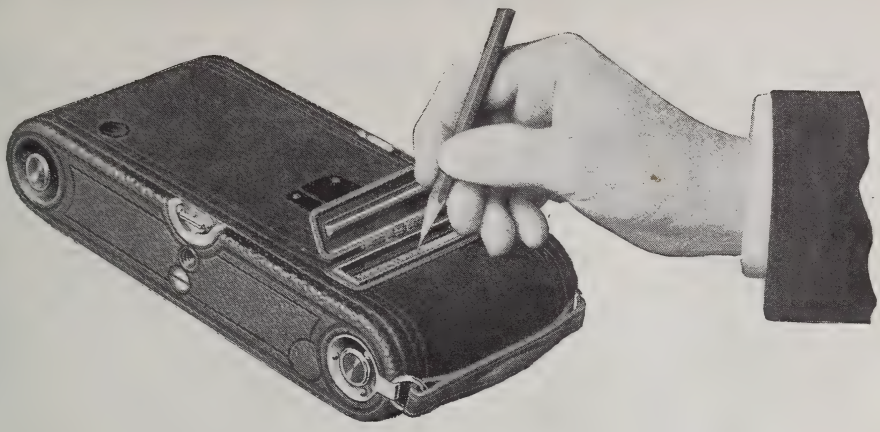
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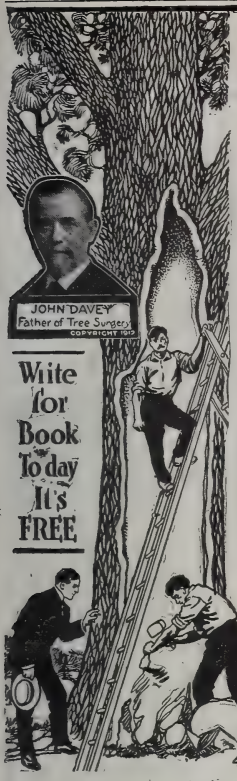
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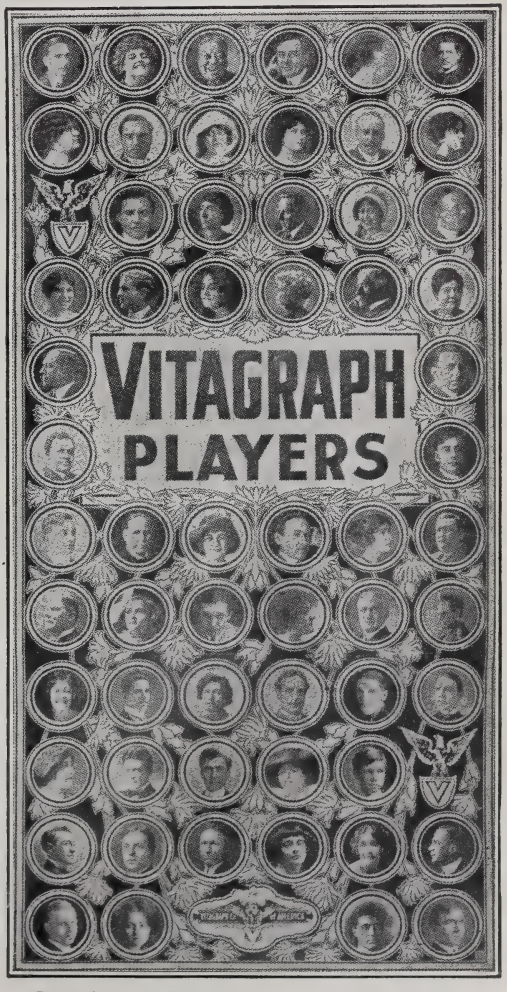
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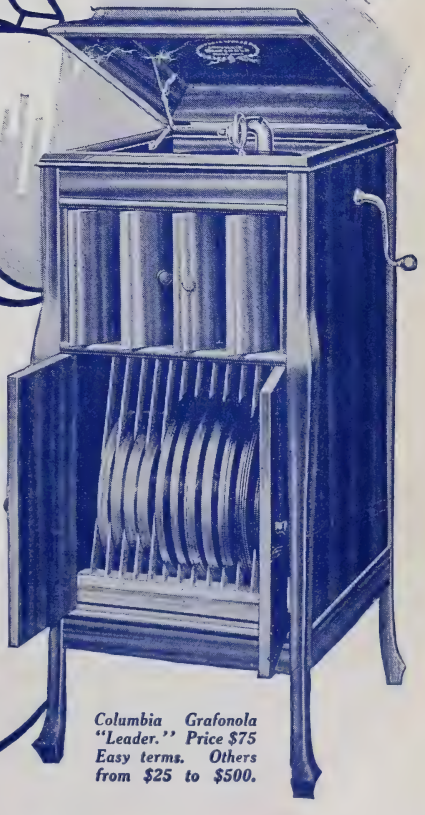
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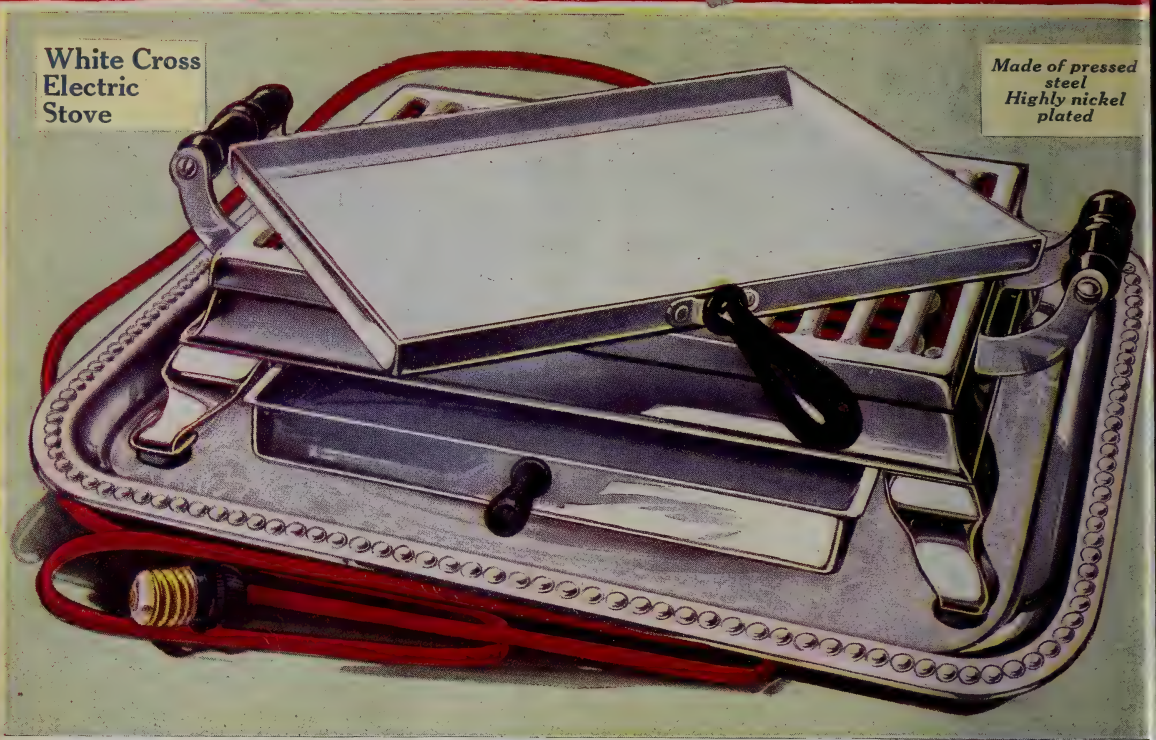
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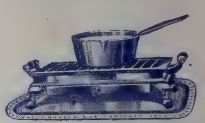
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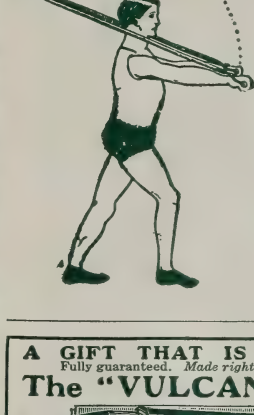
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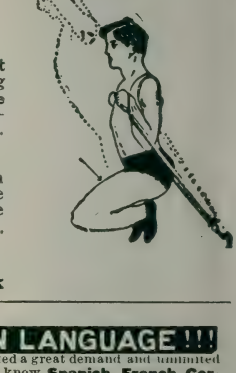
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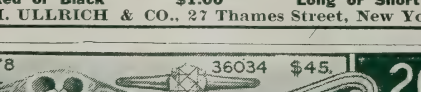
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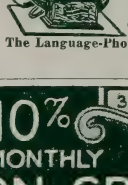
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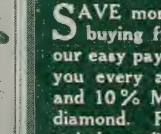
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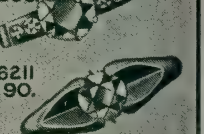
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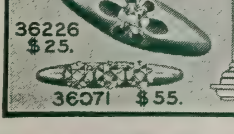
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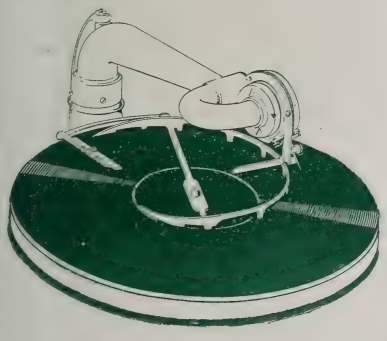


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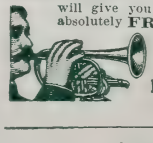
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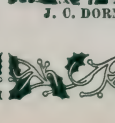


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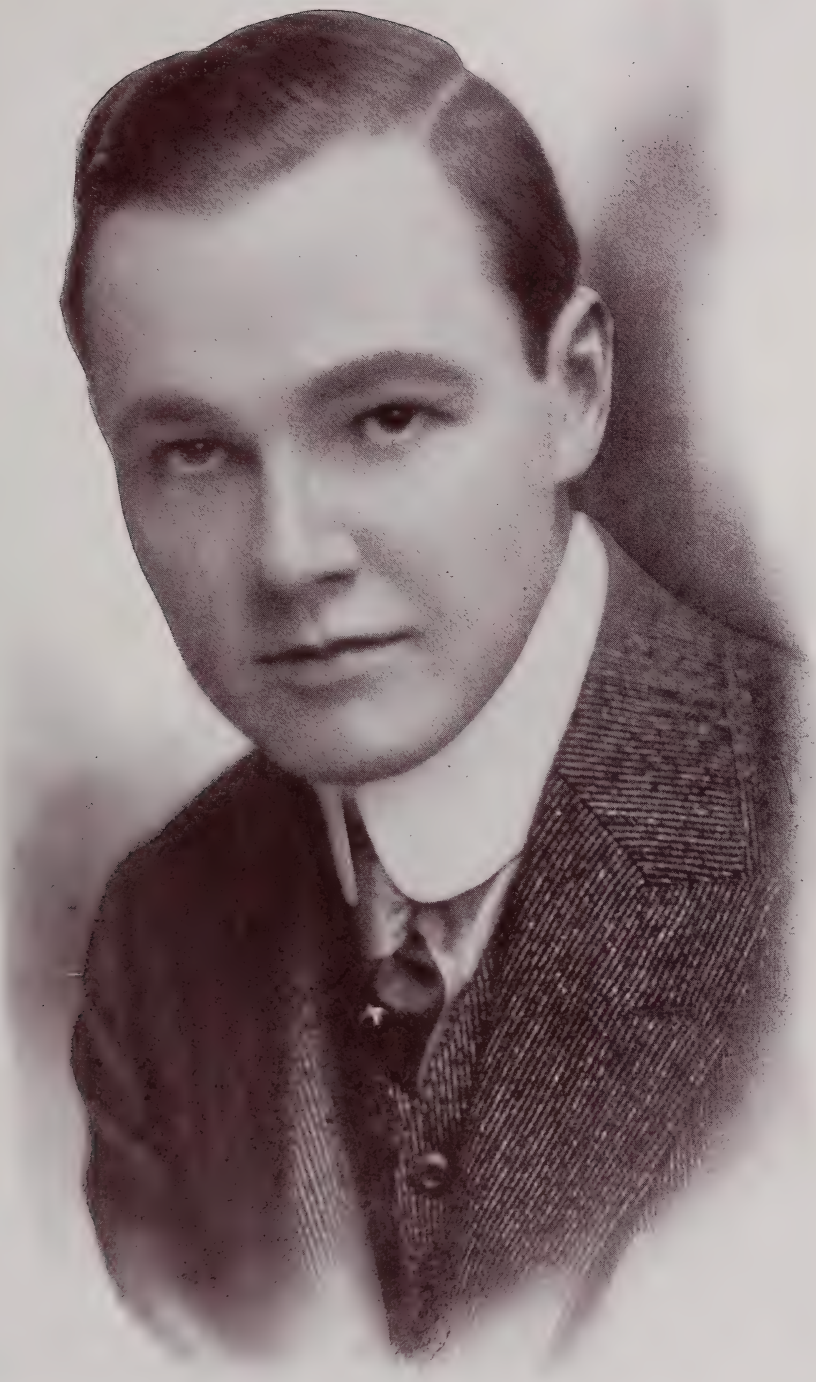
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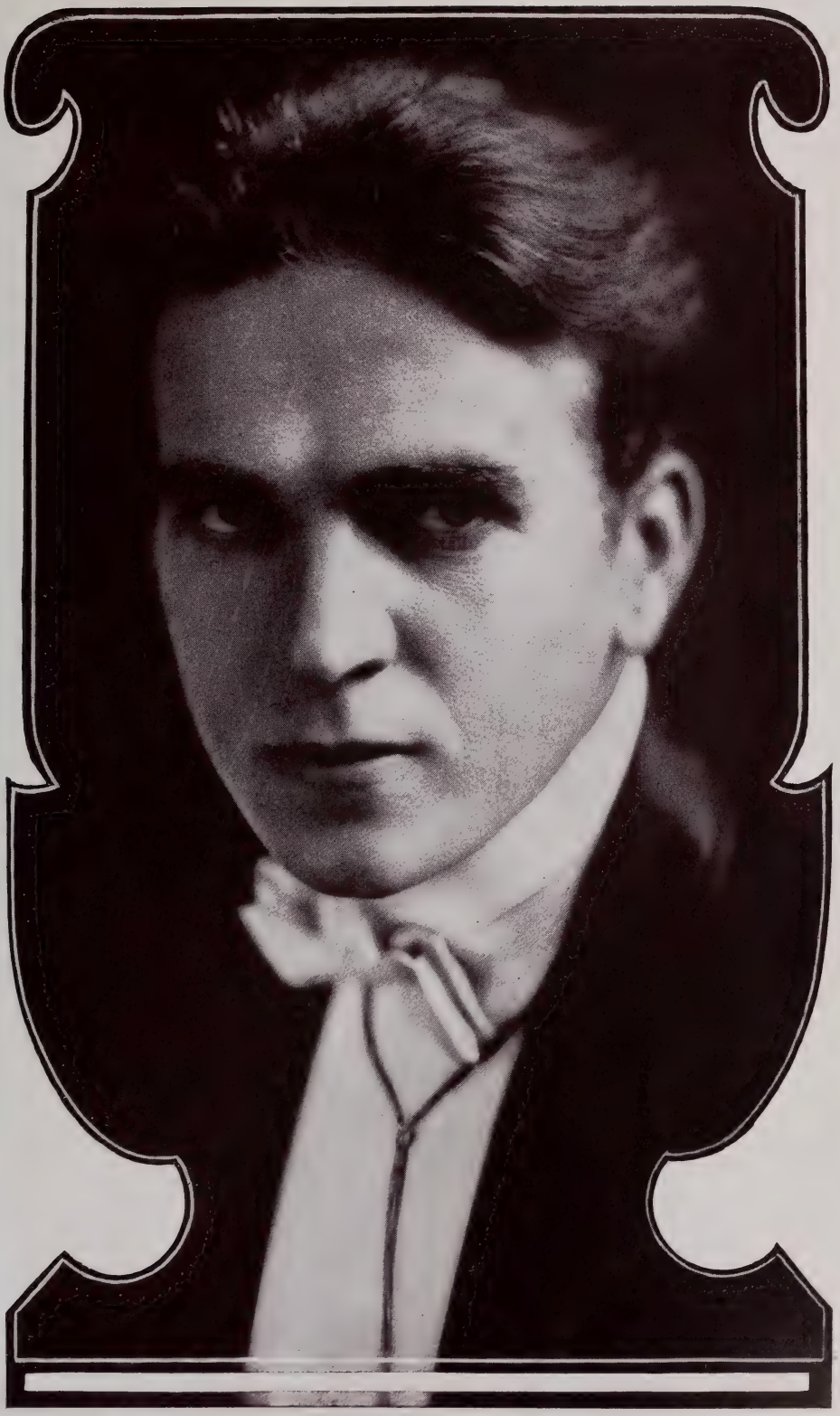
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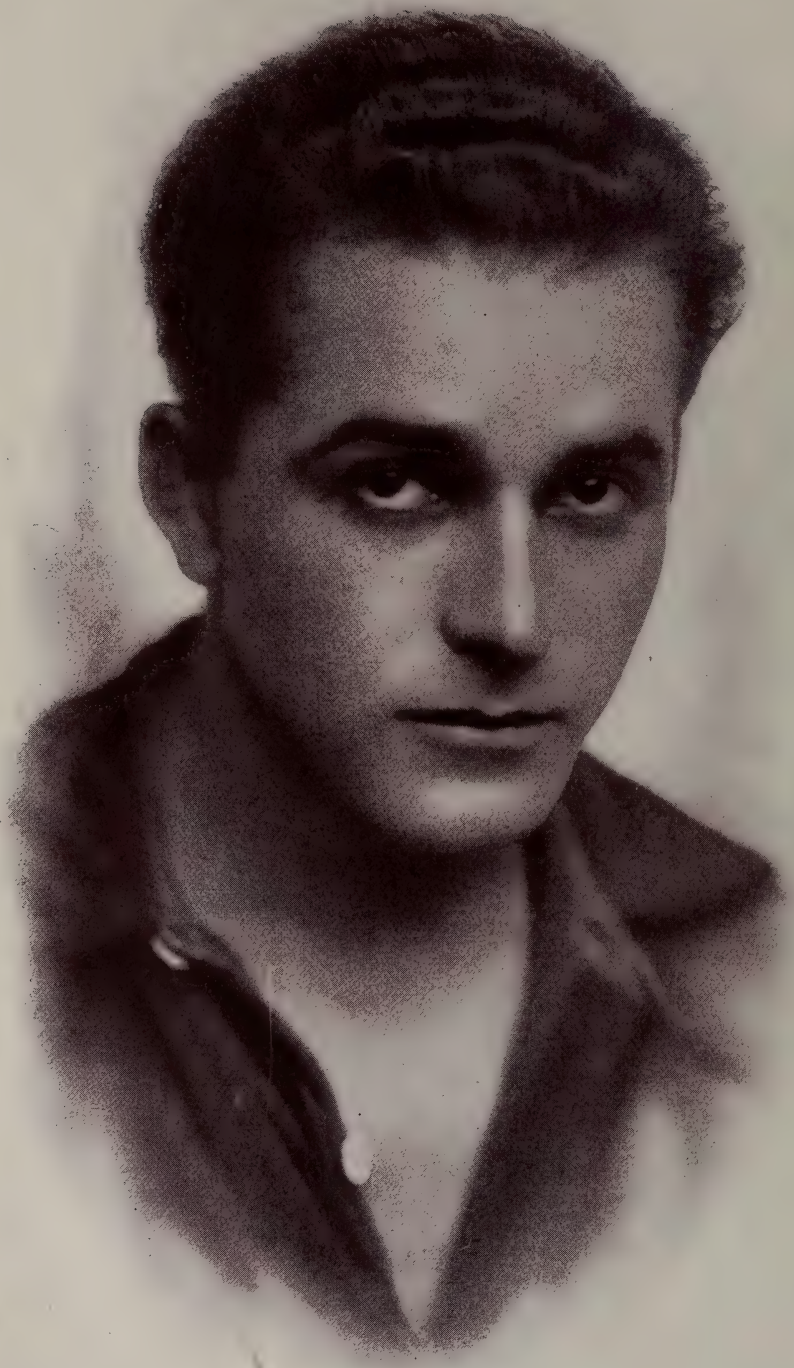
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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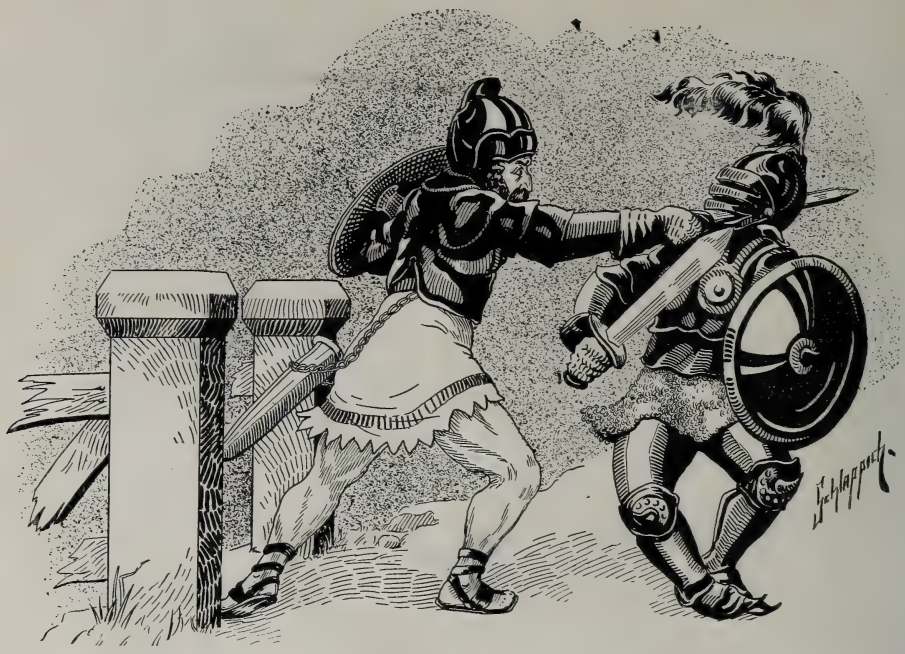
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Acrostic

By SAMUEL J. SCHLAPPICH

M any years ago, when Rome was young, there fought,
O n the bridge that spanned the yellow Tiber's banks,
T hree whose names have since with golden song been wrought
I nto deathless fame in the Immortals' ranks.
O f Horatius, of his comrades, of his day,
N ow we learn by special feature Photoplay.

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I n that fight against thrice thirty thousand odds,
C almly on the screen the battle we behold—
T hus he met them, for his country and his gods.
U nto us a wizard gave this keen delight,
R eady ever to instruct us day or night,
E very time we go to see the pictures bright.

M arvelous scenes and feats of arms of ages past,
A ll that lives a deathless life in tale and song,
G reet us from the MOTION PICTURE screen at last
A nd delight and educate a mighty throng.
Z ealous for a deeper knowledge of this art,
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N ews and stories of the plays, and every part,
E ach a leader and the best one of its kind.

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Vol. VIII No. 11

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

DEC., 1914

Masks and Faces

(Biograph)

By ALEXANDER LOWELL

An adaptation of CHARLES READE'S story, "Peg Woffington"

"But must you really go, Ernest?" Mabel lifted her pretty, pleading face to her husband's. Vane cast a quizzical glance in the direction of his friend, Sir Charles Pomander, and then took the flushed face amusedly in his two hands.

"I must, my sweeting," he declared; "it is on business, you know, and business must be obeyed that there may be brocades and jewels and slipper-buckles and bonbons for Mistress Mabel Vane."

"I'd rather forego all the pretties," pouted Mabel, "and have *you*."

"I know—I know——" Ernest Vane tapped his foot on the ground, while Sir Pomander turned his back on the domestic scene, with an odd glint in his eyes. "The fellow's a dullard!" he muttered. "I vow there is not such a shape nor such a pair of eyes in all of London Town."

"I love you, Ernest," came faintly to his ears, as Vane kist her good-by. "It—it is almost unseemly to love *any one* as I—love you." Vane laughed indulgently, kist the red lips again and joined Pomander at the gate.

Ernest Vane was a fine figure of a man. He had ever found favor in women's eyes. His way had been the way of the conqueror, and he had not missed an advantage. Tall, commanding, with that magic of manner and eyes that ever wins the heart of womankind, he was beloved of the fair sex and eyed askance by his own.

"Pomander," he said, as they rolled over the roads, "I learn that Mistress Peg Woffington is on the boards tonight, portraying 'Cleopatra.' Odds, man! it will be a performance! There's fire in the woman! She could take the heart of a man by one of her dazzling smiles. She is the kind one spills blood over."

" 'Tis said she has many duels to her credit," Pomander replied absently. He was not thinking of Mistress Woffington, but of a lonely, tear-sad figure in a flower-garden; of red lips that were made for kissing, and two eyes that stole out a man's heart.

"We'll see her tonight," declared Vane, "and we'll go behind afterward."

Peg Woffington, famous actress and dealer in hearts, was not unaware of the two fashionables in the stage-box. Least of all was she unaware of the tall, commanding one, with that look in his eyes that reached



VANE DECIDES TO GO TO LONDON TOWN "ON BUSINESS"

her even over the lights. It was the look that makes a woman *feel* her womanhood most. It roused the dormant spirits of wild adventure, of vari-hued romance, of primitive maternity; it made her reckless and timid and glad.

Kitty Clive, one of Peg's supporting actresses, watched the silent drama with venom in her heart.

"*Another* one," she muttered to herself; "when will pretty Mistress Peg be satisfied? So fond of the men as she is, why doesn't she leave the stage to those who crave its laurels? I'd like to stop some of her triumphs."

"Kitty," Peg said, coming up to her suddenly, "come take this curtain call with me. The applause is tremendous."

"They're calling *you,* I expect."

"No, no—*both* of us. Come!"

As the two appeared before the lights, bowing gracefully to the ringing applause, Vane threw an enormous floral offering at Peg's feet. Before she could stoop for it, Kitty had it and was acknowledging the receipt of it graciously.

"For Mistress Woffington!" hissed Vane, the words reaching the stage unmistakably; and Kitty surrendered the tribute, with an added rancor in her soul. Strange how for some life was all effortless *taking;* for others, all pain-driven *giving.*

"Zounds! man, wasn't she magnificent?" exulted Vane, as the curtain fell for the last time and the house began to unpack.

"She's a wondrous actress," admitted Pomander, secretly envious of the all-conquering Vane, "but as a woman I'd advise letting her alone."

"Not Ernest Vane," laughed that gentleman. "Hark you, Pomander, I'm going to know more of Mistress Peg Woffington. We are going to the Green Room *now,* and there, my fine buck, there will be such a supper-party as you have never attended, with Ernest Vane, *bachelor,* as host!"

The powerful attraction between Peg and Vane was more than obvious to Pomander and to Kitty Clive. In his inmost soul Pomander exulted. He knew that hearts are caught on the rebound, and he dreamed that, with tenderness and sympathy and some judicious ardor, Mistress Mabel Vane might learn to yield her red lips to *him.* He saw that, with Vane,



"FOR MISTRESS WOFFINGTON," HISSED VANE

this was a little more than a customary *affaire de cœur*. The man was fast losing his head, and Mistress Peg had that in her eyes for which many men would have offered up their heart's blood. To Kitty Clive, the ripening affair was but another thorn in the flesh. This new conquest would mean more notoriety, more stimulated curiosity, fresh laurels to the toast o' the town—Peg Woffington.

"We are going to my town house for the supper, Pomander," announced Vane, after a whispered confab between himself and Peg; "follow on!"

"We will!" Pomander called forth. Then he turned to Kitty. "You have seen?" he inquired, noting the green monster in her eyes.

"One would be blind otherwise," she answered him sarcastically; "but there—I am used to such tactics on the part of Mistress Woffington. Your friend is wealthy?"

"Very wealthy."

"Then matrimony is her object, no doubt. It will be a novelty—and a *new* feather in her already overtrimmed bonnet."

"This feather, then, will float away," smiled Pomander. "Vane happens to be married!"

"*Married?*"

"In very truth, to a most charming lady of fair name and gentle manners and witching grace."

"You wax eloquent, Sir Pomander."

"Eh, what? Dear, no, not I. I feel for the hapless lady, and would do her a service if I could—and *him* —a harm!"

"We feel alike then, Sir Pomander, in *one* respect," eagerly said Kitty Clive. "I, too, would do a harm—to Mistress Peg Woffington."

"Indeed! So!"

"Yes"—passionately—"she has stood betwixt me and success for *years;* she has taken *my* honors, my applause, outdone me calmly and consistently; she has quaffed the wine and handed *me* the dregs with a smile on her hateful face. I hate her for it —and I would *die* to do her harm."

Pomander smiled inwardly at the fury of the woman. How bitterly women *can* hate; how sacredly they can love!

"Then hark ye, Mistress Clive," he said, facing her intently. "I have a plan to unfold—lean closer—walls have ears, you know."

The great rooms at Vane's Vanity

seemed treble their size to the lonely, woebegone lady of the manor. The formal gardens were forbidding and cold; even the flowers flaunted their garish colors distastefully. In other words, a world had gone awry for Ernest Vane's young wife.

"If he would only write to me," she mused, as she wandered aimlessly up one path and down another, "I could bear the absence of his kiss, his caress, but I cannot bear this utter, utter silence!"

"Cross my palm with siller, lady!" interrupted a curiously pitched voice. "I have a fortune for ye, mistress; the truth or falsity of your love; the end of your life; the beginning of it. Cross with siller, mistress!"

Mabel frowned slightly at the gypsy woman; then some canny look in the creature's beady eyes changed her. "I might as well," she half-laughed. "Time does not go too swiftly, methinks."

Taking out her tiny, bead-work purse, she crossed the nut-brown hand, then sank on a garden seat. In a droning, half-articulate voice the gypsy woman mumbled fortune-telling platitudes, the like of which have been heard and will continue to be heard so long as the fakers ply their amusing trade; one might say art. Suddenly she sat erect. "Ha!" she ejaculated sharply, "here's something, mistress, I have not seen before. This line tells—yes, tells me—that your love is in need of you, lady, desperate need. Palms do not lie, mistress. He is—let me see—in London Town. Ah, mistress, take the word of an old gypsy and do not tarry. He needs you sore."

It was the needful word. Shyly proud, Mabel would not have sought out her delinquent husband without provocation, but the gypsy had said he *needed* her. What appeal more potent? And she had said palms cannot lie. Every woman who loves has in her the age-old heritage of the love-potion and the sorceress, the haunting wraiths of old superstitions and omens. Mabel was not immune.

"I'll go!" she exclaimed, jumping to her feet. "Here's more silver for you, my good woman. Good-day to you!"

Watching the tiny, slippered feet flying up the path, Kitty Clive laughed thru her gypsy masquerade. "Even Mistress Peg couldn't have beaten your acting this time, Mistress Kitty," she exulted; "hate of her may make you yet."

Vane's city residence was ablaze with light. The table in the great dining-hall was resplendent with the Vane plate and groaning under every delicacy known to epicurean man. The wine-cellar had yielded up its rarest vintage. The master of the house was giving an elaborate dinner in honor of Mistress Peg Woffington.

Silently gliding thru the tower hall and up the great stairs stole a slender, sobbing little figure. It gained the door of its own suite and flung itself on the bed in the darkened, unprepared room.

"He said," sobbed the poor, uninvited guest aloud, "he said 'twas business to—to buy me silks and bonbons with. It—it *isn't* for *me.*" Suddenly the woeful figure sat erect; the tear-dimmed eyes blazed; the drooping lips took on defiant lines. "Dont be a *coward,* Mistress Mabel Vane," she adjured herself; "put on your prettiest and go to that dinner-party *yourself!*"

Thus it was that the hilarious guests quieted suddenly, and the gentlemen rose to greet a slender, poised little lady, a-shimmer and a-shine. Over Peg Woffington's handsome face a tremor passed of pain and hurt and amaze. Over Kitty Clive's passed a look of hasty triumph. Pomander caught his breath sharply, and Ernest Vane turned deathly white.

"Oh, fie, Mr. Vane, a lady—rise and greet her!" came from some of the guests. Ernest Vane cleared his throat and advanced to meet her, gravely kissing the inviting lips.

"Ladies and gentlemen, my wife!" he presented her.

Peg Woffington hid the fire in her eyes by the timely arrival of a note.



"AH, ERNEST, YOU HAVE DONE A SORRY THING"

After a brief, uneasy interval she raised her lovely head.

"If you will pardon my untimely departure, Mr. Vane, I am summoned urgently." The exit was truly Peg Woffington, and, the arrested diners gradually and tactfully dispersing, Vane followed Peggy.

"Listen to me, my Heart," he pleaded with her, as she was about to descend the steps. "I loved you so I did not dare lose one dear smile, one tender glance. I had thought to speak truth to you when I knew your heart was mine. Forgive me, I entreat, I implore you!"

"*You* have not been called upon to speak truth, Ernest," the actress replied sadly, "and my poor heart, if you seek the knowledge, has long been yours. Ah, Ernest, you have done a sorry thing—a thing no man could do."

The coach awaiting Mistress Woffington bore her swiftly whence the note had come. It had been from Triplet, the obscure master artist, who had completed her portrait ordered by the fond lover, Vane. It was a wearied, crushed lady who surveyed the radiant, painted features. As she looked on her own indisputable charms, Triplet's delicate, flower-like daughter came up and lovingly clung to the model she had learnt to adore. Peg's throat contracted, and her fine eyes dimmed with burning tears. She had been dreaming a wonderful dream these past days, such a dream as she had never hoped to know, and it had been made up of a man's face, and soft child-arms, and her own face lovely with the mother-glow. Ah, well, she played at sham, and to find life the same was to be expected. She could go on as before—but *could* she? Does one *ever* go on as before after one has heard, and responded to, the mating-call? The bitterness of it fired her. She drew herself erect and disengaged the clingy arms. "Vane shall live to sorrow that he played false with Woffington!" she exclaimed, and quick as thought she grasped a knife and slashed the painted, love-illumined face. Triplet, watching her aside and thinking that her rapt contemplation was delight, came forward in horror.

"Mistress Woffington!" he exclaimed shrilly. "Great God above! what is this you have done? The portrait—ah me! Old Triplet's *chef-d'œuvre* — old Triplet's *chef-d'œuvre!*"

"Oh, Triplet — I'm *sorry* — I'm *sorry!*" The actress turned and took the artist's hands in hers. Then, with a little, choking cry: "Oh, my good Triplet, you have lived and loved and learnt—are *wives'* hearts the *only* hearts that ache and sob? Sometimes doesn't the lonely one outside wring her impotent hands in an anguish too deep to guess?"

"We are *all* lonely outsiders from *somewhere* or *some one* when our hearts sob, mistress," answered Triplet, "and I think at the Great Reckoning the sobs will be pretty even—— Hark! Who can that be?"

Peg ran to the window and stepped swiftly back. "It is Mistress Vane!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing, Triplet? I must hide me!"

"Cutting away the face neatly, mistress, that I may patch it, mayhap," returned Triplet, ruefully. Quick as thought, Peg Woffington, ever the actress, stepped behind the portrait and inserted her own face where the painted one had been. Triplet opened the door to the timid little lady on the threshold.

"Mr. Triplet?" she queried.

"Yes, mistress."

"I—I found a note you had sent Mistress Woffington about her p-portrait ordered by my husband. I—I would like to see it. Ah!"

Long the young wife stood before the painting, while old Triplet nodded sympathetically across the room, his artist soul and finely human heart poignant to the drama thrilling in the air. Then Mabel held out her arms, and her pain broke from her.

"Oh, if you were here," she sobbed—"*truly* here—in the flesh—I would plead with you. He is all I have—and, oh, he's more than all the world to me! I want him so—I love him so—give him—back—to me."

Peg Woffington stepped from behind the canvas and faced the amazed girl. "You win, Mistress Vane," she said gently; "you shall have the heart that belongs to you, and you alone. It is a foolish heart —and a willful one—but with a love like yours it may reach Heaven yet. Come—let us go."

"Sir Pomander is waiting for me below," blushed Mabel. Peg took in the entire state of affairs shrewdly, and her quick, clever brain worked rapidly.

"Lend me your mantle and bonnet, Mistress Vane," she said quickly, "and retire into that anteroom." Mabel obeyed with the unquestioning submission of a child, and hastily Peg dropped a note to the gallant Pomander and despatched Triplet for Ernest Vane.

The note to Pomander conveyed the thrilling intelligence that Mabel Vane was alone and unprotected above-stairs and greatly desired Sir Charles Pomander's presence. His arrival was expeditious, and the ardor with which he wooed the coyly turned shoulder of the lady was worthy a warmer recipient. Upon this scene arrived Ernest Vane, and as he entered Peg fled the room.

Two swords hit together, and a sound of scuffling feet, quick, hot breathing and muttered oaths came to the waiting women in the anteroom. Mabel, white and trembling, begged to go, but Peg detained her. "There will be no blood shed, Mistress Vane," she soothed her; "Pomander will care for *that.*" And, at the last, she herself stepped into the room and intercepted the duellists.

"You fight a useless cause, Mr. Vane," she announced; "Sir Charles Pomander was wooing—*me.*"

The duellists fell apart shamefacedly. Mistress Woffington, tall, stately, cynical, smiled down on them both. "A pretty pair of blades," she said sweetly, and her words fell on scarlet ears.

"I crave your pardon, Mistress Peg," pled Vane. "Grant it, I pray you."

Peg smiled at him, and her eyes were humid.



"YOU FIGHT A USELESS CAUSE, MR. VANE," SHE ANNOUNCED

"You must crave pardon of another than me," she told him—"in the anteroom."

In the anteroom he found her waiting, her eyes glistening with tears of happiness, and to those outside came the low murmur of words, then a man's voice, unutterably tender:

"My darling—my sweeting—kiss me!"

Picturesque Personalities

By JOHN LAURENCE McMASTER

Tonight he is a sheriff in some far-off Western town,
Tho yesterday he was a lord of passing fair renown;
He's been a daring soldier, bravely facing shot and shell,
A sailor, doctor, artist, judge, and senator as well.
One week will show him married to a dainty little wife,
But lo! the next you meet him as a bachelor for life.
He is a man of many parts and many diverse ways,
For he's a leading actor for the Moving Picture plays.

I've known her as a Southern belle in days of "sixty-one,"
And later as a cow-girl, with her broncho and her gun.
Not long ago she was a queen amid the social whirl,
Tho afterwards I met her as a simple country girl.
She's had a host of lovers who have sought her hand so small,
And, what seems very shocking, she has wedded one and all;
But this, in truth, is no offense, and need not long amaze,
For she's a leading actress for the Moving Picture plays.

L'ENVOI

Lest envy of their station in your secret thoughts is rife,
A secret now I'll tell you of their actual daily life:
They are a happy married pair, these Moving Picture stars,
Whose lives in most essentials are as commonplace as ours.



EDWIN AUGUST, OF THE EACO COMPANY



THE SORCERESS

(LUBIN)

By Karl Schiller

This story was written from the Photoplay of CLAY M. GREENE

"I SEE a breaking heart—a woman's breaking heart," chanted the toneless voice; "I see a sin that cannot be forgiven."

Crystal on knees, the gypsy gazed into the milky flow of its lights, the wild beauty of her shadowed over by the gloaming of her hair. "A breaking heart, a breaking heart," she chanted; "the end is very near. My crystal shows it—red lights; heavy flowers, and the unforgivable sin."

Frollo, chief of the tribe and her lover, shrugged his shoulders impatiently; yet there was unwilling deference in his look.

"We are alone, my Carlotta, my dark pearl," he said coolly. "Why speak so mysteriously? You may as well tell me all you know, instead of pretending to read it from that toy."

She did not glance up. "I know nothing; I see much," she chanted. "There are many people in the room, whose walls are covered by pictures and tapestries; you would see smooth, pink faces and daring gowns. My crystal sees truer. A fat man and a pale, dead-eyed woman at table top and bottom, and all in between skeletons and leering death's-heads, and devils laughing merrily behind painted masks. Good crystal, show me further, I pray——"

Frollo leaned closer, playing with his tinseled finery. "The Rand woman has been here again," he nodded, satisfied.

"Not yet, but she will come," said the crouching gypsy. "Listen! At this moment she is deciding to. The door is opened, and a child comes in. The fat man laughs aloud, clapping his greasy hands. The woman with the dead eyes, that are like gravestones over buried hopes, watches. A breaking heart—a woman's breaking heart! One by one the painted creatures kiss the child, staining the round cheeks with the red of their lips. The fat man snatches the baby up to the table top and gives her—a glass of wine——"

The low voice broke abruptly. With a fierce cry, the gypsy flung the ball to the ground and stood up like a fury. Strong teeth, bared behind crimson lips, gave her an animal look. Frollo drew back, frightened and admiring. No ordinary fortune-teller, this panting beauty in her tent of shadowy hair. Sometimes he half-believed she saw more than most people in her globe.

"The pretty child!" she cried. "Ugh! the fat brute—to give a baby wine! He has made the devil happy too long, that Rand. But tonight she will come to me. I know it; I *will* it! When it was only she who was degraded, well and good, but the baby——" She sat down coolly,

crossing her ankles and looking into the panting flames with unblinking eyes.

"In two hours she will be here," she tossed over her shoulder. "My crystal never lies. If you do not bring her to me, I will carve your heart in quarters, Worthless One!"

Discomfited, the man slunk out. It was not to his mind at all that Carlotta should have so much interest in the queer, pale woman who came from the House of Loud Laughter yonder. If there had been money in it—*sacre!* that would be different; but he suspected that it was the child, and the thought was disquieting. What should a gypsy sorceress want of a child?

In the tent the shadows tossed over the white walls like ghosts. There was nothing there as immovable as the woman. She had learnt to wait, but behind her eyes a tawny gleam flickered now and then. When a faint footfall sounded, at length, she did not move, but the flicker leaped into a triumphant flame.

"I have come," said a flat voice behind her. The woman, who drooped in the doorway, looked storm-beaten, bruised, as tho she had fought for her life recently. There was no blood under the dull, leaden skin. The gypsy pushed a chair toward her and, taking up her crystal, crouched at her feet.

"Do not try to talk," she bade her. "Just think of what you were going to say, and it will appear here." After a moment she spoke again, in a singsong, softly. "I see the room of pictures empty, except for you and him. He is angry and stamps up and down. You are pleading, weeping, begging him. He laughs and tells you to be nice. You threaten to leave him. He shrugs his fat shoulders and tells you, sneering, to go——"



THE RAND CHILD IS GIVEN A GLASS OF WINE

"Yes, he said that," moaned the woman in the chair. "The English law gives him the child. Oh, what am I going to do—what am I going to do?"

The gypsy was on her feet in a lightning movement. Under the veil of hair her face glowed. She was another creature; fanatic motherhood shone in softened features and on quivering lips.

"You will give me the child," she whispered. "I want her; I will be good to her; she shall be as my own blood. And *he* shall never find her. Tomorrow we sail for America, and the child goes with me!"

* * * * * *

"I am tired of this nomad life," the woman said sullenly. Frollo shrugged his shoulders. Around the inevitable cigaret his lips curled in a smug leer of satisfaction.

"Pretty soft, *I* call it, my angel," he purred—"the good food; the much wine; the money always plenty. Who would have thought, ten years ago, we would find so many fools on this side of the water? No, no, my pretty wildcat. I know the world too well. If we live in hotels instead of wagons, wear the clothes of others, no one will believe your fortunes. It is because we are different that we are so successful."

"For myself I care nothing at all," said Carlotta, wearily, "but what chance has the girl, here in a camp of vagabonds?"

"The girl! Always the girl!" Frollo tossed the cigaret away angrily. "Bah! She will marry Carlo and be lucky to get so good a man. What would you? Do you suppose a gypsy girl can *choose?*"

"He is a strong man and good, to the bone, but she is no gypsy, as you well know," muttered the woman. "She is well-born as the best, and most beautiful—ah, is she not beautiful, my Perdita?" Her voice was a caress; then it changed to a sigh. "If only I could find her people, but not a trace. I have gazed for hours, but the crystal is mute——"

She drew the milky globe toward her as she spoke and peered into its clouded heart, trying to pierce the obscurity.

"The mother died: but the father—I cannot find him. For years I have sought here, but he has disappeared."

"Carlo is handsome and good-tempered," said Frollo, impatiently. "He will never beat her, and she will have food and clothes in plenty. What more could any girl need? Better the gypsy camp than the red-curtained House of Loud Laughter you took her from. What ails you, my queen?"

Carlotta was stooping above the crystal, with a face of fury. Her fingers curled, as tho strangling puffy flesh; her lips drew back like sheaths from strong, fierce teeth.

"Perdita!" she gasped—"who is that she is with? Where is Carlo? She smiles and blushes—she has seen him before! Ten thousand devils!



MRS. RAND VISITS THE SORCERESS

He kisses her, that fat, white-haired old man!" Her clutching fingers found the knife, stuck for effect in her girdle, as she whirled, crouching, on the man.

"How long has this been going on—did you know it?" she snarled. "Answer, or I kill you like a dog."

"I dont know what you mean," Frollo stammered. "What did you see, my beautiful wildcat, in your thrice-accursed ball?"

Reading the truth in his face, she pounced upon the crystal again. Then the air was splintered with her agonized cry. "He has taken her away with him! They have disap-

peared! It shows no more—it is dark, like an empty, dead eye!"

The drowsy band of gypsies, terrified by the scream, flocked to meet their queen. In short, broken words the news was told.

"Swear never to rest until our Perdita be found!"

There were uneasy glances and hesitating looks, but every hand went up, nevertheless. They might not forget that the girl was not one of them, yet they feared their queen too greatly to refuse.



MRS. RAND KIDNAPS HER OWN CHILD

A fruitless week followed. All day, as her band sought the girl in the streets and cafés of the town, Carlotta sat bowed over her crystal, searching its depths desperately. It seemed as tho only a very thin cloud lay between her eyes and Perdita, but all her love could not pierce it. And then, even as the heavy globe slid from relaxing fingers, one evening, the fog cleared, and she saw—

A great, luxurious room, choked with lights and restless faces; tables loaded with food and wine, and on one a painted creature dancing like a mænad. In a corner shuddered a slip of a girl-figure, gazing on the orgy as an angel on a revel of lost souls.

The haggard face of the gypsy yearned over her, but the chill touch of the glass globe brought back realization. With frantic eyes she searched the room for something that would identify it. A great blue vase on the marble mantel-shelf held her gaze. In a flash, memory came to her aid. She had seen the room, in her character of gypsy fortune-teller, two years ago.

With a swift, cat-like twist of her body, the sorceress was kneeling before her mirror. She saw a woman of thirty-four, mystery-eyed, with bold, scornful features and a beautiful body; a woman who might be bad or good, angel or devil; but who, in every line and every rhyming muscle, was a *woman,* and the antithesis of man. Actress, adventuress, enchantress possibly; surely never *mother.* Yet in the wild eyes was a hunger that no child of her own had satisfied. The starved soul of her had reached out its empty arms to this forlorn English child ten years ago; today its arms were still empty, still groping. Earnestly she gazed at herself, summing up her own beauty. She lifted the heavy hair in handfuls, piling it on top of her head. She stabbed a golden dagger thru it and caught down a richly colored gown.

"Yes, I am still beautiful enough," she muttered—"for the fat old man's kind. I will save the child, or avenge her—perhaps both."

The half-world had a new sensation. In that caste, each member of which is a bit of driftwood washed ashore by the waves of sensation, this was remarkable. No less so was the woman herself, the new flame of Leonard Rand, Burgomeister in Bohemia. They had heard of her for a fortnight, and seen her not at all, until this night of her reception. His last protegée, the white-faced little gypsy, had proved a fiasco, fainting away at her first dinner-party and—

But if they had come hoping to skim still richer gossip from the evening, they were not to be disappointed. They saw the dark creature, in her exotic robes, go to a deep, enclosed window, as tho for air. Her lips did not seem to move, yet two figures crouching without heard her words:

"When the crash comes, take advantage of the confusion and find *her*. As for me, I will take care of myself!"

A moment later, she had moved



WELCOMED TO THE GYPSY CAMP

rumor said—not herself since. But there was no danger of this painful scene being repeated tonight. The splendid, sullen beauty of the strange woman in the red-and-gold robe and the dusk of hair stabbed with golden-hilted dagger, fired the flimsy fancies of the guests. The doddering old host leered and chuckled as he watched his friends' faces. It was quite apparent that the strange woman could do as she liked with him. Now and then a glance, hard and bright as a flash of steel, shot toward him; then the dark, purple-shadowed lids swept down over the wild eyes.

swiftly across the room and swept, with a wild gesture of her vivid arm, the priceless Chinese vase in worthless fragments to the floor. In a trice confusion ran riot. The screaming women fell back from the horrid spectacle of their host clutching the culprit's warm, round throat in frantic hands. Unnoticed, two muffled figures passed among them and up the stairs. Nor was it remarkable, a bit later, that one of these, half-carrying a fainting girl, should have pushed out with the frenzied exodus of the guests.

In the wrecked drawing-room Carlotta knelt at the feet of the infuri-

ated old man, immobile face lifted to his, drooping lids half-lowered over provocative, insolent eyes. The look loosened his fingers. He babbled, sobbing, of his love for her; her cruelty. He was half-mad, he raved, or he would never have touched her; would she, could she, forgive him?

Very coldly—"Yes, under one condition." Her composure was icy.

Very warmly—"Name it, you cold beauty, you."

In the wash of the waves below a creeping, crying, blubberous thing struggled in the sucking sea.

Just as a dark cloud drew a curtain over the moon, his death-cry welled over the waters, and one stark arm, like the mast of a sinking ship, raised itself above his head and clutched at nothingness.

"Drown!" wailed Carlotta—once more the sorceress—"drown like a cur. Whine—whine—think of your sins, for you have very little time, old white-haired fool, whimpering down there. Your fingers will soon loose their clutch, and you will drown—drown—drown——"



A PAINTED CREATURE DANCED ON THE TABLE

"Take me to ride by the sea-wall," said Carlotta, coolly. "Just you and I alone."

Frollo bent over the steering-wheel, desperate in his need for speed. Beyond the circle of his lamps the night lay thick and saccharine with moonshine. He saw the white breakers ahead, piling their foam thru a jagged rent in the sea-wall. With a splintering jar of brakes, the car stopped, and the gypsy sprang out.

On the wreckage of the wall, tottering above the tide, stood a banshee figure, the moon striking sparks from a dagger in her sodden, loosened hair.

"Carlotta! Wait!" Frollo was beside her, gesturing incoherently, pointing. "He is Perdita's father! I found proofs in his desk—he must not die!"

"A happy heart—a woman's happy heart," chanted the sorceress. "I see two lives made one; two happy, happy lives, Carlo and Perdita, hand in hand. I see a home and children. Cloud, cloud, my crystal; your work is over, and it is well!"

A WOMAN SCORNED



By PETER WADE

(RELIANCE)

This story was written from the Photoplay of RUSSELL E. SMITH

"YES," said the retiring reporter, "newspaper men are seldom, or never, given credit by the police for the parts they bear in running criminals to earth, yet I dare say if the records were made public, that they would disclose some very creditable evidence."

"Compliment a reporter," I taunted, "and he becomes as 'leaky' as an old man in his cups. The police have had experience, I guess."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe and accepting one of my choice cigars, the retiring reporter gave signs of combating my statement. It was what I had been fondly looking forward to, and I prepared to listen.

"About two years ago," he began defensively, "the city was startled with a series of daring safe robberies, all committed in the same fashion—drilling and blasting off the safe doors with a powerful explosive. Whoever the yeggs were, they were exceptionally clever operators, for not the slightest trace or clew did they leave behind them.

"Of course, the police had all sorts of theories, and in the hands of our imaginative city editor and myself they made good Arsene Lupin fiction. But after a while the public got tired of theoretical detection worked out on copy paper and demanded something definite from the police department.

"As I entered the sanctum at his summons, the managing editor bowled me over with his opening remark.

" 'How would you like a month's vacation—with pay?' he asked, and I gulped dumbly in reply.

" 'I believe you're responsible for most of that fool sleuthing copy,' he went on, 'and I'm going to give you a chance to prove it, or to find yourself more of an ass and considerably less of a wage-earner than the late lamented S. Holmes.'

"I nodded brightly, and he issued his instructions. 'Report to police headquarters, see Inspector Jacobson, and follow his orders, tempered by your own intelligence, of course. And one word more: if you get a story, dont write it into copy; come see me—you dont understand the police.'

"I had hardly recovered from my surprise when I found myself at police headquarters, closeted with the grizzled inspector. What we discussed is not a matter of public record, but it ended in his calling in Lieutenant Folette and in placing him under my authority.

"It was no small compliment in subordinating this experienced detec-

tive to a newspaper tyro, and I took pains to gain his confidence and respect.

"'In the first place,' I said, 'it's hardly necessary to ask how well you have covered the well-known safe-blowers.'

"'Every mother's son of them has been spotted, but we haven't a breath of evidence so far.'

"'Good! which leads to the conclusion that our men are strangers within our gates.'

"The lieutenant nodded, and I went on: 'The chances are that two and possibly three distinct gangs of strangers are operating these robberies. They have plenty of money—their hauls have been very profitable; moreover, they have shown a fine discrimination in selecting jobs where checks and securities were the least part of their swag.'

"I could see that my audience was interested, and I gained assurance in my theory.

"'The brains are probably stopping at a first-class hotel, moving about some, with perhaps now and then a descent to a swell transient boarding-house. These fellows will be very hard to catch, except actually on the job. Their confederates, who act as runners with the unnegotiable swag and who manufacture the blasts, are probably on the road most of the time.

"'It is these fellows,' I added impressively, 'we want to start with, and, with Lieutenant Folette's sanction, I will tackle this end at once.'

"An hour afterwards, Folette and I hopped off a train and found ourselves in the enormous railroad yards on the outskirts of the city. On one side lay a roundhouse and a huge repair-shop, while toward the open country flat, dismal meadow-land stretched as far as the eye could reach.

"'I pushed a disabled motorcycle thru the meadow road one night,' I explained, 'and what I saw gave me a fancy.'

"We worked our way across the sodden stretches of salty meadow, with now and then a bit of dry, hard ground. In each of these were the evidences of camp-fires. I poked around among the charred embers and examined every bit of old paper and empty tins.

"A half-mile from the road my patience was rewarded.

"'See here!' I cried, holding up a bit of trampled gray paper; 'one more damp night and this label would have moulded off. By scanning it closely you can decipher the words "80 per cent. nitro."'

"'I guess this is the place where they make their "soup," all right,' said Folette, glancing at the accumulation of scattered embers, 'and it's wonderful how adept safe-blowers become in making nitro-glycerine. It's a case of sitting up all night, for wary and weary hours, night after night, and feeding the nitro, mixing the acids with glycerine and separating it from impurities, and then washing the deadly thing like a new-born infant.'

"'I dont believe our yeggs,' I conjectured, 'would manufacture—especially with apparatus out here in the open. I think this nitro powder needs merely to be put into solution to be ready for use.'

"We walked back to the nearest hardware store, and a few questions put to the proprietor confirmed my belief.

"'There,' I said to Folette, as we stood on the sidewalk again, 'the fact that nitro is sold only from the high-explosive plants will save us days of store-to-store tracing in the city.'

"'Let me see,' he calculated, 'the nearest powder factory is fifteen miles out on the Midland Central. The afternoon is still young; shall we chance it?'

"I nodded, and we hustled for the train. A dynamite plant is not as imposing as its name infers. We found a series of little, isolated buildings, with a shabby office and a flaccid and white-faced superintendent.

"'Not much of an office,' he apologized; 'you see, about every year we are blown up, and after paying divi-

dends in widows' pensions, start all over again.'

"I displayed my bit of wrapper, and he identified the label at once.

" 'Ours are mostly orders for Uncle Sam and large engineering concerns,' he vouchsafed, 'but we have some regular small customers.'

" 'For instance?' I asked, taking out a memo book.

" 'There's Winters and Cassidy, contractors; Levine Brothers, the bridge-builders——'

" 'Not business concerns,' I interrupted; 'can you think of some other kind?'

" 'Yes, come to think of it. There's the big chap, for instance, who comes here about once every two months and is very particular. His name is Williams—George Williams—and he's blasting out a lot of tree-stumps in the old timber lands in the northern tier.'

"Folette and I exchanged glances.

" 'We'll have to trouble you for the page in your receipt book bearing Mr. Williams' pot-hooks,' I said; 'we need his signature badly.'

" 'Oh!' he gasped, quite taken back, 'why didn't you fellows say you were cops?' But he ended by tearing out the necessary page.

"We separated at the railroad terminal, agreeing to meet at six the next morning.

" 'Folette,' I said at parting, 'contrary to etiquet, we are going to keep this out of the papers.'

"He looked surprised, perhaps hurt, but said nothing.

"Just as the sun rose over the roofs we met, each carrying a grip. We intended making the round of hotels without showing our hands.

"Our excuse was that we were looking for a friend from the country, one George Williams, and we conned the hotel registers line by line in a search for his signature.

"The morning brought us nothing. Ben Williams, Hen Williams, Jim Williams turned up without number, but none of them matched the signature of the receipt book.

"The afternoon was no better in results. I imagined that Folette was smiling behind my back, and, with the failure, it nettled me.

" 'See here,' I said, turning on him, 'I'm going to play billiards for two hours.'

"I had the pleasure of seeing him show surprise again, but he accepted



GEORGE WILLIAMS AND HIS WOMAN

my verdict, and soon we were clustering the ivory balls under a shaded light.

"One of my many weaknesses is that I can never think clearer than when studying the angles and carroms of billiards, and it has seemingly cost me many an hour's time.

"When the score showed me to be within five points of my string, I put on my coat and started for the door.

" 'Metropole,' I explained, 'the most natural place in the world if we study our up-country friend right. Every northern-tier farmer puts up at the Metropole.'

" 'It's a regular dump,' said

Folette; 'I thought our bird was a swell.'

"I hurried along without answering. My cheeks burned and my heart pounded with the lust of pursuit. Somehow, I felt that my guess was not a haphazard one.

"In the dirty lobby of the Metropole we gained access to the register. Page after page unfolded their meaningless names.

"We both saw it at once—George Williams, in the identical handwriting of the receipt page!

"Beneath, and assigned to an adjoining room, was the signature of 'Joseph Mullen,' an up-country name.

" 'His bag-holder and pal,' I said tonelessly; 'and now for a night's siesta in this sumptous caravansary.'

"We engaged rooms directly across the hall from our quarry, and I felt as if I could hardly wait for night to come on.

"The hours went by somehow, and we left our seats in the dim rotunda to seek an early bed.

"Once in our room, I lit both the gas-jets, opened the transom and pulled a small table into the center of the room.

"For the third time Folette's face showed open surprise.

" 'Our next test of skill,' I announced, 'is a poker game, and the more noise we make over it the better.' I pulled a pack of cards and a rouleau of chips from my grip, and Folette joined me at the table.

"I cant remember how long we played. I only know that my ears were attuned to catch the slightest sound in the hall.

"There were several clumsy entries and much slamming of doors, followed by a long silence.

" 'Gimme three,' I said loudly, rattling my chips.

"The door across the way closed ever so softly, and our game went on as noisily as ever.

"Presently I pantomimed to Folette to take an observation thru the transom, and while he clung to the door-frame I talked poker idioms briskly to myself.

"He dropped to the floor noiselessly and signaled that all was ready. We opened the door on the crack and saw the light burning brightly thru Williams's transom.

"Crash! Together our shoulders met the panels of Williams's door. The lock gave way like a putty ornament, and we flung into his room. In rapid circles our guns covered the bed, the windows, the closet.

"The room was absolutely empty! A cigar, still lighted, lay on the wash-stand.

"I flung open the closet, to find it empty of even clothes. Two or three dirty collars with a laundry mark were worth something, and I stuffed them into my pocket. As for Williams, we hadn't even seen the shape of his shadow.

"For the best part of an hour I sat dribbling the chips thru my fingers and staring blankly at Folette. As for that worthy, his hat-brim shaded his eyes, apparently closed in slumber.

"Pretty soon I noticed that he was watching me. Our eyes met, and mine fell.

" 'I guess we'll have to go about the rest of this in the old way,' he said, 'tho you're a wiz on theory.' He twiddled his thumbs in embarrassment. 'When a crook begins to make big money,' Folette went on, 'he spends it—women or gambling, one or the other. Suppose we try the women first. It's a long and weary hunt, but it's the sure road to trap a slippery Dick like this.'

"It was going on toward the fifth week of my disappearance from the office, and Folette and I had arrived no nearer our goal.

"My acquaintance with painted ladies, lobster and Veuve Cliquot increased wonderfully, and Folette seemed to thrive on the task, but that was as far as we got.

"I owned myself beaten and visioned myself sneaking back to the copy desk, an exploded phenomenon, a perforated theory

"We went from bad to worse—from luxury to vice—and in our search of the lower dives women became hags and wine turned to prune-juice and wood alcohol.

"Our pose was that of prosperous farmers, and from the dynamite superintendent's description we described our old friend, George Williams, and told of our long and fruitless search for him in the city.

"One night we were seated in the 'blind' room of a cheap saloon, waiting for the nightly gathering of—let me in mercy call them the fair sex.

"Presently the ghost of a creature entered and, seeing us, walked over to our table. She could have been very beautiful once, but as she cowered down beside us she was a cerement in d i r t y white, with lack-luster eyes and sunken cheeks.

" 'Gimme a whisky,' she said, 'and I'll tell you all about George Williams.'

"We nearly fell out of our chairs. Providence had sent us this creature of the dregs to lead us out of the darkness.

" 'When I first k n e w George,' she began, rather painfully, 'he was a machinist, drawing down his five honest dollars a day, and I —well, I was pretty and soft and had promised to marry him.

" 'I left our town up-state with him and came to the city. George couldn't get work right away, and I didn't see him for days at a time.' She shivered, and her lips sucked at the empty glass. 'Then one night he came to me and pulled out a roll of money—all yellow and new.

" 'He had been drinking, and his eyes were blotched with yellow like a cat's. He wouldn't tell me where he had come by the money, but stripped off a bunch of it and stuck it in my hand.

" 'Here! that'll take you back home,' he said, 'and set you up like a queen.'

" 'George, I cant go home, and I dont want your money.'

" 'Before I could scream, his hands were around my neck, pressing, pressing, and I fell to the floor.

" 'When I came to, George was gone, and some of his money lay in a spatter of blood—it was my blood, and the bills were his blood-money.

" 'I took it, and I never dared go home. Just took to drink, and with it the life I lead.

" 'After that I heard of George, heard that he was the swellest cracksman and safe-blower in the business,



"GEORGE, I CANT GO HOME, AND I DONT WANT YOUR MONEY"

but by then I felt no shame in using his money.'

"The woman's voice rasped, and her dry lips curled back. 'For Gawd's sake, gimme another drink and let me finish,' she pleaded.

" 'I saw George only once more, the night before last, and he was coming out of a restaurant with a swell dame on his arm.

" 'George, George!' I cried, running up, 'gimme the price of a drink.' But he stared right thru me as if I wasn't there and turned away with the girl.

" 'That's why I'm givin' him up to you,' she went on. 'Gawd! I wouldn't have done it for a million



THE WOMAN SCORNED BETRAYS HER MAN

five years ago, or yesterday even, and now it's the price of a drink.'

"Her head sank on the table, and she sobbed in her own broken way.

"'We're friends of his,' I started to explain; 'we wouldn't think——'

"'Sh!' she started up. 'I know what I'm doing—I know *your* kind. Gimme another drink, and he's yours!'

"'Excuse me,' I said, disgust shaking out all over me; 'here's where theory and practice part company. I'm going back to the office.'

"Folette told me the rest," the retiring reporter continued. "By some hook or crook she gained access to the safe-blower's rooms, and then she told him about her going home to die, until he took pity on her and took her in.

"In the small hours, while he slept, she opened the door. Folette stood outside, and for a minute her rag of a conscience barred the way.

"Inch by inch the door worked open, and the face against it was that of the spawn of Judith.

"Here's a back file of the paper, giving all the details, including the trial and Folette's photograph. My name isn't even mentioned.

"In a month he won his captaincy, and 'the old man' relegated me to the society column."



Edison

By J. J. MEEHAN



aster of wizardry and magic art,
Time stands a-wonder at thy sole behest;
Sprite, gnome and pixie answer to thy quest.
By thee the fabled sands are ringed apart
With ancient figures in a mystic dance;
Shadows come forth and speak and then entrance;
A mother holds a baby on her knee,
And croons the murmur of a melody
Heard in the youth of years.
A maiden's tears
Start at the baying of the distant hounds,
As by her hunter-lover goes and bravely sounds
The horn that echoes o'er green forest mounds.
Upon thy screen
Pageants are pictured, brilliant, scene on scene;
Low tinkles of the bells in fairyland
Call us to listen on a twilight strand.
Care fades away, and dreams of elfin lore
Wake into life; ajar the golden door;
Yea, and the clover blooms amid the dew;
The sandy road of childhood shines once more!

What Could She Do?

(EDISON)

By Janet Reid



This story was written from the Photoplay of GERTRUDE LYON

SYLVIA FAIRFAX looked upon the ruin of her world with the abysmal despair of youth, than which *no* despair is blacker. For youth's tears are ever hottest; its nights darkest; its days most vividly gold. It is the age of extremes—of sharp contrast—of tragedy close-linked to comedy. It scales the heights and probes the depths as maturity can never do. It is patroned by Harlequin and Charon.

Nevertheless, there is some just cause for despair when one has inventoried all one's possessions, attributes and capacities and found only *ladylikeness.* That is precisely what befell Sylvia Fairfax upon the advent of her doting father's death. The sole heritage which he had left her and of which he had been so outspokenly proud—her ladylikeness—bade fair to be rated more of an obstacle than otherwise. For, as every one knows, ladylikeness is not a marketable commodity, alone and unadorned, and Sylvia stood badly in need of marketable commodities.

"I bring my daughter up to be a *lady,* damme!" the old Colonel had been wont to say, and the "bringing-up" consisted of a thoro inertia carefully preserved, and resulted in a penniless, rudderless, frightened girl facing a vast unknown.

Sylvia had a brilliant mind, thoroly American, thoroly alert and sensitive, but it had become fogged and dimmed by too little stimulus. She had an independent, proud spirit, but it was weakened and intimidated by its long inactivity. She had a beautiful body, strong and straight and thrilling with red blood, but it was languid and uninterested because—well, because *ladylikeness* and *bodies* are poles apart. In short, Sylvia was on the way to becoming one of those pitiable women who *could* expand, but do not; who could grow and develop and be a world-force, but remain forever inert, half-dormant beings. All this, thanks very often, to being a *lady.* When shall the fragile, inadequate cocoons be shaken off and a race of *women* stand forth, equipped, triumphant, magnificently capable? When shall the fair term "lady" be interpreted aright?

At any rate, Colonel Fairfax, having lived his life, opportunely died—opportunely, despite the lost-in-the-desert-and-no-oasis feeling of his daughter's cramped soul.

"There's only one thing I *can* do," inventoried Sylvia, as she sat in her empty and desolate house after the auction was over; "and that is, teach some young things what little I know myself. I can play a little—quite enough, dad used to say—and I can speak French — well, not fluently



BUT SHE COULDN'T QUELL THEIR HOYDEN WAYS

perhaps, but a little — and — and there's arithmetic and—oh, all the rest. Anyway, I certainly know more than *children!*"

It is laughable—that cock-sure assumption of years—"I know more than *children!*" More *what?* Why not ask one's self—More *what?* Sylvia Fairfax soon found that she knew far *less* than the alert, receptive, curious young minds thirsting up to hers. She found that it takes a keen, well-disciplined, orderly mind to *impart* one's knowledge, combined with zeal, enthusiasm and a great love for one's subject.

When she had decided, there in her sorrowed home, to pursue the genteel path of a governess, she had written to her father's friends, the Atkinsons, in Boston. They, of all her acquaintanceship, had small children. Remembering pleasurably the slender, aristocratic girl who had charmed him with her gentle, Southern hospitality, and for the sake of the fiery, fine old Colonel, John Atkinson urged his daughter to give the girl a trial.

"She cant harm the babes, my dear," he urged, "and she *may* do them a great deal of good. Betty is becoming too boisterous and hoydenish for a girl, and Frank is in need of a little quieting, outside influence."

Mrs. Windemere considered. "I believe you're right," she agreed finally; "they're just at the *funny* age when some pretty, intelligent girl could mean a great deal in their lives. Yes, send for her, father—do."

They liked her, Betty and Frank, but she couldn't quell their hoyden ways, and she couldn't impart her own untrained knowledge to *their* still untrained minds. Moreover, Mr. Windemere was bringing them up with the practical end of self-support in view, and Sylvia's visionary instruction was peculiarly out of place. And so, despite Mrs. Windemere's kindly interest and Mr. Windemere's genial hospitality and the fatherly counsel of her dear old friend, Mr. Atkinson, Sylvia decided to seek her fortune in New York—that Eldorado of the destitute.

Ladylikeness was less of an attribute in New York than it had been in Boston. In fact, in the districts where Sylvia applied for lucrative

work it was distinctly incongruous. Men with derby hats pushed back on sweaty foreheads, collarless and puffing furiously at stubby, black cigars, eyed her keenly and occasionally offered her a chair; but they didn't employ her. Sleek, groomed, tailored individuals—the Beau Brummels of commerce, looked hopeful when she entered, appraised her reed-like grace covetously; then turned indifferent before the look in her eyes. Office-girls, clad à la mode on microscopic salaries, took her in minutely; then tossed their coiffed heads at her inimitable simplicity. All told, she didn't seem to fit. She thought, half-whimsically, of the lines of that rugged master poet: "When you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle to cock your revolver and quit."

"Not yet!" she whispered to herself, as she turned her search boarding-housewards. "*Some one* must want me. I'll find him!"

At the boarding-house, dolefully typical, the gently bred girl stood out with the vivid contrast of a picture-covered spot on a faded wall-paper. The carpets were dust-ridden and half-swept; the walls were dingy and hideously patterned; the furniture was cumbersome, worn, of the funereal, old-fashioned style. The lady of the establishment—why is it always a lady?—was blonde, carelessly preserved, shirt-waisted to the bursting point. Her manner of large-hearted motherliness covered thinly her anxiety as to the resources of one's purse. She ensconced Sylvia in a room dingy beyond belief, hung with cheap chromos and equipped with a lumpy, dubious-looking bed. Elaborate lace curtains graced the two unwashed windows, and they were festooned with pinkish ribbons.

"You're bound to be real comfortable in here, dearie," the voluble lady affirmed, surveying the appointments complacently. "I've never had a dissatisfied party in here yet—roomer or regular—gent or lady—and that's more'n *most* can say."

"Yes, indeed." Sylvia laid her hat in the murky closet, with a dreadful lump in her throat. What would her dad say if he could see his dainty Sylvia *now?* She prayed that he couldn't. She knew that his fond heart would break for his little girl. She thought of the room at home—her room; the tinted, delicate walls; the snowy bed; the fluffy rugs on the shining, stained floor; the warm, scented breeze stirring the filmy, foamy hangings. Desperately she came back to the room and Mrs. Dougherty.

"Dinner's served in ten minutes," that ruling power was stating grandly. "We all has it together. See you there, my dear."

There were one or two young clerks at the table, still shy, still harmless. There was the middle-aged hankerer after youth, dressed to distraction and gushing as to manner. There was a sleek, suave, slim chap, with a meaning look in his eye. And there was a pretty, vivacious, sophisticated girl who immediately took Sylvia under her wing and chatted to her unremittingly, casting thunderous looks at the sleek, suave one the while.

"You're a Southerner, aint you, honey?" she queried, appraising Sylvia with eyes that missed nothing, yet were kindly withal.

"Yes," choked Sylvia, the lump rising again; "p-please dont ask me about it, if you dont mind. I'm s-still homesick, I think."

"Takes me to get my big hoof in it," groaned Hetty Sharp, dolorously. "Never mind, kid; if *homesickness* is the worst that hits you, why, you're the lucky speedo."

"Seems pretty hard to bear," Sylvia responded.

"Everything does—at first," philosophically rejoined Miss Sharp; "but, great cats! what we poor dust-to-dust jumping-jacks *cant* get used to!"

"What, for instance?" Sylvia asked, talking more for the sake of dulling her heartache than for interest in her table companion's views on life.

"Oh, the nothing-to-do and no-



SYLVIA SEEKS EMPLOYMENT IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

where-to-go feeling—getting it when you're down on your luck — being hungry and cold—and only—one—way—out." Hetty turned suddenly to the half-interested girl and leaned near her. "Listen, kid," she whispered; "you're down on your luck —and hungry, if it aint *stomach* hunger—but *dont take that way out.*"

Sylvia smiled for the first time. "I think I know what you mean," she said, "but, you see, I dont even *know* any one. So I'm safe!"

"Little ninny!" Hetty Sharp surveyed her scornfully; then returned to her dinner as the eyes of the other boarders were focused on Sylvia and their ears strained. As they rose from the table, Hetty drew Sylvia aside. "Come to my room awhile, wont you?" she asked. "You dont know any one—maybe—but before this evening makes a noise like a hoople and rolls away you *will.*" Once upstairs in the narrow bedroom, evil-smelling and insufficiently lit by the one exhausted gas-jet, Hetty drew up rickety chairs and faced the girl impressively.

"D'ye mean to *tell* me you didn't pike off Billy Banners?" she interrogated.

"No. Which one was Billy Banners?"

"Why, the reg'ler guy, the spoffy gent, the — the easy-money-looking bloke." Hetty explained desperately. Sylvia laughed. She couldn't help it.

"You mean the black-haired one—the one that sat directly opposite me?"

"Yep."

"Why, yes, I *did* notice him. He—he *winked* at me."

"Winked at you, did he!" exploded Hetty. "Well, if I had a penny for every wink *that* gink has lost, I'd buy up the Morgan Trust and put Hetty Green in Snake Hill."

"He didn't lose this one—I got it," slanged Sylvia, innocently.

"Yes, and you'll get a lot more if you get next to *him,*" averred Hetty. "Oh, say, kid, steer clear. You aint this class—but there's lots of us weren't—at first. It's dead easy to sink down—it aint so easy to pull up. I'm not quoting from experience, 'cause I was born in th' gutter and I expect to die there—but, Gawd! I've shook the filth off so far—*that* kind of filth, anyway."

"You're very, very good to me," Sylvia said gratefully, "but you need not worry. I've come here to *work,*

and Mr. Banners will never be able to approach me."

"Would you like to work in a store?" Hetty inquired. "Same store *I* work in?"

"Oh, I *would*—yes, *indeed!*"

"Well, I *think* there's an opening. You stick around tomorrow and rest up, and I'll tell you tomorrow night. I'm almost *sure* of it."

They were hard days for Sylvia. She tried to be friendly with the girls in the store, but they soon realized the breach between them and did not attempt to heal it. Hetty, alone, seemed to have knowledge of the lonely, crushed girl-heart, and, in her crude, untutored way, she brought comfort to it. Into her rapt ears Sylvia poured forth the pent-up love for her lovely Southern home; her grief for her tindery, aristocratic old father; her utter loneliness. A bond grew between them that was not of station and rank, not of heritage nor environment—just the simple, iron-knit bond of two weary hearts who have found life hard and the pathway very rough.

"Did you hear what Sadie said today about Mr. Warner?" asked Sylvia, as Hetty sat on her bed that night before going to her room.

"No? What?"

"That he has engaged a detective—or is going to. He says there's some systematic stealing going on."

"H—has he done it yet?"

"I dont know. Sadie didn't seem to know."

"He wouldn't *have* stealing in his old store if he paid enough to keep his employee's stomachs filled and their morals steady. Well—'night, kid—gee! but you're a *good* kid!"

"Take this for me—one instant, dearie," gasped Hetty, around noon the next day. "It's a package I was doing up, and Mr. Warner's sent for me. I'll be right back."

"What have you in that package, Miss Fairfax?"

It was all over in a breath, and Sylvia found herself in a tiny, private office, facing a stern-faced trio of men, one holding open a handsome rhinestone collar set in cut steel.

"I have thought this for some time," announced Mr. Warner, a portly, well-fed looking man, fat on the toil of the lean. "I couldn't understand what this girl was doing here. She obviously is of higher class—*socially.*"

"She has an accomplice, Mr. Warner," Inspector Towne declared. "You say you are *positive* the girl didn't do the actual taking, detective?"

"Yes, sir. I had my eye off her only one instant. She couldn't have unlocked the case and got out the loot in *that* time. Some one handed it to her."

"Is that so?" Inspector Towne shot at the girl.

"Yes, Inspector."

"Who was the girl?"

Sylvia shook her head. "That I cannot say," she returned.

"Did you know it was stolen property when it was handed to you? Are you a voluntary accomplice?"

"No, Inspector—oh, *no!*" Sylvia's voice broke in the earnest plea of her denial. All her fine honor shone in her clear, truthful eyes.

"Whom does this girl chum with?" he inquired of Mr. Warner.

"Miss Sharp got her here," he replied; "Hetty Sharp."

"I'll examine her," the Inspector said. In a half-hour he returned. "We'll have to make a third degree of this," he said. "I believe you want to leave nothing undone to clear this up, Mr. Warner?"

"Nothing."

For an hour they grilled her with a rapid-fire of questions. They riddled her with them, shot them at her, accused, cajoled, tormented. Thru it all the girl remained alert, collected, coldly set in her answers. And at the last the door to the adjoining office was burst open, and Hetty Sharp rushed in, threw herself at Sylvia and sobbed heart-brokenly. Mr. Warner rose and took her by the shoulder. Hetty looked up, and her tear-drenched eyes became baleful.



THE "THIRD DEGREE"

"Yes—get your handcuffs out," she sneered. "Railroad me—go on—but you leave her alone. She's a good kid, I tell you, a *good kid,* and she wont be that long—in *your* dump."

"Oh, Hetty!" sobbed Sylvia, pitifully. But the defiant girl was led out by the detective and Mr. Warner. The Inspector remained to talk to Sylvia, and the result of the talk opened new doors to Sylvia. Impressed by her alertness, resourcefulness and calmness, the Inspector asked her to join on his staff of detectives.

"I have a case for you now," he said, on rising. "The child of extremely well-to-do people has been abducted. I think you can get in the house as maid or governess or something and get some color on the subject. Here's the name—go try it and report to me at headquarters."

There, in the Gray home, Sylvia was beset by *two* enigmas: the one, the loss of the little Kitty; the other, the face of the son of the house, Robert Gray.

"Where have I seen him before?" she asked herself, "Where—*when?*" And she knew by his eyes that he *had* seen her before, and that he *knew* where—and when. One day he came to her as she sat on the steps of the house.

"Sylvia Fairfax," he said slowly, "why are you here—like this?"

"*Mr.* Robert Gray," laughed the girl, "you must not ask."

"But I *must.* Sylvia, dont you remember me, or has the sorrow you have had wiped away my memory?"

"I recall you," the girl said, hesitatingly, "and yet I—dont."

"The graduation," prompted Robert—"Miss Miller and her humble nephew."

"Oh, *yes!*" cried Sylvia.

"A quaint old garden," persisted Robert; "a *very* impressed young man; a promise to return."

"A promise broken," chaffed the girl.

"A promise *kept,*" returned Robert, gravely, "too late."

"I'm sorry, but listen." Sylvia placed her hand on his arm. "I am here in the employ of Inspector Towne," she confided in a whisper. "I think I have the right clue. Be extremely cautious to treat me in—in masterly fashion, and tomorrow I hope I'll bring Kitty home."

"God bless you for that!" he brokenly said, the grief that had permeated his being for the past week overwhelming him again.

Late the next night Sylvia made good her promise when she placed Kitty in her mother's arms. The hunger and fear for her baby stilled,



SYLVIA SUCCESSFULLY IMPERSONATES LIZZIE

she lavished on the young "detectress" a very wealth of gratitude. "Where did you find her, Miss Fairfax?" she asked, holding the little one closer; "how did it all come about?"

"Thru Lizzie," Sylvia told them, "your former housemaid. I became friendly with her. We took walks together, and she showed a great fondness for nurse-maids and children in the park. I acted very simple and gullible. Several times she stopped at a very unprepossessing looking dwelling. I suspected the stops, masqueraded as Lizzie, whose dialect I borrowed, and discovered Kitty's hiding-place. Then I told—Mr. Gray; we took an officer with us, and I went ahead. It was night, and the gang let me in without further trouble. I could not see nor hear Kitty anywhere in the ramshackle house and thought that they had spirited her away.

"The gang led me into a vacant room, shut off from sound, and I thought my last hour had come. Much to my surprise, they flattered me for my supposed past services, pressed a pile of bills on me and demanded that I take part in a dangerous adventure that very night—a 'badger game,' I think they called it.

"I consented, hoping to gain time, for I knew that my friends were in the street below, waiting for my signal.

"There was a passageway leading to an alley back of the house, which I knew nothing about. We descended cautiously and started to go out the back door.

"I was in desperate straits, not daring to cry out nor signal from the front of the house. Besides, my blood was up, and I wanted to capture the villainous gang red-handed.

"On the excuse that I had dropped my pocket-book in the dark, I asked one of the gang to light the hall gas-jet. He did so, and I turned it rapidly up and down, the signal agreed upon.

"Instantly there came a rush of feet up the stoop, and I flung open the door to admit Mr. Gray and the officer.

"The abductors were awed by the sudden attack, and while the officer herded them at the pistol's point, Mr. Gray and I searched the house.



THE MISSING CHILD IS FOUND

Nowhere was there the slightest sign of Kitty.

"On the top floor I sat down on an empty packing-case, and, in despair, we discussed the situation. Something prompted me to rip off the box-cover, and there inside, like a big, bisque doll, lay the missing child.

"We covered her over, ordered the gang upstairs and seemingly rescued the child before their astonished eyes.

"A full confession was dragged from them; we carried Kitty home, and you know the rest."

Robert then told of Sylvia's true identity, of their former meetings and what they had portended. Mrs. Gray took the girl in her arms warmly. "I knew your mother, my dear," she said. "She would be proud of you. You are the flower of the stock."

Downstairs, Sylvia told Robert of her past misadventures and of Hetty. "I must seek her out," she said. "I want to give her a home—with me."

"We will," averred Robert, smilingly. Then, taking her hand closely in both his own, "some one wants you very, very much," he said tenderly; "that some one—is *me*."

"Long ago I said to myself that some one wanted me," the girl answered him. "It—it saved me; I must have known that—that *some one*—was *you*."

My Soldier Boy

By GEORGE H. PEARSON

Where is my soldier boy tonight?
The boy I loved so well;
The boy who was my heart's delight—
Can anybody tell?

Like soldier boys of times gone by,
He left me all alone;
Like other maids, I now must sigh
And sadly weep and moan.

If I could see that soldier boy,
As in the olden time,
I know my heart would leap with joy
And life would be one rhyme.

But stay! what is it now I see?
Whatever can it mean?
Why, there's the absent heart of me
Upon the picture screen!

I'm looking for the man who wrote
That Moving Picture play;
I'd like to find the one who took
That soldier boy away.

But if I find that soldier boy,
The next time he is seen
He'll occupy an ambulance
Upon the picture screen.

THE LOCKED DOOR



A FIRE PREVENTION ROMANCE

(Vitagraph)

by

Dorothy Donnell

This story was written from the Photoplay of W. B. NORTHRUP

"IT'S a fire-trap, that's what it is." Harold Forsythe coiled long legs earnestly about his revolving-chair. There was an unwarranted anxiety in his tone, as his father mentally noted, as tho the Atlas Waist Company had a more than vicarious interest for him.

"H-m!" was the elder Forsythe's dry comment. "How'd they come to appoint you inspector below, young man?"

"I—well—it was Mabel Emanon," blurted the boy, coloring angrily. "She—I met her at the Jarvises' dance, you know. I wasn't especially keen on meeting the old codger, but she asked me in this morning. Lord! you should have seen it, sir! Greasy rags ankle deep; locked doors; wooden fire-buckets that wouldn't hold enough to shampoo a cat, and that fool foreman *smoking!*"

The face of the other underwent a terrifying change, taking on anger-furrows and menace-lines. He brought a powerful fist down in a crash of emphasis on the mahogany desk.

"Send downstairs and tell Emanon to come up," he snarled out between locked jaws. "You, Bailey; what's the matter now?"

The foreman gestured eloquently toward the sullen, pretty young Slav girl behind him.

"Been throwin' her cuttin's on th' floor again," he reported. "I've warned her three times a'ready, sir."

Forsythe, owner of the Century Suit Company, glowered at the culprit under shaggy brows. His fingers twitched irascibly.

"What do you suppose I put in those metal bins for, young woman?" he asked sarcastically—"interior decorations or to *use?* I can spend thousands making my loft fire-proof, but money wont make it fool-proof! I've warned you over and over that I'd discharge any one I caught breaking the rules."

" 'Twasn't only a scrap o' linin' I let fall accidental," muttered the girl, sullenly. But it was not a plea for mercy. She was already turning away. Carelessness was the unforgivable sin in the Century Suit Company's workrooms. She almost stumbled against a short, excited man in the doorway as she shambled out. It was Emanon, proprietor of the Atlas Waist Company on the floor below. He was covering apprehension and dislike under an oily smile as he bustled in. Harold glanced up, nodded and turned back to his figures with a bad taste in his soul. Why must pretty, blue-eyed, gentle-voiced girls have fathers like that—penny-grinding, conscienceless creatures,

with fingers crooked for coin-grasping?

"Meester Forsythe! I come in haste, as you see! What can I do for my dear fren'?"

Forsythe looked his visitor over, from greasy hair to unblacked boots, with unconcealed disfavor, briefly gesturing to a chair.

"Sit down, Emanon," he said shortly. "Let's come to business. My son here tells me you keep your doors locked below."

The oily smile slid from the small, sharp face. "Well, and what if I do?" It was a surly threat. Forsythe kept his temper with an effort.

"That's against the fire regulations, as you very well know," he said sternly. "And so is waste lying on the floor, and smoking, and inadequate fire apparatus. Now—just a moment, please—I've been at some expense to protect my own loft, and I dont propose to have your shiftlessness nullify my care. You'll have to clean things up, or I shall report you to the Fire Department. That's all I have to say. Good-morning."

Unuttered rage is the most dangerous. An air-fanned flame dies out quickly, but hidden fires smoulder and smoke for weeks unseen. Emanon went back to his own loft outwardly serene, but resentment sulked in his soul. He would show that insolent fellow that meddling was unprofitable. How, he had not decided. A handsome, passionate-faced young woman slouching down the hallway read his purpose as the echo of her own. A moment later, Stella Rubinow had slid into the stingily opened door below and touched Emanon on the arm.



EMPLOYEES MUST NOT THROW THEIR CUTTINGS ON THE FLOOR

"You would like to hurt *him?*" she said softly, pointing upward. "I can tell you a way."

Emanon's eyes met hers, with a flash in them.

"How much?" he muttered.

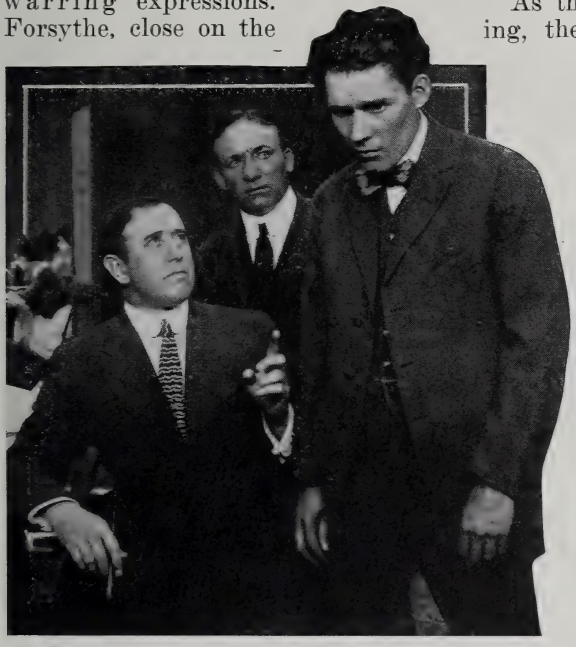
"Not a cent," she answered swiftly —"only a job here. How about it? Do I get it or not?"

"You get the job," said Emanon, greedily. He licked his thin lips like a cat. "Now tell me *how*."

As a consequence of this conversation, a man in blue uniform presented himself at the door of the Century Suit Company the following afternoon.

"I am an Inspector from the Fire Department," he informed the gaping foreman. "We were told there was a defective door here."

The foreman's face was a study in warring expressions. Forsythe, close on the heels of his call, showed frank bewilderment. "Well, Inspector," he cried, with forced heartiness, "you are about the last person I ever expected to see here!"



"SEND DOWNSTAIRS AND TELL EMANON TO COME UP"

The Inspector had been auditing the room with swift, approving glances.

"Automatic sprinklers, I see; chemical extinguishers; plenty of new hose," he commented—"good, very good. But hold on! There's the door—see, the one opening on to the fire-escape."

The three men went over to it thru the whispering rows of workers. "Opens in, instead of *out*," explained the Inspector, tersely. "It is very simple to have it changed, and in case of fire it would be bad to have to pull it *in* against the press of an excited mob of hysterical girls."

"I see." Forsythe's tone was relieved. "Yes, I'll have it changed at once. But as for hysterical mobs, why, we dont have any such things up here. Hal, my boy, just sound the alarm for the fire-drill, will you?"

As the bell clanged out its warning, the girls rose swiftly in their places and formed long lines down the wide aisles. Without undue haste or disorder, they filed out, led by the men, who ran back to uncoil the hose and take down the extinguishers. The whole maneuver took but two minutes and thirty-five seconds, by Forsythe's watch. Again the Inspector showed his approval.

"That's the sort of thing that lowers the death-rate," he smiled, shaking hands. "Glad to have had the opportunity of seeing the drill, Mr. Forsythe. Dont forget the little matter of the door. Good-day, sir."

As he swung about at the stairhead, a hand touched his shoulder, deprecatingly. The Century Company's foreman hesitated beside him.

"It isn't any of my business," he began, with troubled face, "and yet in a way it is, too. When a man sees lives in danger, even if they aren't any of his own folks, it's his business to save 'em, aint it, sir?"

"Spit it out, my man," the Inspector encouraged.

"Well, then, I aint *sayin'* anything, but I just advise you t' stop at the Atlas Shirt Waist, one flight down, as you go by."

The foreman glanced cautiously over the rail, sniffed inquiringly and gave a triumphant nod. "At it

agin," he muttered. "D'ye smell it, sir?"

Cigaret smoke! The Inspector's feet followed his nose to a closed door. What was more, it was locked also. He pounded it, with growing indignation, and the key was turned within. An insolent face, behind blue tobacco clouds, peered thru the crack at him.

"Wha' d'ye mean by poundin' th' house down," it snarled superiorly.



"YOU GET THE JOB—NOW TELL ME HOW"

"Say, who d'you t'ink youse is, anyhow?"

The Inspector turned back his coat-lapel. At the glitter beneath, the cigaret disappeared miraculously and the door swung wide.

"Come in, 'Spector," said the Atlas foreman, blusteringly. "This way t' th' ol' man's hang-out."

Piles of greasy waste cluttered the narrow, overcrowded aisles. The girls sat huddled together in cramped rows, tossing their clippings to the floor, below the tables. Emanon, also smoking, turned a sickly green at the sight of his visitor. His nerveless fingers pushed his cigar aside, but his lips were not equal to their conciliatory smile. Behind the little eyes the angry brain was muttering over and over: "Forsythe sent him—Forsythe sent him!" Aloud he spoke not at all, cringing under the angry denunciation of the official; while Mabel listened at her desk, distressed for her father, but half-admitting the truth of the accusations.

"Hard times? Nonsense!" finished the Inspector, contemptuously, after an eloquent five minutes. "You're one of those human rats that fatten off the bodies and souls of your employees. Why, man, think a moment! If there should be a fire here today—and no reason in the world why there shouldn't be!—how many of these poor girls would get out of here alive, d'you suppose? Rotten hose; wooden buckets; narrow aisles piled knee-high with tinder! Why, it would be wholesale murder, man!"

"I cant afford——"

"You'll *have* to afford; in short order, too," said the Fire Inspector, determinedly. "I'll close you up in a week unless you refit your loft to

comply with the regulations. Understand, I mean this, too!''

Trembling with rage, the proprietor watched his unwelcome visitor stride away. He sank into his chair, oblivious to glance and whisper about him. Among the smoking embers of his morning's fury rose up a carrion phœnix-thought, unbeautiful, a bird of prey. He nursed the ugly thing in silence, smiling a deformed, distorted smile. In her father's expression the girl read a purpose that set her heart a-flutter with dread. The closing bell



EMANON PREPARES FOR REVENGE

rang; the workers straggled noisily out, she with them, and the shadows fell thickly. At length the huddled figure came into jerky life. He fumbled in a drawer and drew out a sinister collection—matches, machine oil, candles; then, with these clutched to his narrow breast, Emanon stole thru his insulted room, climbed out on the fire-escape and began to crawl up like an evil shadow of menace. Was it the room that gasped behind him? Was it his conscience that followed, wraith-like and silent, at his guilty heels?

Harold Forsythe and his father were late over their books. It was already dark when they closed the door behind them and stood buttoning their overcoats with the leisurely movements of men who are leaving a good day's work for a good dinner. With desultory chat of this and that, they had started down the stairs, when a sound stopped them. They peered back thru the gloom. Under the door of the loft a bloody stain showed an instant.

''Fire—the automatic alarm!'' gasped Harold. Taking the stairs three at a bound, he flung his shoulder against the door. The sight that met his eyes within stunned him. A girl, with smoke-dimmed beauty and wild gestures, stood beating a huge pile of charred rags with a broom, while overhead the sprinklers, freed by the heat, sent down their saving showers. The danger was over, but not the consequences.

''M a b e l!'' The boy's voice was h o a r s e. ''My father—quick—hide!''

It was too late. Blustering, swearing, inarticulate with anger, the elder man was back with a policeman and watchman behind. He pointed with a s h a k i n g hand.

''Arrest that girl. She's her father's daughter, all right. Caught red-handed, weren't you, my dear?''

Mabel faced them all silently. Her father's shame burned her cheeks and her heart, but her clear eyes did not falter as they met the boy's. Unreasoningly, he knew her guiltless and stepped before her, shielding her plight from his father's scorn.

''I'll be the bondsman for this young lady,'' he said distinctly. ''There'll be no arresting done here, or you'll have to arrest *me* first!''

''I saw you!''

She did not reproach him, nor rage, nor even cry. Chin on palm, she watched his face steadily, as tho seeing it aright for the first time in her life. He was impaled upon the gaze of her, unable to move, except to

writhe like a stuck insect. He wet his dry lips and muttered, hands clawing among the papers on his desk.

"Tell 'em so, then. See me go to prison, you meddlesome, spying hussy——"

The words died in his throat, and a great cloud of self-pity enveloped him. He was a poor old man; his daughter was against him; his neighbors hated him; the law was on his heels with nagging letters about his loft conditions. Weak tears came to the whitewashed wall, flung thru the open shop door, flickered strangely upward, and, as tho they had been vocal, a murmur uprose, swelling to a wail; then a high, awful, many-voiced shriek.

"What is that they are saying, Mabel?" whispered Emanon, rigid in his chair, without moving his head.

The girl had risen slowly, stood staring as one who sees a nightmare vision. Then suddenly she flung back her head, laughing lightly.



A GIRL STOOD BEATING A PILE OF CHARRED RAGS WITH A BROOM

his blinking eyes; a poor old man; a dishonored father; a bankrupt, probably soon.

"What would you do?" he whined. "Would you have me go to jail to clear you? Would you rather see me in stripes than have that red-cheeked, beardless young fool up yonder look at you with suspicion in his puppy eyes?" His voice flared up in a gust of anger. "As for him and his tribe, I'll fix 'em yet!" he snarled. "They'll set the law on me—they'll threaten and boast and grin, will they? I'll—I'll——"

What was that? The shadows on

"It's rather — a joke — on you, father!" she cried. "If you had waited till this morning, you'd have been saved all your trouble——"

The shriek was broken into shattered bits of sound—now here, now there. The shadows flickered more eerily. They were hands reaching out—clawing, grasping. A curl of blue vapor spiraled lazily before his fixed eyes.

"What—are—they—saying——"

But she had gone. With a soul-rending effort, the wretched man turned his eyes toward the door. His question was answered with a searing

vision of hell. From twenty parts of the loft great gobs of flame were nosing upward. The ceiling dripped sparks like blood. Little rivers of bright destruction ran along the greasy work-tables, leaped from piles of garments. Knee-deep in flame waded the workers, screaming in agony, running aimlessly about seeking escape like brainless insects, beating in a wedge of bodies against the door that would not open.

Emanon sprang up and fought his way out into the fiery sea. He saw his foreman pinned by a fallen timber; a pretty girl with hair flaring like a candle ran by him, singing her own death-song in crazed soprano. A group of women had climbed to a table and were trying to beat out the conflagration of their skirts. At the windows others were jumping from one death to another. The wooden fire-buckets ranged along the wall burned like tinder as the mounting wave of flame engulfed them. The fire-escape door crashed in, and a young man hurled his way thru the shrieking wretches. He flung his arms ahead as tho to push the smoke aside, crying a name aloud as he went. At his feet a weak voice answered. She was nearly overcome, but the air at the window, to where he dragged her, brought thought back.

"Father! I cant leave him!"

"Wait for me, then," cried young Forsythe, and was gone. In the street below the last one of the Century Company's employees marched unharmed from the building. The firemen hooked their scaling-poles into cornice and window ledge and ran up like flies, but the frenzied creatures in the windows would not wait for aid. One after another they thudded down. The crowd below sickened and turned from the terrible sight. Mabel clung to the sill, peering with scorched eyes into the maelstrom of smoke and flame that had been the room. Out of it swayed a blackened scarecrow, carrying a huddle of crushed limbs.

"Father! Oh, God—is he *dead?*" she moaned.

"Dont faint—you must not," the upright figure croaked thru swollen lips gaping apart. "Help me lift him to the sill."

The crushed huddle opened its eyes with an effort.

"No," whispered Emanon, with a sudden flare of manhood, "no—I'm done for. Dont wait for me; you'll both be burned; the—floor—is—going; Mabel—kiss—me."

She pressed her cheek to his scorched face with tears of forgiveness and grief. The air was unbreathable. Harold caught her and thrust her across the sill, into the arms of a fireman. As he turned back, the floor crashed in. He clung to the window-sill, reeling into unconsciousness with a dying voice saying strange words in his ears: "She didn't set your fire; I did—I did—"

Another fireman caught him as his hold relaxed and carried him down from death to life, and from honor to love that should heal the wounds of these terrible memories in happier days to be.

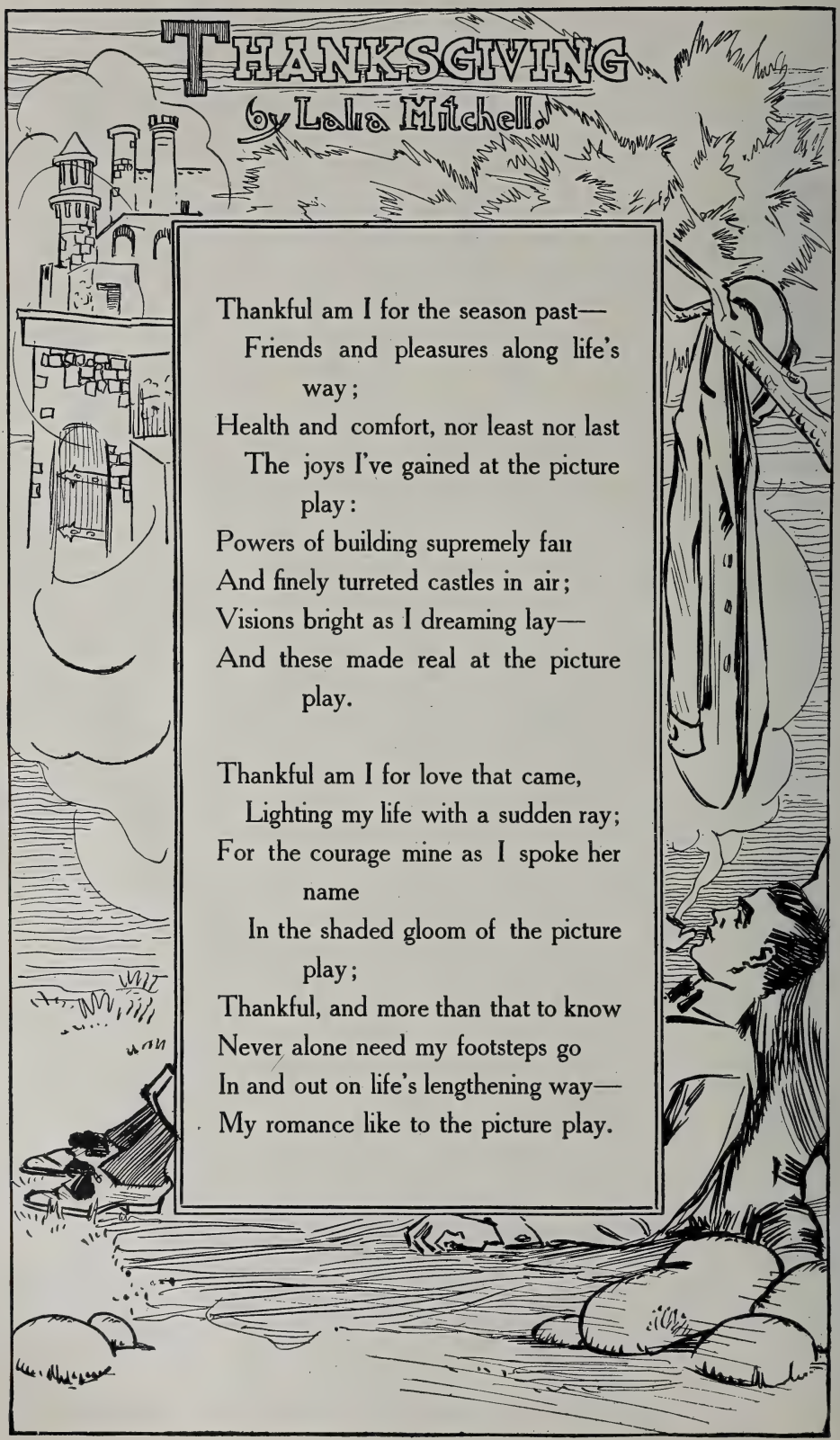
THE LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER

DEAR DAWD—When I grows big, I wanter be a actor girl, so's I c'n step out on a sheet an' wave my petticoat an' stop a twain, an' all th' passengers will cry an' kiss me fur it. An' then I want a baby doll that wont get all bwoke up like mine—th' kind th' actor muzzers have that dwop from wagons, an' fall in wells, an' get all et up by lions.

E. M. LAR.

An unknown friend sends us an interesting letter about censorship of films, and she says that since the reformers are after the National Board of Censors, and the officials are after the reformers, and the manufacturers are after the officials, it reminds her of the old jingle:

There's a cat in the garden laying for a rat,
There's a boy with a catapult a-laying for the cat;
The cat's name is Susan, the boy's name is Jim,
And his father round the corner is a-laying for him.



Thankful am I for the season past—
Friends and pleasures along life's way;
Health and comfort, nor least nor last
The joys I've gained at the picture play:
Powers of building supremely fair
And finely turreted castles in air;
Visions bright as I dreaming lay—
And these made real at the picture play.

Thankful am I for love that came,
Lighting my life with a sudden ray;
For the courage mine as I spoke her name
In the shaded gloom of the picture play;
Thankful, and more than that to know
Never alone need my footsteps go
In and out on life's lengthening way—
My romance like to the picture play.

Whatsoever a Woman Soweth

(ESSANAY)

—BY—

GLADYS HALL



HE stood before her, very stern and white and straight. She faced him, mute, stricken-eyed, answerless. Then he smiled wistfully and held out his hand in goodby.

"The old adage, 'What's in a name?' is a sort of a fallacy, after all, isn't it?" he said. "But I think you are deciding wisely, Pauline, thinking as you do. It's—it's the only way out." He choked a little at the last.

"How can you take it this way, Rob?" the girl burst out stormily. "You speak of 'decisions' and 'wisdom,' and all the time my heart is—is—breaking. Yes, it is, too," she hurried on recklessly, as he sought to stop her, "but, oh, my love! we must *give up*—for their sake—the—the *unborn.*"

"Yes," assented the man, dully, "the taint is there, all right, and then, of course, there's heredity—and—and all that."

"And what a frightful thing," Pauline half-whispered, "to breed a race of *thieves!*" Robert winced, and the girl went to him. "My darling," she crooned to him, "you know *how* I mean, and, of course, it *always* skips a generation, anyway—and that means—*would* mean—our—our——"

"Our son," Robert finished for her; then turned for his hat and stick. "That is what it *might* mean, Pauline," he assented—"to *you.* But, dear, did you spring from a race profligate, stained, dishonored, I would love you and have you; and out of our glorious love, triumphant over evil, glad and unafraid, a *perfect* soul would flower." He looked at her an instant; then turned, closing the door behind him. Pauline did not move until she heard him run down the stairs and slam the great outer door after him; then she bowed her proud, lovely head on her arms, and the storm burst.

Two weeks before Robert Caldwell, senior, had dragged the fine old Caldwell name into the slime and mire; he had embezzled enormous sums of money from the bank where he held a position of honor and trust. The papers headlined it in huge type; the Sunday pictorials climbed back thru every branch of the Caldwell family tree, and on every branch laid open to view some monstrous canker. One or two staunch friends stuck to the mother and son; the others dropped away as if at a simultaneous stroke. And Robert Caldwell, from the proud scion of a respected family, favored, sought after, sealed by the world's approval, became the outcast, the doubted, the undesirable—pointed at menacingly by the long, bony finger of unlovely disgrace. Thru all the days of the first excite-



PAULINE HEARS OF ROBERT'S DISGRACE

ment, thru the notoriety, the shame, the loud crash of his world tumbling about his ears, Robert Caldwell had sung in his heart. He had pictured himself going to Pauline, standing from out the ruins lance-clean and blade-straight. He had pictured her arms held out to him—cradling, comforting, love-tender arms. He had heard her blessed assurance that she *loved* him—loved him. She had told him once, in the bright dawning of their romance, that she would love him tho he came to her shorn of all the world holds dear. He had loved most in her that passionate intensity—that flame of unrecking heedlessness. Manlike, he had believed—because her eyes plumbed deep into his, because her lips were warmly red, because she held him close to her wild, young heart. And then the test came—a bitter test—a test that seared beneath the flesh and things of the flesh, and sought out the soul, and there fought out the fight. She had not stood the test. He did not blame her. There are not many who can renounce the world for love, untrimmed and unbefrilled. Few there are; those few stand forth, epoch-making—figures to weep over, and laugh over, and worship in their solitary, splendid, sacrificial glory. Pauline Marlowe's own particular planet was permeated and governed by pride—and her pride had touched its loftiest pinnacle when Robert Caldwell had sought her out. She had built a wondrous House of Dream from this love of theirs, and the foundation had been the alliance



PAULINE SOWS THE FATAL SEED

of the two old names—names to hand down to that bright creature of her heart, her son-to-be. When the name, proud no longer, crumbled and rotted, the foundation gave way, too—and the House of Dream came tottering flimsily down. Thru the wreckage Pauline stared aghast—at a world all censure, and scorn, and horrid, scathing notoriety. This, as crown to her pride—this, as heritage to her son! And so, when Robert Caldwell, broken by another's wrong, came to her for the love he needed, he found her—part of the cold-shouldered world. Instantly his pride—the poor, forlorn remnants he had kept together—froze him. He could not plead—he could not show her. She had given him the one hurt that was mortal. She had stilled him where the world could not.

I wonder how many of us walk abroad with workaday faces, and hearts that dream, and bend to memory's shrine—how many of us who sing the litany of "It might have been"—how many who know ourselves when the knowledge comes too late, and find, after all, that that which was greatest is least, that we threw away pay-dirt for clay, that our stupendous theories and philosophies, our cleverly thought-out beliefs and weighty opinions, are somewhat laughable, after all? Among that immobilized army walked Pauline Hunter. As most of us do, she had come thru doubts and enthusiasms, passions and terrors, bruises and blunders, into the calm light of self-knowledge. Thru the slough of despair, she had waded onto firm ground, dragging after her the things worth while—and lo! they turned to ashes in her hands.

The things worth while, for Pauline, had been the prestige Evan Hunter offered her when he offered her his name—and the little son that was born to them later on. For these

things she had bartered her soul and foregone her divine birthright—and they bade fair to become Dead Sea fruit.

Evan Hunter gave her the name she coveted, yet she sometimes thought, not altogether irrelevantly, of the whited sepulchre. There was that in the man that suggested a race outrun, and a faint, ever-spreading



ARTHUR COMFORTS HIS WIDOWED MOTHER

streak of yellow. She had her son—radiant figure of her dreams; and he looked at her with his father's eyes—cold, depthless eyes—and smiled at her with his father's lips, weak and flaccid; yet she had borne him—he was her very own—and, with the unreasoning passion of maternity, she loved him. Then came Evan Hunter's death. The yellow streak had spread, and drink had finished it. Death, the great condoner, claimed him, and Pauline, with her son, went home to her father's house.

"Daddy," she said, as they sat together in his den the night of her home-coming, "life's pretty tough, isn't it? Most of us spend our young years in bitter experiences, and our later ones in reaping the reward; don't you think it's that way?"

"I think it depends on the *person,* little girl, and *most* of all in knowing one's self—gauging one's true desires, and finding one's natural bent. With that gift of self-knowledge we cant go far astray."

"But most of us take the years in knowing ourselves," protested Pauline.

"Because we *drift.* We dont *face* ourselves squarely—take our own measure—size ourselves up. And if we've had a grilling experience we lie down under it and resign the rest to fate, instead of taking stock of what's left and acting accordingly."

"Very few are big enough to get up again after the grilling. I dont believe I can think of any one I know who has used your philosophy when it came to *self.*"

"I know of some one; so do you."

"Who? I cant think—"

"Bob Caldwell. Dont you recall his father's disgrace, and your own—er—decision—a very wise one, my dear, but none the less trying for him? He—— What did you say, my dear?"

"Nothing, dad; that is, I just said to go on."

"I'm *going* on, my dear, with all the velocity possible to one whose speech has never been particularly rapid at best. As I was saying, Bob Caldwell went away, disgraced. Wrongfully, of course, for he bore the brunt of another man's sin, tho that man was his father. He has returned—triumphant."

"How? When? And where?"

Pauline laughed the questions, but her voice trembled a little in its eagerness.

"He is president of the First National Bank." Mr. Marlowe leaned back in his chair to survey, with pride, the effect of his climax. Pauline was white, and her eyes were wide. The love that had never died for this man surged in her breast. She exulted in his triumph, fiercely, surgingly. She felt like shouting aloud at his splendid *man*-sized victory. He had not only won himself a position in the bank his father robbed: not only that—he had conquered the WORLD. He had every man's hand against him, and the woman of his choice—and *he had* WON. As she rose to go to her room, she leaned over her father's chair. "Oh, daddy dear," she whispered, "I thank God for *men*—like that."

With all the zeal of her soul, Pauline strove to mold her son's nature, and as a pattern she took Robert Caldwell. She taught him herself, and she endeavored to read into the lessons the *greater* lessons of truth, and honor, and high thinking. Yet ever confronting her was the sinister streak of yellow that had come out in Evan Hunter. As the years passed, she knew that her son was keenly disappointing her father, who had hoped to have, in this only grandchild, a comrade and help in his old age. He got thru college with haphazard difficulty and none too many credentials, and then began a series of moves in business that rivaled chess-playing. As a last resort, he entered a law office and had succeeded in raising his mother's waning hopes, when he was summarily dismissed.

"Arthur!" His grandfather called him into his den the night he returned from the law office, announcing nonchalantly that he was "fired again." "Arthur, what the devil do you propose doing with your life? Be so kind as to explain."

Arthur lighted an innumerable cigaret, and surveyed his bellicose grandparent thru sneering, half-closed lids. "Say it again," he returned, impudently. "I didn't get you the first time."



THE DEATH OF PAULINE'S FATHER

"You young puppy!" roared the old gentleman, his face alarmingly apoplectic, "I'll teach you to 'get it' —I'll teach you—I'll teach y——" The last words were strangled, the furious, impotent hands clawed the air, and the revolving chair at the orderly desk received the portly form of Peter Marlowe for the last time.

Then it was that Robert Caldwell, watching from afar off, realized that the proud spirit of the dear woman of his heart was breaking—that she was worsted in the battle—and, big splendid soul that he was, bearing no malice, holding no grudge, he went to her.

Years do not change the loved one to the eyes of a lover like Robert Caldwell. To him Pauline was the dream-girl of his youth—lovelier by very reason of the sorrow in her eyes and the silver glory of her hair. He had never ceased to want her, and no change this earth could bring would make him cease. But he knew that his hour was still afar off. He knew that the mother in her was uppermost now—just as it had been uppermost in that past day of her refusal. And so, it was to the mother in her that he talked.



ROBERT HEARS OF ARTHUR'S DEFALCATIONS

"It's about Arthur that I have come, Pauline," he began, as he sat by her in her father's den. "I want you to let me put the boy in my bank. I have a position there that he can fill nicely."

Pauline shook her head and her eyes were dim. "Thank you, Rob," she said, simply, "but I couldn't let you risk it. Arthur is too—too unsteady. Oh, it is dreadful that I, his mother, must talk this way to you, but I cannot allow you to misplace your kindness."

"It will not be misplaced, Pauline. It is enough for me that I can do this much for you. And then—well, I know what it means to be under the censure of the world. I know what it would have meant to have one helping hand extended to me. If I can do this for your son, it will mean a lot to me."

Pauline leaned forward and laid her slender hand on the strong hand near hers.

"Rob," she said, earnestly, "this is a late day for me to talk this way to you, but you must not hold against a sadly wise woman the transgression, the shallowness, the blind folly of a girl. I know now—I've known for some time—and since his birth I have tried to mold Arthur after you. You see that I have failed. Perhaps you will do for him what I have not; perhaps this one more chance will save him, and he'll take it."

"Pauline," the man said, gravely, "I can do my best for the boy; that best is to employ him. Only a woman can quicken his soul, fire his resolve, show him him*self*. We can hope for that."

Six months later Robert Caldwell came to her again. His face was white and his mouth was set. She

knew as he entered that he had come on an ill errand. It was the worst. The accounts had been badly juggled. It was traced, sans question of a doubt, to Arthur. The books had been straightened, Arthur warned, and the affair hushed up. Thrice had this happened, and now something more stringent had to be done.

"I have tried to save you from this knowledge, Pauline," Robert told her, "but it is impossible. I feel that for the boy's sake you must know it, also why it is impossible longer to keep him in the bank. You are his mother—and a woman—surely you can do something for him."

And then the boy came in himself. Pauline searched his face in anguished fear. She expected the insolence he usually displayed after some misdemeanor, but it was a broken, penitent lad who groped his way to her and bowed his head in her lap.

"Mother," he sobbed, "I've been a rotten son to you. I must have been born under some evil spell. It—it has been broken—now." Pauline stroked the dark, bent head and tried to smile at Robert with stiff lips.

"Arthur," she said gently, "when we sin in this world, we *must* atone. Sooner or later the atonement comes. It is not only in books that prices are paid with the heart's blood; it is in LIFE. You cannot be the exception; you must make atonement, too."

The boy groaned and buried his head deeper. Robert took her free hand in his. "Pauline," he said softly, "give the boy his last try. Something tells me that this is the crucial one—that the girl——"

"Yes," Arthur cried, "there *is* a girl. She has made me see myself as the cad I am. She—she knows everything—and, oh, mother, she LOVES ME STILL—*she doesn't mean to give me up.* She's *here;* let me bring her in."

The blue-eyed girl who came in with Arthur did not need to speak her plea. The big, selfless love in the sweet girl-face was enough. A greater than she was begging of Pauline a chance for her own son. How dared she condemn her own sowing? In the end she bade them go. They went in happiness.



THE BLUE-EYED GIRL MAKES ARTHUR SEE HIMSELF AS HE IS

Robert Caldwell remained. He took Pauline, unresisting, in his arms.

"Hasn't it been long enough?" he whispered. "After all, isn't *just love* the best?"

"It has taken me twenty-five years to learn it," she told him, her lips on his; "but, oh, Beloved, I've learnt it well."

THE SMALL TOWN GIRL

(Universal)

By Norman BRUCE



This story was written from the Photoplay of BEATRICE VAN

"IT'S pretty—but it isn't *life!*" The girl looked somberly along the aisle of maple-trees running toward a far tryst in the quiet haze of the distance. Behind their shadows drowsed the houses, with shutters lowered like heavy lids, their prim, decorous faces blank and white. A grocer's cart jogged leisurely by; a cow-bell clanked from a near pasture. The drowsy stillness of the commonplace was over all little Maplehurst.

The two on the deep, shabby veranda of the hotel—there was but one—were strange contrasts. He, the boy, was short and round-faced and cheery; a well-pressed, rather worn black suit and careful butterfly tie testified to his important position as hotel clerk; and the look in his honest, innocent young eyes spoke more eloquently than his stumbling tongue of his love for the girl by his side. She was a startlingly beautiful creature, with an eagerness of expression which, if life thwarted her, might become harried and petulant later. A restless flame flickered now behind her eyes.

"I dont want to be buried alive, Dick," she cried, striking her hands together; "I want to live—to see cities and countries and men——"

"I know I'm not much, Pauline"—the little clerk's voice broke boyishly—"but I've loved you ever since you wore pigtails and short skirts. I've never seen another woman; I've never *wanted* to see one."

"There aren't any in Maplehurst," laughed the girl, scornfully. "Oh! Dick, I dont want to hurt your feelings—I *do* like you, but I'm starving here, I tell you—starving for what you cant give me—theaters; color; pictures, books; people. I want to be terribly happy, and perhaps even terribly unhappy. I want to feel things, and—and—*live.*"

"Honey"—Dick's voice was low. He did not look at her for very shame of tears in his eyes—"honey, couldn't you *live* in Maplehurst? I sort of think that those things you spoke of dont really count much. They're the frosting on life, but down underneath the *real* worth-while things are just the same here as anywhere. I mean a home with flowers round it, Pauline, and love, and—and—maybe——"

The words trailed off, but she knew what he had not quite dared to say, and a hot, splendid blush flamed across her face. It was not for him, however, but for the thought of that wonderful love that was waiting for her beyond the leafy maples somewhere, throbbing, miraculous. Even believers in miracles never think of the possibility of their happening at their own hearthstone. To hide her confusion she sprang to her feet,

pointing briskly toward an approaching interruption.

"The stage!" she cried. It was always an event in her uncolored days when the stage drew up with a flourish beside the hotel steps. The ugly, out-at-elbows old vehicle was still a link between her and that romantic world out yonder. And who knew?—at any time it might be Prince Charming's coach in disguise.

The solitary passsenger cast a sharp look at the peeling paint and curtainless windows of the hotel, and clambered down with a grunt of disgust



PAULINE SEEMS OUT OF PLACE IN THE THEATRICAL BOARDING-HOUSE

that stopped short as his eyes fell upon the girl in the doorway, the afterglow of the blush still on her vivid young face. He had a very good taste in feminine beauty, this passenger, with his city-smart clothes and close-shaven, clean-cut face. Pauline thought that he looked like the men in the clothing advertisements in the back of the magazines. What he thought of her he summed up concisely, watching her thru drooping lids, later, in the cheerless, chilly dining-room.

"She's a looker!" So ran his thoughts. "And in decent clothes—"

Dick Rosson, seeing the glance and half-reading it with the penetration of a jealous lover, hated himself fiercely for his shortness, his roundness and insignificant, good-humored face.

The days grew to a week. Dick, behind his dusty ledgers, felt as tho his heart were the dial ticking the moments by. Pauline had not seen him since their talk on the veranda, when he had offered her everything he had to offer. The handsome city stranger, introduced duly by her uncle, monopolized her society. From respectful admiration, thru all the stages of ardor, his passion led at length to expression, this time in no such commonplace spot as the hotel veranda. The stranger knew his business better than that. The proper setting of moonlight and tree-shadows was about them when he spoke, and he did not falter out his words humbly and brokenly as had Dick, who was, at best, a clumsy amateur in love-making. First he took her in his arms and looked down at her with a long, strange, thrilling look that the girl felt in every fiber of her being. She trembled against his shoulder, only half-hearing the murmur in her ear. It was as she had dreamed it; yet the nearness of life was vaguely terrifying. She found herself clinging, with

slipping fingers, to her old quietude, her old unshaken peace.

"Little wild rose," she heard him whispering hungrily, over and over, "didn't you know I loved you? Poor little frightened child! Haven't you ever looked into the glass and seen yourself, you pink-and-blue-and-golden girl? You are wasting your life in this backwoods place. Why, you're not living at all yet, but I will teach you Life. I love you, you



RUPERT IS ORDERED FROM HOME BY HIS IRATE FATHER

beauty. Do you hear me saying I love you, little girl?"

Her last grip of the old life was broken. She lifted her face to him trustingly, taking the shadow of love for love's sacred substance. And somewhere beyond the night there was a sound of weeping, as her guardian angel shrank back into the white shadow of his wings.

"Will you take me out into Life?" she asked him, trembling. "Will you show me people and theaters, and all the wonderful things I have wanted for so long?"

"Everything!" he promised. "I never saw any woman like you, sweetheart, and I have seen a great many women, too."

And on the warm, wistful curves of her lips, which Dick had only dreamed of touching, Rupert Julien pressed the first kiss that they had ever known, save baby ones. The next day a small figure, with round, childish face grotesquely contorted into a man's grief, blotted with his tears the few scrawled words that were her farewell.

"I dont wonder I wasn't good enough for her," groaned Dick Rosson, heavily, "but what did she know of him? If it's for her happiness to marry him, I shouldn't grieve, and maybe it is. She wanted what he could give her. But, oh, God! he couldn't have loved her as I did, who'd seen her grow up to be a woman—he *couldn't* have! Why, I'd have cut my hand off to do for her; I'd have died——"

The clean heart of the little clerk did not guess the truth. Even the girl could not quite realize it herself for a long time. He was so kind to her—in all her country years she had never been so cared for, worn such delicate clothes, seen such marvelous sights. She gave herself up simply to *being, seeing, hearing, feeling,* and would not let herself think. The velvet carpets and lights and music of the restaurants; the swirl of the streets; the marvels of shops and theaters—they filled her days. Yet in the long nights there was time for specter thoughts and doubtings. After the first she did not dare hint of them to him, for his frown had warned her from the subject. But now, as the months slid by, the doubts and terrors grew more urgent. She could not escape from them in her feverish whirl of activities. At last they were out, on a tide of wild sobs and reproaches:

"You promised—now you've got

to! You couldn't leave me *now* to face it all alone!"

Afterwards she could not remember what he had said or how he had looked. All that remained to her was the sound of a door slammed to. Beyond were darkness and nightmare visions and half-waking dreams—long days of these. She learnt her boarding-house room in every squalid detail, like the face of a friend. Hideous goblin forms writhed in the wall-paper and the carpet. The days and nights were kin in wakefulness and agony of thoughts. Beyond the gray oblong of window she heard the thick ravings of the city, but she could seldom drag her body from the bed to look out at the world. The meager splotch of sky was all she could see, and when the smoke and clouds covered the blue, she knew that God was angry with her and, shuddering, hid her face with her wasted hands. Poor little seeker after Life! Was it to this wretched room, this racking pain that her pilgrimage had led her?

Until she held her baby in her arms, she prayed that she might die. But the warm, downy head on her arm and the futile, comically sucking lips, and blind, creasy hands awoke love of life again. As soon as the child was old enough to be safely taken outdoors, Pauline went to the address that she had found on a letter among his possessions. The butler regarded her and her significant bundle apprehensively, but she insisted on admittance. She did not have to be told, as she faced the elderly couple in the drawing-room, that she had not mistaken her direction. They looked at her angrily and then at each other as she poured out her story. It was a pitifully short one, yet she was gasping before she was finished. At the end, the father arose fussily.

"Of course I am sorry, young woman," he said, biting his lips under the gray moustache, "but, naturally, you cannot hold us accountable for our son's — hem — mistakes! Your suggestion that we take the—er—the child is, of course, impossible—family honor—hem—— No, no, if money, perhaps——"

"Money!" The girl started back as tho from a blow. "Money for my shame! Money for broken promises! Money for sin and suffering! I'm not begging. I'm demanding the rights of my baby—his baby, *your grandson!*"



PAULINE RECEIVES BAD ADVICE FROM THE BOARDERS

"My son is not here to meet his obligations," said the old man, harshly. "I sent him away. He has been—a great disappointment to us. You speak glibly of shame and suffering, young woman; but, after all, you chose your lot. We did not choose the stains he has already brought on our name. At least, he shall not smirch it further. I am sorry——"

She did not wait to hear the rest of the rambling refusal. Clutching the child to her, she sped away from the great, wealthy, unhappy home back to her room, where every object cried out to her of some dreadful hour

alone. Yet it was a refuge of a kind. She counted the little pile of money that the last few months had left her. Her head whirled. What should she do—what could she do? She must think, must plan——

The other boarders in the house had noticed the beautiful, tragic face and guessed, without much penetration, the truth. It was two of the men who offered her the solution of her troubles. They did not even apologize for their words, and the words were brutally frank.

"You've got no choice, girl," urged one of them, as she stood scarlet and dumb before them. "Who d'you s'pose 'ud have you around if they heard about th' kid?—an' it's bound t' get out; y' cant hide it. Now dont be a fool. 'Taint so worse, after all, if ye'll only be sensible about it."

"It's that or suicide," grunted the other. "Never knew it t' fail."

She found her voice suddenly. "No! no! no!" Her shaking limbs would hardly carry her upstairs. The shameful words seemed to follow her, like an unclean miasma, to the side of the sleeping child, and at the sight of the pink, flushed face and tiny, outflung limbs her frozen horror melted into tears.

Suicide! Perhaps that was the best way out. No one would be sorry, and the baby would surely be cared for. The thought of it was visible in her harried face as she answered the knock at the door. An old couple stood there, hesitating. She recognized them dimly as the people in the room next to hers.

"We heard you crying, child," said the old woman, gently. She put her arms about the tragic, shaken figure and drew her head down on her motherly breast.

"Just you have your cry out and you'll feel better," she crooned. "John, you set down over here. There! now if we aren't comfortable as comfortable!"



"I'M DEMANDING THE RIGHTS OF MY BABY—HIS BABY, YOUR GRANDSON!"



"I'VE COME TO BRING YOU HOME"

The homely words went to the girl's heart like an echo from her old quiet life. Head hidden, voice low and breaking, she told her story and the dreadful thing that she had been planning to do.

"Aint it queer, tho!" marveled the old Samaritan, in the pause that followed. "While we're happy, we're willin' to pay a doctor anything to keep ourselves alive, but when we're *un*happy, we go out o' our way tryin' to die! Now put all that out of your head, child, and listen to me."

The baby stirred fretfully, and the mother took it in her arms. The elder woman lingered, with the shadow of a long-buried grief stealing across her gentle old face.

"Do you know, you ought to be thanking the Lord for the baby this minute!" she cried. "Child, it's the most beautiful thing in the world to be a mother. Remember that and forget the rest. You've got what John and I would give the world for, and you're sorry! Land a living! dearie, look at his little bitsie fingers and his scrap o' ears and the kiss-place in the back of his little neck! Isn't he wonderful? Now sit down and write home and hold up your head, because you've got what other women pray for all their lives and cant have!"

The answer to her letter came sooner than she had dared to look for it. It stood in the doorway and looked at her with faithful, wistful eyes.

"I read your letter, Pauline," said Dick, quietly. "He—your uncle died last winter and willed you the hotel. I've come to bring you home."

The girl rose slowly; her eyes were full of a great wonder and a great light. She went to the bed, lifted the baby and held it out mutely. His look did not waver.

"I know—you wrote that," he said. "Of course the little fellow comes, too."

"But Dick—Dick, do you understand?" moaned the girl. "Rupert—poor, broken-down Rupert wants to come back to me, but my love is dead."

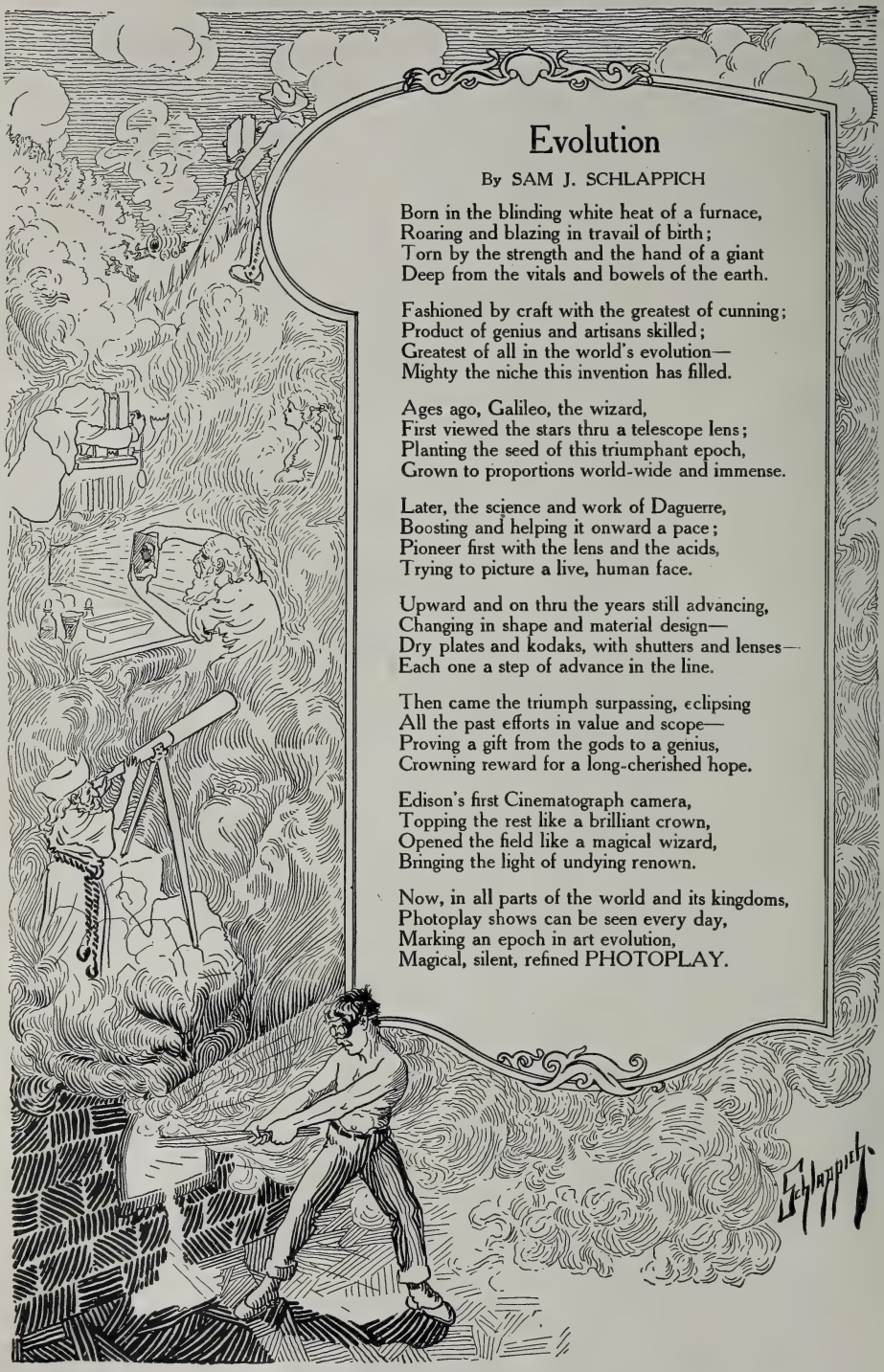
"He, too, is dead," said Dick, solemnly.

And in further answer he held out his arms, and in them she saw her refuge, the home for her bruised, wandering heart—her home. Trembling, humbled, she crept into them, and the slow tears fell, washing away the bitterness in her heart.

"Do you—forgive me?"

He had to bend to catch the words. Then his arms tightened about her.

"*Me* forgive?" he cried out bewilderedly. "Why, dont you understand, dear—I've loved you ever since you were a little girl!"



Evolution

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

Born in the blinding white heat of a furnace,
Roaring and blazing in travail of birth;
Torn by the strength and the hand of a giant
Deep from the vitals and bowels of the earth.

Fashioned by craft with the greatest of cunning;
Product of genius and artisans skilled;
Greatest of all in the world's evolution—
Mighty the niche this invention has filled.

Ages ago, Galileo, the wizard,
First viewed the stars thru a telescope lens;
Planting the seed of this triumphant epoch,
Grown to proportions world-wide and immense.

Later, the science and work of Daguerre,
Boosting and helping it onward a pace;
Pioneer first with the lens and the acids,
Trying to picture a live, human face.

Upward and on thru the years still advancing,
Changing in shape and material design—
Dry plates and kodaks, with shutters and lenses—
Each one a step of advance in the line.

Then came the triumph surpassing, eclipsing
All the past efforts in value and scope—
Proving a gift from the gods to a genius,
Crowning reward for a long-cherished hope.

Edison's first Cinematograph camera,
Topping the rest like a brilliant crown,
Opened the field like a magical wizard,
Bringing the light of undying renown.

Now, in all parts of the world and its kingdoms,
Photoplay shows can be seen every day,
Marking an epoch in art evolution,
Magical, silent, refined PHOTOPLAY.



The Renaissance of Improvising

by Helen Ware

THE EMINENT INTERPRETER OF HUNGARIAN AND SLAV MUSIC

A slip of a girl about fifteen, carrying a fiddle-box under arm and making her way homeward thru the busy crowds, seriously hummed the étude she was to study for her next lesson. Anon she paused to make sure that her fiddle was still in the profusely patched box; then on she strolled, continuing her vocal rehearsal.

Before a prominent hotel she stopped to read a sign announcing the arrival of a famous Hungarian band, which would perform there for several nights. Lesson, teacher, fiddle-box—nothing mattered then. The youngster ran home and, with bated breath, joyfully told the good news.

The following night was an epoch in her life. All her days this little fiddler had longed to hear Hungarian music played by these nomads of the musical world, whose rendition of soulful emotional melodies stirred her as nothing heretofore had done.

Henceforth the youngster fondled but one ambition—to play Hungarian and Slav music; not only in its primitive form—the folksong—but to soar in spirit to the loftiest heights of their classic masterpieces.

Today the name of Helen Ware has become so closely linked with Hungarian and Slav music that music-lovers in every civilized land pay tribute to her wonderful rendition of these fascinating and stirring melodies.

Helen Ware has lived among the Hungarians and Slavs; studied their best masters, Sevcik and Hubay; learnt to know the peasants in all their naïve primitiveness, and imbibed the spirit that permeates their songs of sorrow and joy.

Blest by nature with wonderful emotional powers and a magnetic personality, this unique figure of the violin world seems chosen by the muse to go forth and scatter the gems with which the musical world has been enriched by the Hungarians and Slavs.

THE other day, while viewing one of the Shakespearean classics thrown on the white sheet, my attention was greatly distracted from the artistic pictures by nothing more nor less than a "movie pianist," who, truly inspired by the changing scenes and the dramatic play of emotions, fell into improvising in a most spirited and expressive manner.

Unconsciously, my mind wandered back to a little house in Akron, O., where my dear friend, Madame Reményi, spent her last days. The widow of the famous violinist sadly commented on the fact that improvising is a lost art in our days. Madame Reményi would rhapsodize over the wonderful performances she had heard in her younger days, when such men as Brahms, Reményi, Wagner, Chopin, and the rest of the great musical lights of that period would gather about Liszt in Weimar and play those memorable impromptu concertos that as yet have never been equaled. According to Madame Reményi, Liszt, Chopin and Rubinstein were the greatest masters in the art of improvising.

The importance of cultivating our improvising powers took on a new aspect after her spirited discussion of this fascinating subject. Since then I have devoted considerable time to the study of this matter.

When I first became interested in Hungarian music, I was astonished at a number of pianists, violinists and 'cellists who would improvise from fifteen to forty-five minutes, weaving their rhapsodies of favored folksongs in haphazard succession. Brilliant cadenzas and modulations would serve as stepping-stones from one theme to another. I have never yet seen a musician get more joy out of playing than do these temperamental Magyars.

It may be timely here to remark that the Hungarian folksong is the nearest to the purely improvised form of music. In the orthodox Jewish synagogue there has been, and in those of the smaller communities there still is, a certain amount of improvising done by the cantor. To this day every good cantor takes pride in his own arrangement of "Kol Nidreh" and some of the other important holyday hymns. But on the whole, the art of improvising has almost totally disappeared even among them.

One can readily conceive what a wonderful inspiration the power of improvising becomes in the musical life of the individual as well as the masses. Such mode of musical expression stimulates one's power of imagination, greatly enlarges one's scope of musical activities. One soon learns fully to appreciate the wonderful powers of music in self-expression. All one's musical or intellectual shortcomings or, on the other hand, abilities find their way to the surface. As one listens to the improviser who soars from the depth of grief to the rollicking dance of joy, one learns to know the individual in his true spirit, as portrayed thru the "Simple Avue" in the language of the muse.

"With the neglect of improvising, most of the romanticism of musical art has died." Such was Madame Reményi's remark in closing her lamentation over the irreparable loss to the domain of the muse. How unfortunate that the dear old soul is here no more to comment on these lines, for if the kind reader will follow me back to the "movie," I will endeavor to point out just to what extent we may hope to see a revival of the art of improvising thru the photoplay.

If we proceed from the theory that improvising is the musical description of mental vision, or the expression of our emotions, then we are bound to appreciate the important part that the movie may play in the revival of this lost art.

In the weaving of a fantasy that dies at its birth, it is fatal to depend solely on the emotions, for improvisations that are but the record of a chain of emotional eruptions would give one a very vague idea of the sterling qualities of true musicianship. The latter powers would come into play to best advantage when the mind would be in a less *agitato* mood; in other words, when the mental vision would serve as the motive power to the improvisation. Right here I wish to point out what a wonderful Pandora box of inspiration an artistic film would prove to be to any artist whose improvising talents are sensitively dependent on their sense of sight.

As the plot of the play unfolds itself before his eyes, unconsciously he enters into its spirit, and thru the vision of it all his emotional powers are awakened, enabling him to express in music a grand, harmonious climax with as little effort as if reflecting in a gentle tonal picture the advent of the evening or the jingling of a mountain stream.

It is this logical conclusion that points to the wonderful possibilities which the movie reaches out to all aspiring musicians who wish to develop within themselves powers of improvising. Who would scoff at the idea of using the highest grade film for an experiment in some of our prominent conservatories in order to ascertain the existence of dormant improvising talent of the students?

With the mechanical device already on the market which would record the worthiest of these improvisations, such experiment may help us to discover many a slumbering talent of great composers-to-be. Our young artists would receive encouragement

by realizing the fact that they are not merely parrots in the realm of music, but have ideas of their own and a new mode of expressing the worthiest within themselves.

The Moving Picture has come to stay. We are dependent upon it in almost every branch of science. It has taught the followers of art undreamed-of and invaluable lessons.



The wonderful glass eye of the movie camera has penetrated into many a secret of Nature. The beautiful landscape that we have rushed past, praying for a chance so we might express the noble sentiments it has awakened within us (but, alas! in the rattle of a speeding train the vision is soon lost), it is all brought back to us on a frail ribbon. Nature condensed in all its beauty and grandeur, at the command of man unfolds itself to surpass his wildest dreams and boldest flights of imagination.

In many cities the movie employs large orchestras to furnish music for the picture play. Indeed, in Copenhagen my good friend, Mr. Peterson, the conductor of the symphony orchestra, with forty of his men, plays a strictly classic program to the films. The film has opened a new field to the composer; why not use it to stimulate a universal awakening of improvising?

Could you picture to yourself a nobler pastime for true musicians than gathering for a genuine feast of extemporising? It would be but a question of time, and many a dormant and non-creative musical talent would become so thoroly aroused to the great exaltation of improvising that eventually they would hardly need the visions thrown on the screen in order to stimulate their musical creative powers. They would "get the habit" and succeed in whipping up their own mental visions whence to draw inspiration.

The art film, with all its beautiful effects, is hardly complete for public entertainment without the proper musical settings.

When worthy records of a few improvisations to some classic picture play reach the managers, there will be a demand for them of such dimensions as to stun the most skeptical of the musical world.

If the musician will cöoperate with the producer, they should have no trouble in perfecting the picture play to a point where they can assure the public of a genuine treat, for eyes as well as ears.

The encouragement of improvising in our schools of music and also in the home will mark the beginning of a new epoch in our musical life, one that holds forth such possibilities as to surprise even the boldest dreamer.



Filming Wars—The Hardships and Perils Camera Men Have to Face

By ERNEST A. DENCH

As soon as war was in the air, several of the leading American and European film-producing companies despatched camera men to all parts of war-affected Europe. So now movie fans will be afforded an opportunity of seeing the fighting without going out of their town.

None of the cinematographers relish the job, because it is dreadfully dangerous.

Mr. Robert went thru the last Balkan war with the Greek army and had some narrow escapes. In one instance he was so daring that he had his camera in the heart of the battlefield where the shells were exploding. Bullets whizzed thru the air, and shells exploded at an uncomfortable nearness, yet Mr. Robert stuck to his post. The sight of the men dying was horrifying, and more so while photographing an exploding shell, which killed six men and injured thirteen.

This daring camera man was much amused one day when a spy was brought into camp. He saw the Motion Picture machine, and went on his knees, imagining he was going to be shot by the peculiar-looking "gun."

Mr. Robert will never forget his experiences when traveling by train to another part of the country. The seating accommodation in the train, which took an hour to cover three miles, was smothered in blood from the wounded, and he had no alternative but to sit in it.

The censor is the greatest bugbear camera men have to face. Captain Sarel, representing Pathé Frères, managed to dodge him by his own resourcefulness. He cut up portions of his developed films, enclosed them in sealed envelopes, and despatched them by post. Had the practice been discovered he would have been arrested, and, due to his ingenuity, the result was that the pictures were much above the average.

Tho forbidden by the Turkish army to film the operations from the firing-line, he managed to do so, and on one occasion the Bulgarians mistook his camera for a Maxim gun. It was a near-go, but fortunately the target was missed.

Not many girls would care to take on the work of a camera operator. Yet Miss Jessica Borthwick spent a year in the Balkans. Her important trouble was the difficulty of finding a suitable place for a dark room, for more than once her camera went out of order. In one instance she attempted to make the inhabitants of a remote village understand what she wanted. At this she failed, but later came across a man making a sheepskin rug. Miss Borthwick eventually got him to cover her with his rugs, and thus in the stuffy "dark room" she was able to develop her films.

This plucky lady operator found the customs authorities particularly annoying on her return.

They doubted her word when she told them she had nothing else but undeveloped negatives in some of the boxes. So they opened them, and much of her labors were in vain, for the films were spoilt.

Their Preferences and Prejudices, Confided by the Photoplayers to Norbert Lusk

EARNEST and purposeful in everything is Mary Fuller. Her ambition, she tells me, is too big to publish, for it might sound egotistical. But it is ever before her, and she "follows the gleam." She cares nothing for food and is proof against the seductions of soda and sweets, her absorbing desire to give her "movie fans" a film to their liking being such that she begrudges the time taken for luncheon. Miss Fuller would invent a tablet of concentrated nourishment, she confesses, to obviate the necessity of mere eating. Ah, but the real epicure scorns your cero-proto cubes and your nutro-grapo grits, and the like, and luxuriously revels in what Flora Finch frankly adores—roast partridges.

Mabel Trunnelle will not tell me that she likes one thing more than "everything that's good"—not even, as King Baggot does, placing home-made bread amongst the delights of the gourmet. But not one of the favorites of the photoplay public says he likes to eat above everything else. King Baggot's hobby is the study of astronomy, but his chief interest centers in his little son. Irene Howley, of all the diversions that come to a beautiful and gifted player, says she likes nothing so much as spending money on her friends. Earle Williams finds relaxation in motoring, while Lillian Walker finds greatest happiness in making others happy. She radiated and flashed her dimples when she said it, as if knowing their power to achieve her end. Again, in this respect, Flora Finch surprises; she likes to be alone in the deep woods and listen to the wind in the trees. And it is a very tall and large tree she admires more than anything else in the world. Marc MacDermott rates sincerity above everything admirable, and, quite naturally, in both men and women he makes sincerity the first desideratum. After finding that, he can adjust himself to any fault or weakness in people he really likes.

In fact, it is genuineness in everything that appeals most strongly to people in public life, I find. Probably because they are confronted constantly by that which appears real but is false. Consistently, Mr. MacDermott chooses King Henry V of England—bluff King Hal—as his idol of history. Any number of players are influenced by Napoleon's brilliant career to the extent of declaring him their supreme figure in the world's history. Romaine Fielding, King Baggot, Earle Williams, Anna Luther and Frankie Mann told me so. There is far more latitude in the players' choice of fictional heroes and heroines, as you will see when you know that Romaine Fielding loves Don Quixote; King Baggot likes the villainous James Steerforth in "David Copperfield"; Earle Williams never tires of following the fortunes of the Wandering Jew; Anna Luther sympathizes with Camille (as does Miriam Nesbitt, who also divides her affections by being fond of Romola), and Frankie Mann adores June of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The Vicar of Wakefield appeals to Arthur V. Johnson's sense of the tender and true, and, strange to say, Rosetta Brice is moved to admiration by the villainies of Uriah Heep. By no means does he approximate what she demands of her ideal man, however, for first of all it is the gentleness and lovableness that sometimes go with great strength of character. Rose Coghlan frankly admits that she has never met her ideal man, explaining that he is such a godly creature that the realities she has met have always made her shrink—and continue to idealize.

Pearl White's ideal is definite enough to be a reality: he must be tall, blonde and an Italian. Who

shall say he does not exist? Spaghetti, too, she likes more than anything else, and Fougère perfume and Mascagni's "Amico," as well as Roman history and Julius Cæsar. Unquestionably, Pauline of the perilous pitfalls is swayed by an Italian influence.

By what one is bored counts far more than ideals and minor preferences in determining character. My friends, the players, all have a *bête noire,* and some highly sensitive natures have a whole menagerie of them. Miriam Nesbitt, for instance, mentions narrow, intolerant people, as well as those who parade their religion, together with small-time vaudeville, sanctimonious clergymen and forward children. All these she finds unconscionably tedious. People who talk about themselves of course constitute the majority of bores, and Flora Finch says she can tolerate anything else. Marc MacDermott's paramount interest is his work and, obversely, nothing bores him so much as to talk about it.

Mabel Trunnelle's ears are highly sensitized to the sound of the personal pronoun. Flattery causes Arthur V. Johnson to become restless and suggest that the flatterer get the next train back home. The number of players who find some form of picture stories unbearably tedious is not to be wondered at, they see so many. Irene Howley, if forced to sit thru a ten-reel feature, writhes and prays for patience. Justina Huff mentions "impossible comedy photoplays" as her prize torture, but then she is an earnest soul and reads Maeterlinck and reveres Jefferson Davis above every maker of history. Radiant Rosemary Theby vigorously asserts that a bad Motion Picture ranks with the torments of the Spanish Inquisition. Mary Fuller will not concentrate her susceptibility to boredom on any one thing, but broadly declares that the sordid, the vulgar, the commonplace, the trivial bore her to death. Romaine Fielding, accustomed to the vast silences and endless perspectives of the West, is not schooled to tolerate affectation in any form. This, he says, is the only weapon by which a bore can attack him. Bunny always looks bored, but says he never is. But Mae Hotely breezily silences my wheedling and scorns to admit that she can be bored, because, she says, nothing is allowed to disturb her equanimity and poise. Mary Pickford—but that's another story and will wait until the next confession.

The New Genie Speaks

By OSCAR H. ROESNER

I am the new jinn come to bless
All mankind with my usefulness.
No genie of Aladdin's lamp
Would dare the deeds that bear my stamp.
I am the wonder of the time,
A pigmy slight, that soon, sublime,
Shall rise to heights as yet unkenned
And outdo dreams that men have penned.
I scatter prejudice like chaff,
And high and low together laugh.
I am the friend of lowliest poor,
For with them to far lands I tour.
I knock at hut or palace hall,
Throw wide all doors to great and small.
I captivate both Youth and Age,
And charm the fool and awe the sage.
I open wide shy Wisdom's gate,
Till heart and head reciprocate.
I shall bring reverence back to youth,
Love of high honor, justice, truth.
I shall see War's grim legions go,
And with them horror, hate and woe.
I shall bring back the bays of Greece,
Till Art and Beauty take fresh lease,
And pulse again the dying dream,
Set hearts aflame and eyes agleam.
I shall see peasant sup with king,
And each in world-peace glorying;
Artist unite with artisan
To bring the Brotherhood of Man.

And what am I, amazed, you cry,
That dare announce such wonders high?
I am the Motion Picture Jinn,
And, high or low, all hearts I win!



Ruth Stonehouse and Dancing

by

Jean Darnell

PEOPLE call Ruth Stonehouse "The Pavlowa of the Movies," and well she deserves the name, for not only is she a talented actress, but quite an artistic and finished dancer.

"All my life," she says, "I have loved dancing. I was born in Denver, but spent the greater part of my childhood in Arizona. And night after night I have sung and danced with my shadow, with only the sage-brush for an audience and dear old moon for a spotlight, and with only an occasional yell from some lost or hungry coyote to break the spell of the evening. But I was happy. I fancied myself a great dancer, and called myself 'Theresa Vincennes.' Just how or where that name originated with me I am at a loss to say, but Theresa was indeed a great personage. I would practice my dancing every night, and one big sage-bush I called Mr. Dick was always there, and, to my childish fancy, he would either smile or frown, as occasion called for—and oh, how hard I tried to please him when he wore a frown! That was my beginning as a dancer. I really think, tho, that my reincarnation must have been from some Roman or Greek dancer, as I love the Greek and classic dances so much. Yes, indeed, I love all of the modern "classic" dances. I think the tango and maxixe are beautiful and are so artistic and lend such a charm to one's personality.

"Oh, yes, I wrote plays, too, in those old Arizona days. I think I must have been about ten years old when I thought I had written a wonderful play. I remember I was in the fifth grade at school and had a perfectly horrid teacher, a Miss Grey, one of those cross old women, as Ruth Chatterton says in 'Daddy Longlegs,' with a mouth turned down at the corners. Well, she caught me reading my play—the one in which I myself was to play the heroine in my theater of fancy—took it away from me and read it before the class, and ridiculed both the play and me. She was very narrow-minded and,

like most people who do not know anything of the stage, thought all professional people were bad and all things pertaining to the stage a direct road to ruin. I shall never forget how hurt I was and how my face burned with shame. She told all the



children what a very bad little girl I was, and said she wanted to make an example of me. Well, she must have, for I have never forgotten that morning, and I dont suppose I ever will. My heart was just broken.

"Later I was sent to Monticello to school. There I used to dance for the girls and take part in all the concerts we had. Well, it just seemed like dancing was to be my career. I had never taken any lessons, but had learnt all from observation. I used to take my various positions from pictures I saw in magazines, and dreamed of the time when I would be a great dancer. When we came to Chicago, I played at many of the clubs here, dancing at all the exclusive receptions given by society folk. And at most of these I was somewhat under the care of Mrs. Spoor. You see, her daughter, Gertrude Spoor, and I had been great friends at school (Mr. Spoor is one of the owners of Essanay, and incidentally the *S.* of S. & A.), and it made it so nice for me. I attended all of the teas and lawn parties. I did my classic dances, very similar to those popular dances of today, *al fresco,* and seemed to make a tremendous hit. Well, I at last decided on a vaudeville career; had my act all intact and my time booked. I wrote to Gertrude Spoor, who had gone East to the "Castle" to school, and told her of my plans. She wrote back, 'Dont do that. Why dont you go into pictures? Run out to the studio to see dad.' I did. I went over on Sunday to talk to Mr. Spoor. I guess because I had been thrown with pictures so much thru my ac-



quaintance with the Spoors it had never occurred to me to take them seriously; but upon receipt of Gertrude's letter I went to see her father. He gave me a position, but wouldn't help me a bit. He said, 'Ruthie, if it's in you to make good, do it on your own ability.' Long I waited for

an opportunity to show them what I could do, until I was desperate, when one day, at last, my chance came. I remember the play was called



'Chains.' Well, I *did* make good, but of course it has been one continual go forward and step back, then work up again—but I love the pictures. They give one such a wonderful advantage of seeing all the good and bad there is in them."

At that moment Gerda Holmes came into Miss Stonehouse's dressing-room, for it was in her room we were sitting. It was a very warm day, and her big electric fan was most inviting.

"What are you talking so much about, Ruthie, our little Ruth of Ragged Heart?" asked Miss Holmes.

I told her not to stop her; that I was most interested; that it was just like reading a book.

"You are right," said Gerda. "Our Ruth is the greatest girl in the world, and, we think, the smartest and cleverest, dont we, Ruth?" this time reaching over and pulling out several little stray curls. "Isn't it a shame she has such lovely hair, and you know what we have to do this hot weather, who haven't natural curls like Ruth's."

But Ruth just smiled and tucked both feet up under her on the couch.

"Why do they call you Ruth of Ragged Heart?" I asked. Again one of those soft, sweet smiles so characteristic of Ruth Stonehouse.

"Isn't it an awful name?" she said. "You see, it seems like I get all of the poor parts to play—all of the sad, sympathetic parts, so they began calling me that. Not long ago, while I was standing in a 'set,' our wardrobe lady said, 'Ruth, I have some nice new wardrobe for you.' My! I was delighted. When I had



finished my scene, I went tearing up to the wardrobe room in hopes of getting some good-looking new clothes, when—what did she hand me but a bunch of old ragged clothes she had gotten from the Salvation Army! You can imagine my surprise. So that's where Ruth of Ragged Heart comes in. But I dont mind. I love those kind of parts. Everybody in the audience is with you from the beginning of the picture, and it's so much better to have their love and sympathy than it is for them to dislike you; and it's strange but true—the kind of parts you play have a lot to do with how the Moving Picture world takes you."

You know, some wiseacre once said that the modern woman may have her faults, but, after all, she is an interesting production. And no one can deny that Ruth Stonehouse affords a first-rate type of twentieth century womanhood. Fate was kind, for she gave her good looks, brains and beauty. She is not a brunette—her hair is much too light; gray eyes, and a clear, cream-colored complexion; not very tall; fine figure; slight, straight and yet well developed. Also, like most athletes, she is supple and can move freely and gracefully. And no wonder, for, as I told you, from her earliest childhood she lived an outdoor life and soon became an expert at almost every kind of sport and active amusement. And this leads up to what is to my mind the most striking trait in her character and disposition. Her nature is two-sided; she is at one and the same time an athlete and an all-round sportswoman, a classical dancer with a brilliant future, and yet she is wonderfully feminine.

Photoplay "Did-You-Evers?"

By HARVEY PEAKE

Did you ever notice that the woman who gets into the theater in the middle of a reel always blames the management because she didn't get in at the beginning?

Did you ever notice how much more the old, bald-headed man is interested in the pretty girls than in the pictures? And how he will walk up and down an aisle until he finds a seat beside one?

Did you ever notice that the woman who is constantly changing her seat is the same woman who, after the show, doesn't know what any of the pictures were about?

Did you ever notice that, no matter how many picture play theaters there are, there is always an audience for each of them?

Did you ever notice how a woman will fuss if another woman in front of her keeps on her hat, yet how meanly she will look at you if you request her to remove her own?

Did you ever know a greater nuisance than the man who has seen the film before and is explaining it to a friend, so that everybody within a radius of ten feet can hear him?

Did you ever notice that the man who comes into the theater to sleep always selects an end seat, in the best row in the center aisle, so that everybody who wants to get into that row will have to climb over him?

Did you ever notice that a woman with three children can take up all the time devoted to the first show in adjusting herself and her three charges, and will have to stay for the second show in order to see the pictures at all?

Did you ever notice that no two people ever come together who want to sit the same distance away from the screen?

Did you ever notice that the fatter a man is the more determined he is to crowd past a long row of people to get at a little jammed-up seat in a corner?



Photo by E. V. Brewster

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT ELLIS ISLAND

Saving Immigrant Girls with "Movies"

By GERALDINE AMES

EDITOR'S NOTE: To forewarn and thus forearm the girl who is planning to come to America a stranger and alone, by means of Moving Pictures shown her in the steerage, on the way over, and at the immigration stations when she has landed, is a new and valuable phase of the "movies." Altho practically no publicity has been made, the fact remains that many worthy people have about perfected this innovation which they believe will be the means of saving thousands of girls.

An unusually green-looking immigrant, apparently a youth of about twenty, came out of the Ellis Island ferry-house, escorting two pretty girls. The young fellow's clothes were many sizes too large for him, his hat was of a shape that village hatters in the Alpine mountain districts make, and as he walked he turned his head around about him, staring with wide-open mouth. In fact, he looked and acted so green that even the Battery Park loungers, used as they are to seeing every costume and every race of the world passing out of the little ferry-house, turned to stare in wonder and amusement.

Suddenly, in full view of the crowd, a roughly clad man walked up and deliberately pushed the young immigrant, then struck him a violent blow. The act was so unprovoked, so outrageous, that the loungers jumped up from the benches and made for the scene. The immigrant and the man who had struck him were now fighting and scuffling, and a crowd began quickly to gather. At this point a third man stepped up, and, taking the two girls by the arms, tried to escort them off the scene. Cries of indignation arose from the crowd, the old game was so obvious. The two men who had interfered with the immigrants were about to be roughly handled by the crowd, when somebody on its outer fringe cried out:

"Let 'em alone; it's all right!"

A roar of laughter arose. Even above the noise a peculiar rattling buzz could be heard. Then came another voice:

"Let 'em alone; it's the movies!" The crowd drew back, laughing and good-natured. Then the immigrant boy and the other man continued their scuffle, and the third man walked off with the pretty girls. A policeman stood off to one side watching them, curling his mustache and grinning.

Presently the two men stopped wrestling and walked off to an automobile near the curb, in the back seat of which the two girls were seated, laughing. The three men climbed in, followed by the operator and his machine, and the automobile shot away from the curb, up Broadway.

New Yorkers are daily becoming more accustomed to seeing strange scenes enacted before their eyes on the sidewalks, but the buzzing machine, off to one side, always explains the mystery. Later, these scenes are re-

enacted on the screens in the Moving Picture shows as part of a chain, making a whole, intelligible drama. But, tho the onlookers did not suspect it, this particular scene was part of a new kind of play, one with a purpose. That purpose is to educate the immigrant girls coming across in the steamers; to warn them against the dangers that are likely to meet them on landing.

This campaign of education, of

Jeremiah Jenks, of Cornell University, undertook the special investigation of female immigration; they made particular efforts to find out what became of many of the young women who came to this country alone, or accompanied by men who claimed to be their husbands.

The final report of Professor Jenks' committee stirred the country deeply. It proved conclusively that thousands of young women and girls, with



Photo by E. V. Brewster

A GROUP OF IMMIGRANTS JUST TRANSFERRED IN A BARGE FROM A STEAMSHIP TO ELLIS ISLAND

which the new Moving Picture scheme is only a part, is being conducted by a large group of prominent people in New York City, representing many social welfare organizations.

The present interest in the welfare of immigrant girls began about five years ago with the investigations of the United States Immigration Commission, appointed by an act of Congress for the purpose of studying what effect the increasing stream of immigration from abroad has on the American population. One committee of the Commission, under Professor

tickets for certain destinations, never reached the ends of their journeys. Some, of course, came knowingly. But many were deliberately misled and some were even abducted forcibly and put into houses of bad character. The report went on to give many specific cases, illustrating the methods by which the white slavers gathered in their victims.

In some cases they would even begin their operations on the other side. A young, prosperously dressed man would appear in a small country town and represent himself as a returned

immigrant. He would become acquainted with some of the prettiest girls, and finally persuade one of them to become engaged to him. Perhaps he would even marry her. Then he would leave for America, promising to send for her in the near future.

Within a short time she would receive a ticket from her supposed husband or fiancé, and she would set out to join him in the New World. He would meet her in New York, or possibly have some "friend" meet her, for the actual "agents" themselves were always very reluctant to appear before the Ellis Island authorities. After she had landed he would get hold of her and take her to what she supposed was his home, only to have her find out she had been decoyed into a life of shame.

Another less elaborate method was to make the acquaintance of some girl traveling alone on the boat. The white slaver would apparently be an immigrant himself and so gain the girl's confidence. He would find out her destination, where probably a brother or sister was awaiting her, then exclaim:

"How strange! I am going to that town myself. I will take care of you on the journey."

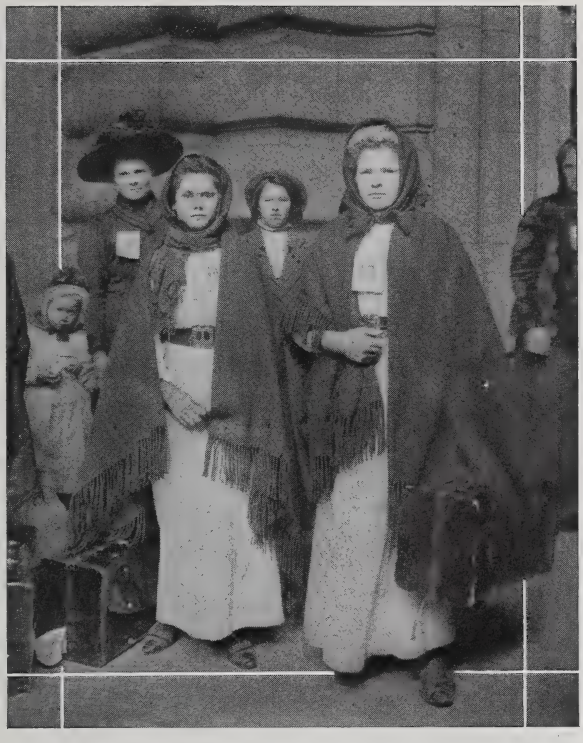


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

POLISH GIRLS WAITING FOR FRIENDS

And so they would land and begin the journey together. Alone and in a strange land, unable to speak to the people about her, the girl would trust the stranger more and more. So he could take her wherever he would, and she be none the wiser until it was too late.

There is also the method by which girls, accompanied by their brother or father, are abducted, described in the scene enacted for the Moving Picture play. The white slaver makes the acquaintance of the brother or father on the steamer and gains his confidence. On landing, some stranger picks a fight with the escort of the girls, and the supposed friend, pretending to escort them out of danger, gets them into a cab and so takes them wherever he wishes, away from their protector.

There are, in fact, hundreds of methods, and the report of the famous Rockefeller committee made a big volume.

As soon as it was published, the police authorities of all the big cities became active, inspired by popular indignation. As a result, there followed many prosecutions, and many societies were organized to combat the evil. Among them were the Chicago Vice Commission, the White Slave Investigating Committee, created by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and numerous similar bodies of public-spirited citizens. These organizations have

followed up the work begun by Professor Jenks' committee, and have spent huge sums of money investigating what has since become known as the "white slave traffic."

Gradually the work of protecting the immigrant girls evolved into a system. One phase of it is the hunting down of the criminals, punishing those who have already committed such crimes, and so making it impossible for them to carry on their evil practices any further. It was to facilitate this phase of the work that the Mann White Slave Act was passed by Congress, bringing the criminals under the Federal laws. For the States found difficulty in dealing with the situation in that the criminals never committed their crimes wholly in one State.

But while this made the trade of the white slaver more difficult, it could not entirely stop it. Therefore another phase of the work developed—warning the ignorant immigrant girls against the dangers, that they might be on their guard. Some societies immediately began to publish and distribute countless tracts and pamphlets, in all the languages of the countries from which emigrants come to this country. No doubt this did some good; but, unfortunately, in those countries from which emigration is heaviest, the people, and mostly the women, are illiterate.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

THE REGISTRATION ROOM AT ELLIS ISLAND, TO WHICH THE IMMIGRANTS PASS AFTER HAVING OBTAINED THE "O K" OF THE CLERKS

This was a difficulty that seemed hard to overcome. Finally, Mrs. S. M. Haggen, president of the Immigrant Girls' Home in New York City, thought out a plan that seems likely to solve the difficulty of warning the illiterate immigrant girl. No matter how unlettered or ignorant a girl may be, she can always understand a picture, and more especially a Moving Picture.

Mrs. Haggen at once sought the

coöperation of one of the Moving Picture film companies, Walter McNamara, an English dramatist, and a number of the civic bodies engaged in protective work. All responded, and the result is a series of Moving Picture plays in which are set forth most of the dangers likely to overtake a young girl on her journey to the New World.

And now the steamship companies have promised to furnish the facilities for having the Moving Picture play presented on board their steamers, and the Ellis Island authorities will allow it to be shown at the quarantine station and in the detention sheds, where the unaccompanied girls are kept until claimed by their friends.

Behind this scheme of education are such forces as the Union Theological Seminary, the Camp Fire Girls, the Committee of Fourteen for the suppression of Raines' Law hotels, at the head of which is Frederick Whitin, who probably knows more about the "white slave trade" than any other man in New York City; the City Vigilance Committee, the Sanitary and Moral Prophylaxis Society, whose purpose is to protect native-born girls as well; the Greenwich House Civic Theater Society, which seeks to educate by means of amateur theatricals; Dr. Frederick Howe, of the People's Institute, and Assistant District Attorneys Reynolds and Clark.

In one of these "movie" plays the plot is laid in New York City. A reform wave has struck the town, and a citizens' league has been organized to suppress vice.

A prominent reformer is put at the head of the movement. But, unknown to the community, he is himself secretly engaged in the white slave traffic. Excitement is given to the plot by the efforts of an honest police lieutenant to clean up the vice district. One by one he gathers in the agents of the white slave organization, catching them red-handed as they try to play their various tricks on immigrant girls.



Photo by UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

IMMIGRANT LEAVING ELLIS ISLAND

The villain is one of the pseudo-immigrants; he is shown in the steerage of the steamer, striking up an acquaintance with two girls, accom-

panied by their brother. He promises to get them jobs, but sends a message ahead to New York and has a confederate come to meet him to rid him of the brother. The scene described in the beginning represents their landing; the two girls are carried off and are shown as prisoners in a resort.

A side issue to the main plot will give the play interest to the American girl. Two young women are employed in a candy shop. A policeman, Burke, is in love with one of them, Jane. Jane's sister, Lorna, is fascinated by the attentions of a stranger. She goes with him to a cabaret, and later to a dance-hall. Here a confederate of Lorna's admirer drops a powder in her lemonade, and she faints from its effects. Her companion calls a cab and carries her off; but, instead of taking her home, he brings her to a house of bad character.

Meanwhile Lorna's sister, Jane, becoming alarmed at her sister's failure to return home, appeals to her lover, Officer Burke, and the young policeman immediately begins some detective work. The white slavers are run down; the girls are rescued, and the president of the citizens' league, the true head of the white slave traffic, is exposed, arrested and punished.

Nor need this system of education stop with helping foreigners. After all, we have just as great duty towards our own people. The country boys and girls whose ambitions impel them to leave home for the big cities can, of course, be reached by printed matter. The roguery that must be employed to misguide them must be of a more clever kind. Yet, tho on a higher plane, they, too, can be reached by the Moving Picture. But this system of educating American boys and girls has been going on for some years, tho perhaps not with so conscious a motive. In this way the Moving Picture shows have already done great good. There is hardly a show in which you do not see presented some picture drama in which the young girl runs away from home, arrives in the city and goes thru countless dangers. While some of these dangers are exaggerated, still the picture teaches its valuable lesson, and when the girl who has seen it at home does go to the city, she is more cautious of strangers than she would have been without having been warned.



Photo by the Essanay Co.

NOT ALL IMMIGRANTS TO AMERICA SUCCEED IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE



A Week with Lottie Briscoe

BY M.B.H.

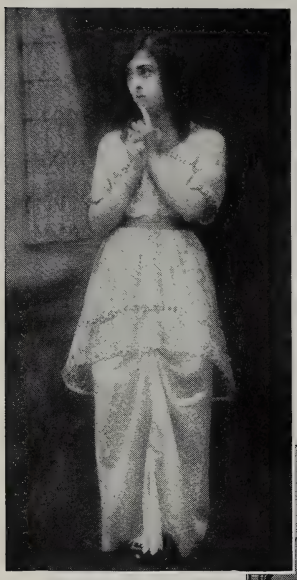
Not so long ago I sat with Lottie Briscoe in her apartment in one of Philadelphia's largest hotels and asked her why she didn't tell the public more about herself. She smiled. "I am not specially interesting," she said, "so when an interviewer appears, I always talk work to him and say little of myself." "But, how foolish!" I argued. "The people want to know about you; it is only natural. They have seen you for over two years now, playing opposite Arthur Johnson, and they do not feel that they really know you—just because you are reticent about giving any information concerning yourself." She thought for a few moments; then a little light came into eyes that are so gray and very serious. "I'll tell you what I will do—if you think it right. I'll let you take a week out of my diary and publish it. But I dont really believe any one would care to read it." I hastily assured her she was mistaken, and got possession of the little volume. After glancing thru it, I selected the pages that follow. It will make you who read it understand Lottie Briscoe as she really is, the fine-minded, intelligent, feminine woman.

Sunday.—A day of rest! But I didn't get much chance to rest this day. I studied out the scenario of the picture we go on next, and found out that I have a delightful part in it. That's so encouraging. I have all my clothes planned out for it, too. As it's a two-reeler, that was some work. I wrote about eight letters. The one to my sister was very long, because she simply insists upon hearing about everything I do. I meant to go to church this morning, but somehow or other I felt lazy and didn't. But I sat at my window all alone and listened to the chimes of the church across the way and felt—so quiet. And I think I prayed a little bit, too—for the health and strength I need and for the help I want at all times. I had four invitations to dinner, but accepted none of them. Some friends dropped in this afternoon, and we had supper together here in my rooms. We sat around and talked pictures until eleven. Then they went home, and I went—to bed.

Monday.—As I waited for the trolley this morning, Arthur Johnson came along in his Cadillac and gave me a lift to the studio. All the way up we discussed the picture we put on next. We are both pleased with our parts, which is a good thing. So often a scenario that gives a good rôle to the leading man forgets that the leading woman is anything else than a lifeless automaton—and vice versa. I had a huge pile of letters waiting for me at the studio. We worked pretty steadily until four, then I was dismissed for the day. In the evening I saw David Griffith's four-reel picture, "The Battle of the Sexes," and liked it quite well. Saw one of my own, too—"Behind the Footlights." I feel just a little bit satisfied with my work in that, but, oh, Lottie, there were so many things you could have made better. I thank my stars that I am able to see my own faults. I hope the time will never come when I can look at a picture and not see at least one little thing that could be bettered.

Tuesday.—I had a wonderful letter from a woman today. She told

me that she and her husband had been on the verge of separation, when she happened to see me in "The





Blinded Heart." I portrayed a wife in that, who loved her husband so well that, thru sacrificing herself and her happiness, she was able to save him from a great mistake. Something in my work struck at her heart, she says, and made her determine to go home and be a little more forgiving—and to love a little more. What one woman could do, she would do! And now they are very happy. And she writes to thank me. It made me so glad. In this world some people are able to accomplish a great deal of good. I wish I were able to, also, but I'm so busy, and not very big and strong, either, and I dont seem to have the time nor the opportunity to do the beautiful, wonderful things that other people accomplish. But to feel that my pictured self helped some one—I tell you, it sent me to bed feeling mighty happy!

WEDNESDAY.—Two new gowns that I ordered in New York last week came in today. I am delighted with them, they are so pretty, and I love frocks. I will need lots of things for this picture, and, as I am rather a particular person, it pleases me to get something that just *suits*. I had an invitation today to lead the grand march at a ball in a near-by city later in the month. It's getting rather warm, but if they want me—I suppose I'll have to go. I often wonder if people who have seen me only on the screen are disappointed when I first appear before them in real life. I hope not. I hate to disappoint people. Not only where my appearance is concerned, but I also strive hard not to let those who have put me on a pedestal ever know that their idol has feet of clay. Into every life comes one ideal—and it's a terrible thing to have that ideal ruthlessly shattered before one's eyes. I know —because once on a time I had ideals



myself. With a big world just full of disappointments, I do not want to be one of them!

THURSDAY.—I worked all day today. Had a letter from a poor girl who begged me to send her all my cast-off clothes because she needs them. Also a note from a woman who pleads with me to use my influence in getting her work at the studio because she has a little baby to support—and she is a widow. What is there about me that makes people write me their troubles? I cannot bear to think of people being so unhappy, and I try to help them whenever it lies in my power. But there are so many demands — and really so little that one can do, after all. They tell me at the studio I am foolish to let these things worry me. But I cannot help it. My own knowledge of pain and heartbreak makes me understand—and sympathize, perhaps, more than the others. Went downtown after supper and saw pictures for an hour.







FRIDAY.—Four new pairs of slippers that I bought yesterday came out to the studio today. I love dainty shoes. Would it be conceited of me to tell my diary that I have the smallest feet in the studio? Do I hear my diary reminding me that at the same time I am "the littlest girl" in the place? Sometimes it aggravates me when I think of how little I really am—not quite five feet and weighing barely 94 pounds. Isn't that perfectly ridiculous for a woman who plays opposite big, tall Arthur Johnson! But I am comforted when I remember that his best work was done while acting with little girls—Mary Pickford and Florence Lawrence, for example. Took supper at the New Hotel Adelphia with some



friends who came over from New York. It's a bright, cheerful place. Afterward we saw Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl," which we liked very much. Came home tired, tho, and went right to bed.

SATURDAY.—I reported at the studio at nine sharp today and worked steadily. Some of the players were finished early, and they waved merry good-bys to me as I stood in my costume and make-up at the gate. They were en route to ball-games or the shore—I was facing an afternoon of hard work. And they thought I should be very envious; but I dont really believe I was. For to me my work is so interesting—there is no pleasure in life deeper than that which I get out of a good part. Tomorrow shall find me at Atlantic City. I get a lot of comfort and strength out of the sea. The crowds do not appeal to me, and I cannot understand those people who, when at a glorious place near the ocean, spend all their hours at some *thé dansant*—tangoing themselves into weariness. But each finds his own pleasure; that which appeals to one bores another, and so on!

SATURDAY NIGHT—AFTER A LONG, HARD DAY.—Good-night, dear little book. It's late, and I'm so tired. We did work hard all day—and this acting an emotional rôle under blazing tubes of electric lights is not so easy as some people think. I thought today that I would like to write letters to all the nice people who send me their admiration, who compose poems and songs for me, and who vote for me in the contests. But my old excuse must remain—I'm busy, I'm little, and I'm not such a very strong person. I am a very poor correspondent, and I wonder that I retain my friends as well as I do. It has always been a task for me to write letters, and, dearie me, it does take an awful lot of time.

But oh, all of you out there in the world, wherever you are, if you could see this page of my diary, you would know that I carry you all in my heart, and I thank you and love you, just as I know you love me. Good-night.

Ten Reasons Why Movies Are Good For the Eyes

By LAURRIE O'BOSTON

1. There is no bodily strain involved in the experience of seeing; the spectator is in a state of relaxation and repose.

2. Music adds to the feeling of relaxation and recreation. Music carries the story along when the eye wavers.

3. The expense of going to a Motion Play is slight; hence, there is no nerve-strain, no feeling that each moment must be absolutely absorbed. If anything is lost, it is possible to stay until the desired portion is repeated. The eyes may be closed frequently. It is not as if the spectator were viewing these scenes in person and the temporary closing of the eyes would bring real physical danger.

4. The perspective is clear and logical. Not only artistic appeal, but absence of any eye-strain or physical strain is the aim of the film manufacturers. However, that which is truly artistic, as Motion Pictures are, is gracious and pleasing to look upon, and a delight to the eye as well as to the mind.

5. The light is steady, falling upon the screen and not upon the spectator's eyes. There are no counter-lights; no irregularities such as come when one is riding in street-cars, flashing past dark spaces and blinding, open areas with painful rapidity. The office itself and the home are not more evenly provided with steady, consistent light in the right places for the right purposes. In the home, for instance, the eye has to accommodate itself to variations of light and work—frequently there is no scientific lighting to take care of the night-work.

6. Each person can seat himself as he will. He can find a seat suited to his eyes, whether he has long distance vision or short. In a "legit" house financial circumstances determine the purchase of the ticket and the seating.

7. The poor man, or the man of modest circumstances, can take his place near a more favored brother, according to his vision; he need not be afraid his more favored companion will appear more resplendent, for the semi-darkness of the movie house is no respecter of wardrobes. There is no worry connected with viewing the movies—no nerve-strain that comes from it.

8. The absence of color has its advantages. Imagine the fatigue from absolutely faithful realistic color adjustment as rapid as the movie requires. The Motion Picture makers not only suppress details and hold to essentials in a truly artistic fashion, but in a like manner choose arrangements of light and shadow that are restful and pleasing. When color is used, it is realistic without being glaringly vivid. The colors are softened, and the fine lines heightened—details and marring tones are reduced. There is no weariness that could come either because of color or because of the absence of it.

9. One of the greatest eye-helps comes to those movie-goers who wear glasses. The multitudes of spectacled folks could, if they would, find help at the movies. The short-sighted ones can train their vision, changing seats each evening that it seems necessary, until they come to see farther and farther away. The distance-vision person can train his eyes in a similar manner until he can take a nearer seat each evening. Those who are trying out new spectacles can find opportunity to give their new glasses a fair trial, for they can study their own range of vision and what their glasses are doing until they know just where they are, just how their

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Mother Goose of Motion Pictures

By HARVEY PEAKE

"To bed, to bed!"
Says Sleepyhead;
"Tarry awhile," says Slow,
"Let's steal away
To the Picture Play,
Awhile, before we go!"





What are little boys made of, made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of!
What are little girls made of, made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all that's nice,
That's what little girls are made of!
But what does it matter, so long as they go
Hand in hand to the Motion Play Show?

Pussy Cat Mew
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat
Burned a great hole:
Poor pussy wept loud,
And would not be consoled,
Until she had seen
Seven Film Plays unrolled.





Goosey, goosey-gander,
Where shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
And in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old man
Who knew not Picture Shows,
So I took him with me, and each day
This happy mortal goes.



The Soundless Message

By R. J. CASSELL
Auth r of "Movie Mouth Reading"



"DEEP sleep has fallen on the intended victim and all beneath his roof. A healthy old man to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace.

"The assassin enters, thru the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot, he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise, and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, tho it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He then raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wound of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse. He feels for it and ascertains that it beats no longer.

"It is accomplished; the deed is done. He retraces his steps to the window, passes out thru it as he came in and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe. Oh, gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere."

The spectators in the little court-room in New England listen aghast at the vivid word-picture of the great lawyer as he represents the State against the prisoner at the bar. Now he has finished, and the grave old judge is instructing the jury as to the law on the case. The jury has departed to the jury-room, and an awful stillness pervades the court-room.

After hours of deliberation, the jury are about to return to give their verdict. All eyes are riveted on the door of the jury-room, and all eyes are intent on the spokesman, as the jury silently file out into the court-room and take their seats. The spokesman slowly rises, and the attention of every one is upon him, watching closely his face, which is expressionless. Suddenly he begins to speak, and the movement of his mouth shows plainly the verdict: "We find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter."

You say, "What is all this about?" Simply, dear reader, a rendition in the Motion Pictures of Daniel Webster giving his famous speech convicting the murderer of Joseph White.

The words, "We find the prisoner guilty of manslaughter," have been easily read by the patrons of the show, by a knowledge which they possess of a great discovery, the reading of the movements of the mouth, the words as pronounced on the actor's lips.

This marvelous discovery should supply the one element lacking in the photodrama—that of telling what the actors are saying as they depict the tragedies and comedies taken from real life.

If this wonderful art is developed by the patrons of the photoplay, many plays which reach such a remarkable success can be put into pictures and portrayed in a more realistic manner than they are upon the stage. This will enable the vast masses to enjoy and reap the benefit. It has been my earnest endeavor to

further this movement toward educating the patrons of the Motion Pictures to acquire this accomplishment.

The art of reading the words on the actors' lips is not difficult, but simply requires practice and persistence. Doubtless many of my readers have been able to read many words on the actors' lips without preparation or study, which shows the great possibilities which are before you if you but acquire this truly magic art. In an article of this length it is impossible to go into all details, but we wish to show you enough to prove our assertion that this art is a fact, the principles of which are being used by deaf people all over the country, who read without the great aid you have of the plot and vivid Motion Picture to assist your mind.

You enter one of the many attractive Motion Picture theaters of our great cities. Outside there is the restless movement of the great crowd: people are hurrying here and there, all intent on either business, shopping, or it may be pleasure. Did you ever stop to think of that great and endless flood of thought which animates those countless millions of humanity; of the plans and ideas which are really the controlling element of all this great activity? This is the strenuous life, filled with strange comedy, and oftentimes much of tragedy; as Shakespeare says: "All the world's a stage."

Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. What a relief, then, to shut out all this noise and confusion and the babble of many tongues by slipping quietly into a seat in the Motion Picture theater! Now you have forgotten all the outer world; in fact, you may even forget yourself as your attention is held to the wonderful picture which is being thrown upon the screen. The darkness of your surroundings aids the concentration of your mind and also adds a feeling of mystery to the place. The conditions are admirable for a keen enjoyment of the play. You see the swiftly moving actors as they depict some thrilling scene, and as the light from the Moving Picture machine illumines their faces, you can study closely every feature. Now you see animation, joy — now sorrow — now the stern features of the judge or the sweet and winsome face of the young sweetheart. The lips move, and you can see the words and almost seem to hear the voice as you read the words as spoken by the different characters in the picture. It is this concentration of your mind that gives it the mighty power, as the sun's rays may be brought to a focus and fire is the result. You, too, are on fire with the spirit of the play. You may not read every word, but from the words which you do catch, your mind carries the idea and supplies the words which you are unable to perceive. Thus you are able to follow closely all that is taking place in the picture. You forget all but the characters in the picture, as they fairly lift your mind out of your body, and you may even cease to realize you have a body, so intent are you on the plot. You live and breathe the very experiences the actors are portraying, and, tho no voice is heard, you read on the actors' lips the story of joy and happiness, or of sorrow and despair.

Truly this is a wonderful age in which we live. The greatest part of the expression is in the face, and this expression aids the rapid movement of your mind to detect the actual words on the actor's lips as you become *en rapport* with his mind. These words are but the expression of the emotions of the actor. He, too, lives the part, and the more he lives it, the greater is his achievement.

And does this mental effort pay? Yes, and a thousandfold. What would the body be without the mind? The mind is eternal, and by some is said to be the soul. Cultivate your mind in every way, and in no way can you do this so easily, and at the same time with so much pleasure, as in making a study of mouth-reading.

This art should be of value to the

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ABOUT two years ago a handsome, dark-complexioned young man appeared in a Biograph play, and his unique personality attracted considerable attention. He stood five feet ten in height, weighed about one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and was gracefully put together. His dark brown eyes flashed under his long, black lashes, and his manner was graceful and pleasant. He at once attracted attention, and when different companies began to bid for him, the Reliance Company made him the best offer, which he accepted. While recognizing the superior merits of the Biograph and Reliance companies, the young man felt that he would never be quite satisfied until he was a member of the Vitagraph Company, of whose pictures he was a great admirer; so early last spring he made his ambition known to Commodore Blackton, and that connoisseur promptly made a bargain with the applicant.

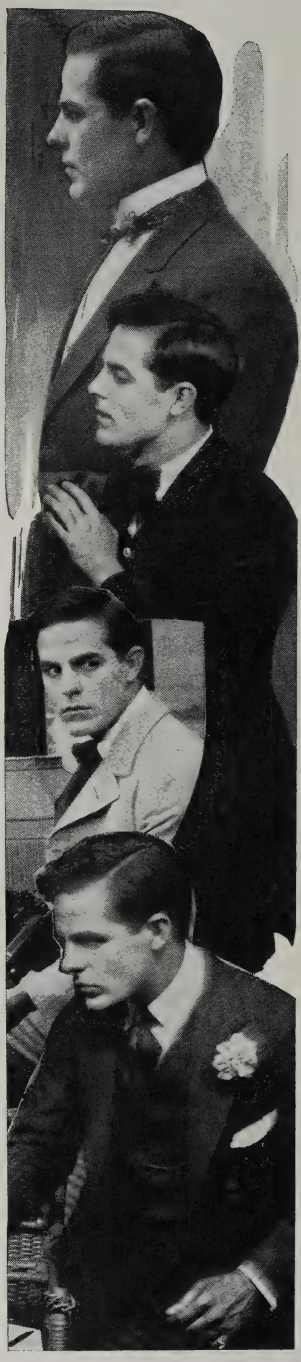
During the last six months the handsome young Spaniard has worked industriously to gain renown in his chosen profession, until today we find him the leading man of one of the most talented of photoplayers, Edith Storey.

Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, about twenty-five years ago, and came to this country about thirteen years ago. He went on the stage at an early age, where he was fairly successful, and regularly every week he sent to his mother in Southern Spain a good-sized part of his salary. He was always quick to make friends, and he built up some valuable and lasting friendships among men who to this day value his acquaintance highly.

He is still a member of the famous "Lambs Club" in New York, where he is frequently seen. While he is quick to make friends, he does not look upon every chance acquaintance as a friend, and believes in the old motto, "Once a friend, always a friend." Cultured, dignified and refined himself, he tries to choose friends of his own kind. He is, therefore, not what we call a good "mixer" nor "jolly good fellow."

While good-natured in the extreme and slow to wrath, he is of a somewhat serious nature and looks upon life as a serious business. This does not mean that he cannot tell a good story, nor enjoy a good joke, nor indulge in a hearty laugh; but it means that his nature is intense and that he is not of the light and frivolous sort. He enjoys dancing, yachting, horseback riding, tennis and all outdoor sports. And he looks upon sunshine and the open air as a part of the necessities for a healthy mind and body. Some of his associates at the Vitagraph studio call him "Spanny," altho his intimates call him "Tony," which he does not like at all. He is a

thoro believer in the "clean life," and indulges only moderately in the dissipations that are so often required by members of his profession. While he is always willing to lend a helping hand to anybody and to do anything within reason that is required of him by his friends or by his employers, there is one thing he does not like, and that is to be called on to play a farce comedy part in which he is to "make a fool of himself," as he puts it. He prefers dramatic parts where he can give full sway to his emotions. It is not uncommon to work himself up into such a pitch that his whole body trembles and tears are forced to his eyes.



The foregoing is a brief summary of Mr. Moreno's character and history. When I first met him, he impressed me as I have stated, and he reminded me just a little of Edwin Booth, My readers may think that he would better be classed with the elder Salvini, and not without some cause. We have not yet seen Mr. Moreno as Hamlet or Othello, nor in any such heavy parts, but if his ambition is realized, that day will come, and perhaps not until then shall we know just what are his limitations, if any. We are writing very few big parts these days, the idea seeming to be to tell a story rather than to create great characters with great emotions.

I asked the young man if he intended to remain in pictures or to return to the stage.

"I intend to stay in Moving Pictures as long as the Vitagraph Company intend to keep me," was his decisive reply; "and I hope to make myself so valuable that the Vitagraph will not care to let me go."

I asked him if he had become an American citizen yet; if he were interested in politics or any of our American institutions.

"I tried to fill out some naturalization papers," he replied, "but I had trouble in finding out the name of the steamer that I sailed on, and met with so many other difficulties that I gave up the idea of becoming a citizen of the United States, altho I suppose I should be a citizen, and I would certainly be proud to be one."

"Would you mind mentioning some of the great photoplays and photoplayers?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he promptly answered. "I think that 'Cabiria' and 'The Christian' are the greatest plays, and I would name Norma Talmadge, Edith Storey, Mary Fuller, Mary Pickford, Earle Williams and Henry Walthall as a few of our great photoplayers."

"What is your greatest ambition?" I continued.

"To make something worthy of myself that will be remembered by the world when I am gone," he answered earnestly.



"Is life worth living?" I asked, for this is one of the questions we always ask.

"At times it is, and other times it is terrible," was his retort, and I gathered from this that he was perhaps a trifle sensitive and was inclined to brood over his small troubles.

I learnt that Mr. Moreno spends his evenings either at the club or entertaining his friends at dinner, or attending theaters, but mostly at the Moving Picture theaters, for he is a close student of the Motion Picture art and loves to criticise his own acting whenever he can see it on the screen.

Until very recently Mr. Moreno has been playing opposite to Norma Talmadge, under the directing of Van Dyke Brooke. Some of the rôles and pictures that have brought him curtain calls, so to speak, are: Young Beverly in "Memories in Men's Souls"; John Reynolds in "The Hidden Letters"; Harry Graham in "The Loan Shark King"; John Marsden in "Politics and the Press"; Jack Strong in "The Peacemaker"; Private Warring in "Under False Colors," and Hugo St. Clair in "Good-by, Summer." Some of his coming releases with Edith Storey call for fine emotional work.

Unless all signs fail, I feel safe in predicting for Mr. Moreno a brilliant future.

VIOLET VIRGINIA.

What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By LESTER SWEYD

In 1909 Francis X. Bushman (Essanay) played the part of Durand in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" at the Circle Theater, New York City.

William E. Shay (Imp) appeared in 1909 with Mrs. Leslie Carter in her production of "Kassa," playing the part of Baron Sokoli.

Donald Hall (Vitagraph) was the handsome Lieutenant Fernand Drouillard in Fritzi Scheff's comic opera, "The Prima Donna" (1909).

Leonie Flugrath (Edison) was Jerome in William Faversham's drama, "The Barber of New Orleans," in 1909.

Frank A. Lyons (Edison) was Moreau in the same production.

Robert W. Frazer (Eclair) was the villain, Leonard Grover, in Owen Davis's drama, "Driftwood," during the season of 1910-11.

Charles Brandt (Lubin) was Joe Lorely in the play, "In Old Kentucky," in 1904.

John H. Cossar (Essanay) was John Carlton in that good old melodrama, "Her Marriage Vow" (1904).

In 1904 John E. Macken (Kalem) was Kingston in the London melodrama, "The Worst Woman in London."

In 1904 Logan Paul (Vitagraph) was Twang Lee in "The Bowery After Dark," with Terry McGovern.

Joseph W. Smiley (Lubin) was George De Voe in "The Little Outcast" in 1904.

Hal Clarendon (Famous Players) was the heavy man (by that I mean playing always the villain) with the Spooner's stock in Brooklyn, N. Y., for over ten years.

Cora Williams (Edison) was with the Century Players in 1904, playing the part of Margarite in "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Bijou Theater, New York City.

George Gebhart (Biograph) was with Henry V. Donnelly's famous stock company (playing at the Murray Hill Theater), playing different parts, among them Leonard in "The Climbers."

Charles E. Graham (Biograph) was Sergeant Kellar in 1904 in Melville Raymond's company of "Arizona."

May Abbey (Edison) was with Al Woods's company of "Queen of the White Slaves," playing the part of Maggie Murphy.

About a year ago Louise Huff (Lubin) was the delightful ingénue of the Prospect Theater stock company in the Bronx.

Clifford Bruce (Pathé) was Doctor Watson in William Gillette's revival of "Sherlock Holmes" in 1910.

William Riley Hatch (Pathé) was also a member of the same company, playing the part of James Larrabee.

Irene Warfield (Essanay) was Miss Zonnee in Wallace Eddinger's play, "The Aviator," in 1910.

Maude Fealy (Thanhouser) was E. S. Willard's leading lady in "The Cardinal," appearing as Filberta, in 1903.

How I Became A Photoplayer

It was Christmas in New York City. I had saved some money from my last engagement, which had closed shortly before the holidays, but being of a thrifty disposition, I did not wish to use all my capital between-whiles. Knowing that midwinter is a bad time to look for engagements a d having the suggestion, "the movies," still in my ears, I decided to journey over to a studio and try my chance. It was a long ride, and I had much time to think—which I did. Would they take me without any picture experience? Would I be pretty enough? Would they require a lot of expensive wardrobe each week? What would my associates be like? I did not doubt my ability to succeed, but I wondered if I were a type which would be acceptable. I shivered with nervous anticipation, with the cold which pervaded the elevated train and with the tedium of the long ride.



At last I alighted at a wind-swept and deserted station. It was a January morning, gilt-edged overhead, but a crisp snow underfoot. The station agent directed me to a path, which I followed across the field. I walked quickly. My footsteps were approaching destiny. Pausing at the portal of the studio, I surveyed a gray structure with a glass-covered roof. As I entered the hall of the building, a man, in a priest's garb and make-up, asked me whom I wanted to see.

"Please, I want to see the manager as to an engagement," I said softly, and wondered if the peacock feathers, which are considered by the theatrical profession unlucky, and which I wore in my hat, would "hoodoo" me (tho I am not at all superstitious).

"Just come with me, and I'll introduce you to every one," said my escort, with an engaging smile. (I hope I will do a scene with this actor, I thought, as I followed his priestly back and pale hair.)

He introduced me first to a well-set-up, stocky fellow with a mane of bushy yellow hair, who carried

a hammer and an air of importance which proclaimed him as a leader in whatever he did. I liked him immensely. He showed me some of the "sets" going up, and seemed to take an interest in me, who, as a wayfaring stranger, appreciated his cordial treatment very much.

Next I was introduced to a slight girl with dark eyes, who showed me the "extras' " room, where I would dress in case I was engaged, and made jokes in dialect as to the room being so very overcrowded at the time with chattering girls. I was shaken at the din they made, and wondered how one could dress and make up in such close quarters.

My guide next ushered me into a small office, where he had spied one of the busy managers. I was introduced then to one-of-the-powers-that-be, a tallish man with dark hair and gray eyes brimming over with a delicious sense of humor. As he talked he mentally noted my green dress, my height, my eyes, my eagerness, perhaps my curly hair and my peacock feathers. At any rate, he said I was to come for a trial on Monday (this was Friday), and perhaps Mr. —— could cast me at once for a part for next week; he would see. He led the way across the sunlit studio floor. I followed with my guide and stopped in front of a "set" where a scene was being rehearsed. From the group around the camera a man in a white cap approached and was introduced to me. He looked at me sharply, listened to what his partner had to say, thrust his hands into his hip pocket and said he had a part for me, starting on Monday. I dared not look at them, for joy; so I looked at the floor and, with my heart pounding, said I would be there without fail on Monday.

"Be sure you are here at nine o'clock," said the man in the white cap, giving me a second sharp look, and then glanced at his watch. He snapped his watch shut and began to hum under his breath. His partner smiled down at me. At the portal of the studio I thanked my guide.

"I will be your director," he announced, "and will also play in the picture." And he told me briefly the story and my part in it.

I went back to the elevated station in a daze of happiness and made the journey home in the same pleasant state of anesthesia. The torture of waiting was electrified by thrills of fear as to the possibility of my not pleasing my managers and director. But when rehearsals came, my director was both suave and painstaking, and the man in the white cap tempered his critical eye to my first effort. Perhaps he was not severe because I *was* there at nine o'clock. There were many curious eyes of the other actors and actresses on me during my first picture, as there always is with a newcomer; but when I became acquainted, they watched me out of interest, not curiosity. My first picture was rated a success, and as each new and different rôle came to me, I became absorbed in my work. My salary was raised, parts were written for me, and the several directors wanted me in their pictures. I was intensely interested in my work and have always remained so.

MARY FULLER.

How I became a photoplayer came about in the following manner. I was drawn to the work a few years before I became a player, and one day read an ad. in the paper calling for a girl to play in pictures, which I answered personally. I did not join the Essanay Company then, as they were going to travel, altho they wanted me very much. A year after I had the same chance to join, and I did. At first I played small parts, and after three months started to work regularly for Mr. Anderson in the Broncho Billy pictures. I have now played in more than one hundred different parts—both kinds, character and straight. At first I was very nervous in front of the camera, but now it is like an old friend. I am always at home when I am working in front of friend camera.

I am more at ease and take more pleasure out of my work than anything else. It is in all my thoughts. I



am always studying the big feature films. I know that photowork is a big study, and it surely takes all of my time. I have a great ambition, perhaps too big for a little girl like me. I am looking forward to the time when I will be able to do some big work, altho it is not work to me. My work is my greatest pleasure.

MARGUERITE CLAYTON.

I just became! I was with a repertoire company at the time the notion took hold of me, and I saw many Motion Pictures run, and knew there was a future both for the pictures and the actors, too. I felt I could do as well as some of the actors I saw on the screen, and better than most of them, and determined to try. I made my first appearance with the Vitagraph, and stayed there some months before joining the Kalem Company, and, believe me, I studied hard and gradually learnt all the tricks of the trade, and so far I have never gone back. I have been with only four companies—the Vitagraph, Kalem, Famous Players and now my own company. Yes, I went into the pictures because I wanted to and had studied out the possibilities, and I would not do anything else, even if



the opportunity offered; that is, unless the mayor of some big Middle West city, like Chicago, got up a society to suppress Motion Pictures—then I might have to.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

I became a photoplayer—or shall we call it a photoplayeress?—thru a desire to get away from the hardships of traveling on the road and to be able to settle down in one place and see something of my own people without dragging them around with me all

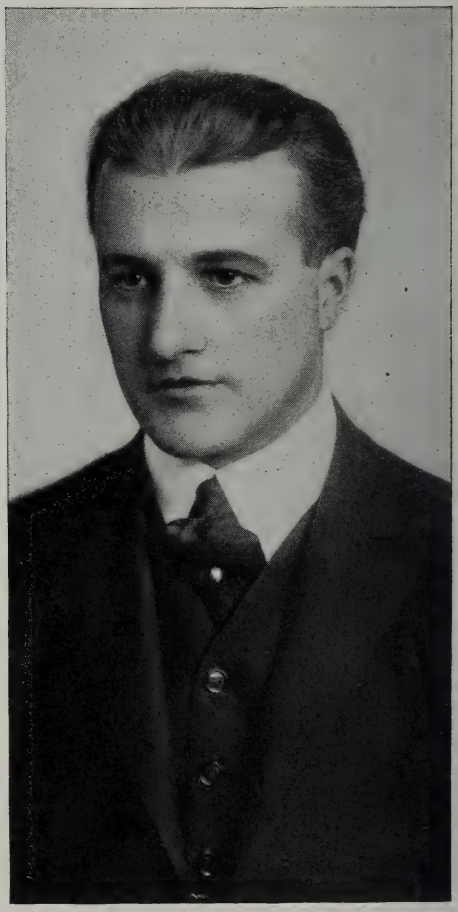
the time—for I could not be without them, you know. I was also influenced by the good offer made me by the Selig Polyscope Company in Chicago, with whom I made my first "picture" appearance. I was with this firm for nine months, and then went back to the legitimate for a short time, but the lure of the Motion Picture was



too much for me, and from that day I have acted for the screen. I love my work, and altho I often hear from my old friends begging me to return to the stage for a time, I am too interested and am doing far too well to think of it for a moment. Like most other artists from the legitimate, I at first thought it was rather lowering, but I soon changed my mind, as all others have done, too.

MARGARITA FISCHER.

Christmas was the cause of my going into photoplays. I had closed with a stock company and did not see any immediate prospect of getting another engagement. I met a friend, and he eulogized the Motion Pictures. Knowing no actor in the game, I went to the Thanhouser studios and applied, and, to my great surprise, was immediately taken on. I made good and was soon playing leads, and I paid them out by staying with them for a long time, and finally came West with the company. Previous to that Christmas idleness I rather pitied those who acted for the screen. I have changed my mind, and rather



pity those who do not, now. Why? Come to Santa Barbara and see the studio in which I work for the American Company; meet some of the people there, and get a whiff of the air and a glimpse of the sea, and you will know why. WILLIAM GARWOOD.

Expression of the Emotions



BY

Eugene V. Brewster

This is the fifth of a series of articles, the first having appeared in the July issue

I FIND it necessary, with this article, to conclude this little treatise on the emotions, for I fear that to carry it farther would be to step beyond the bounds of popularity into the realms of science, which would not meet with the approval of most of my readers. The main object of these articles was to show the importance of a thoro understanding of the various ways of expressing the emotions, so that my readers, especially those who are patrons of Motion Pictures, would better be able to read character and to recognize its various manifestations. While some persons have their own individual ways of expressing their emotions, most of us go thru the same facial contortions to give vent to our feelings. For example, when we are joyful, we either dance around, clap our hands, jump up and down, shout with glee, smile or laugh, and so on, according to the degree of our pleasure, but our faces all take on the same expression, or nearly so. All of these movements seem to relieve us of our excess nerve force which the emotion of joy has created. And sometimes our joy is so excessive that nothing but crying will relieve us. And so we see that it is but a short step, after all, between weeping and laughing, and the expression of each is similar. I know a lady who is and always has been deaf and blind; yet when very good news is communicated to her, she laughs and claps her hands with joy. Who taught her thus to express her emotions as other people do? Nobody; and it certainly is not due to imitation. Hence it is natural or inherited. The late Mayor Gaynor, of New York, whom I knew very well, seldom smiled or expressed any emotion of any kind, save that of anger. Some characters are constituted that way, or they have trained themselves to be dispassionate and to conceal their emotions. Whether this is a vice or a virtue does not matter, for we are here concerned only with the fact that there are certain recognized ways of expressing the emotions and that we should learn these ways so thoroly that we can recognize each expression and all the varying shades of expression. This is particularly true of those who are to enjoy the silent drama to the fullest. And our photoplayers must carefully analyze and



adjust their expressions so that they will be universally understood.

In my first article I named one hundred and sixty-five different emotions that could possibly be expressed by the facial muscles. How many of our photoplayers can express fifty of them so that a jury of average intelligence could recognize each one? I know one prominent player who daily practises before the mirror, and he has attained such control of his muscles that he could probably pose before a camera and have at least one hundred photographs taken so that each one would be different. But control of the facial muscles is not all; each position or combination must mean something. The accompanying illustrations of Mr. Perdue furnish a good example of control of the facial muscles. You will observe that each picture is different. While some of these expressions mean nothing, perhaps, and are merely "faces," they are the foundation for the expression of all the emotions. These photographs were not taken to express the emotions, but to show control of the muscles of expression. They tend toward the humorous and grotesque, but, as will readily be seen, it would require but slight manipulation to change these contortions to expressions of intense emotions. If the reader is sufficiently interested and wants to be convinced of how difficult it is, let him take these pictures before a mirror, together with the aforesaid list of emotions, and try to duplicate these faces and then to depict the various emotions. This experiment will be useful in the study of expression, and it will help the reader better to recognize similar emotions when they are expressed on the screen.



It should be borne in mind that nerve force is generated and set free whenever the cerebro-spinal system is excited by any emotion or feeling, and that the direction which this nerve force follows is necessarily determined by the lines of connection between the nerve-cells with one another and with various parts of the body. It is also important to know that the direction is likewise much influenced by habit, because nerve force passes readily along accustomed channels. And that is practically all that expression of the emotions is—excessive nerve force seeking an outlet;





COYNESS: ANITA STEWART

and it seeks that outlet which it is accustomed to or which best relieves us. Actions of all kinds, if regularly accompanying any state of mind, are expressive of some emotion and are readily recognized as such, even if it be only the shrug of a shoulder or the wagging of a dog's tail. Many of these actions and movements are beyond our control, such as the relaxation of the arteries of the skin in blushing and the increased action of the heart in anger. The tiniest children are seen to blush from shame, and the naked scalps of the youngest of babes are seen to redden from anger or pain, and these are expressions of emotions.

It is a curious fact that very few people can describe any given expression, such as hatred or revenge, but that almost everybody can recognize such expressions when he sees them in a photograph. Even children have the remarkable faculty of telling what is in the minds of their elders by reading the expressions on their faces. It is probable, however, that children do not instinctively recognize any expression whatever, and that they have to learn the language of expression just as they have to learn how to talk and to read. Experience is the best teacher. We meet with deceit in a person, or with treachery, or envy, or what not, and we remember the expression of the countenance of that person. Then, when

STUDIES IN TYPES:



FLORENCE LAWRENCE
KING BAGGOT
PAULINE BUSH
MAE MARSH



STUDIES IN CHARACTER: MAY HALL, ELLA HALL, LLOYD INGRAHAM, WARREN KERRIGAN, RUTH STONEHOUSE

we see a similar expression in others, we immediately recognize it, unconsciously. But we can do more than learn from bitter experience; we can study, for we see all about us, and in the newspapers, books and magazines, ample subjects for study. We can study in the cars and on the street. The study of character is a wonderfully interesting occupation. It is not necessary to know anything about physiognomy; for what, after all, is physiognomy but the study of expression, and what is expression but the movements of the muscles of the face? While the movements of expression give vividness and energy to our spoken words, they also reveal the thoughts and intentions of others more truly than words do, which may be falsified.



The face has been called "the index of the soul," and this is a happy definition. While some persons have faces that are almost expressionless, it is highly important that the faces of photoplayers be unusually expressive, and that photoplay patrons study the meaning of expression just as they would study the meaning of unfamiliar words. If these articles have impressed this point on my readers, I have accomplished my purpose.

In closing, let me thank those who have favored me with words of appreciation and encouragement. The players themselves, many of them, seem to have found these articles



helpful, altho I did not have them specifically in mind when the articles were being written. I trust I may be pardoned if I quote a portion of the last letter I received, for it is from one of our greatest artists:

DEAR MR. BREWSTER—May I add my word of appreciation and enthusiasm for your articles on the Emotions? They are capital, and I have enjoyed them immensely. I only wish that I might look forward to them in book form. It is difficult to keep magazines or even special articles cut out, but one's library always welcomes a new member. You are writing something that is not only interesting and educative to screen actors, but to the public as well. I feel very deeply on the subject, and only wish I might express how tremendously important it is from my point of view. I sincerely wish you increasing success and appreciation, and hope you will find it worth while to give us the articles in book form. Sincerely,

PAULINE BUSH.



FORD STERLING, OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

PERHAPS you can imagine the feeling of intense joy and exultation that was mine when I received the assignment from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to interview "the funniest man in Moving Pictures"—namely, Ford Sterling. I hastily donned my best bib and tucker, powdered my nose and departed, notebook in hand and pencil freshly trimmed, and, with fast-beating heart, presented myself at the studio.

"Mr. Sterling? Right over there in the corner," said a kind-hearted stage carpenter, and I followed the direction, only to discover that the man pointed out was not Ford Sterling. He was a very good-looking, clean-limbed, smooth-faced young fellow, about six-and-twenty, I should guess. He grinned when I asked politely for Mr. Sterling, saying that I'd like to interview him.

"Go ahead," said he, interestedly; "I'm Ford Sterling." Whereat all my customary poise took flight, also old reliable General Aplomb deserted me, leaving me with despair in heart and face. But dealing a quick death to my panicky inclinations to flee, I drew out my notebook and pencil and asked the story of his life, the most interesting part of which he readily gave.



"I was born at La Crosse, Wisconsin, but moved early to Texas, where dad was engaged in the cattle business. After his death I found it necessary to get out and hustle. I did—hustled right onto the stage, at the advice of James O'Neill, a graduate of my alma mater, Notre Dame College, at South Bend, Indiana. I went first with George Whittier, by dint of much persuasion and sundry promises that were almost threats, to make good. This was a repertory show. I then made up my mind for musical comedy, but my start in this profession was by no means prepossessing. I acted, did a song and dance, was property man

and even helped load the cars, but it didn't hurt me, and it taught me a lot. I was with a circus for a time, billed as 'Keno, the Boy Clown,' and then when I left the circus I acted and played professional baseball."

"What a joy to picture-and-baseball fans this will be," murmured I, as my pencil scratched rapidly across my notebook's virgin pages.

"I played ball seven summers, with Gulfport, Mississippi; Mobile; McKeesport, Pennsylvania; Saginaw; Toledo, and two seasons with Duluth. And then I drew pictures (remember the 'Sterling Kids'? I'm the originator and artist of those) for the Chicago *American.*"

"And then?" I insinuated gently. He came to with a start.

"Then? Oh, then I played stock, and also in vaudeville, and, in fact, it was while doing a vaudeville act with Tom McEvoy, called 'Breaking into Society,' that I got into the picture game. 'Pathé' Lehrman saw me, told me he was convinced I'd make good in pictures, and then followed an engagement with Mack Sennett, of Biograph then, who had been looking around for some time for a comedian. Then, as you know, I went to Keystone, in the same bunch with Mabel Normand, 'Pathé' Lehrman, Fred Mace and Mack Sennett. I dont have to tell you or your prospective readers of my work in Keystone, for I prefer to leave to them the question of whether or not it was successful. I am now with my own company and have great plans for the future, which we hope will appeal to our friends, the audience."

When he isn't working at the studio (which isn't often), he may be found digging happily in the gardens that surround his lovely bungalow at Venice, where he and his mother, a lady who is ridiculously young to be the mother of "our" Ford Sterling, spend their precious leisure hours together in a companionship as rare as it is beautiful.

What? *No,* there wasn't any Mrs. Ford Sterling when I saw him, tho who knows what has happened since?

ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

WILLIAM WADSWORTH, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

I FOUND William Wadsworth in the extremely ludicrous "make-up" of "Wood B. Wedd," the rôle he has made so famous during the short time in which the series has been running, and I found him a very courteous, genial sort of person to "chat." I'm sure, had my sex been different, he would have given me a cigar, enveloped himself in the blue haze of it, and gossiped wonderfully. But as it was, he answered all questions beautifully, with now and then a quaint observation that was excruciatingly funny.

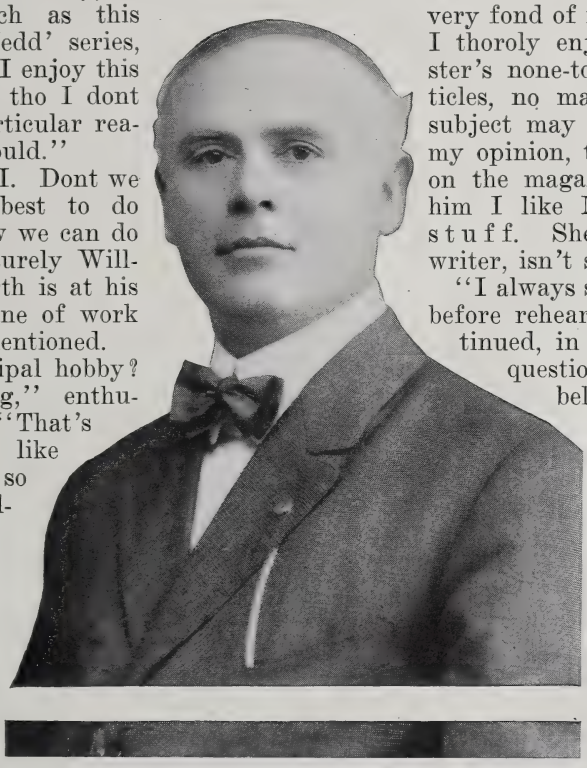
"I made my debut on the stage in 1894," he said reminiscently, "appearing with Otis Skinner. I later appeared with Guy Bates Post, Annie Russell, Blanche Walsh, Modjeska, Mrs. Fiske and James K. Hackett." He paused, and I poised an expectant pencil, waiting confidently for the time-worn "Them was the good old days!" but it didn't come, and, pleasantly disappointed (one hates to hear moth-eaten phrases from one's favorite players), I presented another question, as to whether he liked the stage or the screen best, to which he replied with animation:

"Photoplay work, by all means. And for many reasons. First, the outdoor work and the variety of parts. And then the financial side of matters—the fifty-two week season of pictures, as compared to the twenty or thirty week 'legit' season. No layoffs, no rehearsing six weeks or more, with no salary, only to have the show close during the first few weeks. There's a certainty about pictures, and far more opportunity to improve one's work. You play a part one week and think you've done great work. You pat yourself on the back,

get all puffed up over it; then, when the picture is shown, you feel like crawling under a chair and howling like a lost dog. Consequently, next time you work harder and try to do better—knocks the vanity and conceit clean out of a fellow, this seeing yourself as others see you."

"What is your favorite line of work, Mr. Wadsworth?" I asked briskly.

"Eccentric comedy," he answered readily, "such as this 'Wood B. Wedd' series, for instance. I enjoy this sort of work, tho I dont know any particular reason why I should."



Neither do I. Dont we always like best to do what we know we can do best? And surely William Wadsworth is at his best in the line of work that he has mentioned.

"My principal hobby? Motor-boating," enthusiastically. "That's one reason I like Jacksonville so well. I'm always perfectly happy when in a dandy little motor-boat, bounding over the ocean wave. Great stuff!" he sighed, and lapsed into a reverie. I have since learnt that another hobby of "Waddy's" (as he is affectionately known to his best friends) is kite-flying. Perhaps the extremely windy February and March, meted out to us by a zealous weather man, may account for this. Perhaps, also, this acute form of "kite-fever" that suddenly attacked and, in one night, laid low the male members of Edison's Southern company, will explain, in part, the queer-looking things floating around the sky during the two tempestuous months before referred to.

"I was born in Pigeon Cove, Massachusetts, of thoroly American parentage." (He carefully overlooked the question "When?" but it cant have been very long ago.)

"Are you fond of reading?" I questioned. And his answer was:

"Yes—the baseball score. I think the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the greatest ever, for it helps both the player and the fan, in that they are thus brought closer together. I am very fond of reading it, and I thoroly enjoy Mr. Brewster's none-too-frequent articles, no matter what the subject may be. He is, in my opinion, the best writer on the magazine. Next to him I like Miss Donnell's stuff. She's a splendid writer, isn't she?

"I always study my parts before rehearsing," he continued, in answer to my question. "I dont believe I care to answer the question of censorship of films, except so far as our own company is concerned. I believe that Mr. Plimpton knows what is best to produce, and I do not think censorship is necessary, with the better companies, for it is as much to their disadvantage to produce an immoral picture as to the public who sees it."

Here he was called back to the scene, to resume his rôle of the harassed "Wood B. Wedd," and, as I rose to go, I presented one last question.

"And now, Mr. Wadsworth, please, are you married or single?"

"Yes," he answered, with a twinkle. And that's all the satisfaction I was able to get. Puzzle it out for yourself. ROBERTA COURTLANDT.

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

JACKIE SAUNDERS



Of the Balboa Company, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and began her stage career at quite an early age. She played leading ingénue rôles in stock in Philadelphia for several seasons. Coming to New York City, she joined the Biograph Company and journeyed with them to Los Angeles. While there, Universal made her a flattering offer, which she accepted, but she has recently joined the Balboa Amusement Company. She is one of the most striking blondes in pictures today. Has a most pleasing personality and is a charming entertainer.

PEARL WHITE



Was born in Sedalia, Mo. She attended school in that town and in St. Louis. But her early training for professional life began when she was quite a little girl. She played in the circus, which started her in the wonderful physical training that she keeps up to this day. Miss White is a most versatile young lady, having played in many productions and in stock before going into pictures; she had the pleasure also of being Nat Goodwin's leading lady. Miss White has a very keen sense of humor. Her mixed parentage is possibly responsible for this, as her father was Irish-American and her mother Italian. She is a very vivacious young lady, fairly effervescing all the time. There never is a dull moment when Pearl White is around. Her remarkable career in Pathé pictures shows to what extent her temperamental expression runs, and the feats performed by her in "The Perils of Pauline" have never been excelled by any one. She is really a wizard in the field of Motion Pictures.

GERDA HOLMES



Was born in Chicago, Ill., but is of Danish ancestry, having come from one of the oldest Danish families who have come to America in late years. She has played both in stock and in productions before her advent into pictures. Her first experience as a Motion Picture actress was with the Thanhouser Company, where she remained nearly a year, when a call from the Essanay was heard and she journeyed westward. Miss Holmes is rated a clever and versatile actress.

HARRY C. MYERS



Was born in New Haven, Conn. After graduating from the public schools of that city, he became a student of La Salle College, of Philadelphia. The lure of the footlights proving strong, he joined the old Gerard Theater stock company in Philadelphia, playing with it two years and then joining the Forepaugh stock for two years. He then traveled for several seasons in Maude Hillman's company, where he received excellent training. This training proved of splendid advantage to the ambitious actor, and after a period with Mamie Fleming, the prominent repertoire star, he played the leading rôle in "Graustark." For the past ten months Mr. Myers has been directing for the Lubin Company. Some of Lubin's most noted films were produced under his direction. His chief laurels were won thru his seven-reel picture, "The Drug Terror," which he produced in three weeks. Mr. Myers is also an exceptionally handsome leading man. He recently joined the Universal.

EARLE WILLIAMS



Was born in Sacramento, Cal., February 28, 1880. He was educated in the Oakland public schools, and later attended the Polytechnic College of California, but left before receiving his degree. His first position was that of an office-boy. He weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has black hair, blue eyes and stands five feet eleven. He has played with Henry Dixey, Rose Stahl, with Helen Ware in "The Third Degree," and his last theatrical engagement was with George Behan in "The Sign of the Rose," in vaudeville. He will always be remembered for his fine work in "The Christian," "Love's Sunset" and "Vengeance of Durand," and he is perhaps the most dignified and popular leading man in Motion Pictures. He won first prize in the Great Artist Contest.

EDITH STOREY



Who is known to all her studio friends as "Billy," was born in New York City, March 18, 1892. She has a most lovable personality, is broad-minded, loves the great out-of-doors and also hard work. When she first entered Moving Pictures, she was sent to Texas to play leads in a series of cowboy pictures. She can ride anything that has hair and four legs, can throw a rope and shoot, loves to hunt and is absolutely fearless in crowds, in the dark or in Jericho. She was with the Méliès Company, playing leads in their Western pictures, and then with Vitagraph. Her parents are New Yorkers, and neither of them had any desire for the dramatic profession, altho Mrs. Storey always chaperones Edith whenever she travels. Miss Storey has been on the stage since she was ten years old, and for the last six years she has been in Moving Pictures. She will always be remembered for her magnificent work in "The Christian."

MARGUERITE SNOW



Was born in Macon, Ga., but most of her childhood was spent in Denver, Col. She began her theatrical career by studying for the stage in Denver, and at sixteen was Henry W. Savage's leading woman in "The College Widow." She also appeared in the leading rôles in "The Devil," "My Cinderella Girl," and others. But she left the legitimate for the pictures about four years ago, when she joined the Thanhouser Company. Leaving them to join the Kinemacolor Company, Miss Snow was the first Kinemacolor girl in America; but soon returned to Thanhouser. Miss Snow has innumerable photo-drama successes to her credit.

JAMES CRUZE



This big, broad-shouldered, dark-eyed leading man of Thanhouser was born in Ogden, Utah. About sixteen years ago he was connected with the Billie Banks Medicine Show where he sold medicine between acts. Later he had his own company, which played one-night engagements, traveling from town to town. He was with Pathé for a short time. It was about four years ago that he joined Thanhouser, where he has done clever work in such plays as "She," "The Star of Bethlehem," and now in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

HENRY B. WALTHALL



Was born in Alabama, of French and English parents, and received his education in the schools of that State. Mr. Walthall was seven years on the legitimate stage, where he distinguished himself with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin. For the past five years he has played with the Biograph and Reliance companies. His work in both has been exceptional, particularly in "Vengeance of Conscience." He is also to be remembered as John Howard Payne, the author, in "Home, Sweet Home," in the Griffith film of that name. Mr. Walthall is a veteran of the Spanish-American war. He knows the bitter realism of the battlefield and the terrible code of military honor.

RUTH STONEHOUSE



Was born in Denver, Col., and spent the greater part of her early life amidst the wilds of Arizona. She received her education in college in St. Louis. She has all her life been a most ardent admirer of dancing and has worked hard to perfect her ideal. She has played in vaudeville and on the concert stage. It was thru her friendship with Gertrude Spoor (daughter of Mr. Spoor, the *S.* of S. & A.) at school that she met the latter's father and, incidentally, was given a chance in pictures. And she has made good.

PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, contributors, and a Glad New Year! That greeting never loses its zest, does it?—just as the Yuletide season itself keeps fresh and warm its cheer and wide good-will. The joy of the holly and mistletoe, the bearded saint and the wondrous tree to one and all!

"I herewith send my first contribution to your department—an acrostic praising that divine star of the Moving Pictures, Mary Pickford." The above is signed "Wesley Alden Pottle, 701 Twenty-seventh Street, Denver, Col.," and the aforementioned "first contribution" is the prize-winning one:



ilies of a fair, immaculate white,
I nfinite in their beauty, so do blend
T heir grace of form, their loveliness and light
T o mingle with fair Mary, and to lend
L ilacious sweetness, subtle grace and charm
E nough, I wist, to any heart disarm.

M ay God grant that her life all joyous be,
A nd her path ever flowered, and that He
R edundant wealth will give her, and each day
Y ield all of youth's gifts ever and alway.

The verse *isn't* available, but the letter is apt—to quote:

Just a verse of praise in behalf of Miss Norma Talmadge, of the Vitagraph Company. We are a crowd out camping, and we send our best regards to Miss Talmadge. If our poem is not available for your columns, will you please publish that no one respects, admires and loves Miss Norma as much as

"THE HAPPY CAMP."

Very truly yours,
JIM MAXWELL.

Miss Edna May Smith, 562 Plymouth Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., dedicates the following to a "Few of My Favorites"; yet it would seem to contain one favorite in particular:

TO A FEW OF MY FAVORITES.



ere's to Pearl White, so dainty and slight;
To Crane Wilbur, so handsome and brave;
To Sweet Alice Joyce, who is every one's choice—
Oh, long may her fame-banner wave!

Then there's jolly John Bunny, so fat and so funny,
And Miss Walker, my Vitagraph Queen;
To Anita Stewart, as sweet as bee's honey—
So lovely, so gay, so serene.

There is many another—each name I cant cover
On this page, but I earnestly wish
That I had the room for one—just one more—
That one, Sweet Lillian Gish!

The following is a clipping from the Dallas *Times-Herald* and is sufficient explanation unto itself. Miss Wertheimer sent us details of the competition in addition to the verse, all of which was very interesting and the verse very reprintable:

Little Miss Beatrice Wertheimer, who has the honor of sending in the most votes in the *Times-Herald's* Photoplay Popularity Competition, has written this poem to Mary Fuller:



ary Fuller, whose charm and grace,
Whose wonderful playing and sweet face
Inspired me to enter her into this race,
Feeling sure all the while she would hold first place,
And have no trouble in winning the race.
So I started in my votes to cast;
Dont think it wasn't somewhat of a task
Warren Kerrigan and Mary Pickford to pass,
For they, too, great admirers had.
To see them win would have made them glad;
To me 'twould have made me feel quite sad.
But here's to the best girl on the screen,
Who won the honor, as may be seen.
Mary Fuller, that's her name,
And from the "Lone Star State" she came.
Here's wishing her success and fame!

We quote, in part, from the letter of a "Kerriganite":

Excepting no one, J. Warren Kerrigan is the most brilliant interpreter, and the most popular, for that matter, of Western parts today. Mr. Kerrigan is at perfect ease in a society rôle; he has done these and the romantic costume rôles, such as Samson, in the sensational six-part play of the same name, with wonderful success. But in the West, the rough-and-ready parts, calling for every quality that makes perfect manhood, he stands so completely head and shoulders above all others essaying these parts that there is a twitter in filmdom and a solid rush to the front when he appears in one of them.

The devotee of "Beautiful Naomi" prefers to remain veiled in anonymity—follows the unsigned verse:

BEAUTIFUL NAOMI.



ame a maiden fair to see
From a distant city;
Few so beautiful as she—
Naomi, sweet Naomi.

Came a triumph for the screen,
Came to conquer as a queen,
Came the foremost ranks to join—
Naomi, sweet Naomi!

She can make you weep or laugh,
Acting for the Vitagraph;
Charm you till her charm bewilders—
Beautiful Naomi Childers!

Few so lovely have been seen
On the Vitagraphic screen;
Crowds come thronging just to see
Naomi, sweet Naomi!

There are "Who's Whos" (to remain rhetorical is difficult) of all varieties—why not a "Who's Who" in filmdom? Seeing no reason for such an omission, "A Pittsburg Suburbian" has rectified it:

WHO'S WHO?

Who is the man of giant frame
In photoplay—of wondrous fame?
You certainly should know his name—
Arthur Johnson!

Who is the peerless Kalem queen
Whose gifted acting on the screen
Has won all hearts? Why, sure we mean
Alice Joyce!

Who is the man who makes us laugh;
The heaviest actor on the staff;
The genius of the Vitagraph?
Johnny Bunny!

Who is the dainty little maid
For whom the "Mary" plots were laid?
From photo fame she'll never fade—
Mary Fuller!

E. Lathrop has a royal opinion of Francis Bushman, thus expressed:

Instead of a play with Bushman in,
Put Bushman in a play;
He will carry it thru, this man true-blue,
In his own big, manly way.
The little plays will never do
For this actor of talent rare;
Give him a world to conquer
And royal robes to wear.
Give him the biggest and grandest and best
Deed to achieve—danger to dare—
Oh, give him a part where a crown will rest
On the waves of his kingly hair.

Bernice Hilty, Hollis Avenue, Queens, N. Y., declares that were she a man, she would drink a toast to G. M. Anderson. Being a woman, she writes one—which is more substantial and certainly more poetical:

TO G. M. ANDERSON.

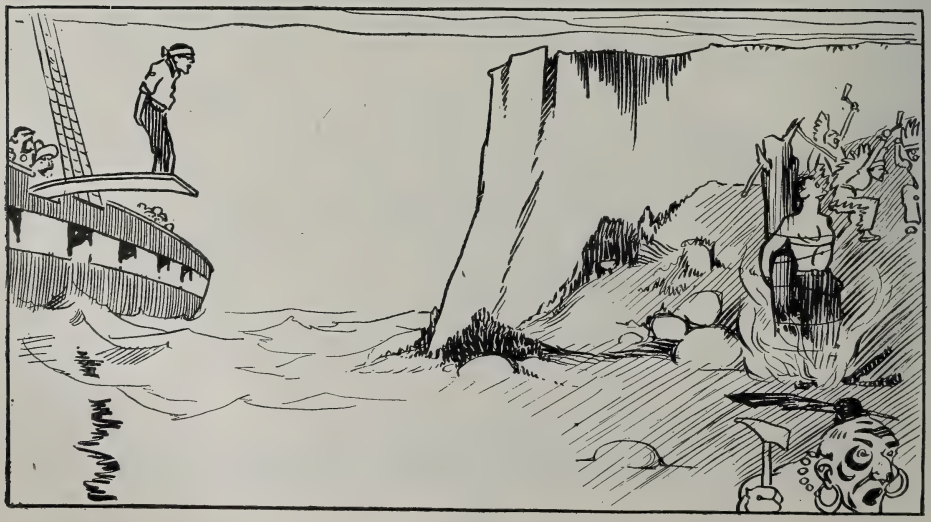
Crane Wilbur is a "beauty;"
Earle Williams is a "peach";
But G. M. Anderson is more,
As all his photos teach.
Take Fielding for the ladies,
And Kerrigan's there, too;
Then Blackwell might—ah, Anderson,
My choice inclines to you.
As "Broncho Billy" he's O K;
He's always on the run.
Were I a man, I'd drink a toast
To G. M. Anderson.

MOVING PICTURE STUNTS

by Frank Dayton



As a Moving Picture actor I'll a tale unfold that's true
About some scenes in photoplays and the stunts I've had to do.
When in the morning I'd leave home and say good-by to wife,
I'd tell her I'd return at night, if I didn't lose my life.
I've dropped from off a speeding horse, and never shall forget
When I leaped from off a burning roof into a fire net;
I've floundered in a mortar bed, which really hurt my pride,
For the crowd that gathered howled with glee, to see me "mortar-fied."
I've played the captain of a ship attacked by pirates bold,
Who made me walk the gang-plank and fall in water cold;
I've fallen into liquid mud; I've fallen on my face—
In fact, I've fallen 'round so much it seemed I'd fall from grace.
One stunt I had would almost drive an actor man insane:
I slid a rope to a train of cars from a flying aeroplane;
I missed the train and landed in a fragrant field of clover—
But the film had buckled, scene was spoiled; so I had to do it over.
They placed me in a barrel and pushed me down a hill;
Every one who saw it said the scene would be a thrill.
The barrel bounded down a cliff, and then the torture ceased;
Tho "somewhat bruised," I didn't care if the picture'd be *released*.
I've played a rich old banker, with heart as hard as lead,
And many times at midnight I've been hammered on the head;
I've waded 'round in Southern swamps and mussed with rattlesnakes,
And almost fainted when informed those scenes would be *re-takes*.
Real Wild West Indians captured me, 'twas a frantic scene of dread;
They danced around with tomahawks, then hurled them at my head.
Securely bound to a giant oak, things looked rather bad—
'Twas the closest shave and hair-cut I'll swear I ever had.
The tomahawks just grazed my head and sank deep in the tree.
When the trying scene was over, the camera man said he:
"We'll have to take the scene again, even if we kill-m;
The lens was out of focus, and I just ran out of *film*."
But with all the dreadful terrors there's a certain fascination
To see ourselves as others see us in each and every nation;
Tho taking chances daily, we all like it just the same,
For there's many happy moments in the Moving Picture game.



Note: Mr. Dayton is a leading player of the Essanay Company.

Great Cast Contest

An Opportunity to Vote for All Your Favorites and Do Them All Justice

WE have heretofore had all kinds of contests—for the most popular players, for the greatest artists, and so on—but there has never yet been, to our knowledge, one so unique and important as the one we are now to introduce to our readers.

The poor villain, the elderly player, the child, the funny man, the old lady, and the like, have never had a fair chance in any of the contests that have yet been conducted, but we now mean to see that every class of player shall have an opportunity to draw their admirers to their support. We have from time to time received numerous requests to conduct contests for the best villains, for the prettiest women, for the best child players, for the best old men, etc., but here we have a contest that includes them all.

This contest will begin in our January number—a good way to start the New Year—and in that issue we shall publish a *Great All-Star Cast,* showing how the players stand up to the time of going to press, and probably a second, third and fourth cast.

Here are the places to fill, in this imaginary all-star company:

1. Leading man
2. Leading woman
3. Old gentleman
4. Old Lady
5. Character man
6. Character woman
7. Comedian (male)
8. Comedian (female)
9. Handsome young man
10. Beautiful young lady
11. Villain
12. Child

We shall award handsome prizes to the winners, full details of which will be given later, and at an early date we shall announce the date of closing. We hope that every reader of this magazine will avail himself of this opportunity to do honor to his favorite players. This is the best and surest way of showing your appreciation of their work, and it is applause of a valuable and lasting character—applause that they can see if they cannot hear.

A few words of explanation would no doubt be appropriate. In deciding whom to select to fill this cast, you should imagine that you are to start an all-star company containing the best players in all the world. You are not to be guided by popularity, but by merit only. Choose those you like best and whose artistry appeals to you most. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing, for it will be quite improbable that the winning players will ever be brought together into one company. Here are the rules of the contest:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example,the voter may choose William Wadsworth as the best comedian and best character man, but, if so, he cannot also be chosen as the best leading man, or for any other part.

3. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

4. The villain and child may be either male or female.

5. The ages of the players need not be considered. Francis Bushman may, in the opinion of some, be superior to Thomas Commerford as an old man, and Yale Boss may still play child parts. Alice Joyce may be voted for as the best leading woman and also as the most beautiful young lady.

6. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

7. The ballot need not be entirely filled out.

Send in your ballot, and those of your friends, without delay, so that the names of your favorite players will appear in the first cast in our January issue.

What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?

The Puzzling Question Is Herewith Settled and Its Answerer Rewarded

SOME time ago, in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the following editorial announcement appeared:

"What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most? For the best answer to this question, in two hundred words or less, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will pay $10 in gold. The answers may include any part or parts of the Motion Picture industry, from the studio to the exhibitor, from the script to the film, or from the actors to the audiences."

Thousands of replies have been coming in to the editors, and practically every phase of the science, art, and business of Motion Pictures has been covered. We have received letters from prominent exhibitors, directors, actors, clergymen, scenario editors, and hundreds from discerning critics in the audience. Curative treatment has been suggested for practically all of the alleged ills of Motion Pictures: The art of make-up; camera and projection machine improvements to increase their scope and efficiency; the need or harm of censorship; the posing and technique of Motion Picture actors; types of films desired, whether educational, burlesque, dramatic or scenic; the printing and developing of film; the duties and opportunities of exhibitors; music in Motion Picture theaters; and so on thru a list of subjects that comprise about everything that is useful or artistic in the wonder-laden and unworked fields of the newest and greatest of inventions—Motion Pictures.

And now to award the prize. The effect of an excellent dinner or of a pleasant play is that no one course or feature stands paramount among its fellows. It is so with the majority of contributions to this department. One and all, their authors have shown good sense, discernment and a critic's impartiality. Many have attempted to cover broadcast all the betterments that they could think of, but the critic's true aim is not to scatter birdshot indiscriminately, but to bring home one true and forceful bullet to his quarry. The prize, of $10 in gold, for the most excellent criticism has been awarded to Frank M. Spalding, Flushing, New York, and he, no doubt, ere this reaches his eye, will either have spent or treasured it. We print herewith his criticism and several others that we deem worthy of honorable mention, as being true and forceful criticism. Mr. Spalding states:

You ask: "What Improvement in Motion Pictures is Needed Most?" The prime need, I think, is a higher standard of literary and dramatic taste for both the scenario writer and the producer. Only such an improvement will eliminate many of the inane photoplays now being produced, lift the photoplay above mere slush, and make the producer something more than a Punch-and-Judy showman.

Moreover, such a standard would warn both writer and producer of the folly of presenting, in an atmosphere that is obviously American, photoplays that are based on foreign customs and traditions. The presentation of English, French and Italian photoplays by American actors in American environment is a crudity altogether too common. Hardly less objectionable is the tagging of English names on characters in photoplays that are patently Italian or French.

And, best of all, a higher standard of literary and dramatic taste for the writer and producer would make impossible the utterly absurd photoplay "comedies" in which the "humor" consists mainly of grimaces, caricatures and other slap-stick tactics.

Walter Scott Howard, Buzzards Bay, Mass., deserves honorable mention for his eloquent conviction of the culprit, "Unnaturalness":

Plays that appear probable—performed in pantomime that seems possible. "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature!" This is more important upon the screen than upon the stage. One reflects a natural background, the other an artificial daub. To grimace, smirk, contort the physiognomy into a thousand twists may pass muster before a painted act-drop; but a scene depicting Nature in all its reality revolts at the antics of a puppet and must be peopled by *genuine human beings.* Oh, you photoplayers, remember this: Your art is great. Respect it with modest actions. Kick not away the ladder that takes you up. Climb gently. And you—you madly dashing mob of photoscribes—Pause! Think! Take breath! Bulk is not what we crave. Give us less nourishment, more naturally served. Human existence—genuine, throbbing life of the people! Bury your crude monstrosities before a second Don Quixote comes to ridicule from off the screen your morbid heroines, your sordid villains, your pack of painted mannikins. Take warning all. The multitude is with you now. Hold its esteem. Drive not this loyal legion from your door, as the rude guardians of unhappy Thespis have.



GUY COOMBS is still with the Kalem Company, and will play opposite Alice Joyce and Anna Nilsson.

"Junius" says that the best dramatic work he has seen lately was by Francis Bushman in "A Splendid Dishonor," and by Alfred Paget in "The Spirit of Jealousy" (Biograph).

Leo Delaney has returned to the Vitagraph.

Sydney Ayres has left the American Company, and Henry Otto takes his place.

Neva Gerber is now with Balboa; Lillian Christy with Frontier; Reina Valdez with Santa Barbara Motion Picture Company; William D. Taylor and Jackie Saunders with Balboa, and Dorothy Davenport with Thistle Company.

The latest addition to Vivian Rich's collection is a thorobred collie. Two of her admirers presented her with it, so she has named the dog "Guess."

Mat Moore has left the Victor and is now with Imp Company; Vinnie Burns, of Solax, is now with Lubin; Courtenay Foote is now with Bosworth; Howard Missimer is now with the Warner Company.

David Horsely is to release "The Ace" brand, thru the General Film Company. He is looking for a new name for his comedies and offered $250 for the most appropriate one.

Laura Sawyer and Robert Broderick will play leads for Dryeda Art Film Company, of which Frank L. Dyer is president.

Lionel Barrymore and Glen White are now with the Colonial Motion Picture Company.

The Motion Picture Exhibitors' Association has hired four floors at the Grand Central Palace for the fourth annual ball to be held on Monday, December 7, 1914.

Warren Kerrigan will have the leading rôle in "Terence O'Rourke, Soldier of Fortune," a series of twenty adventures. Ray Gallagher will also appear in serials.

When you have seen Anita Stewart in "'Mid Woodland Shadows," you will recall her in the popular "Wood Violet," and her dancing will remind you of Isidora Duncan.

Charles Chaplin was nearly arrested recently for blocking the traffic while taking a scene in "The Song Shop." Had it been Roscoe Arbuckle, there might have been cause for the blocking.

Kate Price, the heavyweight comedienne of the Vitagraph, is none the worse today after a ducking she received while out on a raft that bent beneath her 250 pounds.

"The Witch Girl" is Mary Fuller's first effort under the Universal emblem, and she is more bewitching than ever.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Director Ralph Ince was recently seen riding in the subway. There is no place this fellow will not go for atmosphere.

The *Morning Telegraph* (New York City) is conducting a popularity contest, and here are some of the startling results to date: Sally Crute, 58,474; Edith Storey, 1,416; Warren Kerrigan, 1,123; Earle Williams, 11,179; Anna Laughlin, 23,777; Mary Pickford, 0; Florence Lawrence, 868; Alexander Gaden, 57,035; Walter Robinson, 17,857; Edwina Robbins (Vitagraph) 30,458; King Baggot, 1,003; Francis Bushman, 3,289; Crane Wilbur, 1,134; G. M. Anderson, 0.

The next Puzzle Contest should be, find somebody of any consequence who has not yet gone into Motion Pictures. The only trouble with this contest would be that it cant be did, almost, somewhat. Even Elbert Hubbard and David Bispham have entered in.

House Peters has joined the Lasky Company.

Donald Crisp, one of Griffith's star directors and players, has gone to war, having joined the English army.

Vivian Prescott is back with the Biograph.

Billy Quirk recently placed a "property" snake in the Vitagraph yard pump, which proves that he is a natural comedian, altho some of his associates think now that he is a natural villain.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth"; second prize to the author of "A Woman Scorned."

James Kirkwood has been elected president and Benjamin Wilson vice-president of the Screen Club. Congratulations!

It is claimed that Mary Pickford does the largest mail-order business in marriage proposals. But they dont "take." She is taken.

Louise Glaum has rejoined the New York Motion Picture Company.

Perhaps you think that Wallace Beery, the now famous Essanay "Sweedie," does not get love-letters from his admirers. But he does.

Naomi Childers and Darwin Karr are again starred, in "The Tangle," and they do even better than they did in "Mr. Barnes of New York."

"The Clansman" is Henry Walthall's biggest effort, under the direction of David Griffiths. He will do one more and then leave for the East.

The Balboa Company has lately been offering the princely sums of $5 and $10 for photoplays, the latter price being for multiple reels. Come on, O ye army of scenario writers, here is your opportunity to get rich.

Maude Fealy, who left the Thanhouser Company to return to the stage, is now doing pictures again, this time for the new Holland Film Company.

William H. Crane, famous Broadway star, is doing "David Harum" for the Famous Players.

Virginia Kirtley and Robyn Adair are now with Usona Company; Gertrude Bambrick with Rex; "Smiling Billy" Mason with Pathé; James Cooley with Famous Players.

William Ehfe and Frank Lanning have joined the Kalem Company.

G. M. Anderson, in one of his new "Broncho Billy" pictures, rides a horse up a flight of twenty-two steps and thru a door.

Carlyle Blackwell's new company, the Favorite Players, have already launched their second release, "The Man Who Could Not Lose."

Leo D. Maloney, of Kalem, now with Selig; Lamar Johnston, of Majestic, now with Selig; Lee Morris, of Powers, now with Selig; Carol Halloway, formerly with Lubin, now with Eclair; Betty Schade now with Joker; Al Filson, of Selig, now with Majestic.

Ormi Hawley, Edward J. Peil and Eleanor Dunn have left Lubin and will be seen in "The Ragged Earl" with Andrew Mack.

We have with us this evening: Allan Hale and Gretchen Hartman (page 33); Pauline Bush and Murdock MacQuarrie (page 72); Mary Alden and Eugene Palette (page 43); Ethel Lloyd and Edward Elkas (page 57); William Dunn and Eulalie Jensen (page 58); Bryant Washburn and Gerda Holmes (page 69); Richard Travers (page 70); Gertrude McCoy and Richard Tucker (page 76); Lillie Leslie and Marguerite Moore (page 39), and Justina Huff (page 37).

Anne Schaefer, of the Western Vitagraph at Santa Monica, Cal., requests everybody to send her canceled postage stamps for charity purposes.

E. K. Lincoln will head his own company, which will be known as the E. K. Lincoln Players Company.

The prize of the Photoplay Clearing House for the best photoplay received during the month has been awarded to Mrs. Dorothy Helprin, 1501 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y., for her photodrama, "Hearts in Torment."

The Vitagraph tennis championship for the season was won by Antonio Moreno and Wilfred North; motorboating, by Wally Van; swimming, by Lillian Walker, and boxing, by George Cooper.

The Arctic explorer, Dr. Frederick Cook, has been engaged by the Balboa Amusement Company to appear in the six-reel feature, "The Explorer."

Edwin August, producer of the Eaco Films, is taking Moving Pictures of his family—the latest thing in family heirlooms.

Lillian Gish was not satisfied with the color of her dressing-room; she decided to make it more attractive, so she took a day off and painted it all over.

Margaret Joslin, Essanay's "Snakeville Sophie Clutts," is now the proud owner of a handsome machine, given her by her husband, Harry Todd.

Mabel Normand, known as Keystone Mabel, has dropped everything at the New York Motion Picture Company plant to come East.

Alice Joyce as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal" is Kalem's latest master-stroke.

Romaine Fielding has accepted the secretaryship of the Pansy Motion Picture Correspondence Club and wants to double its membership. Address him at Philadelphia, Pa., P. O. Box 1588.

Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot are married over the telephone in "The Girl and the Explorer" (Kalem), and the little lady is only seventy years old.

Chats with G. M. Anderson, Donald Hall, and others will be among the fifty features in our next—the great holiday number. By the way, "Broncho Billy" recently entertained forty little tots and gave each an autographed photo.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to Mignon Anderson in the hour of her bereavement over the loss of her father.

Mabel Normand is enjoying a short vacation in New York. It is her first visit to the metropolis in two years.

Not to be outdone by Pearl White, Helen Holmes, in the "Hazards of Helen" series, makes the horse she is riding jump off a fifty-foot cliff, and other similar trifles.

Edna Payne (Eclair) is now burning up the roads in the vicinity of Two-zahn (Tucson), Arizona, in her new Buick.

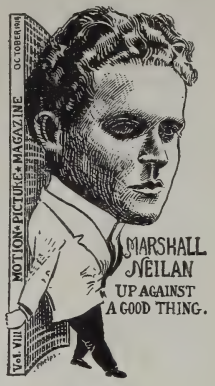
Florence LaBadie (Thanhouser) says she is willing to mail her photo to all who ask it. Now please dont *all* of you go and ask it.

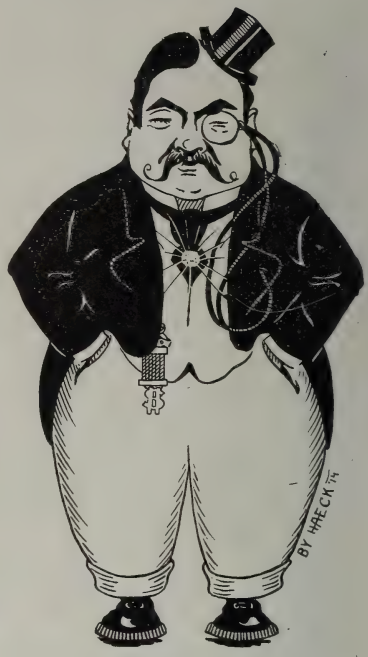
Albert Roccardi is the Vitagraph dictionary. He is the authority on how to pronounce French war names.

Bliss Milford and William Wadsworth made a rapid ascent in a balloon recently for an Edison film, and they made a still more rapid descent, which nearly proved disastrous.



GERTRUDE McCOY





NORTHRUP



LUND



LOCKWOOD





E. CLAYTON



DOROTHY GISH



CHAPLIN



MARY PICKFORD





CLEO MADISON





BUSHMAN





COXEN



ROMAINE FIELDING



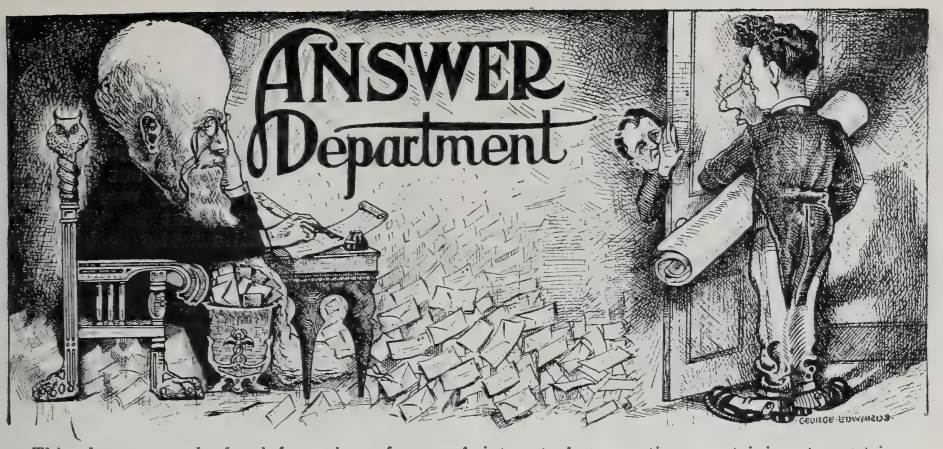
M. CLAY-
TON



VISITING CARDS FOR THE PLAYERS



Mr. Frank W. Holt, the artist, thinks that the players should all use descriptive Motion Picture cards instead of engraved visiting cards, and here are some of his suggestions. More to follow.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

JAS. R. C.—Have no cast for the play you mention. Sorry. I did not intentionally lie, because I want to be an angel. If a boy ten years old should be whipped for breaking a window, what should be done to a man 73 years old for breaking the third commandment?

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Ethel Grandin was the girl in "Papa's Darling" (Imp). Lillian Walker was Miss Prunella Peach in "The Persistent Mr. Prince" (Vitagraph). Yes; Wallie Van. William Russell in "Her Primitive Model" (Biograph). Irene Howley was the girl. Paul Scardon was Jim in "For Another's Crime" (Reliance). Irene Hunt was Flo. Cyril Chadwick was Percy in "Percy's First Holiday" (Thanhouser). Lamar Johnstone was Jack, and Belle Bennett was Mary in "Vengeance" (Majestic).

I. C. E.—Robert Ellis and Irene Boyle in "The Hour of Danger" (Kalem). Tom McEvoy was Jonah in "A Jonah" (Biograph). Flora Finch has been married. I dont know whether she is or not.

THE OWL.—Helen Holmes was Bess, Charles Wells was the doctor, and J. P. McGowan was Selwyn in "The Identification" (Kalem). Biograph will not give information about the old revivals.

BIRDIE CHARMEUESE.—Welcome. Frank Powell opposite Florence Turner in "The Rose of Surrey." Sherley Lee was the father-in-law. Alfred Vosburgh had the lead in "His Work and His Wife." Herbert Rawlinson was Humphrey, and Viola Barry the girl in "The Sea-wolf."

AGNES A.—Here's a good rule for you: Do unto others what most of them do not do unto you. Sorry I haven't that Rex.

ANTHONY.—You had better let up on the blue paper. Bad for the eyes. Rea Martin was Gwendolyn in "Gwendolyn and the Sewing-machine Girl" (Biograph). Eva Smith was the girl in "The Indian Agent" (Kalem). You want me to start a contest for the most popular boy and girl in the Answer Department. Wheel C.

LINCOLN C.—Marguerite Ne Moyer was the girl in "Nice Nursery" (Lubin). Adele Lane was the girl in that Selig. Gladys Brockwell was Mrs. Hastings.

H. J. W., CANADA.—Wallace Beery was the comedian in "The History of Napoleon and the Bumps" (Essanay). You refer to the old revised Biographs.

MISS ROSE S.—Elsie McLeod was Elsie in "The Gilded Kidd" (Edison). I know of no kind of position on earth less enviable than that of an operator in a Motion Picture theater, except possibly that of a miner a mile under ground.

CAROLYN P.—Alice Hollister was Elinor in "The Barefoot Boy" (Kalem). I believe iron is considered the most valuable metal, altho I personally prefer gold.



ABE, 99.—Florence Turner is still abroad. Mathilde Baring was Mrs. Jerome, and Marjorie Ellison was Frances in "The Impersonator" (Edison). Buddy Harris and Frederick Montague in "Tommy and the Tramp" (Vitagraph). You're welcome.

DOROTHE R.—You need not fear. All operating rooms are warm, but the emulsion on the film melts at about 90 degrees and will then run off the film. Warm water also eats off the emulsion.

MISS F. J. T.—Warren Kerrigan's autobiography appeared in July, 1914. You refer to Harold Lockwood in the Selig. Alfred D. Vosburgh's picture will appear when we get a good photo of him.

FRED A. S.—Your letter was good to the *n*th degree. I believe that that Lubin was taken in Philadelphia. I shall try to go to San Francisco in 1915.

MARGUERITE H.—No, I am not Walter Miller, nor have I played in pictures. Clara Young and Harry Morey in "My Official Wife" (Vitagraph).

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Wallace Beery was Sweedie in "Sweedie Springs a Surprise." Fay Tincher was Fay in "A Physical Culture Romance" (Kosmic). Yes; Romaine Fielding in "The Kid's Nap" (Lubin). Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers had the leads in "The Attorney's Decision" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet in "The Second Mrs. Roebuck" (Majestic). Others later.

N. CLAIRE.—Yes; Vivian Prescott in "Leah the Forsaken." Yes, a very old film.

ALICE MURIEL.—Thanks so much for the three-page verse. It was very well done. Sorry I can't print it; it is too long.

DOMINE.—No; G. M. Anderson has not died. The Pathé is a foreign, and we do not get foreign casts. Mary Fuller is playing under her own brand of Universal. Yes, and send it to 1600 Broadway, N. Y.

WALLIE KAY.—I am sorry, but I did not see that play. The scenery was wonderful and photography great in "Cabiria." Very true, every little motor-cycle has a noise of its own.

BROMO SELTZER.—So you are the guilty one. I received the razor thru the mail some weeks ago, but never knew who sent it. You say it is the same one that Rip Van Winkle used. I shall not use it on my beard, however, for I value my beard more than Old Rip valued his. Your questions will be considered.

GOLDYE, 17.—Yours was fine. Sorry your other questions were not answered. I write very few letters to club members.

HAROLD R.—L. Shumway and Velma Whitman had the leads in "A Candidate for Mayor" (Lubin). Charles Swickard was Flint in "Romance of Sawdust Ring."

ANTHONY.—The cast you enclose is excellent. I dont believe you. Vyrgynya is the same. Sarah Bernhardt not playing.

PEGGY.—No; Charles Chaplin is far from being a lady. I accept your apologies, but the best time to repent of a blunder is just before you commit it.

MARGARETTE K. T.—John Keller and Charles Ray in "The Rightful Heir" (Kay-Bee). Gorden Griffith was the little boy in "A Chip of the Old Block."

G. M. B.—Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde in "The Hand of Fate" (Kalem). You refer to Thomas Chatterton of Kay-Bee. Marin Sais in "Trooper Billy" (Kalem). Charles Bartlett was the leading man in "The Gambler's Reformation."



HIS FAVORITE

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Thanks very much for the clippings; very interesting. Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "The Rival Railroad Plot" (Kalem).

LOTTIE D. T.—Leona Hutton was the girl in "Thieves" (Domino). Billie O'Brien was the child in "A Prince of Bohemia" (American). Harry Pollard and Margarita Fischer in "Fooling Father" (American). Helen Gardner in "The Leading Lady" (Vitagraph). Charles Murray and Phyllis Allen in "Where Hazel Met the Villain" (Keystone). Richard Neil was the composer in "The Song of Solomon" (Edison).

ABE, 99.—Thomas Moore was Guy, and Benjamin Ross was the high priest in "The Mystery of the Sleeping Death" (Kalem). Vera Sisson was the girl in "Weights and Measures" (Victor).

MISS I. A.—I believe the five Stewarts were formerly with Biograph. Gertrude Robinson now with Biograph.

MISS BILLIE MCE.—You refer to Wallace Reid and Mae Marsh. Marguerite Courtot was Francis in "Barefoot Boy" (Kalem). Yes, the sun revolves on its axis.

MATTY.—Will not publish your letter because nobody would believe you. I do not think it is true that Little Mary has to be told how to do everything clever she does. You are misinformed. Irene Hunt. When she is in a film you shouldn't have to hunt very far to find her.

SHAKESPEARE PLAYERS.—"The Way to Heaven" was not a Western Vitagraph. Eugenie Besserer was the girl in "When the Night Call Came" (Selig). Frankie Mann was Joy, and John Ince was Jason in "Her Crowning Glory" (Lubin).

ANNA R. K.—You refer to Neva Gerber in the Kalem. Those "jumps" that you sometimes see in a film are caused by a piece of film having been cut out and the two remaining ends pasted together. It sometimes makes a ludicrous result, as when a person is walking and is made to take a step apparently several yards long. All reels of film are patched, but when carefully done it does not show. Winter begins December 21st, and ends March 20th, usually.

DELPHA L.—Guy Coombs was the young man in "Regeneration" (Kalem). Edgar Jones was Henry in "The Struggle Everlasting" (Lubin). Mary Keane and Kempton Green in "Hilary Duncan and His Young Wife."



Kate or Alice, Sue or May—
Whom shall I take to the photoplay?
They all are fair and fascinating,
And all extremely captivating.
Whom shall I take? I've got a "hunch!"
Guess I'll have to take the bunch.

Mrs. Harry S.—Mack Sennett opposite Mary Pickford in "The Italian Barber" (Biograph). Henry Walthall was Romona. Thankee muchly.

Lottie D. T.—Josephine Ditt was the wife in "Her Fighting Chance" (American). Bill Noel was the young man in "One Hour of Youth" (Thanhouser). Charles Murray was the lead in "When Villains Meet" (Keystone). John Cossar was the husband in "Blind Man's Buff" (Essanay). Charles Horan and Riley Chamberlin in "Too Much Turkey."

Bones and Ruffles.—Billy Quirk, now with Vitagraph, used to play opposite Mary Pickford in the Biograph. Harry Benham and Mignon Anderson had the leads in "The Scientist's Doll" (Thanhouser). Dorothy Gish was Jess in "The Painted Lady" (Mutual). Mabel Van Buren was the girl in "The Master Mind." Try Dr. Fresh Air. There are 175 million cells in the lungs, but most people dont give half of them anything to do.

E. F. H., New Zealand.—Henry Hallam was Andrew in "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier" (Kalem). Jack Juslee was Kraut in "Keystone Bowling Match." Irving White was Enoch Gage and Lionel Adams in "The Special Officer" (Lubin).

Peggy, N. Z.—As some one has said, a slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper or an envious spirit. Miriam Cooper and Bob Walker in "The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem). Anna Little and Joe King and Burton King in "The Battle of Gettysburg."

L. J. F., Troy.—Kathleen Coughlin and Arthur Houseman in "The Beautiful Leading Lady" (Edison). Victor Potel was the fire chief, and Margaret Joslin was the leading lady in "Snakeville's Fire Brigade" (Essanay). Mona Darkfeather and Art Ortega in "An Indian's Honor" (Kalem). Mr. Furey was Louise Vale's father in "The Prospectors" (Biograph).

E. K. L. Admirer.—Mayre Hall was the girl in "The Leaven of Good" (Thanhouser). Mignon Anderson was May in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser).

Oscar T. T.—Karl Formes and Anne Schaeffer were the mother and father in "The Poor Folks' Boy" (Vitagraph). Kathlyn Williams and Charles Clary in "The Speck on the Wall" (Selig).

Robert H.—We dont answer questions about religion. Nor do we give the private addresses of the players. Thanks.

Lillian S.—Thanks so much for the cards. Please dont send the potatoes, but I thank you just the same. They are too fattening. Yes; Earle Williams.

E. M. K.—I guess your drawing is of Crane Wilbur. Am I not clever?

Ada M. S.—Phyllis Grey was the girl in "Moonstone of Fez" (Vitagraph). Marguerite Courtot was the boy in "Barefoot Boy" (Kalem). That was an old Essanay with Frederick Church. You say I am "an oasis of wisdom in a desert of ignorance." Thanks so much. I have been called everything from a clam to a sage, and now I am happy. An oasis!

Ford A.—You should sign your name. Such advice cannot be given here. If you care to write personally, please sign your name and address.

Edna C.—We dont usually get the exact places where scenes are taken, and it is often hard to find out. Sorry. Your letter was long and interesting. Thanks.

V. L.—Thanks very much for the postals. A fly can walk upside-down on the ceiling because he has suckers on each of his feet. It must be lots of fun.

Petekins G.—Ida Waterman was Sally in "The Eagle's Mate" (Famous Players). Frank Clark was St. John in "The Speck on the Wall." Leo Delaney is not playing, at this writing.

W. C. A.—Your writing is the limit. Your letters are all round and they all look alike. I am very poor at puzzles, anyway. Edwin August in "Withered Hands" (Powers). Arthur Allardt with the Frontier.

Grace G.—An interview with Richard Travers has been printed not yet, but soon. Get a list of film manufacturers direct from here by enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.



SOME OF THE LICENSED FAVORITES

BESSIE S.—Sorry, but I cannot give you Warren Kerrigan's private address. Write him at the studio. "The Million Dollar Mystery" is done by Thanhouser. Perhaps they were taking in Buffalo.

JOSEPHINE R.—I like all my children. So William Brunton of Kalem is now your favorite? William will be overjoyed.

H. M. O., MOBILE.—John Ince and Peggy O'Neill had the leads in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Bessie Learn was the nurse, and Charles Ogle was the doctor in "The Doctor's Duty" (Edison). Pearl Sindelar and Eleanor Woodruff were the two mothers in "The Two Mothers."

CHARLES W. W.—Yes; Leona and Edna Flugrath are sisters. They do that to save time. So Ruth Roland does everything to perfection? As bad as that?

BILL B.—Vitagraph do change their players quite often. Antonio Moreno is playing with Edith Storey, and Donald Hall with Norma Talmadge. Ray Gallagher was Bob, and Edna Maison the girl in "The Angel of the Camp" (Powers). Bigelow Cooper was the blind fiddler. Alice Joyce was May, Harry Millarde was Harry Crane, and Jere Austin was Wilder Kent in "The Viper" (Kalem). Rosemary Theby was Cora in "The Double Life" (Lubin). Ann Luther was Alice.

OLGA, 17.—Good-morning! Thanks. Clara Kimball will be Young all her life—unless she gets married again. Freckles are produced by exposure to the sun, which causes a yellowish-brown coloring pigment to appear in the skin.

MARGERY T.—The only thing would be to consult the papers and employment bureaus. You might do clerical work. I really know of nothing. There are many thousands of stenographers out of work on account of the war. Export and import houses have closed, also the stock exchanges. Naomi Childers is still with Vitagraph. Her picture in this issue.

ELIZABETH G.—Mr. Griffith is with the Majestic Company at 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. I am quite sure he is not in need of actresses.

FLO, 17.—Edward Peil and William Cahill were the brothers in "His Brother's Blood" (Lubin). J. W. Johnston had the lead in "The Man on the Box."

VYRGYNYA.—First thing, you accuse people with not having the sense they were born with. You say Warren Kerrigan's nose stands physiognomically for "strength of purpose and nobility of character." My favorite song? I will think it over.

HILLYBILL.—Marguerite Courtot was the daughter in "The Show-Girl's Glove" (Kalem). Louise Orth with Selig. Yes; Harry Morey is quite popular these days, and deserves it. After reading your jokes, I observe that the chestnut season is now on.

RETTA T.—Your letter was great. Sorry I cannot print it for want of room. The Editor doesn't give me half enough space to do all I would like.

BILLIE ROMAINE.—Yes; Lucille Lee is Mrs. Ralph Ince and Anita Stewart's sister. The little dwarf with Mae Hotely, whom you call "two by four and looks like half a minute," is Theo. Salem. Of course I like sugar-cane. Yours was very refreshing—your letter, I mean.

GEORGE C.—Thanks for the toothpicks. Beverly Bayne in "One Wonderful Night" (Essanay). Yes, some make-ups are pretty poor. Vester Pegg was Frenchy in "Frenchy" (Mutual). So you think I am a kid? Oh, thank you, kind sir.



"THE INDESTRUCTIBLE"

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Yes; Mary Pickford is very small. She is smaller than she appears on the screen. Silk, I believe, was first used by the Chinese, about 2650 B. C.

BEATRICE P., MONTREAL.—Broadway is the name of the principal business street in New York City. There is also a Broadway Theater.

ANTHONY.—Yours was as interesting as ever. John Ince was the brother in "The Twin Brothers Van Zandt" (Lubin). Man and monkeys are the only two animals who have to learn to swim—all others can swim the first time they try. Glad you like Mr. Moreno, but he does not come by the yard. Edith Storey now.

FRANCIS A.—You refer to Ernest Shields in the Lucille Love series. Harry Schumm was the lieutenant. Yes; Francis Ford will be chatted. No; George Washington had no children, yet we call him father.

L. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—These questions go to press page by page, and they are not all written in one night. It would be impossible to arrange them alphabetically. Your view on the war is very good, and I have thought it over carefully. Sydney Ayres' picture will appear just as soon as we obtain a good one.

ALFRED W. KAMLOOPS.—Babe Hardy is Lubin's fat boy. Your writing is all right. Your letter is very interesting.

J. S. T.—The best book I know of for your purpose is "Motion Picture Operation," by Horstmann & Tousley, published by Drake & Co., Chicago, at $2.00. It is just out, and it is a concise, simple and able book. We get news from Paris early because the difference in time is over five hours.

SUBSCRIBER M.—Violette Stringer was Rosa in "The Twin Brothers Van Zandt" (Lubin). You say that Biograph would prosper more if they advertised their players more. Thanks muchly.

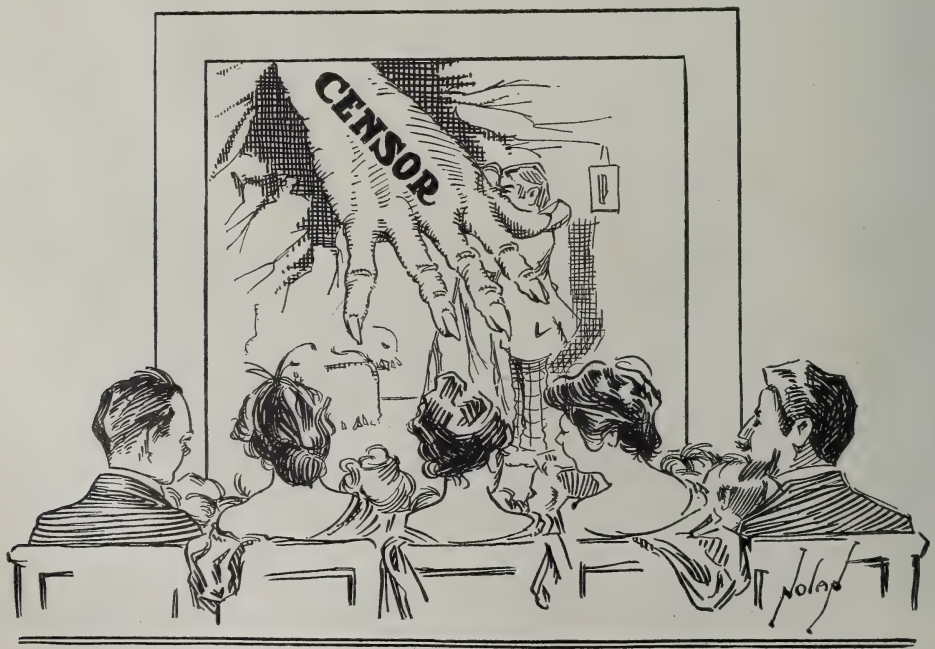
I No U.—Why dont you sign your name? The verse is so beautiful that I am putting it here: "Dear boy, when you are tired, and the day seems long, sometimes we must worry when things go wrong. Remember that your clever answers and fun are cheering up many a blue some one. Come, readers, and join in this toast with me: May you live till you're really seventy-three!"

OLGA, 17.—You are very generous, and I thank you, not only for the fee, but for your charming letter.

KATHLEEN K.—Earle Fox has the roaming fever also. Olive Drake was Lily in "Lily of the Valley" (Selig). You refer to Lafayette McKee.

GRACE, 17.—Irene Howley was the girl in "An Hour of Terror" (Biograph). Florence Turner isn't heard of much in this country, but she is popular abroad. Four years ago she was on top.

ETHEL J.—In 1911 the National Board of Censorship inspected on an average of 231 reels monthly, the next year 371, and last year 588, which shows a growth of 100%. Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan in "Classmates."



IS THE HAND OF OFFICIAL CENSORSHIP FINALLY TO BLOT OUT ALL THAT IS INTERESTING IN THE PHOTOPLAY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN?

LILLIAN M. E.—"David Copperfield" was done by Thanhouser. Vitagraph produced "Hiawatha." You are my Washington Irving—a high compliment.

M. B. D.—A thousand pardons! I did not know that your temper was set on a hair-trigger. You refer to Marguerite Courtot. She is a little queen as you say. No one is paid. An actor cannot buy gallery space in our magazine. William Taylor had the title rôle in "Captain Alvarez" (Vitagraph). Gerda Holmes and Richard Travers in "The Song in the Dark" (Essanay). Yours was very interesting.

DOLLIE VARDEN.—Clara K. Young in "David Garrick" (Vitagraph). That scene was enough to make angels weep.

ED. K., DETROIT.—We have nothing whatever to do with that magazine. Charles Bartlett was the Spider in "The Bottled Spider" (Kalem). Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "She Wanted a Count." Marin Sais was the girl in "Trooper Billy."

KATHRYN R. C.—John Ince in "Officer Jim." Muriel Ostriche in "His Enemy" (Thanhouser). Boyd Marshall opposite.

MARIE T.—Margaret Thompson was Nell in "Shorty Turns Judge." David Powell was Henri in "One of Our Girls" (Famous Players). On their own merits modest men are dumb. I am dumb.

BETTY S.—Rosemary Theby in "Madame Coquette" (Lubin). Guy Oliver was Robert in "Footprints" (Selig). Doris Baker was the child in "The Candidate" (Lubin). George Larkin in "The Love Victorious" (Gold Seal).

CAROLYN O.—Anita Stewart's first husband was Harry Morey in "A Million Bid." The Pennsylvania Railroad has 7,561 locomotives, 6,884 passenger cars, and 281,590 freight cars. Haven't the statistics of the other road.

LULU C., TULSA.—I wasn't there at the time, so I cannot tell you. Marguerite Snow is called "Peg o' the Movies" by her friends at the studio.

RHODA.—But you must give the company always. You cannot choose the players to play in your photoplay, because you dont know which company will accept it, and all companies select their own players.

LORRAINE G.—You ask too many questions for one letter. Herbert Prior was Jake Mills in "Across the Burning Trestle" (Edison). Winnifred Greenwood in "The Broken Barrier" (American). Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde in "The Barefoot Boy" (Kalem). Alice Joyce was May in "The Brand" (Kalem). James Kirkwood in the "Eagle's Mate." Ormi Hawley and Edward Peil in "His Brother's Blood."

ADELE, 15.—Lee Willard was G. M. Anderson's brother in "The Good-for-Nothing" (Essanay).

PEGGY, RICHMOND.—You are an exquisite penman, madam. Yes; Frederick Church is with the California branch of Universal, Hollywood, Cal. You might write Mary Fuller. If you excel others, you must expect to have enemies.

FLORENCE A., QUINCY.—Jack Pickford is Mary Pickford's brother. Ethel Clayton did not leave Lubin. Yes, "The Seventh Prelude" was taken in Chicago. William Stowell and Adele Lane in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig).

NELLIE R.—Edwin Wallock was Henry, William Stowell was Frank, Adele Lane was Edna in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig). James Kirkwood in the Famous Players. Edwin Wallock in "In Tune with the Wild" (Selig).



HIS FIRST CHOICE

(His father is an artist, his mother hopes he'll be an author, but Uncle John had a hunch.)



DESPERATE DESMOND.—Your letter made me groggy. It was so long, and yet it was all true. Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton and Joe King had the leads in "The White Mouse" (Selig). Tod Browning was the lawyer in "Bill Takes a Lady to Lunch" (Komic). Tammany Young was Bill. Yes, the Photoplay Philosopher is very much alive. His department will appear soon, when his other articles are finished. Come again—they are great.

ZOE G.—The Kinemacolor Theater (formerly Mendelssohn Hall) was opened October 14, 1911. Thanks for your instructive letter.

MEREDITH.—Do try to be polite and respectful; I know how hard it comes to you. Also, kindly back up. You are on the wrong side of the road.

ANNETTE S.—If you will write to your Congressman, he will send you free a 200-page book containing a record of the arguments for and against censorship that were made at the hearing in Washington before the committee on education. Canon Chase was one of the speakers, and he presented every member of Congress with a copy of the Great Debate that ran in this magazine last spring. We supplied him with the bound copies of the full debate. We have a few copies left, and will sell them for 25 cents each.

MARIE M.—Thanks for your kind letter. Of course I will be your grandpa, and then you can call me Granddaddylonglegs.

MELVA.—Yours was immense. Ella Hall with Robert Leonard. Charles H. Hitchcock in "Trinkets of Tragedy" (Essanay).

ABE, 99.—Adrienne Kroell is with Selig. Edith Cooke with Thanhouser. Henri Leone was the old man, Sam Loweti was the boy, and Irene Boyle was the girl. Irene Von Muller was Rebecca in "A Passover Miracle" (Kalem). May Hall was



the mother in "The Symphony of Souls."

MARY A. V.—Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "Youth and Art" (American). Boyd Marshall and Muriel Ostriche in "Professor Snaith" (Princess).

MISS INQUISITIVE.—Cecil Spooner played in Brooklyn in the latter part of September. Walter Miller was Hugh Butterworth in "Lord Chumley"; Betty Gray and Vivian Prescott were the sisters in "Woman Against Woman."

VINA M.—Darwin Karr was the admirer in "Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph). Thanks.

FRED S., MATTOON.—Arthur Ashley was Harmon in "Bread Upon the Waters." Try not to be obliged to borrow money; bless him who *will* lend, but curse him who *does*.

LUCY O'C.—Iva Shepard was Iva in "The Stolen Identity" (Powers). O. A. C. Lund in "The Beaten Path" (Eclair). Wheeler Oakman in "Shotgun Jones."





DAL W. P.—Alan Hale in "The Man Who Paid" (Biograph). Anna Little and Essie Fay in "Prowlers of the Wild" (Bison). Charles Chaplin in "Laughing Gas."

FRANK H., RIDGEWOOD.—Films are generally treated with glycerine by the manufacturers before they are put on the market, so as to keep them pliable. Harry Loomis was the policeman in "A Pack of Cards" (Lubin). William West, Bigelow Cooper in "The Rise and Fall of Weary Willie" (Edison).

PAULINE M.—Neva Gerber was the girl in "Mrs. Peyton's Pearls" (Kalem). William Russell and Irene Howley in "Her Primitive Model" (Biograph). Yes; Ruth Roland in "Wanted—An Heir." I liked that very much.

PEGGY M., RENSSELAER.—William Duncan and Florence Dye in "A Mix-up on the Plains" (Selig). Percy Winters was Andrew in "The Mansion of Sobs" (Lubin). J. W. Johnston in "The Man in the Box."

ARCHIE M.—We can get no information from that company whatever. Why dont you speak to your friend about it? Augustus Phillips was Francis Scott Key in the Edison "Star-Spangled Banner." Candor gives wings to strength.

MARY JANE R.—*Vita* means life, and *grapho*—to write = "Life Writings." George Morgan and Louise Vale in "The Prospector" (Biograph). "Here Lies" sells for 25 cents.

MRS. J. C. D.—Mary Pickford and Sunshine Ames in "The Italian Barber" (Biograph). Antonio Moreno in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Marion Leonard in "His Lost Love" (Biograph).

VIVIAN S.—*Quantum libet.* Emery Johnson in "The Atonement" (Essanay). The cause must always be antecedent to the effect. Too busy to be funny now.





LOTTIE D. T.—Albert Cavens was the child in "The Town of Nazareth" (American). Charles Horan in "Her Awakening" (Princess). Ruth Hazlette was Charity in "Little Miss Bountiful" (Selig).

S. W. A.—Sidney Bracy and Fairbank Twins in "Lawyer, Dog and Baby."

DOROTHY W., AUSTRALIA.—Your letter is very bright and interesting, and I appreciate every word.

EDITH A., MAMARONECK.—Webster Campbell was the hero in "The Death Warrant" (Lubin). He also played in "A Girl of the Cafés." James Morrison and Marie Tener were Rodney and Eva in "The Passing of Diana" (Vitagraph). Alfred Vosburgh had the lead in "His Wife and His Work" (Vitagraph). Marguerite Courtot in "The Show-Girl's Glove" (Kalem).

WOPOWOG.—So you have a list of 685 players and would like to exchange with Sydney Russell? Mr. Russell will please take notice.

KERRIGAN'S ADMIRER.—Neva Gerber was Millie in "The Wiles of a Siren." Your letter was refreshing.

E. F., GUTTENBERG.—Winnifred Greenwood was Dorothy in "At the End of a Perfect Day" (American). Dollie Larkin and William Campbell had the leading parts in "His Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Robert Ellis in "Fatal Portrait" (Kalem).

MRS. A. A., NEW ORLEANS.—J. Warren Kerrigan is not from New York City. The figure in the corner of a film usually designates the number of the reel being shown.

E. E. C.—Lamar Johnston is now with Selig. Jane Bermondy opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Sheepherder." Vera Sisson in "As Fate Wills."

DANCING DOLLY.—You ask "What is art?" I will answer this elsewhere later on—haven't room here.

F. A. A., NEW YORK.—There is no book on the market of autobiographies of Motion Picture players. We have something like that in mind for the magazine. Mae Marsh in "Brute Force" (Biograph). You are striving to realize the ideal, whereas you should try to idealize the real.

JEANIE D. H.—Your letter is very interesting, and I want to hear from you again, but you fail to ask questions.

BILL BOSTON.—Yes, some baseball team. 'Nuff said. Douglas Gerrard in "Primitive Instinct" (Kalem). Ella Hall and Robert Leonard in "The Symphony of Souls" (Universal). Villette Stringer and John Ince in "The Heart Rebellious" (Lubin).



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WAY DOWN SOUTH.—You seem to have an itch for scribbling. Margaret Thompson was the girl in "Shorty Turns Judge." Irving Cummings was Robert in "For Her Child" (Thanhouser).

ABE, 99.—Wheeler Oakman in "Etienne of the Glad Heart" (Selig). Joe King was Olaf, and Frank Clark was Paul. Yes; Flora Finch was in "David Garrick." Art Ortega was Snake Eye's rival in "Defying the Chief" (Kalem).

MISSOURI IKE.—You say that the chief advantage of the screen over the stage is that people cannot throw ancient eggs at the players? Yes, and another disadvantage of the screen is that the players cannot do the same to unappreciative persons like you.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—William Cohill was Howard in "The Incompetent" (Lubin). Tammany Young was Bill in "Bill Saves His Boss" (Kosmic). Your letter was very interesting.

MYRTLE.—Charles Ray had the lead in "The Black Sheep" (Broncho). Why, yes; milk turns sour because a microbe gets into it and turns the sugar into acid.

R. G. JAYBIRD.—Your letter was much appreciated. Many of the old releases are being revived in America.

V. CATHERINE.—William Russell in "Her Primitive Model" (Biograph). Ethel Grandin is with the Smallwood Company. Claire McDowell's picture is in this issue, so now you should be happy.

CHARLOTTE P.—Velma Whitman was the girl in "Life's Lottery" (Lubin). No; Myrtle Stedman and Kathlyn Williams are not sisters. I accept your apologies, but you know apology is only egotism wrong-side up.

GLADYS M.—Yes, all scenarios should be typewritten, always. Cleo Madison deserves praise. She and her sister Sunshine live alone.

LOTTIE D. T.—Morris Foster in "Lost—A Union Suit" (Thanhouser). Maggie Heston was Bedeliah in "Trying to Keep Bridget" (Reliance).

FLOWER E. G.—Welcome. So you were in Europe? Thomas Santschi in "The Sealed Package" (Selig). So you think Ben Wilson is a traitor to leave Edison. No doubt it was for more money, the root of all evil, and he probably feels like most of us—"Give us plenty of the root."

BILLIE ROMAINE.—Charles Ray was the detective in "The Girl and the Gangsters" (Kay-Bee). I'm not.

MILLIE L. R.—William Lowell was the captain in "The Littlest Rebel." Minni Yvonne was the child. Edna Mayo playing opposite Carlyle Blackwell.

WINNIFRED D.—If William Elliot remains with Lubin, his picture will no doubt appear in the Gallery.








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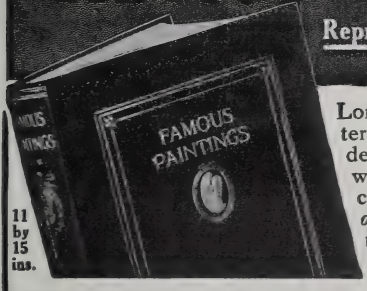
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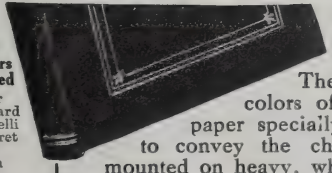
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Bernard E., Houlton.—Wilfred Lucas was Enoch Arden in the Biograph. Joseph Levering in "A Fight for Millions" (Blache). Edward Coxen in "In Three Hours" (American). Lamar Johnston in "The Winning Loser" (Majestic).

E. A. J., Hotel Grace.—Mignon Anderson was Mignon in "Stronger Than Death" (Thanhouser). Peggy Pearce opposite Ford Sterling in "Three o'Clock." Yes, that is a real dog and it is owned by her. It is the least dog I have ever seen at one time.

Christie H. K.—Edward Earle in "The Gilded Kidd" (Edison). Winnifred Greenwood in "The Broken Barrier" (American). George Field was Harry. Mabel Van Buren was Kit, Jane Darwell was Nancy, Lolita Robertson was Betty, and J. W. Johnston the count in "The Man on the Box" (Lasky). I am indeed sorry to hear that you have been crippled.

Mrs. Edna C.—Peggy Pearce in "Hearts and Swords" (Sterling). Carmen Phillips in "The Divorce Dance." Charles Inslee was the other player. Write direct to Universal. Earle Williams does not play in Western parts.

Phyllis M.—I note a resemblance between Ethel Clayton and Marguerite Gibson, between Crane Wilbur and Thomas Chatterton, between Owen Moore and Walter Miller, Arthur Houseman and Yale Boss, Costello and Delaney. Kempton Greene in "Three Men and a Woman."

Kerry.—You say your "heart cracks every time Warren Kerrigan kisses Vera Sisson." I said young hearts dont break, they bend. I apologize. *Peccavi.* Arthur Johnson in "The Beloved Adventurer."

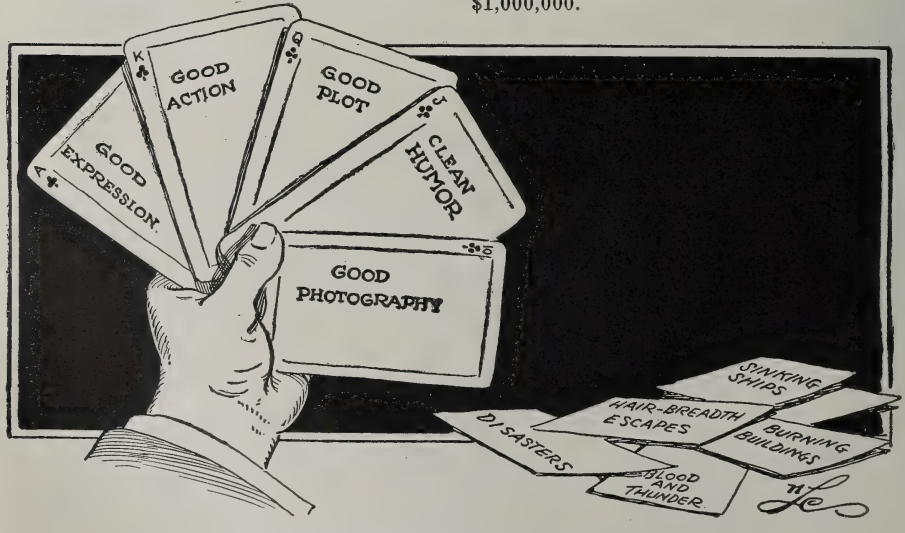
Miss D. M., Etna.—I am very sorry, but I am sure your questions were answered in the last issue.

Diana S.—Arthur Allardt was Arthur in "The Sheriff's Deputy" (Frontier). Gretchen Hartman and Alan Hall in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph). Ann Luther in "The Double Life," and Rosemary Theby as the mother. Villette Stringer and John Ince in "The Heart Rebellious" (Lubin). Harry Millarde in "Thru the Flames" (Kalem).

Marjorie M. R. Thames.—That player did not marry an actress. We seldom use Selig material in the magazine. I try never to allow a request to be repeated.

E. J. M.—Many thanks for that snapshot. Frank Opperman was the tall player in "Laughing Gas" (Keystone). Yes, send along any of the pictures you can spare. Thanks for the fee. That will help pay the rent for my hallroom.

G. Glen Reed, Juniata, asks and gets the following questions and answers: "Is there any law prohibiting the taking of pictures with a Motion Picture camera?" Ans.: Not that I know of—not in this State, anyway. "Can a person take pictures and lease them to a theater or theaters? Is there a law concerning this—State or National?" Ans.: No law concerning this. You will find that theaters usually rent films from the exchanges. "Where can I find the Board of Censors?" Ans.: 70 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City. "Does a picture have to be passed by the State Board as well as the National?" Ans.: No, by neither. There are only one or two States that have censorship laws. "How can I get a picture before the Censors?" Ans.: Just send it to them. "Is there any law concerning the production of pictures—State or National?" Ans.: None. "How can I get a permit to produce a copyrighted work?" Ans.: From the owner of the copyright. "What is the (approximate) capital of a producing company?" Ans.: From $5,000 up to $1,000,000.



THE WINNING HAND AND THE DISCARDS

How to Be Well and Strong Without Diet, Drugs or Appliances

We have known for years what it is that has control of every function of the body but undue consideration of individual weaknesses and diseases has so blinded us that we have totally neglected that which is greater than all else—that upon which the health of every organ and consequently our health depends.

By Homer Davies

HAVE you ever stopped to consider just what it is that keeps that most wonderfully delicate and intricate piece of mechanism—your body—working in harmony? If you have not, you should become acquainted without delay with the fact that it is your nerves.

Your nerves regulate and govern absolutely every process that goes on within you. Sever the nerves leading to the eye and not only would you be unable to move the eye but your sight would be gone forever. Your nerves regulate the beating of your heart, one set making it beat and another keeping it from racing too fast. You breathe unconsciously, your digestion proceeds without your having to think of it at all. The glands create and distribute their secretions, all at the bidding of your nerves.

It has been definitely established that more than 99% of all humanity, past their majority, are deficient from a standpoint of nerve strength and therefore, are deficient in nervous energy.

Nearly all functional weaknesses and disorders can be directly traced to weak nerves and depleted vitality.

You have never seen a man of achievements in athletics, in business or any profession who did not have a highly developed and powerful nervous system. Did he not possess this he could not be healthy, nor would he have the vitality to push his work through to success.

Macfadden, who is probably the foremost general physical culture authority in the world, says of Energy: "The longer and more thoroughly we study the structure and functions of the human body, the more clear and absolute becomes the conviction that the secret of human strength and energy lies in the nervous system."

Napoleon said "No man can win in the battle of life who has not Courage and

Persistency. These are impossible where Energy is lacking, hence Energy is the indispensable quality of great Success."

No greater truth than this was ever uttered. Were it possible to chronicle all the failures, not due to a lack of brains but to a lack of physical vitality, which is now recognized as an illness in itself, there would be a list so long as to appal the world.

Every great man of history—every highly successful man of the day—is possessed of more than an average amount of energy. Some have been gifted with this wonderful quality as were Lincoln, Napoleon, Rockefeller, Morgan and others; and some developed it as did Gladstone and Roosevelt.

Not one of these men, as they admit themselves, could ever have attained the position they occupy were it not for this factor.

Big muscles unless accompanied by powerful nerves are as useless as a trolley car without electricity. If your nerves are weak, your every organ will be weak in exact proportion. If you are troubled with indigestion, constipation, a weak heart, weak kidneys, a torpid liver or any of the functional ills that flesh is heir to, you should look immediately to your nerves. For unless your vital organs are receiving their due share of nervous energy, they cannot possibly do their work. Advanced thinkers in the medical world as well as those who do not use drugs have sought in vain for some direct method for the strengthening of the nerves.

Exercise, Osteopathy, Deep Breathing, Chiropractic, Hydrotherapy, Electricity and other methods without end have been advanced at one time or another, as offering an ideal means for the building of vitality or rather nervous energy which is what vitality really means.

Many of these have much to commend them, but not one can benefit the nerves except in a most roundabout and uncertain way.

It has remained for Robert Duncan to discover a method for direct nerve stimulation. By his methods he can build and create a degree of energy that you can actually feel course through your body within a few minutes, unless you are horribly run down, and even then it can be developed within a very short time.

By this method he is enabling people to absolutely overcome functional weaknesses and disorders without resorting to tortuous exercise, drugs, repulsive diets and in addition build for themselves a degree of energy that will be the determining factor in their success in life.

He tells all about this discovery in his book "Building Energy." He has agreed to send a copy to any reader of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE who will write Robert Duncan, Suite 910, Metropolitan Bldg., N. Y. City, enclosing 25c. for the book in stamps or coin.

Every man and woman in America should read this work and every man, woman and child should follow its precepts.

This country is coming to be known as a country of neurasthenics. You should not be one of those who is a slave to his nerves. Develop them so that you may enjoy the health and the worldly success that is your birthright.



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SCENE FROM "THE SMALL TOWN GIRL" (PAGE 72)

EDNA MARY ELLEN H.—Anna Luther in "Three Men and a Woman" (Lubin). Adele Ray in "The Saving Lie" (Pathé). Irene Boyle and James Vincent in "Out of the Jaws of Death" (Kalem). Carmen Phillips and Ray Gallagher in "The Masked Rider" (Powers). Anna Little in "Thru the Flames" (Universal). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Perilous Ride" (Lubin).

GUSSIE H.—Mr. Glechman was the lawyer in "Repentance" (Thanhouser). Herbert Rawlinson and Frank Lloyd in "The Sob Sister." The best way to repent is to do better next time.

ETTA C. P.—Mildred Gregory is Romaine Fielding's leading lady. You know he is at Lubinville now. Estelle Kibby was Myra in "The Eagle's Mate." You are too much in a hurry. Haste is a half-sister to Delay.

HELEN M. G.—Bless your heart, honey, but I dont understand how you got that answer. Yes, to your Marguerite Snow.

L. C., WELLINGTON.—Your letter was very interesting. *Parbleu!* Be not simply good; be good for something.

ADA E. N. C.—James Kirkwood in that play. Dolly Larkin and Webster Campbell in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Literature and films are embalmed minds.

UNSIGNED.—You took me amiss. It is easy to make some people uneasy. I have always had a high regard for Warren Kerrigan, and would do anything to help him.

CAROLINE B.—The reason we shake hands with our right hand is because our ancestors did so, and they did so because weapons were carried in the right hand, and when two persons met they either shook hands or fought.

E. B. B., NEW ORLEANS.—Guy Coombs was Jack Grimm in "A Diamond in the Rough" (Kalem). No, Little Mary did not go to Europe yet. You will see more Earle Williams plays in the future.

SADA B., MADISON.—Betty Gray was the reporter in "Her Big Scoop" (Biograph). Marshall Neilan and Ruth Roland in "An Elopement in Rome" (Kalem). Anita Stewart and Billy Quirk were Mr. and Mrs. Trent in "Uncle Bill" (Vitagraph). Yes, I agree with you—a great comedy.

MYRTLE.—The Broncho you mention is too old. Ormi Hawley and Edward Peil had the leads in "A Leaf from the Past" (Lubin). Yes, I am poor. Did you ever hear a very rich man sing?

MARTHA L.—That's right! Repentance is a virtue after you have been found out. Betty Gray was the girl in "Romeo and Juliet" (Biograph).



DIRECTOR—Hold that pose now, hold it.
ACTOR—And I get paid for this, too!

VOTE
For Your Own Cast of Favorite Players

HOW would you group your favorite players for a great play? Whom would you select as the leading man, the leading woman, the villain?

The Great Cast Contest, announcement of which appears on page 125 of this magazine, gives you an opportunity to select your own cast of favorite players and then show your appreciation of their work, by voting for them and helping them to win what will undoubtedly be the greatest Motion Picture Contest ever held.

Read the announcement on page 125 carefully, select your cast, vote for this cast yourself and induce others to vote. You will want your group of players to win and this will be a contest worth winning.

The voting coupon which appears on page 176, when properly filled out, signed and mailed to us, entitles you to ten votes for each one of your group.

This same coupon when accompanied by an **eight months'** subscription at $1.00 will entitle you to **200 votes,** or **a year's** subscription at $1.50, **300 votes.** If you are already a subscriber, you may extend your subscription eight months or a year and thus be entitled to vote. Each subscriber will also be entitled to HALF LIFE-SIZE portraits FREE, as announced in advertisement appearing on page 180.

Those players securing a lead at the beginning of this contest will have a distinct advantage over others. Help your favorites to win by voting early. Why not mail vote and subscription today?

SPECIAL: Those wishing to send in more than one subscription should write at once for special subscription rates and special voting schedule.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LORD IDLEFONSE.—Gwendoline Pates was with Selig last. Wheeler Oakman was Willie in "Willie" (Selig).

ASTORE.—Yes; Francis Bushman was chatted in February, 1912, but we have chatted him lately, and it will appear soon. His last photo in November, 1913. The kind of postage stamps that stick on were not invented until 1834, by James Chalmers, an Englishman.

NELLIE C.—Anna Little and Burton King in "The Battle of Gettysburg" (Kay-Bee). Caroline French and George Irving in "Paid in Full" (All Star). Van Dyke Brooke was Daniel in "Old Reliable" (Vitagraph). James Davis was the colonel in "His Indian Nemesis."

FRANK J. S.—Why did Eve wear no clothes? I am not sure that she did not. Anyway, why should she, when there were no men to admire and no women to be jealous? Yes, Augustus Phillips.

LILLIAN R.—Even tho some of my readers do not see an answer to their letter, I have read it thru, but I cannot always spare space to acknowledge it.

DOROTHY W., PORTLAND.—Antonio Moreno was Frank in "Strongheart." Doris Baker played both parts in "The Candidate for Mayor" (Lubin). Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "Blind Man's Buff" (Essanay). That is a lame excuse you give—an admission of error in the disguise of an explanation.

HELEN L. R.—The "News" was very interesting, but I missed some of the splendid verses of old. W. E. Lawrence was the fellow in "The Painted Lady" (Majestic). Billy Jacobs was Billy in "A Rural Love Affair" (Sterling). Murdock MacQuarrie was François, and Pauline Bush was the girl in "The Oubliette."

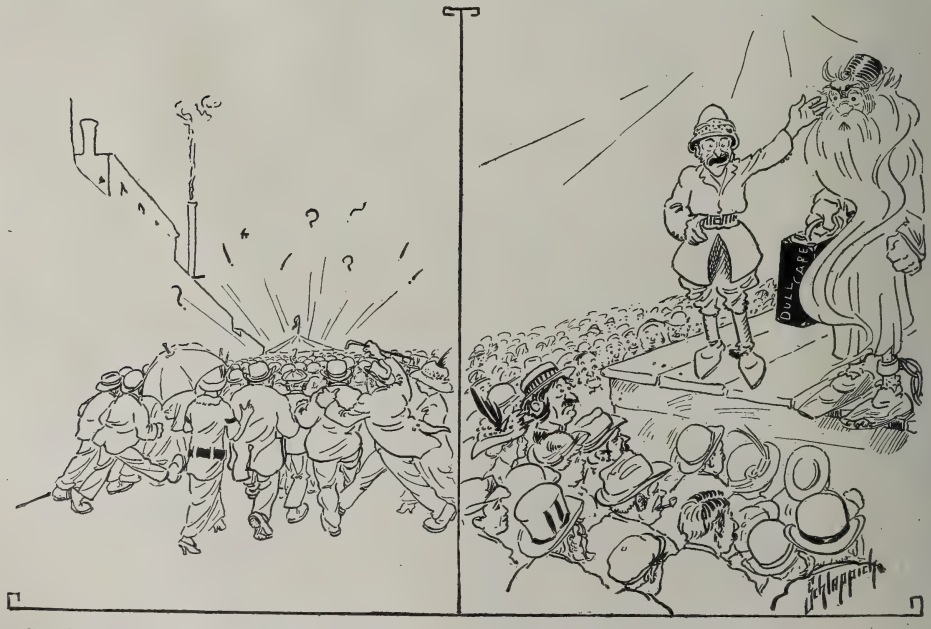
MRS. G. L. W.—Mayre Hall was the charming lady in "The Winning Way" (Princess). *Sub rosa*, I dont know the name of the polish Earle Williams uses. I'll find out and give you a quiet tip.

BONNIE B. B.—Dorothy Kelly was Martha in "The Toll" (Vitagraph). Cleo Madison with Universal. *Niemand zu Hause* to the other.

GERTIE.—Yes, I will pray that Dame Fortune visit you. She is a respectable old lady who calls whenever she can, but who more frequently sends her daughter, Miss Fortune. I hope that the old lady herself will be your visitor and guest.

ANNA D., NEWARK.—George Morgan and Vivian Prescott in that Biograph. Neva Gerber in "The Wire Chief's Reward" (Kalem). Yes, that was a pretty narrow escape Earle Williams had.

TWENTIETH CENTURY WONDERS



Good heavens! What's all the crowd going stark, staring mad about? Murder, fire or what? I saw an antiquated, long-bearded man entering some short time ago—perhaps it was the Answer Man, and that may possibly account for the unprecedented crowd.

(Inside the tent)—Ladies and gents! I present to you the greatest curiosity of the twentieth century, captured by wireless in the Island of Begonia off the coast of Sassafras, and the only specimen of the genus known to science that has never been to a Motion Picture show.



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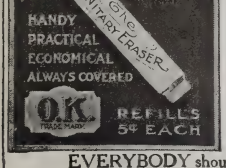
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BARBARA V.—John Cossar was the father in "The Night Hawks" (Essanay). Yale Brenner was Tom in "Across the Burning Trestle" (Edison). Tefft Johnson was Ned, and Rose Tapley was Nell in "The Reward of Thrift" (Vitagraph). No answer to your last.

OLGA, 17.—You think Thomas Chatterton is very Craneified. Address him at the Kay-Bee Company, 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal. You flatter me by calling me Job, but I fear I am making a poor job of it. Patience? Well, some.

MELVA.—So you thought our October number was the "best yet." I have heard that so many times that I begin to believe it. Yes, we will chat Robert Leonard soon. He is doing some fine work. Rhea Mitchell and Webster Campbell played leads in "The Feud at Beaver Creek" (Kay-Bee). Thelma Salter was the little girl.

ARTHUR J. BUSCH.—The only rules I can give you are those contained in the magazine. A scenario of thirty or forty scenes usually make one reel, and twice that would make two. "With that wonderful frown and that look to bewilder, each one sighs when he comes 'round the incomparable Crane Wilbur." Milton ne'er equaled this, I'm sure. But Helen Beach is a competitor: "Then here's to Crane Wilbur, gloomy, sad and gay. If he weren't in the pictures, I'd surely stay away."

LOIS, MISSOURI.—Thanhouser and Gem produced "The Woman in White." Raoul Walsh was the detective in "Mystery of the Hindu Image" (Majestic).

ELEANOR S., LOUISVILLE.—We shall chat the players you mention, in time. Their turn will soon appear.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Neva Gerber was the girl in "Trying on the Glove" (Kalem). Bryant Washburn was the count. Lee Willard was Ralph in "The Good-for-Nothing" (Essanay). Eastern Essanay is at Chicago, Ill. Yes; Ray Gallagher. Chicago Essanay are doing the George Ade fables.

E. M. PEDIGO, WICHITA.—Thank you very much. You know I can publish only one or two verses a month, and I have about a hundred waiting to get in.

MARY F. B.—Alice Hollister was the girl in "The Show-girl's Glove" (Kalem). L. C. Shumway was David in "The Candidate for Mayor" (Lubin). He played both characters. Velma Whitman was the girl. Franklin Ritchie was the district attorney in "The District Attorney's Burglar" (Biograph). Louise Vale was the wife, and George Morgan the burglar.

DOROTHY, 15.—Where in this department have you found any witticisms? Once in a while there is a brain-flea that jumps about among slumbering ideas, but they are hardly witticisms. Irene Howley was Molly in "The Meal-ticket" (Biograph). Stand by your favorite.

GRACE W., SALIDA.—Irene Howley in "An Hour of Terror" (Biograph). Bess Meredith was the daughter in "The Cure" (Joker). Clara Williams was Vivian in "The Hour of Reckoning" (Broncho). Pretty short this trip.

MISS B. P. LYONS.—So you think that if Carlyle Blackwell is entitled to be called handsome, so is Harry Morey, and that he is more handsome than Francis Bushman. You are a warm supporter of Harry Morey, and there are plenty of others.

CHARLES E. C.—Edith Thornton was Hope Adams in "A Fight for Love."

GLADYS E. B.—N. A. Myles was Bradsford in "Arcadia" (Eclair). Violet Mersereau was the girl in "Spitfire" (Famous Players). Rhea Mitchell and Webster Campbell in "First Love's Best."

FLO, 17.—Yours was as fresh and crisp as this October morn. I thank you for your contribution toward my loving-cup. I suppose they call me "Rippy" from the title "Rip Van Winkle" that somebody gave me. Well, I smell joost as sweet under that name as any odor.

CLARE A.—Earle Williams was Richard in "Eve's Daughter" (Vitagraph). George Spencer was Isaac, and Gaston Bell was Cecil Cotswold in "The House Next Door."

MRS. J. S., BROOKLYN.—You say the quarrel started from your insistence on exploring your husband's pockets, which is not a proper thing to do. Like most explorers, you found material for a lecture, which is just what is sought.

ZELMA S.—James Kirkwood in "The Eagle's Mate" (Famous Players). Mary Pickford was Juliet, the blind girl, in "A Good Little Devil." Ruth Hennessy was the girl in "Love and Soda" and "Actor Finnegan's Finish" (Essanay).

MARY BAU.—Oscar Nye was Joseph, and Thomas McAvoy was John in "The Mutual Girl" series. Eugene Pallette and Samuel De Grasse in "The Gunman" (Reliance).

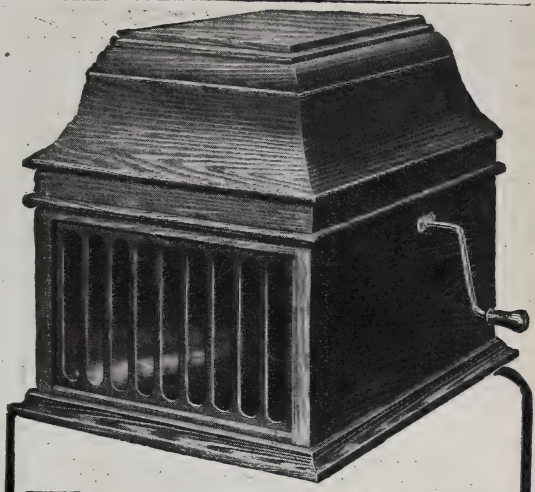
GLADYS L., ST. LOUIS.—That was a real ship, and it was really destroyed. I am sure I cant tell you why a boat is called "she," unless it is because the rigging cost more than the hull. Elsie Greeson in "The Ordeal" (Selig). Harry Lonsdale was the doctor in the same. Walter Creig was the bridegroom in "The Awakening of Donna Isolla" (Marion Leonard).

ETTA C. P.—Sidney Bracy was the butler in "The Million Dollar Mystery." W. Fishter was John in "Dan" (All Star).

ENAKOPS.—You say that you saw the sun rise. Were you just getting up or going to bed? Betty Gray was the new bride in "A Man in the House" (Biograph). Minta Durfee was the girl in "Fatty and the Heiress" (Keystone).

EDITH, 17.—Anna Nilsson and Jere Austin in "The Wolf" (Kalem). William Ehfe in "The Bully" (Kay-Bee).

MYRTLE T., CHRIST CHURCH.—Calamity Ann is still with American. Jack Richardson is also with American.



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ABE, 99.—So you drink buttermilk, too? That's the first time I ever heard of a windmill being run on buttermilk. Harriet Notter was Redhead, Lillian Leighton was Mrs. Murphy, and Sid Smith the boy in "Redhead Introduces Herself" (Selig). Jack Nelson and Frank Casey were the two boys, and Marie Winheim and Fanny Cohen were the wives in "All Mixed Up" (Selig). Ray McKee and Frances Ne Moyer in "Outwitting Dad" (Lubin). Jerold Hevener was the farmer, and Billy Bowers was the village crook in "The Rube's Duck" (Lubin). William Russell and Irene Howley in "The Bondage of Fear" (Biograph). Eleanor Kahn in "Pierre of the North."

WALTER K.—You ask how I write? Well, I sit while I write, because I cant stand standing. It is not right to write lying, because to lie is not right while writing lying. F. Crane was Ned in "Men and Women." Horace Carpenter in that Selig.

ANTHONY.—Thanks for your photograph; pleased to get it. Howard Mitchell was Freddie in "The Question and the Answer Man" (Lubin). Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet in "Man and Woman" (Biograph).

"CON," NEW ZEALAND.—You refer to Charles Chaplin in "Between the Showers" (Keystone). Several thanks for "them kind words."

DOROTHY A.—Thomas Chatterton was Jim in "Jim Cameron's Wife" (Domino). Clara Williams was the wife. Carolyn Birch was Rosa in "Song of the Ghetto" (Vitagraph). Edward Brennan was Dunbar in "Our Mutual Girl." Miss Ashton and Webster Campbell in "The Feud at Beaver Creek" (Kay-Bee).

JAS. B.—Walter Miller was with Imp last. Your letter was very interesting; always glad to hear from New Zealand.

ABE, 99.—I advise you to employ your spare time in some occupation that is useful. Everybody should have a hobby and an avocation. Andy Clark was the child in "Quarantined" (Edison). Carl Stockdale was the outlaw in "The Treachery of Broncho Billy's Pal" (Essanay). Helen Holmes and J. P. McGowan in "Under Desperation's Spur" (Kalem). Irving Cummings and Virginia Warte in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

LUCILLE L. P.—William Shay and Edmund Mortimer in "Neptune's Daughter." Ann Schaeffer was the mother in "The Poor Folks' Boy" (Vitagraph).

SAL SHOESTRINGS.—I beg of you please not to send your plots or plans to me. Send them to our Photoplay Clearing House. I am overstocked. I wish you luck, however.

CANARSIE MERMAID.—Mary Pickford was the mender in "The Mender of Nets" (Biograph). She was fine in that. Believe only half you hear, but be sure it is the right half.

TEASE.—Betty Gray in "Woman Against Woman" (Biograph-Klaw & Erlanger). Long "a" in Vitagraph. Earle Foxe was Jack in "Carmelita's Revenge" (Selig).

AISY.—I am glad that you call this magazine your staff of life, but am really distressed to learn that it "just thrills you to death." The story by Pauline Rider is excellent, but I regret that we cannot make use of it.

E. B. B.—Charles Ray was David in "The Thunderbolt" (Domino). Your quotation "The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings" is entitled "Happy Thought," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

CURIOUS KIT.—Bessie Eyton was Madge in "Tragedy of Ambition" (Selig). Billy Quirk was Jack in "Uncle Bill." William Russell in "The Primitive Model." Jack Conway was Billy in "The Valley of the Moon" (Bosworth).

OVILLA O'R.—E. K. Lincoln was Dr. Brent in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph). Vivian Rich was Enid in "The Call of the Traumerei" (American). No, a player does not play for two different companies at the same time. Fairbank twins are with Thanhouser.

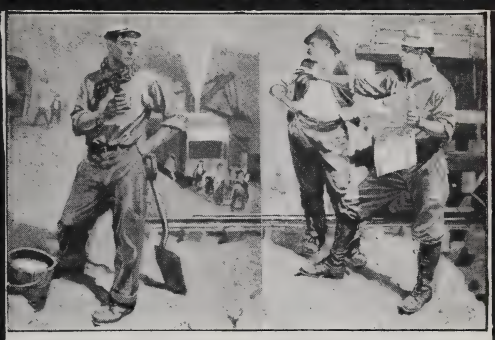
KERRY.—You write on the engraved stationery of the Treasury Department of the great State of Texas and enclose only two cents! Well, these are war times, so I wont complain. So you are High Priest in the sacred order of Kerrigan Worshipers? James Cooley, formerly of Biograph, is now with Famous Players. The Keystone studio is in Los Angeles. I do not hear of Mildred Bracken any more, and I guess she is not playing. Dont forget that I appreciate all my correspondence, but that I cannot always say so here. Especially yours.

MISS JEFF.—Thanks for your letter. Pretty cold to talk about swimming now. Vitagraph produced "As You Like It," and Maurice Costello had the lead. Julia S. Gordon was the bride in "The Lion's Bride." Harry Morey was the groom.

AURORA A.—Thanks for the toast. It was far from being a dry toast. Herbert Rawlinson was Roy in "Won in the Clouds" (Universal). Winnifred Greenwood was Eunice in "The Broken Barrier" (American). Harry Morey was Colonel Lennox in "My Official Wife."

ED. K., DETROIT.—William Brunton in "A String of Pearls" (Kalem). Leo Maloney was the Italian husband. Certainly I use my own teeth. Did you think I borrow them? I may have a falsetto voice, but not a false set o' teeth.

GERTIE.—I shall have to have a committee appointed for you if you persist in calling me "The bright and shining light of this darksome sphere, the wonder of the age, and the most brilliant, adorable and superb character this side of the Styx," and all that. Louise Lester was Jane Gray in "The Painted Lady's Child."



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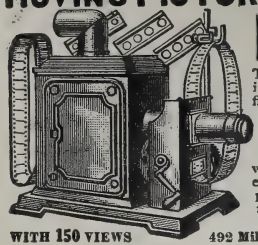
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FLORENCE H.—Charles Craig opposite Florence Lawrence in "Her Ragged Knight" (Victor). Wallace Reid and Dorothy Gish had the leads in "The City Beautiful" (Majestic).

KIRS KODAK KID.—Marguerite Courtot was Francis in "The Barefoot Boy" (Kalem). Charlotte Burton was Rita in "This Is the Life" (American). George Morgan in "A Bit of Human Driftwood."

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Mansfield Ardis was the brother in "The Dreamer" (Lubin). Yes, I have met Earle Williams personally, several times. Fine chap. Richard Tucker is now in stock at Philadelphia. Your letter was very bright.

L. C. P., OTTAWA.—Adele Lane was the sister, Miss Johnson the chorus girl, Hazel Henderson was Miriam, and Elsie Greeson was the other girl in "The Ordeal."

VYRGYNYA.—You imitate Mr. Kerrigan's signature almost as well as he could himself. We expect to have an autograph department in the magazine some day, showing the players' handwriting and its meaning. You're right—nothing succeeds like circulation.

ALFRED J. WEISS.—Your "characteristics" are so clever that I publish them here: The girl with the most wonderful eyes in the world—Clara Kimball Young. The fattest and funniest comedian in the Movies—John Bunny. The thinnest comedienne in the Movies—Flora Finch. The Irish Lassie—Gene Gauntier. The girl who made dimples popular—Lillian Walker. The Queen of the Wild Beasts—Kathlyn Williams. Noted more for beauty of acting than beauty of features—Edith Storey or Claire McDowell. His grouch is adored by all—Arthur Johnson. The hero-outlaw of the West—Gilbert M. Anderson. The old lady of the Movies—Mrs. Mary Maurice. The old gentleman of the Movies—W. Chrystie Miller. Noted for his portrayal of odd, morbid characters—Romaine Fielding. The man with the dimples—Maurice Costello. The leading burglar of the Movies—George Cooper. Is she, or is she not an Indian?—Mona Darkfeather. The Lillian Russell of the Movies—Ormi Hawley. The Gibson Girl—Helen Martin. He had been an undertaker—Hughie Mack. Our Diving Girl—Mabel Normand. The most popular actress this year, having captured the public by her petite, unique acting—Mary Pickford. He was made popular by Flossie C. P.—Crane Wilbur. The most fashionably dressed girl of the Movies—Norma Phillips. Noted for his devotion to his mother—J. Warren Kerrigan. Our star female reporter—Mary Fuller. Type of American man—Francis Bushman. Type of ideal American girl—Alice Joyce. Abraham Lincoln, The Second—Ralph Ince. Left Biograph and has been traveling ever since—Edwin August. Sometimes known as the vest pocket edition of John Bunny—Augustus Carney.

JANE F.—You are wrong; I am not human. I am an inhuman monster, but your pleasing letter has tamed me considerably. I agree with all you say about Mr. Bushman, but I try not to have any favorites.

E. JOHNS, WASH.—You get off at this station. Your idea to have a Mutual Girl or some other lassie feature the celebrities at the National Capital is immense, and I wonder some film company has not thought of it before.

OLGA, 17.—It makes no difference whether you call me "Darling of Duffield St.," or "Duffer of Darling St.," I appreciate your letters very much. Cecil Santon is not cast.

MARION S.—When you go abroad, the first thing you look for is the home of Shakespeare, or of Victor Hugo, or of Luther, and so on, but the first thing they show you is the tomb of Napoleon, the statue of Wellington, or the sword of Alexander.

ANGELA, NEW ORLEANS.—Guy Coombs and Anna Nilsson in that Kalem. You say that I am not so funny as I used to be. Well, well! Isn't that great! I certainly do not want to go down in history as a clown or funny man. Anyway, I get so many letters now that I have not time to try to be funny, and I couldn't.

PAULINE D.—I cannot tell you whether Warren Kerrigan received your letter. If he did not receive it, he would have told you.

LENORE P.—Maxwell Sargent was Tom in "The Five-hundred-dollar Kiss" (Selig). Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "The Express Messenger" (Kalem).

OLGA, 17.—I am not so good as you think I am, because you know that the good die young, and I am 73. Your Thomas Chatterton is still playing. Sorry you did not like our picture of him.

MARION H.—Dolly Larkin and Webster Campbell had the leads in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin). The berries were great.

KATE, 235.—A wins: Asquith is pronounced *As'kith*. Yes, that long-promised chat with William Shay will soon appear.

HELEN L. R.—I am sorry you were ill. Joseph Smiley was John in "The Triumph of Right" (Lubin). No, to your second. Miss Allen was the girl in "The Taint of Madness" (Selig). Tom Forman was Roy in "Life's Lottery" (Lubin).

MINNIE A. M.—You will see Leo Delaney in Vitagraph films. Arthur Cozine was Charlie in "The Wrong Flat" (Vitagraph). Thanks.

S. D. B.—No, not Webster Campbell, but Thomas Chatterton in "Jim Cameron's Wife" (Domino). You will have to judge for yourself who the best comedy player is. There is no age limit to a Moving Picture actor.

GERTIE.—You say we are running short of coloring matter in this country. Yes; but we get plenty of it in the newspapers. And you, too, for Thomas Chatterton?

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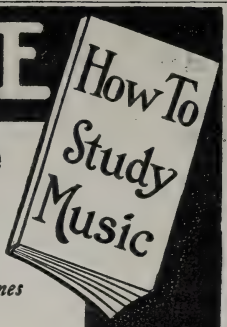


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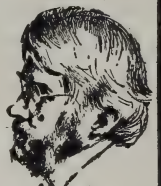
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BILLY.—Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in "The Prince of Bavaria" (Rex). The next step in "civilization" will be armored cathedrals.

CELIA V. A.—J. W. Johnson and Mabel Van Buren had the leads in "The Man on the Box" (Lasky). Helen Hilton was Edith in "The Brute" (Famous Players). Jack Barleycorn in "Jack Barleycorn" (Bosworth). Lionel Adams was Captain Gregory in "One of Our Girls."

MISS EAMES.—The reason some names appear often in this department is because they write often. When I get a letter I write the answer. Later on I answer another batch of letters, and I never think of whether I have heard from that person before this month. Glad Mr. Fielding's chat pleased you. It was different.

MISS JEFF.—Ray Gallagher was Bob in "The Angel of the Camp." Your letter pleased me, but it was pretty long.

MARTIN A., EL PASO.—Mabel Trunnelle and Herbert Prior in "Across the Burning Trestle" (Edison). Earle Metcalfe and Ann Luther in "Three Men and a Woman." Joseph Singleton and Mabel Van Buren in "Brewster's Millions."

WILL T. H.—I gave your letter to the Editor to read and it got mislaid somewhere. That's why I did not answer it. You request Edison to revive "Aida" with Mary Fuller in the title rôle. Possibly they will revive all the Fuller releases. The two Marys are winners. I dont think you will either see or hear so much of Clara Young, now that she has left Vitagraph; *e. g.* Florence Turner, Helen Gardner, *et al.* Do you think you can do without her? Where there's a Will there's a way.

AMBITIOUS DREAMER.—Yes, come right along. Max Linder is fighting with the French army in Europe. He is said to be the highest salaried photoplayer in the business.

NED N. Z.—Martin Faust was the husband in "The Scarf-pin" (Lubin). The father was not cast in "Dynamite Love" (Pathé). George Melford and William West in "Chinese Thorn" (Kalem). Harry Myers was John in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Richard Stanton in "Widow Maloney's Faith" (Domino).

MARIE S.—Webster Campbell and Velma Whitman in "The Death Warrant" (Lubin). Haven't heard of the player you mention. Probably plays minor parts.

KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—Yes, Carlyle Blackwell was the king in "Such a Little Queen" (Famous Players). Yes, Harold Lockwood was the American friend.

AGNES L. C.—House Peters was Billy West. Helen Hilton was Edith in "The Brute" (Famous Players). James Kirkwood in "The Eagle's Mate."

DOLLY DIMPLES.—Have a heart! Please dont send me a red kimona. I wouldn't know where to put it. Your letter was very interesting.

WYLLYUM.—Gladys Hulette was Margaret in "The Village Scandal" (Edison). Bliss Milford was in to see us recently. Her picture will appear in our Gallery next month, I am told.

WALTER, 21.—Your letter was interesting. Yes, old War is doing his worst, for this may be his last appearance.

MRS. SANDY.—You say that you are shocked to see Mr. Fielding in such silly plays as "The Belle of Breweryville" after seeing him in "The Evil Eye," etc. I suppose he wants to show his versatility. Did not see Pearl White and Mr. Wilbur. I believe Mildred Bracken is not playing.

DODDIE.—Tom Forman was the American lover in "The Love of O San." Robert Grey was Brandon in "Brandon's Last Ride" (Vitagraph). Arthur Cozine was the brother in "Buddy's First Call."

ROY F.—Mildred Heller in "Harvest of Regrets" (Thanhouser). Warren Kerrigan playing for Victor released thru Universal. Margarita Fischer was with the Imp Company. D. W. Griffith formerly directed for Biograph.

GERTIE.—Your letters are a treat. Eva Bell was Lena in "The Kidnapped Bride" (Lubin). Jack Conway was opposite Myrtle Stedman in "In the Valley of the Moon" (Bosworth). Charles Wells and Helen Holmes in "Near Death's Door."

CELESTIAL.—Your letter was very interesting, but you must sign your name.

FERN D.—Wheeler Oakman was Kempton in "By Whose Hand" (Lubin). Mary Keane was Mildred. Tefft Johnson and Rose Tapley were Ned and Nell in "The Reward of Thrift" (Vitagraph).

ABE, 99.—Frank Clark was John, Wheeler Oakman was Rowland, Charles Clary was Gaunt in "The Speck on the Wall" (Selig). Beverly Bayne in "The Masked Wrestler" (Essanay). Robert Frazer and Edna Payne in "The Jackpot Club" (Eclair).

PHILIP A.—Charles Chaplin was Max in "A Film Johnnie" (Keystone). I dont care to say who are my favorite players and who is the best company. I like them all, except those I dont like, and I like them also.

QUEENA.—I think your verses pretty close to the very best that the Answer Man has had written about him, but modesty forbids printing them. Is that you, Cupid? Your request for a photo is politely refused.

MARGARET VAN V.—You give the wrong company. I hardly think Mary Pickford will send a photo—she receives so many letters.

CATHERINE B.—Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Their Stepmother" (Selig). Carolyn Birch was opposite Antonio Moreno in "The Song of the Ghetto."

MISS JESS.—Again! Your letters are quite captivating. Surely I like cider. Next to buttermilk it is the best drink on the bill o' fare.





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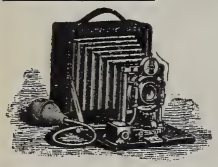
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HELEN JONES, SCRANTON.—Oh, yes, I have a wonderful disposition, just as you say. I never scratch, bite nor bark, and when nice little ladies like you write me complimentary things I smile from ear to ear until my beard gets all tangled up. You say you would like to see me. Dont. Dont spoil the illusion. Your verses were passed to Miss Hall.

JAMES T.—Augustus Phillips. As I said before, the Lubin bell indicates that they have tone to their pictures. The Vitagraph suggests flights into the realm of art. The Selig diamond stands for gems of production. The Kalem sun indicates that those films light the world. The Biograph "AB" stands for "Always Better." The Edison "E" stands for efficiency with a halo around it. The Essanay Indian indicates that those films are chief of the West. The Pathé rooster suggests that they have a right to crow. The Cines emblem indicates the flower of foreign products, and the Méliès horseshoe and big "G" stand for good luck and gladness for all who exhibit them.

OLGA, 17.—I will take your advice and see "The Hawk." Louise Vale was the mother, and Gretchen Hartman the daughter in "Merely Mother" (Biograph). George Morgan was the husband, and Katherine Lee the little child.

RAY, BOSTON.—Rosemary Theby and Anna Luther in "Mother and Daughter" (Lubin). Alan Hale was the cashier in "The Daring Getaway" (Biograph). Al Paget was the husband, and Gretchen Hartman the wife in "The Spirit of Jealousy" (Biograph); an excellent play. Mlle. Napierkowska was Esther in "Esther" (Eclectic). Thanks for your good letter.

GLADYS B. C.—So it's Richard Travers? Good! Yours was very interesting, and I would be glad to hear from you again. Many thanks.

EDA, N. Y.—Yes; "Such a Little Queen" was taken in New York. No answer to your second. Carlyle Blackwell was interviewed in July, 1912, and March, 1914. Many thanks for yours.

MIL E.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "Lucille," and Earle Williams and Edith Storey in "The Christian." Neither story appeared in our magazine. James Cruze was interviewed in January, 1914, and Florence LaBadie in January, 1913.

HELENA P.—Address the New York Motion Picture Company, Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York City. You cant believe all you hear.

ANTHONY.—So you think Darwin Karr resembles Francis Bushman? Yes; William Duncan, formerly of Selig, is with the Vitagraph. So now you have gone back on Pearl White for Dorothy Gish?

EDNA P. STAFFORD.—Gladys Brockwell was Annette in "Relics of Old Japan" (Domino). She also played in the second. No answer on your Keystone. Sorry.

GEORGE M. S.—Yes; Cleo Madison very often plays a double rôle. Lubin have given up their Colorado studio.

CUTIE H.—Mary Pickford is now in New York City. Carlyle Blackwell in "Such a Little Queen." You like Harold Lockwood opposite Mary Pickford better than the other players.

MARIE T.—You can reach Carlyle Blackwell at the Photoplayers' Club, Los Angeles, Cal. You can send it direct to him, and not to me.

BROKEN HEART.—I am sorry for you, but I think you had better write Mr. Wilbur personally.

X. OCTAVIUS.—Charles Chaplin was hubby in "Mabel's Married Life" (Keystone). Yes, several of the players write letters to their admirers.

VYRGYNYA.—Your letter was great. First I felt insulted, but after I read between the lines I changed my mind. Irene Howley was the lead in "Her Primitive Model" (Biograph).

PHYLLIS M.—No, the two players you mention are not sisters. House Peters in "In the Bishop's Carriage." Helen Hilton was Edith in "The Brute" (Biograph).

MAY C.—Please write on one side of the paper only. No, the players do not like to be bothered with autograph albums, etc. They haven't time for that. Thanks for the clippings.

LOTTIE D. C.—Margaret Thompson was the daughter in "The Gamekeeper's Daughter" (Domino). Carmen Phillips was the dancer in "Pipes of Pan" (Rex). Marguerite Courtot is with the New York studio of Kalem.

THE PEST.—Where, oh, where is your address? Cant send list until I have that.

FANNIE R.—Mayme Kelso is the aunt in the Mutual Girl series. I thank you for calling this department the university of knowledge.

W. D. R.—Claire McDowell is still with Biograph. Harry Carey has left. Biograph have revived a number of their old plays. Elsie Greeson and Ernest Joy in "Just a Song at Twilight" (Majestic).

KENNETH A. G.—Gladys Brockwell opposite Frank Borzage. No; Crane Wilbur has never been with Biograph. Yes; William Taylor. Mona Darkfeather in "The Call of the Tribe" (Kalem). David Powell was Henri in "One of Our Girls" (Famous Players). Yours was very interesting indeed.

STELLA C.—Frank Borzage and Clara Williams in "Desert Gold" (Kay-Bee). So you prefer to stand by Crane Wilbur?

MARTIE A.—You wonder if True Boardman is married. Wonder away. Thanks so much for the Kewpie, also fee.

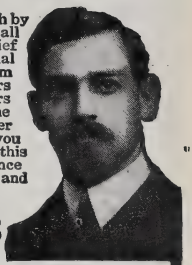
VYRGYNYA.—What! you here again? Well, I'm glad to see you, even if you ask no questions, for your letter is a gem, with all its classic allusions. J. W. K. does not own a storage warehouse. Shall I send him your letters?

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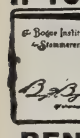
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MIKE W.—Thanks for the face-powder, but I wont be able to use it on my face; too much beard. Bison did not answer that baseball question.

MYRTLE H.—J. Franke Burke was Jim in "A Frontier Mother" (Domino). Sorry, but no answer to your other questions. Frontier, Nestor and Thanhouser are asleep at the switch, *i. e.*, their publicity departments.

GEORGE C.—Minta Durfee was Mrs. Fuller in "The Rounders" (Keystone). Jess Dandy was the girl. To find the surface of a ball, multiply the square of the diameter by 3.1416.

HELEN L. R.—Yes; Romaine Fielding is now the secretary-treasurer of the Pansy Motion Picture Correspondence Club, and all members should address him at Box 1588, Philadelphia, Pa. He is very anxious to increase the membership of the club, and I hope all will join. Cyril Leonard and M. C. Von Betz were the two mandolin players in "The Fable of the Two Mandolin Players and the Willing Performer" (Essanay). Paul Parr Smith was Walter in "Squaring the Triangle" (Lubin). Jack Harvey was Grogan in "The Reward of Thrift."

BILLY ROMAINE.—Thanks for the gum. Really, that is awful paper you use. Thanks also for that excellent personal letter; was very interesting.

EDNA P.—Minta Durfee was the girl in "Love and Bullets" (Keystone). Ray Laidlaw was Al in "Heart of a Crook" (Kay-Bee). N. Lawrence was the city man in "The Saving Flame" (Majestic). Thanks.

OLGA, 17.—It is your duty, and you should be able to say, with Shakespeare, "I seen my dooty, and I done it." A thing of duty is an noy forever.

RETTA O. S.—Thanks. Gracious! such ravings for Richard Tucker! I am sorry he left the pictures.

MILDRED A., BROOKLYN.—Pan-Slavism is a term applied to an agitation for drawing closer together politically, as they are in many of their social customs, all the various races of Slavs or those speaking the Slavonic family of languages, comprising Russian, Polish, Bulgarian, Servian, Bohemian, Windic, Polabic and Slovak. "Pan" means united.

KENNETH A. GORDON, SYDNEY, AUS.—The Editor wants to thank you for your valuable letter telling about the troops leaving for Europe and the condition of the motion picture business in Australia. Charles Ray and Elizabeth Burbridge were the leads in "The Latent Spark" (Domino). E. K. Lincoln is with his own company. Am not sure that Dorothy Gish is the youngest leading woman in the pictures, but she is not far from it.

MUCILAGE.—There is a law against using daffydowndillies in this department, else I would print your clever ones. Thankee, howsomever.

I. V. MURPHY.—I thank you for the information.

KENTUCKY GIRL says: "In the Autobiography of Warren Kerrigan he states his age as twenty-five. Shouldn't it have been thirty-five, for he is just about six years younger than my mother was in 1892, and I am twenty?" Now, how old is Ann?

MOLLIE MCM.—Your letter was interesting. Those Kalems were released about four years ago.

RAH-RAH BOY.—So you dont care for the Kalem Indian plays? James Morrison was Jim in "The Wheat and the Tares" (Vitagraph).

ESTHER L., BOSTON.—Cleo Ridgely and Marin Sais in "The Primitive Instinct" (Kalem). We will use Mary Pickford's picture again soon.

TEN REASONS WHY MOVIES ARE GOOD FOR THE EYES

(*Continued from page* 99)

eyes take cut-lines, leaders, letters, and other written matter; long perspective, short perspective and details. All this can be done without the embarrassment of being conspicuous.

10. The movies give opportunity for the right kind of exercise that is beneficial to the eyes. We office and indoor people need far vision. Movies can give it. They offer a means of exercise without physical inconvenience and without embarrassment. The person who condemns the movies because they seem to cause a strain, should ask himself whether he is accustomed to the Motion Pictures. It is likely he is not, but he is like the man who, after riding horseback a few times, thinks himself "killed," yet if he rode oftener or consistently often, he would not only get accustomed to the saddle, but find himself free from all attendant pains. Let him get used to the exercise, and he finds it an unalloyed pleasure as well as a physical help in bringing new muscles into play. So it is with the Motion Picture spectator. He cannot but find the movies an eye-help, once he gives them a chance, for they bring into play the distance-seeing muscles and eye-functions that we as Americans are said to be losing. The movies are giving us physical as well as spiritual vision.

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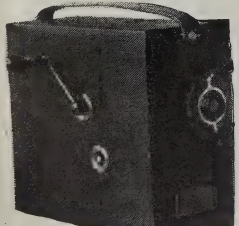
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE following letter from across the Atlantic is so interesting and full of news, and from such a prominent player, that we take the liberty of printing it in full:

I am sending you two of my latest photos, taken by Parker, 100 Southampton Row, London. I hope you will be able to use them. I came to Europe on March 10th last, and went to Paris, where I produced pictures with my own company. I tired of that, and in May I accepted an offer from the British and Colonial Kinematograph Company, to be featured with them. I did splendid work with them in "The Queen of the London Counterfeiters," "The Black Cross Gang," "Should a Woman Be Blamed?" "When London Sleeps," etc., and now I've just accepted an offer to be featured with the Motograph Film Company at a large salary and a big percentage of my films. Unless the war interferes, I shall remain in England for a year or two. I have already become very popular, my Pathé pictures being shown here constantly—two, three and four releases a month—and I am delighted with the progress I have made here. I have received a great number of letters, the usual flattering kind with requests for photos.

THE SOUNDLESS MESSAGE

(*Continued from page* 102)

detective in real life, if he can shadow a criminal and tell a conversation at some distance. It trains the mind, which, after all, is the great power which is ruling our every movement and spells failure or success in our achievement. Mouth-reading, I believe, is the key to the soundless message which, developed to a high state of perfection, will revolutionize the photoplay and tend to cultivate and to enlighten its patrons.

The next photoshow you attend, see how much you are able to interpret from the movements of the actors' lips. You will be surprised at what you can accomplish thru concentration and practice. As the poet Bobbie Burns says, "As we journey thru life, let us live by the way."

So I wish you all more enjoyment and knowledge as you practice the principles revealing the soundless message as written on the actors' lips in the motion drama.

I have a dear little bungalow at Walton-on-Thames, "The Alicecote," directly on the river, and the most attractive one about. During my "rest" between pictures I can fish just off my landing in front of my bungalow. Every morning I have my swim; it is really delightful.

Thanking you for your kind indulgence,
I am sincerely yours,
LILLIAN WIGGINS.

Care Motograph Film Company,
Upper St. Martin's Lane, cor. West St.,
London, W. C., England.

George H. Pearson, of Bethel, Conn., waxed poetic when he saw the picture of John Bunny in the November issue, entitled "I Want to be an Angel":

If John Bunny were an angel,
I dont quite understand
How with such pinions he could soar
Above the golden strand;
Or tho successful he might be
In making good his flight,
How without shock-absorbers
He safely could alight.
The days of miracles are past,
Yet wondrous things are seen;
And Bunny yet may do the stunt
Upon the picture screen.

Joyce Brown, of Pittsburg, Pa., is disappointed because Clara Young has left the Vitagraph:

Why did Clara K. Young leave the Vitagraph Company just at the time when she was to appear in the great play? Words cannot tell how all my friends and I feel over her not playing the leading part.

When Edith Storey was ahead of Clara Young, the people showed then how they liked Clara Young. The people sent in their votes and brought her up to first place, and now for her not to appear in the play is the greatest disappointment we have ever had.

Anita Stewart comes second to Clara K. Young of my favorites, and I'm so glad she is playing the leading part, if we cant have Miss Young.

I am so glad Earle Williams won the contest, for there is not one who can surpass him.

But there is one who is not put up much, so they say, and that is Blanche Sweet. There is no one who is as beautiful as she on the screen, with the exception of Alice Joyce. If Blanche Sweet could have a show, the people would see what she is. But there! I guess they all cant have first place.

One thing I disapprove of in Moving Picture plays is having the cast first. Why dont they have the cast last? The cast is shown on the screen, and there are so

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"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
"A Cadet's Honor"	Universal
"Cupid's Victory"	Nestor
"A Good Turn"	Lubin
"His Tired Uncle"	Vitagraph
"The Swellest Wedding"	Essanay

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many names you forget them; while if the picture was shown first and the cast last, you could see the name of the one you *liked* in the picture.

I enjoy reading the letters that are sent to you, and hope to see mine in your list.

I also wish to send my compliments to the woman who played the part of the mother in "The Battle of the Sexes." Her work was splendid.

WINNERS OF THE SILHOUETTE PUZZLE

In the September issue we published eighteen silhouette drawings, offering five prizes for the best solutions. Here are the correct answers: 1. G. M. Anderson; 2. Crane Wilbur; 3. Edwin August; 4. Arthur Johnson; 5. Ben Wilson; 6. J. Warren Kerrigan; 7. Carlyle Blackwell; 8. King Baggot; 9. Maurice Costello; 10. William Shay; 11. James Cruze; 12. Francis X. Bushman; 13. Augustus Phillips; 14. Harry Myers; 15. Romaine Fielding; 16. Harry Benham; 17. Wallace Reid; 18. Earle Williams.

The first prize goes to Miss Winnifred Caldwell, P. O. Box 205, Hattiesburg, Miss., who had only one answer wrong, mistaking Harry Benham for Yale Boss. Second prize goes to Mrs. M. B. Paisley, of the same city, with two mistakes, Mrs. Paisley having named Henry Walthall for No. 16, and Ray Gallagher for No. 17. But we must award two second prizes because Mrs. J. McCoy, of 3907 Broadway, Galveston, Texas, also had sixteen answers correct, her only mistakes being No. 6, whom Mrs. McCoy named Herbert Rawlinson, and No. 16 whom she called George Cooper. Third prize goes to Miss A. Gribecker, of 3310 Laurel St., New Orleans, La., who named No. 10 Hobart Bosworth, No. 14 Mr. Walthall, and No. 16 Augustus Carney. Earle E. Bender, of 409 N. Ninth St., Allentown, Pa., Mrs. H. L. Blackford, of 307 South Division St., Janesville, Wis., and Flora Laedleim, of 247 E. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa., all had fourteen correct, and they are each awarded a fourth prize.

We congratulate the winners, and hope ere they see this they will have received and be making good use of their prizes.

MISSING LETTERS PUZZLE

ANOTHER CYPHER CONTEST FOR OUR READERS

One of the most popular puzzles ever published was the famous "Telegram Puzzle" which first appeared in our December, 1913, issue. Many thousands of answers came from all parts of the world, and some of them were gotten up in very elaborate and artistic shape. Some were carved on wood, some were embroidered, some were printed on satin, and so on, and many of these still adorn the walls of the Recreation Room

in our building. In that contest we stated that the prizes would be awarded for "the best answers," but that in case many persons succeeded in getting every answer correctly, then we would award the prizes for the neatest and most artistic. It so happened that many of our readers succeeded in guessing all of the answers, but we now have a puzzle which will not be so easy, we think. It is called the "Missing Letters Puzzle," and you are required to supply the missing letters and arrange them so that each group will spell the name of a well-known photoplayer. Here are the names of the twenty players —who are they?

1. Wax corn
2. Forbid N. C.
3. New try
4. The drk
5. Just A.
6. N. View.
7. Ch. Roast
8. Glad H.
9. Trod glen
10. Golf dram
11. He may
12. Thou land
13. Bit yon
14. Fop may Dick
15. Wry sin
16. Cloy rung
17. Much lost
18. Red lob
19. Bud to men
20. Lost big ad

EXPLANATION: We have taken the names of twenty players, and out of each name we have omitted all letters that occur more than once, and then put the remaining letters together to form the words given above. For example, suppose one of the twenty was "Fay meu." The answer would be Mary Fuller, because, omitting the two l's and the two r's the remaining letters spell fay meu, or mufaye. We cannot undertake to give any more information to any reader, and everybody must puzzle it out for himself. For the best answers we will award five prizes. In case of a tie, or of several all-correct answers, we shall give due consideration to neatness and artistic design. Answers should be addressed to "Missing Letters Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyyn, N. Y.," or they may be enclosed with other matter addressed to the magazine.

We take the liberty of publishing the enclosed letter, not only because of its unusual interest, but because it is from Tom Powers, who has not yet been forgotten by his thousands of American admirers:

Since you have been kind enough to say things (nice things) about me in your excellent magazine, I take this opportunity to tell you of my whereabouts.

This is not done from a standpoint of advertising, I assure you, but I thought it might be of interest to some of your readers to know what I have been doing.

If you disagree with me, destroy this without delving deeper, otherwise proceed.

Since leaving America I have toured England and Scotland, as well as France,

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WHAT could be more suitable as a Christmas gift for your father or mother, your brother or sister, or your sweetheart, than a subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine?

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Earle Williams	Mary Fuller	Mabel Normand
John Bunny	Edith Storey	Blanche Sweet
Romaine Fielding	Alice Joyce	Pauline Bush
F. X. Bushman	Clara K. Young	Vivian Rich
Warren Kerrigan	Lottie Briscoe	Flo'nce Lawrence

Just fill out the attached coupon, write a list of the pictures and full instructions on a separate sheet, mail with the proper remittance, and your order will be given prompt attention. A beautiful "gift card" will be mailed as directed by you. Our subscription department will soon be busy with Christmas orders. You had better send yours in early. *Why not do it today?*

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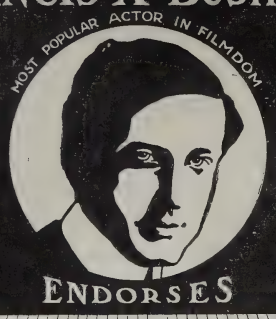
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Further instructions and list of pictures are given on attached sheet.

Signed.....

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He has acted leading roles from many hundreds of scenario scripts and knows what the script requires. His experience in the practical working of the photoplay eminently qualifies him to judge the merits of our system of instruction. He knows the value of personal instruction and criticism, such as we give under the direction of a well known photoplaywright, and gives our institution his endorsement. Do you realize what such an endorsement means to you?

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Mrs. Cordelia Ford, a student of this school, won the first prize of $250 offered by a well known photoplay magazine in a widely advertised contest for amateurs. By mastering the simple technical rules, as taught by the AUTHOR'S MOTION PICTURE SCHOOL, she capitalized her imagination. She had never before sold a photoplay now producers want her plays and she is assured an income. They want your plays and ideas too. Let us show you how to meet their requirements.

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Do you know that producers are advertising in the open market for just such plays as you could write after mastering our course of instruction? You see many poor plays on the screen and doubtless wonder why such stuff is produced. The producers know these plays are poor as well as you do, if they had better plays the poor ones would not be produced; **but the demand must be filled** and they must take what is available. It is for this reason they want fresh ideas from people in every walk of life. They want your ideas if you have the technical training to put them in proper shape. We give you this training under the personal direction of a widely known photoplaywright.

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You can see your own plays flashed on the screen before an audience of your own friends. You can see the children of your brain and imagination made real before the eyes of the world by your favorite actors and actresses. Plots are on every hand. You have had experiences, you have ideas, you find "out of the ordinary" items in your paper every day. Let these experiences—ideas—and news items earn you a good income during your spare time. A well known photoplaywright offers to help you select your ideas and put them in salable shape to meet the requirements of the producers. Have you the ambition to grasp this opportunity?

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Address.....

with a so-called lecture which, confidentially, is a sort of one-sided conversation. I take a film with me, and the people who see it are very kind and appreciative.

I am doing a series of films for the Hepworth Company, whose films, I believe, are just beginning to be shown in our country, but which, for a very long time, have been well known in England.

I find that English audiences are especially keen on our American pictures, and their kind reception has been a delightful surprise to me.

My months of sojourn in this foreign land have not been without adventure. I was arrested and taken before a court of justice for wearing the king's uniform on a public highway.

I have been training a wild raven for use in the gigantic production of "Barnaby Rudge," of which the title rôle has been given to me, which training has resulted in docile obedience on the part of the raven, "Gip"—and life-long scars on my left arm.

Since the beginning of the war every possible haste has been made to release appropriate subjects, so that I have spent weeks wandering about England in a "Tommy Atkins" war-kit.

We did one war picture called "The Terror of the Air," in which I flew in a biplane over a small fort and exploded fifty pounds of gunpowder.

Everything went well before the explosion, but the concussion caused an air-pocket or vacuum to form in which the aeronaut and I fell thirty feet or thereabouts, adding interest to the flight. But while expressing polite sympathy, the producer was uncommonly sorry that the accident had not occurred within range of the camera instead of outside of it.

I didn't mean to be so garrulous when I started. What I really wanted to say to your readers, with your permission, was this:

I am quite comfortable in a Thames-side bungalow, and I find England a delightful country, wars, etc., to the contrary none the less, but America Looks Mighty Good To Me, even though I see no possibility of returning for some time to come.

Lenore McCurdy, of Pittsburg, Pa., makes an eloquent appeal that we remember the "extras" as well as the famous stars of photoplay:

When we think of the Moving Picture actors, quite naturally thoughts turn to the hero, handsome and debonair, and the heroine, fair and sweet. But what of those in the background whose names are unknown to fame?

The scene in the camp of the Indian would be strangely incomplete without the picturesque figures of the Indian brave

and his little squaw at his side. The café and cabaret would not appeal to all so strongly without the faithful waiters, the dancer, the "extras" who fill the tables in the background. The receptions where hero and heroine meet would be without interest for us were it not for the men and women in dress-suit and trailing evening-gown, who dance gracefully about while the hero and heroine stand at center. And while the story of the West may be built around just one manly cowboy, it takes many cowboys to make it truly Western.

Then there are the mobs who must fight recklessly, so that we may realize the horror of a strike; the armies who go to battle, that the villain of the play may be killed and the hero win honor and return at the end of the war to the woman he loves.

All glory to the hero and heroine—I love them, too—but my heart leaps in grateful remembrance to the ones in the background who help to make our Moving Pictures so complete.



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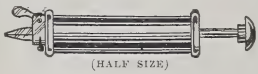
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PHOTOPLAYERS WHO HAVE DESERTED

Irving Cummings (Thanhouser) has heeded to the call of the footlights and has joined the Poli Stock Company as leading man at the Hyperion Theater, New Haven, Conn.

Kalmus Matus (Vitagraph) has joined "The Yellow Ticket" Company in Chicago, supporting Florence Reed.

Gilbert Gregory (Biograph) has returned to his first love, the La Salle Theater (Chicago), where he delights hundreds nightly in the La Salle success, "One Girl in a Million."

Gaston Merivale (Vitagraph) is one of the principal factors in making "Consequences" a success at the Comedy Theater, New York.

Bertha Cozzens (Vitagraph) has joined William Faversham in "The Hawk" at the Shubert Theater, New York.

Isabel Rae (Biograph) has been engaged by Oliver Morosco to head one of the "Peg o' My Heart" companies, playing Peg.

Peggy O'Neil (Lubin) is one of the bright stars of Chicago, where she created the part in "Peg o' My Heart."

Zena Keife (Vitagraph) is now in vaudeville, touring the Pantages' Circuit in the West.

Duncan McRae (Edison) has returned to the stage as leading man for Grace George in "The Truth."

Thomas Carrigan (Selig) was last season in "The Deadlock."

James Lackaye is now chief funmaker with Lew Fields in "The High Cost of Loving" at Republic Theater, New York.

Ernestine Morley (Lubin) is leading lady of the Bijou Stock Company in Fall River, Mass.

Bessie Sankey (Essanay) is touring the United States as leading lady in "The Traffic."

Frederick Santley (Kalem) is now starring in his brother's play, "When Dreams Come True."

Zelma Rawlston (Biograph) is one of Montgomery and Stone's principal funmakers in their new musical comedy, "Chin Chin."

Robert Fisher (Lubin) is now with Bruce McRae in "Nearly Married."

John L. Shine (Essanay) is now playing in "The Whip."

Maidel Turner (Lubin) was Julian Eltinge's leading lady in "The Crinoline Girl" last season, and is now engaged by David Belasco for one of his new productions.

Robert Harvey (Edison) has been signed by Cohan and Harris for one of their productions.

Viola Dana (Edison) is again "The Poor Little Rich Girl" this season.

Lionel Adams (Lubin) is now with John Barrymore's new play, "Kick In," at the Long Acre Theater, New York.

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See advertisement on page 151

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Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO	" " " " "

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[Seal] My commission expires March 30, 1916.

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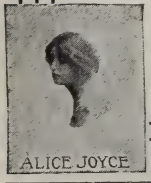
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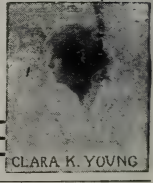
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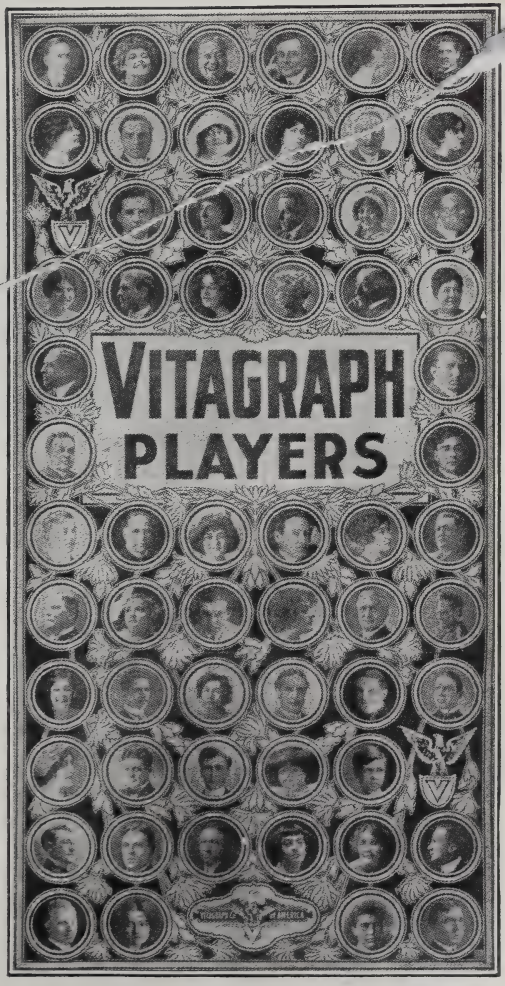
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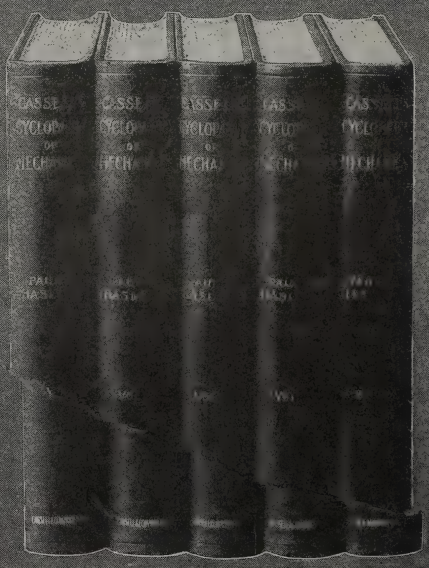
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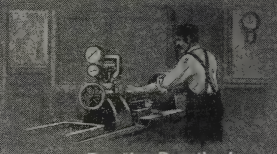
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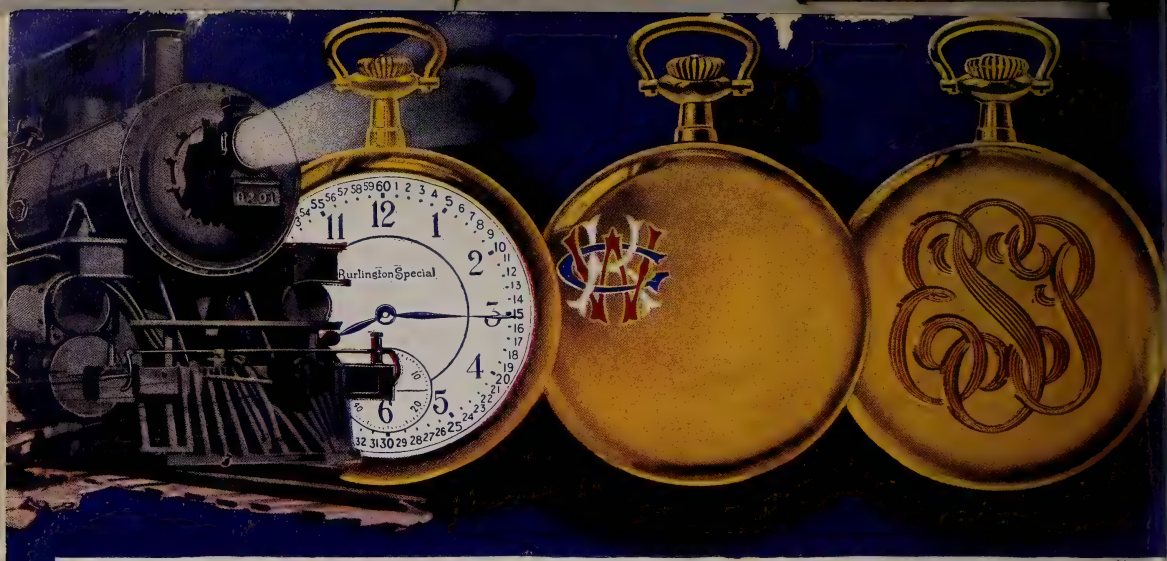
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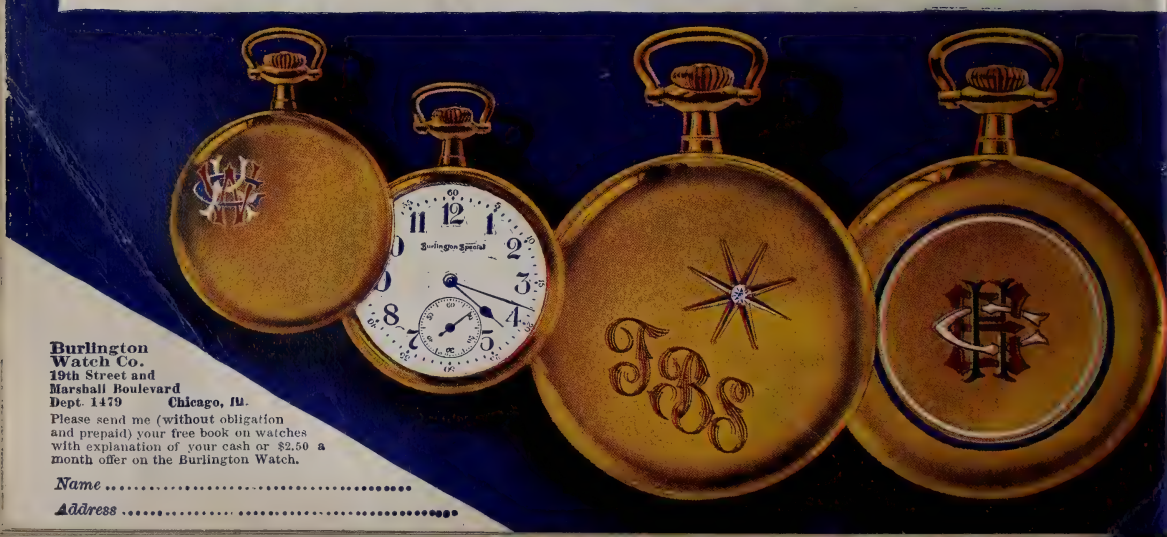
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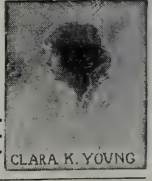
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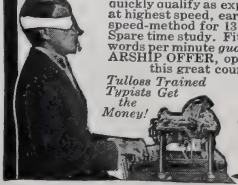
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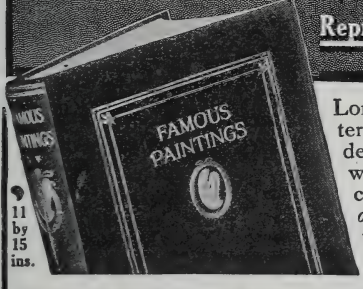


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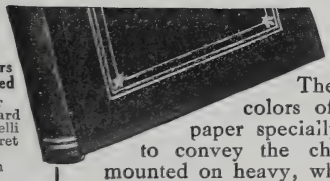
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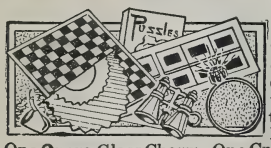
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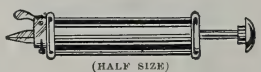
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DEC -3 1914

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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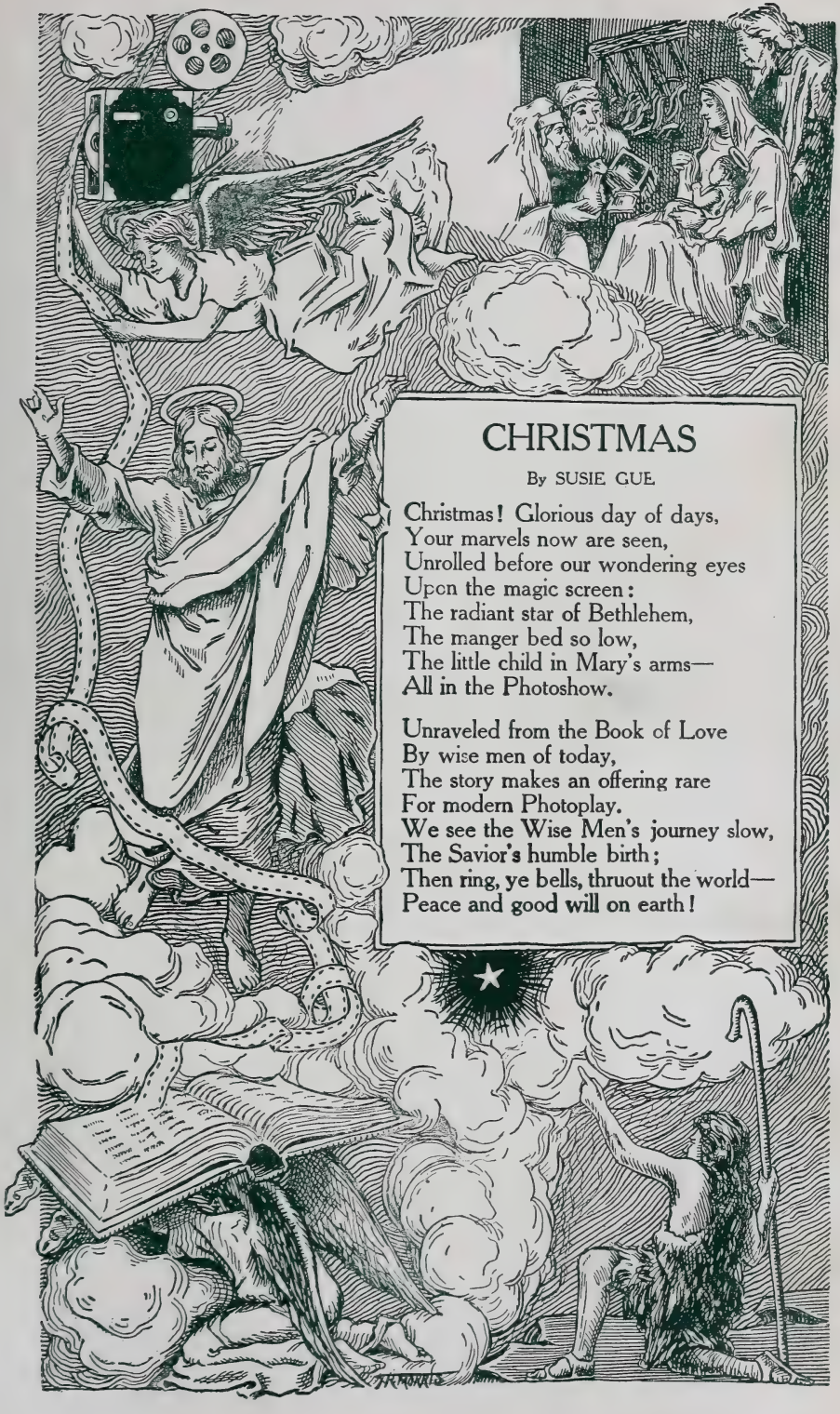
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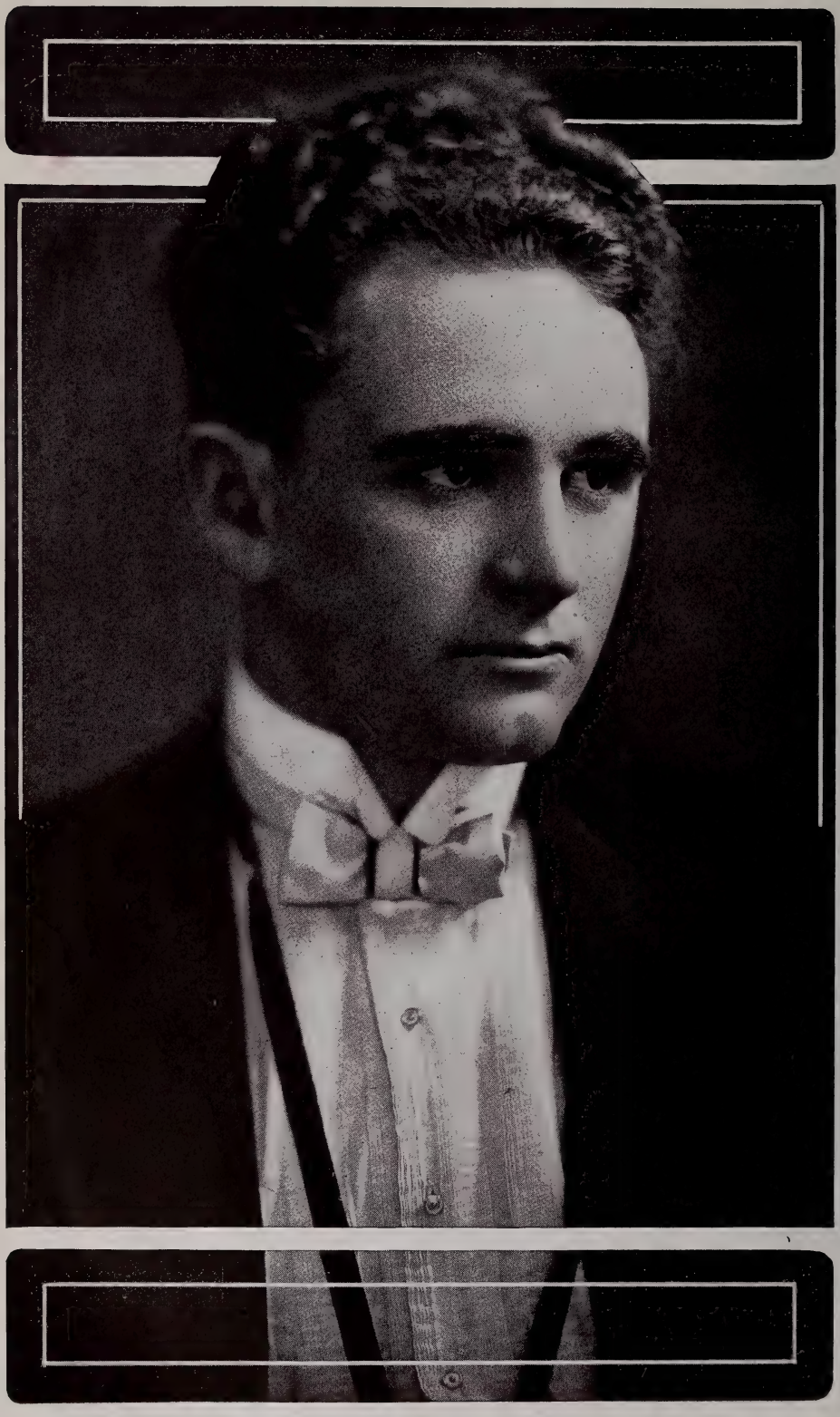
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Vol. VIII No. 12



In Quest of a Story

(Biograph)

By JANET REID

ARLINE sat, pen poised fresco ceilingward, eyes probing the misty draperies for inspiration. It remained aloof, and the fair authoress rose from her dainty escritoire in weary disgust. Fame was not always comfortable, she considered, with a yearning recollection of her obscurity, and being in demand, editorially, was often irksome. Particularly when one's brain was as vapid as dish-water, and one's ideas conspicuous by their absence.

From her window she faced a goodly view of the umbrageous park, with its smooth sweeps of drive and its motley motor procession. Not there did Inspiration hover, gossamer-winged. The smug surety of it all oppressed the youthful genius, and the wild rose-wings of Romance seemed stifled and obscured. Arline sighed dejectedly, then her face lit with one of her rare, illuminating smiles.

"Nell!" she exclaimed happily; "that's where I'll go. I've never been there yet that I haven't returned and written something *vital*—something that has wrung tears of blood even from saturate, editorial souls. Things are so throbbingly real down there—the thin, pitiful rags seem to expose the living hearts beneath with all their burdening, human secrets. There, if anywhere, lies hid the heartbeat of the race!

Arline Wade had been favored of Fortune as well as gifted of the gods. Early in her youth, discovering the treasure within her, she began sending forth her messages to the world, and, wondrous fact, the world had paused to listen. Perhaps, being a judicial old world, it was because she had something to say: richness and wonder of youth—the first-fruits of experience — glamorous, unmarred romantic faith—and, best of all, a boundless, enveloping, humanitarian pity. Most of her time away from her work, which popularity had made pressing, was spent in the slum districts. Not, be it said, as the airy dispenser of other people's bounty, but as the free giver of her own heart and cheer and tears and aching sympathy. And she sorrowed most of all, as she loved the most dearly, Nell Adams and her sister, Margaret. Nell was blind—hopelessly so, the Settlement doctor said. Therefore Nell, with inner vision undisturbed, looked out upon life with a rare fund of humor and a splendid, imaginative ability. She even persuaded Margaret, as they toiled over multitudinous paper flowers for a

factory that made anything but multitudinous returns, to a belief that the flowers exhaled rare perfume. And she wandered, herself, in Elysian fields, worlds apart from the one drearily destitute room. The bright, particular figure about which she constructed her rainbow dreams was that of Arline Wade. To the child, fast leaving childhood's shore, the gentle voice and velvet touch of the young



ARLINE VISITS HER BLIND FRIEND IN QUEST OF A STORY

authoress were like stars shining from an impalpable dark. She was dreaming of her, while her thin, deft fingers twisted the pretty artifices, as the door opened gently and Arline looked in.

"May I enter?" she queried humbly, with that invariable courtesy that had won her the hearts of her less favored brethren.

"Oh—yes—yes, *indeed*—please!" Nell's ecstatic voice rang out before Margaret had time to rise.

"No, dont get me a chair, Margy—I'm restless—and I'd rather stand. You've got to help me—write a story!" She sat on the edge of Nell's chair, as she finished, and lifted up the long, silken curls tenderly. Margaret, a slender, tired-faced girl of twenty, laughed deprecatingly. "You'll not find much story-telling in us, Miss Arline," she said; "we haven't time in the day, and we're too tired at night. Barick Street dont boast of many stories, I'm afraid."

"Ah, but it does!" Arline patted Nell's shoulders and went around to Margaret; "it boasts of many, many stories, Margaret. Didn't you know that most of my recent ones have come straight from Barick Street—some of them from this very room? Surely you've known that?"

Margaret flushed uncomfortably. She did not like to say that her weary eyes refused stubbornly to follow the print at night and that many of the magazines were still unread. Arline perceived the flush and fathomed the cause. She waived the subject, turning again to Nell, who was sitting momentarily idle, face flushed in thought. "Well, Nellie," she teased, "has your young brain woven me a story out of whole cloth?" The child raised an eager face to the beloved voice.

"Miss Arline," she said, a bit breathlessly, "cant you really think of a single, solitary story?"

"I really can't."

"Would you do—'most anything—to think of one?"

"I'd take desperate, piratical measures, Nellie," grimly affirmed Miss Wade.

The child drew a long breath. "Would you—be *blind?*" she hissed, with unmeant dramatics.

"Blind?" Arline looked incredulous.

"Oh, not truly blind, you know—

just make-believe blind. Miss Arline, you'd have the strangest adventures if you did. I've had them; people talk to me—not the way they talk to other folks, it seems—and they tell me stories and all sorts of things. You'd have more, stranger ones still, 'cause you're older—and—and pretty!"

Arline clapped her hands and kist the child's paling cheek. "You little wizard!" she cried, ecstatically, "it's a wonderful plan—it will give me endless material—I never could have thought of it. But how shall I pretend?"

Margaret looked dubious. Her mind did not take such flights as achieved by Nell, and she looked upon the escapade darkly. "I've got an old skirt," she ventured tentatively, not wishing to appear unenthusiastic, "and a pair of black glasses."

"The very things. Where are they? I'll start at once, and I'll send Mr. Danis the biggest story he's ever printed!"

"Where's Barnes?" growled the city editor, emerging for a single, grimy, smoky instant from sheafs of copy.

"In th' booth," drawled the cub, laconically, with the unbearable assurance of a youngling who has but just achieved a big scoop and bears the honors weightily.

"Get 'm!"

Barnes appeared presently, flushed from the confinement of the phone booth, hat thrust well back, keen, thoroly American face, alert and tensed. The city editor glared at him a whit less contemptuously than he had at the elated cub. The city editor had never been known to glare at any one living sans the contempt. "Go out 'n get a feature for the Sunday edition, Barnes," he ordered tersely; "lots of the sob stuff—you know the sort—hustle!"

Barnes wasted no words; one never did on the city editor—a second time. He hustled—and Chance, or Fate, or Destiny, or some other ambiguous, eternally blamed lady deity led his scurrying footsteps to the park. Barnes was not of the opinion of a certain well-known writer; he believed that there was lots of romance



ARLINE PREPARES TO BE A BLIND GIRL HERSELF

speeding along the sweepy drives in highly luxurious motors—likewise many sobs. Else Barnes would not have scurried parkward. Being an onlooker as to the motors and all pertaining thereto, Barnes did not feel that weighty sense of smugness and surety and surfeit. In fact, Barnes might have rigorously denied the defining of any such word as "surfeit." And so he dropped onto a bench and scanned the passing equipages in strong hope of a sob—or at least an indication that might enable him to seize some unsuspecting notable,

throw him, or her, into the limelight of the press, and deluge the whole with unsavory sobs. Essentially sobs —for so had quoth the city ed.

Suddenly the gasolene autocracy became conscious of a lack of scrutiny—Barnes had directed his sob-searching attention elsewhere. A girl was standing on the opposite walk—a slender, halting figure of a girl, with hand outstretched, holding a tin cup. Barnes savagely bet himself a month's salary that it a crumpled dollar-bill and the bargain store sum of forty-nine cents. Deliberately he parted the uncleanly bill from the silver and weighed the two reflectively. "To-day is Thursday," he ruminated; then followed a rapid calculation: "no lunch Friday," he deduced at last. "But, h—ll! I bet that girl has nothing—not even a hall bedroom, and five ninety-four in the Dime Savings, and a sure chance of promotion—I just bet you she hasn't! Well, here goes—bye, bone." Affec-



BARNES IS SENT OUT IN QUEST OF A STORY

was empty. At the same time he absorbed the fact that she was blind, unbelievably lovely, and with an air, somehow, of those who rode in limousines. That last Barnes worriedly attributed to a mind becoming over-stimulated, or to the quick lunch rapidly becoming unbearable; but her beauty was glaringly evident.

"Good Lord A'mighty!" he reflected, "what a rotten deal some of us get! There's that girl—the peer of any in this little beehive—doomed to that kind of a beat—hungry, for all I know — maybe homeless." Barnes' hand stole furtively to his trouser-pocket, and emerged clutching tionately, if surreptitiously, caressing the filthy greenback, Barnes risked his life among the motors and crossed to the blind girl's side. His was a face aglow with renunciation, and under the running nonsense of his outer thoughts was the same humanitarian glow that illumined the face, and the life, of a certain young authoress. The blind girl raised sightless eyes to Barnes, yet her lips curved in a curiously whimsical, fellowly way.

Barnes smoothed out the decrepit certificate, and placed it carefully in the cup with a portentous "Hem!" The eyes of the blind girl flickered for an instant; then her voice said

gently, "Thank you, sir, oh, very much."

"Not at all," returned Barnes, with the air of the habitual philanthropist. "Not at—at all. Er—could you—would you, I mean—care to sit on this bench awhile? I'd like to talk to you—awfully well."

"Just a very little while," the girl assented. "I—I haven't much time to spare—you see——"

"Fact," agreed Barnes, congenially; "business *is* bad, isn't it?" This with a covetous glance at the dollar-inhabited cup. The blind girl bit her lower lip sharply. It almost seemed that the imp of an unseemly mirth gripped her; then she said, sadly, "What goes wrong to-day may be different to-morrow—and you have been so—so very kind."

"Not at all," again proffered Barnes, feeling her gratitude headily sweet, "not at *all*—but would you care to give me your address? I'm anxious to see you again—I want to know how you make out; please"—noting the flush rise on the lovely, patrician face—"please dont think I'm a—a duffer or anything like that—taking unfair advantage, you know. I really mean it—from my heart. I do want to see you again."

The blind girl rose. She felt the young importunate was approaching realism too rapidly. She could not account for the unbidden response in her own heart. She felt as if she had met, all unawares, a kindred soul, one who spoke the same language, one who, tritely enough, "understood her."

"My address is 14 Barick Street," she told him, "top floor. Thank you—and good-by."

Long after she had gone, Barnes sat on, then he rose to his feet with a long breath. "Gee!" he whistled boyishly, "I haven't dreamed these dreams since the kid days—somehow they seem good. What a face—what a voice—Jove, what a wonder-girl!" Barnes traversed the sweepy drives in silence, then he halted sharply. "Lord!" he called piously, "if I haven't got my story—what better? The lovely blind girl—the motors swirling by—the empty cup—the la-de-das—and all that. The public likes contrasts like that—the idle rich and the other side, strongly put. I'll mix up some personal stuff and give it a mighty punch. It might even help her—who knows? Hey! Good God——!"

A tiny, beruffled girl-child sprang from her abstracted nurse straight in the pathway of one of the speeding motors. Barnes leaped with old-time college skill and pulled the little one from under the very tread of the encroaching wheels. It was a daring leap and the palpitant maid was garrulous with praise. "She's Doctor Sargent's baby," she explained, "and he'll be just crazy to hear of it. He'd never get over not being able to thank you—please come along with us, sir—it's only up two blocks."

Barnes knew who Doctor Sargent was, just as he knew who every notable and next-door-to-notable was in the metropolis. He never knew whether his ulterior motive in going was formulated then or not. At all events, he went, and the great eye specialist thanked him with a choking gratitude that proved how deep a niche the wee, beruffled person held in her father's heart.

"And you must let me prove my gratitude," he ended, smilingly; "we live in a world of externals, you know—and we sometimes appreciate external manifestations. Pray do not be offended." Barnes shook his head at the waddy roll extended.

"No, thanks," he declined, cheerfully, "I'd rather not if you dont mind; but there is something you can do for me, doctor—and it would mean more than anything else."

"I shall be glad of the opportunity."

"It's the case of a little friend of mine—14 Barick Street—top floor—she's blind, sir, and in pretty poor straits. If anything could be done——"

"We shall see," the surgeon said; "this is an age of miracles, and all

things are possible. Give me your address and I shall let you know the outcome."

A month passed by before Arline Wade found opportunity to go down to Barick Street again. She had been more than ordinarily busy. And she had been busy on what she considered the biggest story she had ever done. It was nearing completion, yet somehow the tangled threads would not smooth out and weave together. Something was wanted ere completion—she could not find the missing clue. It was a simple tale, built around wealth and extreme want, and heroed by a gallant, threadbare knight with a whimsical, tender mouth, honest, dream-sweet eyes, and an arrogant nose. She had spent some happy, happy moments in the delineating of that character. She could not remember ever having loved a character so well. He seemed very real, and very near, and very intimately human. And yet he would not take himself off her pages in any graceful style. He seemed obdurate, and try as she might no fitting conclusion presented itself. It was in this stage of desperation that she determined to voyage again to Barick Street and to see the little friend who had sent her in quest of this beautiful, unfinished tale, who had been the means of her finding the captivating, stationary hero.



LITTLE NELL LEAVES FOR THE HOSPITAL

Margaret sat alone at the wooden table as Arline pushed the door ajar, and her eyes filled with quick tears as Arline came to her with a hasty, "Margy, where's Nell—where's Nell?"

Then it all came out: the great surgeon who had arrived and examined Nell's eyes—his orders that Margaret make her ready for him to take to the hospital—the mysterious "man" who had given Nell's address. "They came for her this morning," Margaret ended up, her voice breaking with the anxiety in her heart, "and I'm to go up at five—it's near to that now."

"We'll go together," Arline said gently; "get your things, dear, and be brave—little Nell is safe—and perhaps can *see!* Think what that will mean!"

The operation, delicate, subtle thing that it was, had been successful, and Nell turned her head to them, as they entered, with eyes like twin stars, so aglow they were with an almost unearthly gladness. Margaret kist her with the warm tears on her face, and Arline held her close, murmuring tendernesses and soothing words. She raised her head to face the astonished countenance of the hero of the unfinished tale. Barnes stood supine. A weak and wobbly smile zig-zagged across his mouth; his wide eyes took in Nell, then returned to Arline. Finally:

"Er—how do you do?" managed Barnes. Arline laughed, but it was a very gentle laugh.

"How do *you* do?" she returned; "please dont be so startled. I have seen Doctor Sargent, and I can clear up the mystery in the twinkling of an eye. It is this way." Briefly and graphically Arline sketched the train of events leading up to this strange meeting: her search for a story—her disguise—her unwillingness to give her true address—and the consequent arrival of Doctor Sargent at the address she had given him, that of Nell. "So you see," she concluded, a bit wistfully, "it did do some good, after all—the disguise—and the pretense—and our meeting — and — all that. Aren't you—glad?"

"*Very,*" affirmed Barnes, his heart rapidly reaching his eyes as the mystery became clear to him.

"And not being in the habit of taking money under false pretenses," Arline pursued, fumbling in her purse and extracting from a sacred, private compartment an exceedingly dirty one-dollar bill, "I am returning your charitable donation—with—with many thanks." Oddly enough, her heart, too, peered thru her lovely eyes at this juncture, and Barnes saw it and gloried. He reached across Nell's rocker and folded the dainty hand tightly over the time-worn bill.

"You are to keep that," he said, "until I come back—to claim it."

Nell looked at them and smiled happily. "Miss Arline," she said suddenly, "it's just like the end of—the story."

Santa's Best Gift

By GEORGE WILDEY

Every hillside and valley was winking
With the frost-jewels set in the snow;
In the heavens the stars were a-blinking
At the silent old homestead below.
Thru the window the moonlight was streaming,
Softly flooding the quaint, peaceful scene,
And each object stood forth in my dreaming
Clearly portrayed on memory's screen.

And I knew, for I almost could hear them,
That the old folks were snoring upstairs,
While the children were slumbering near them,
With their clothes neatly hung on the chairs.
There were Joseph, and Henry, and Mary,
And beside them another wee elf,
Whom I knew to be just the contrary
Little tousled-head imp of myself.

In the library, where I was peeping,
I detected a light, stealthy sound,
And from out of the chimney came creeping
A little man, chubby and round.
He was dressed in a coat, warm and furry;
On his back a huge package was slung;
And he hustled around in a hurry
Till he found where the stockings were hung.

Then he opened his pack and proceeded
To distribute his presents galore;
And he seemed to know just what was needed—
He had been there so often before.
There were jumping-jacks, nimble and funny,
And a curly-haired dog that would bark,
And the cutest white, pinkie-eyed bunnie,
And the latest new model of Ark.

But of all his fine presents, the greatest—
Something none of the children had seen,
And of Santa's inventions the latest—
Was an up-to-date picture machine.
So that henceforth, tho rough be the weather,
And the home-folks shut in by the snow,
They could cheerfully sit home together
And enjoy their own picture show.

Then the merry old saint, in a twinkle,
Decorated the great Christmas tree,
Screwed his face in a satisfied wrinkle,
And abandoned the homestead to me.
Thru the window the moonlight was streaming.
Softly flooding the quaint, peaceful scene;
And I suddenly roused from my dreaming
As "Good-night" was flashed on the screen.



On Christmas Eve

(Essanay)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of JOHN H. COLLINS

"AND so Prince Uglyman got his golden curls and velvet clothes back from the wicked witch and married the Princess Ladylove; and now, who can finish the story—Peggy or Paul?"

Two guileless and chubby faces turned upward; two pairs of limpid eyes met Grandfather's; two infantile voices were lifted with shrill accord.

"An' zay had all 'er auto-mo-biles an' dinner par-ties zay wanted."

"An' free hunnerd servants——"

"An' b'longed to 'er bestest clubs."

"An' so course zay was happy ev'rafterward."

Grandfather sighed. He was a mild, stoop-shouldered, white-haired old relic stranded by the waters of progress on an alien shore whereon the children and the grown-ups seemed to have exchanged places—the tiniest tots learnt in the sad lore of price-marks and tradesmen's bills, and their elders filling their days with tea-parties, games and sports. He had tried to make children of his grandchildren with old-time nursery fables and fairy lore, yet even he felt that Red Ridinghood and Goldilocks, to say nothing of Æsop, were sadly out of place in the radiant sophistry of the Morris library.

"Gwanfaver, isn't it 'most C'ris'-mas?" sighed Peggy, burrowing her careful curls into his shoulder. "I fought you said it would come pwitty soon."

Paul looked cautiously about the room. In the drawing-room beyond the velvet curtains buzzed the card party, oblivious to everything except the high importance of trump and lead. He applied his rosy mouth to the shriveled old ear.

"Tell us about zat Mr. Santa Claus," he whispered mysteriously.

Grandfather's eyes lighted. Twin twinkles lurked behind his spectacles. This was his trump card—to speak in the language of the drawing-room, and he pinned all his hopes to the old-time children's saint. If he could bring the rosy, jolly, mysterious

presence of Santa Claus into the Morris nursery——

"Sh! sh!" cautioned Grandfather; "mustn't let anybody hear about *him*, you know."

Grandfather's hopes of rejuvenation did not extend to the elder Morrises. The stocking ceremony was to be his secret—his and Peggy's and Paul's. The meager hoard of "pension money" under his socks in his bureau drawer was for that purpose. The children watched him, fascinated, small mouths ajar. This was the first touch of mystery that had ever entered their wise little lives, and they liked the flavor of it, even tho it had taken great subtlety and artfulness on the part of Grandfather to banish doubt as to the probability of there being a personage who would really give you something without afterward sending in his bill. He retold the tale now, leaving out no thrilling detail of North Poles or Donners and Blitzens, while they drank it in thirstily.

"I hope," sighed Peggy, at the conclusion—"I hope he'll bring me a lim'sine for my dolly an' a di'mond ring an' a—a bushel of chocolut creams."

"I want a 'lectric railway an' a motorcycle," differed Paul. "Will Santa Claus bring zem, Gwanfaver?"

"No, no," warned Grandfather, hurriedly. The pension money did not include motorcycles. "Santa Claus doesn't bring *common* things like those. Maybe your father and mother will get them for you. Santa brings tin trumpets and peppermint sticks and rag dolls—just you wait and see!"

The children sighed ecstatically. They had never owned a tin trumpet nor a rag doll. Then a burst of high-pitched laughter dispelled Santa for the time. The guests were evidently enjoying themselves. Their thin, nasal voices rasped Grandfather's forehead into a frown. He put the children aside and went softly over to the portières. Standing in his quaint coat and religious, white head against the crimson curtains, he made a patriarchal, Old Testament figure of disapproval that would have incensed



MRS. MORRIS WAS LOSING HEAVILY

his son's wife if she had noticed him. But she did not notice. Her long, nervous, over-manicured fingers gripped the gay bits of celluloid desperately. She was losing heavily, and was oppressed by the necessity of concealing her chagrin. Yet every line of her tense face spelled Bills—"The refreshments you have just



WITH CANNIBAL ZEAL, THEY ATTACKED THE EXPENSIVE DAINTIES

eaten are not paid for," cried her hard, frightened eyes. "Nor my gown—nor the maid's salary," muttered her bitten, gallantly smiling lips. "And I have lost two hundred dollars," confessed her pale cheeks. To cover the sound of these dumb tongues, she was laughing with a gaiety as apparent as the malodor of an artificial flower. Grandfather saw all this aright; saw the hot-house roses already in heavy-odored death; saw the French pastries crumbled on the silver trays, the melting ices, the sandwiches whose exotic fillings might have been dollar bills. And this was his son's life! No wonder, thought the old man miserably, that his shoulders were bent under the useless, nagging weight of it all. No wonder he had forgotten to love his family, forgotten to pray, forgotten to smile——

With bird-of-paradise preenings and flutterings, the guests arose from the tables. Some were suave and gracious, with the pleasant weight of the winnings in their gold chain purses; the others were even suaver and more gracious because of their losses. A dozen different scents stirred the air; silks ruffled; chiffons swayed.

"Parasites!" murmured Grandfather, back in the library again—"vampires!"

The children did not understand. They clapped their hands joyfully, licking their little, red lips with anticipatory tongues.

"Soon's the party goes, we'll have the cakes an' cweam zay left," they cried; "the chocolut cakes an' gween ice-cweam!"

Their impatience precipitated them into the next room as the last guests were leaving. With cannibal zeal, they attacked the expensive dainties. Grandfather, watching, remembered a row of brown-faced, shabby youngsters perched on a fence devouring doughnuts. They had not been pale and heavy-lidded like these two. With a sudden thump of his old heart, he recognized the unwelcome face of his Duty nodding at him.

He must speak to his son's wife—remonstrate with her and beg her to think what she was doing. And he

dreaded it more than he had ever dreaded the enemy's guns in his young, soldier days.

Grandfather was terribly afraid of his daughter-in-law. In her efficient, ultra presence he was like a fish out of water. He was Yesterday, she was Today, and there is no common meeting-ground for these two, unless perhaps it be Tomorrow. It was of the children, then, that Grandfather resolved to speak. But every shrunken old muscle and all the dry water-courses of his veins shook as he faced her over the two gourmands' heads.

"Mary, I—I must speak to you a moment. Will you send the children away?"

Mrs. Morris flashed him a sharp glance. She rang the bell and shoved the protesting feasters into the clutch of the maid. There was defiance in her attitude as she turned.

"Well?"

"Mary, you're not doing right by John and the young ones," said Grandfather, bravely. "You're not doing right."

Her face flamed resentfully. There is no anger so keen as that which is mingled with the consciousness of guilt.

"Really! and perhaps you will be good enough to tell me why?"

"It isn't any one thing —it's everything." Grandfather hesitated. His hand drew the big, ornate, over-decorated room into the conversation. "It's all money — money — money; even the children talk about it, and John *is* wearing himself out trying to earn it for you to waste on folly. Why do you need all this, Mary? Can ten servants make you happier than one? Can you count your callers as true friends? Can fine clothes make up to the children for fairy stories and good times?

"It—it isn't easy for me to say this, Mary, but I've got to——"

Mrs. Morris laughed a shrill, unpleasant laugh.

"Dear me!" she said; "so you are advising me to economize, are you? That is really too good! I suppose you've never stopped to consider that *you* come under the head of expenses in this household, have you? Who is paying for your board, pray? Economize! Well, I can think of a very good way to begin!"



"MARY, YOU'RE NOT DOING RIGHT"

"Mary!" the old man's voice begged her not to go on; but it was a pebble trying to stem a torrent.

"Not one cent have you ever given John since you came here! And now you say I'm not doing right by my family—are *you* doing right by us, I'd like to know? Never so much as a thank-you for your home here, and all

you can find to do is to criticize the way it's run. Seems to me you're looking your gift-horse in the mouth, Father Morris! There are people here, I can tell you, I could spare better than my cook!"

"Mary! father! What's all this?"

John Morris stood, unheralded, in the doorway, looking from one to the other, worriedly. His wife ran to him with hysterical sobs. Her costly lace handkerchief fell in shreds on the carpet. She had got up a good head of steam and was overcome at the thought of her own grievances.

"Your father has seen fit to find fault with me, John," she cried viciously. "He has called me everything in the category—a bad wife, a cruel mother, a g-gambler, a *murderer!* He wants me to do my own washing and live on baked beans; he—he——"

The words trailed for lack of breath. The old man drew himself up slowly, meeting his son's miserable eyes.

"Mary is right," he said; "I didn't realize, I guess, but I haven't any business to stay here. I'm in the way, kind of, and an expense to you. No, John, I'd better be moving on——"

His son started toward him, but the woman held her mate back, gasping and weeping. There was no time to argue the matter now.

"I'll see you later, father," he said uneasily. "There, there, Mary—there—the-re——"

When at last he was able to hunt for his father, the old man was gone.

Santa Claus stamped his shabby shoes on the frosty pavement in a fruitless attempt at warming. He had been pacing up and down before the red pot, swung on its tripod, for hours, and his breakfast had been a very abbreviated meal. Thru the coarse wire netting across the top of the pot had filtered a grudging stream of small coin. "Keep the Pot Boiling for the Newsboys' Dinner," read the sign above it, but most of those who passed were thinking of turkeys too small and too expensive for big families and the long, empty stockings that must be filled out of that five-dollar bill.

Santa did not blame any one for not stopping. He knew how hard it was to stretch a little money into a long result; dear, dear! didn't he know it, tho! Under the loose, white beard his shrunken old jaws chattered as the brisk wind found the thin spots under the red coat that looked warmer than it felt.

"Merry Ch-Christmas, everybody!" shivered Santa Claus. "Dont forforget the n-newsboys' dinner!"

Christmas dinner! Turkey, rich brown gravy and mashed turnips, creamed onions, too, maybe, and pie—Santa's mouth watered. He had eaten almost seventy such dinners, but this year——

"They pay real well for this job," said Santa to his flagging old courage. "I can have a good hot dish o' soup or maybe stew."

But, hungry as he was, it was not his body alone that craved; his forlorn old heart was hungry, too. Christmas was a home day, a family time, and when there was no home, no family, one had to whistle very loudly indeed and stamp one's feet harder than ever.

"Keep the pot boiling, folks," shrilled Santa Claus, hurriedly. A wisp of a newsboy going by paused. His small, pinched face was full of baby curves that some mother should be kissing, but there was a wizened unyouth about him. He stared down into the pot, then up at the cold old Santa Claus.

"Gee!" drawled the urchin, sarcastically. "Gee! we dont need t' eat, does we, th' rest of th' year, s'long's we git full on Chris'mas! Pipe th' old guy in th' fur coat put in a penny, will yer? Aint he kind!"

He shifted the heavy bundle of papers to his other arm.

"Uxtry! Uxtry!" he called—"Say, old gent, wot's bitin' youse?"

For Santa Claus had given a hoarse cry. The headlines of the topmost paper lay under his glance.

"Morris Company Fails," he read.

"Biggest Brokerage Firm in City Closes Its Doors."

For a long time Santa Claus forgot to stamp his feet or stir his pot. The false whiskers framed two tired Lear-eyes full of helpless tears blotting out the whirl of passers-by.

Along the powdered pavement came a sad little group. The two children pulling at the maid-servant's hand, scuffled their boot-tips protestingly and whined as they went.

"I doesn't want a 'lectric railroad," wailed the gloomy boy-person, frantically. "I doesn't want a motorcycle——"

"I hate china tea-sets," glowered the girl-person. "I want a wag doll!"

Suddenly the boy halted. His eyes had caught a glimpse of something that set them dancing. Watching his chance, he slid behind his guardian as she turned into a big department store, and ran across the pavement, clutching a red coat wildly.

"Oh, Mr. Santa Claus!" panted Paul. "You *is* Mr. Santa Claus, isn't you?"

The figure in the red trappings started violently.

"Paul!" cried Santa Claus, in a strange, strained voice, "Paul!"

"Lissen—I got to hurry, but Gwanfaver said you'd come to our house, an' I wanted to tell you what to bring!" He lowered his voice cautiously, standing on impotent tiptoe. "Never min' ve pwesents if you'll please to bring my Gwanfaver back," whispered Paul.

The frantic maid-servant, appearing at this point, dragged the child, protesting, from the trembling grasp of a Salvation Santa Claus.

"You naughty boy, you!" she was scolding as they disappeared. "I bet your mama sends you to bed before the Christmas tree is trimmed tonight!"

The old figure in the red mockery of mirth seemed to grow straighter suddenly. He was no longer even cold. He thrust his wrinkled hands into his trouser pockets, jingling a lonesome coin or two.

"With what they give me tonight, there'll be enough," he muttered jubilantly. "I can get a dinner at the Army tomorrow. The Lord'll take care o' me. 'Gwanfaver said Santa Claus would come,' and he *shall,* bless 'em—oh, bless 'em!" The words were almost a prayer. Santa Claus took up his pacing again, and his voice rang out so jovially that the stream of pennies clinked a steady accompaniment to the words.

"Merry Christmas, everybody!" he cried. "It's the Day of Little Folks! Dont forget the newsboys. Merry Christmas to you all!"

It was very dark in the nursery, except where the white-fingered Lady Moon had brushed the carpet into silver streaks. A faint glow marked the fireplace, and the long, sleeping breathing of children, broken now and then by a hiccough of grief, indicated the bed by the window. Over the mantelpiece a clock ticked crossly, scolding to itself.

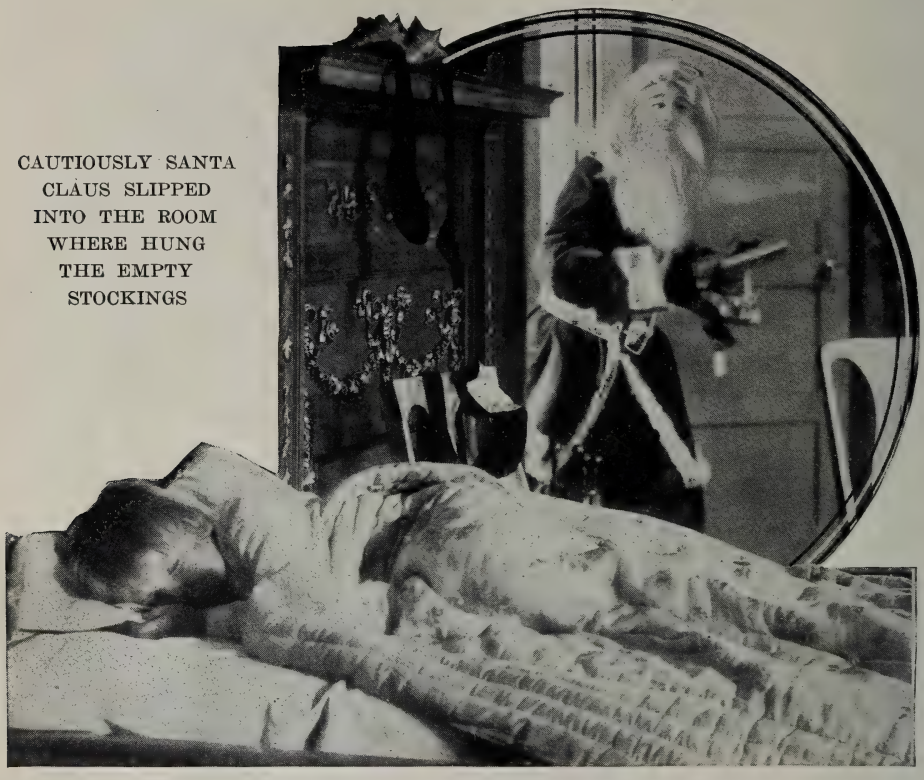
"Pret-ty do-ings," it seemed to be saying, "on Christ-mas Eve! Doesn't any-body see the stock-ings, pray?"

A pair of keen old eyes, looking in thru the window curtain from the fire-escape, made out the dangling, empty shapes in the gloom. Cautiously Santa Claus lifted one leg over the sill, then the other. Cautiously he stole across the floor toward the chimneypiece. But the bundles under his arm trembled to the floor in a guilty start as the handle of the door was turned. A swish of skirts, and the lights flared on. Santa Claus and the woman with the tear-reddened eyes looked into each other's faces. She gave a glad cry:

"Father—oh, *father!*"

The old man blinked apologetically in the pitiless electric glare. His unshaven old lips were trembling. At his feet a few small pitiful packages lay. Thru the torn paper of one protruded a red-and-blue tin horn. A rag doll-arm waved from another. With shamefaced swiftness, he stooped and picked them up.

"I just got a few fixings for the



CAUTIOUSLY SANTA CLAUS SLIPPED INTO THE ROOM WHERE HUNG THE EMPTY STOCKINGS

young ones, Mary—I didn't mean for you to hear me——"

She was sobbing against his thin old coat as he had never seen her sob before.

"Father—can you forgive me? We've hunted and hunted—we couldn't find you—oh, I've been wild, frantic——"

He was smoothing the abased head with awkward, clumsy tenderness.

"There, there, Mary—dont fret—"

The door snapped open again. A tall man stood there, bewildered.

"*Father!* Thank God!"

The hands of the men met in masculine understanding. Then the older one shook his head doubtfully.

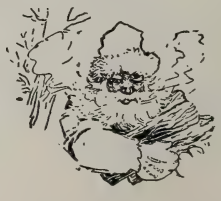
"But—the papers said—— No, no, John, I cant be a burden on you now you're in business trouble——"

"I can pay a hundred cents on the dollar," declared the son, proudly. "There wont be much left, but we've got each other, and—it's Christmas Eve!"

From the bed two pairs of round, wondering eyes surveyed the scene confusedly. Santa Claus minus his whiskers suddenly became lovable.

"Why, it's Gwanfaver!" marveled the small girl-person, in shrill delight. "Oh, goody, goody! Gwanfaver has come home!"

" 'Course he has, silly!" lorded the boy-person, complacently. "Me an' Santa Claus fixed zat up this afternoon!"





This story was written from the Photoplay of SHANNON FIFE

"You couldn't be more absent-minded if you were in love!"

Belle Thorne tossed the remark lightly over her shoulder at her sister. She had no notion that she was aiming so well, until a deep carnation burned suddenly in Jane's smooth, pale cheeks. Belle's fingers fell from the keys. She drew in her breath sharply. Then, rising, she went to the window and stood looking away, her forehead pressed to the cool glass. In the distance a tall, lithe figure was leading a black horse toward the stables. The sight of him wrenched the girl's heart like a pain. It was some moments before she dared to face her sister again, but when she did she was cool and cynical.

"But after all, I suppose there isn't any likelihood of our falling in love, marooned on this stupid old plantation," she said casually, watching Jane's face under lowered lashes. "We'll doubtless stay here till we grow wrinkled and ancient, and knit afghans, and people call us 'the Thorne girls'—pleasant prospect!"

Jane put down her needle, undecided. She had a piece of news for her sister which she was both proud and afraid to tell her. It was a glimpse of the same tall figure thru the window that decided her.

"Belle, dear—suppose I should say I *had* fallen in love already?" she said softly. "Would you care?"

"Care!" There was raillery in the other's voice. She laughed gaily. "Dear, dear, I believe I'm on the track of a romance. Who is it, Jane, honey?"

Jane gestured toward the sunny landscape lying beyond the windows.

"Mr. Grey?" There was hope in Belle's voice, fiercely restrained.

"Mr. Grey! Heavens, no, that stupid, homely old thing! Why, he's as old as father was! Guess again."

Beneath the elder sister's beauty writhed a wild rout of passions; for an instant it seemed to her that she hated Jane. Since childhood she had given her treasures uncomplainingly to this sister—her dolls, her ribbons; and now she must yield—*him*.

"Pedro?"

"Oh, Belle, to think he loves me!" she sighed. "It was only yesterday he told me. I never dreamed—but I'd been caring for him for a long time. I cant really remember when I



BELLE IS DISTURBED BY JANE'S ANNOUNCEMENT

didn't love Pedro. He was so wonderful when he told me. His voice just shook, and he kept pushing back his curls—— You know the funny little way he does it, Belle——"

"I *beg* your pardon, Jane dear, but I'm afraid I didn't hear all you said." She jumped to her feet briskly. "I was thinking I'd have to warn Craven not to smoke so much around the stables. He'll do harm some day. You were saying something about Pedro, weren't you?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that I am going to marry him." Jane was plainly offended.

"Does he know it yet?" Sugary malice undertoned the words. "Of course, if you *care* for that foreign type, dear—tho a charity waif isn't just my idea of a husband."

She went out of the door and into the stable yard, hardly conscious of what she was doing. Instinctively, she was running away from her thoughts, as tho by outdistancing them they would become less true. And here distraction of a spectacular kind awaited her. Thru the windows of the stable long, graceful, treacherous smoke-serpents coiled and wound. The door was a frame to a bright picture of flames. The stable hands were huddled in a knot by the door, while within dark figures, silhouetted on the red glow, led the frantic, plunging horses into safety. It was as sudden and unexpected and withal as silent as a dream. Belle stood paralyzed. She did not hear her sister's sobbing cries at her elbow, nor the urging calls of the men. Thru the flare and flicker she had caught a glimpse of a tall figure. With a sudden, passionate cry, she sprang past a dozen extended hands and into the maelstrom of crackling timbers.

"Pedro! Pedro!" moaned Jane. She clutched her lover's arm, half-fainting. His woolen shirt was scorched and pungent under her cheek. "Belle—she went into the stable—oh, my God!"

"It wont hold another five minutes," said Craven, the overseer, sullenly. "The horses that are left are plunging and biting like so many devils gone stark crazy. You're a fool, man, if you try to go back."

Pedro was very pale. He bent Jane's head back, almost roughly, and kist her solemnly on her forehead.

"Your father fed me and clothed me, and I'd be a cowardly sneak to

fail his girls. Wait for me, dear. I'll bring her back——" And he was gone.

Thru the suffocating murk he groped his way, feeling, calling, listening. The roar of the flames was a voice of doom in his ears. The death-shrieks of the abandoned horses bewildered him. As he felt his senses swimming, he stumbled over something that clung to him, babbling and laughing.

"It's Belle, Pedro," the girl cried. "I came to find you—to die with you." With a hideous roar the floor behind them fell in. The boards under their feet swayed and billowed. She clutched the man who was trying desperately to lift her. With the red stain on her face and her eyes shameless in the face of death, Belle flung her arms about his neck.

"You're mine, mine!" she cried, triumphant. "Dont you see how I love you, now, Pedro? Look at me! Am I ugly? Am I true? Am I worth loving? Tell me—never mind the flames. I dont want to live. I want to die with you!"

One instant their eyes locked. Then, with a grim laugh, he swung her to his shoulder and turned. The world reeled. He died a hundred deaths before the door was gained. Under his very feet the wood charred into embers, like slushing ice. The cowhide boots were burned from his feet and his lungs were choked with acrid, smarting smoke before life and the outer world stung his smarting eyes. Silently he gave his burden into her sister's care. Jane knelt beside her with a pitiful look.

"Oh, Belle! why did you do it?" she moaned. The other girl brushed back her wild, singed hair and smiled coolly with blackened, bitter lips.

"Oh! I went back to get Lady Jane," she said, "but I couldn't find her." She struggled to one elbow. "Come here, Craven. I suppose it was your miserable cigar—come, speak up——"

The overseer looked around the circle of faces like a trapped thing. His glance fell on Pedro, and a lie sprang to his tongue.

"No; 'twas him yonder — the greaser——"

Pedro's eyes flashed. He doubled one fist and would have sprung upon the liar, but Jane held him back.

"No, no, dear—dont soil your hands with that coward. No one will believe him."

Craven flung caution to the winds. He had long nursed hatred of this lithe, handsome young Spaniard who stood so high in the graces of the ladies. His ugly face was distorted with his revenge.

"No one will believe him, eh?" he barked in hatred. "Not if he was to say, for instance, that that Spanish cur has nigger blood in his veins! Ha, ha! thought you wouldn't believe me! But it's true. Your fine lover is a common half-breed. I knew his mother—a pretty slave-girl she was. But o' course you dont believe me."

He swung on his heel, chuckling. One by one the others slunk away. Pedro held out his arms, joyously.

"Never mind his lies, sweetheart," he cried. "Give me a kiss and tell me you're glad I came back to you."

Her lips would not move. At the horror of him in her eyes his eager arms fell. "Why—why—you—know—it isn't true, what that fellow said——"

She spoke hoarsely. "Pedro, do *you* know it isn't true?"

Silence separated them, like a tangible thing. The chasm of distrust opened at her feet, and looking across it he knew that he had lost her forever. It did not come at once. There were tears, broken words, wavering flickers of faith. She alternately shrank from him and clung to him. But thru it all he saw the end. When it came, she lifted a broken, suffering face to his passive one.

"I couldn't bear it—the *not knowing,* Pedro," she said sadly. "There is no proof—never can be one, now that father is gone. I dont suppose you'll say you forgive me——"

He held himself in check proudly, tho his arms tried to open toward her.

"What difference does it make?" he said wearily. "I'm the same man I was yesterday—it's you who are changed. Please go, dear, while I can let you go."

Shaken by sobs, bowed like a rain-drenched flower, the girl staggered away. Her lover watched the house swallow her.

"Well," he said aloud, in a rush of anguish, "so this is the end."



"PEDRO, DO YOU KNOW IT ISN'T TRUE?"

"No, not the end—the beginning."

He whirled. Belle Thorne stood beside him. "Take me—I am not afraid of any one's lies."

The man shook his head, smiling faintly. Then he bowed low over her extended palms.

"Dear lady, I thank you," he said, "but I would not be an honorable man if I stayed near you with a stain upon my name. Some day I will come back, my race proven—and Jane, she will change."

His eyes burned. They were two strong, proud creatures, and they had just passed together thru the shadow of death. She was so different from her shy, timid sister. Perhaps—— He bowed again and turned away. "I shall leave the plantation today," he said quietly. "What is to be, will be. God alone knows the future. I shall say good-by. If Heaven is pitiful, perhaps it will not be so."

She stood long where he had left her, her bosom heaving; then she smiled.

"No, it is not good-by," she said. "For I love him, and my love will draw him back to me some day."

Jane sat listlessly over her fitful sewing. She was dressed with the dont-careness of a wife who is not afraid of her husband's love wandering. George Grey was not a man for whom it was necessary to curl one's hair. Jane had looked for magic and mystery in married life, and had found it dull prose. The discovery had sketched fine lines in her cheeks.

"Jane! what do you think!" The girl in the doorway was palpitant with her news and breathless from hurrying. "I ran all the way," she confessed, plumping down in a chair. "But, you see, I just had to have some one to tell! It's about Pedro."

"Pedro——" Jane turned very white.

"Yes. I was rummaging in father's library this morning, and I found an old diary put away behind the rest. In it father tells about adopting him. He is a pure-blooded Spaniard of high rank, father said—"

"Well, really!" smiled Jane, with stiff lips. She bent her head over her work. "Why all this excitement? For years I have buried and lost even the memory of Pedro."

"Well, I haven't!" Belle sprang to

her feet cheerfully. "I'd marry him tomorrow if he came back."

"And asked you to."

"I dont believe I'd wait to be asked," said Belle, gently. "One doesn't coquet with real things, my dear."

Long after her sister had gone, Jane Grey sat a prey to black, bitter thoughts. She, too, had her discovery, but tortures could not have wrung it from her in her sister's presence. Pedro *was* back—a surveyor on the next plantation. Her husband had told her so, with a dour look in his small, porcine eyes. If Belle met him——

She looked about the careless room, as bare and unadorned as her own cheerless life. She thought of her old lover—his black eyes, the little way he had of flinging back his curls—and her pulses beat. Tossing aside her sewing, she smoothed her hair into the coiffure of years agone and caught up a rose from the pitcher on the table, thrusting it, in faded coquetry, into the coils. Then she went out of the room.

She walked rapidly away from the house. It was a long, stolid, barren, prosy place, like its master, and seemed to be watching her thru a dozen blank, suspicious little eyes of glass. At the turn of the road was a long cotton field, and, leaning on the fence, stood a tall, lithe figure.

"Pedro!" cried Jane Grey, sharply —"Pedro!"

"Good-afternoon. It is Jane, isn't it?"

She could have struck the cool, rather amused face—or have kist it. Desperately she tried to hurt him.

"Mrs. George Grey, if you please!"

He showed neither surprise nor grief.

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Grey——"

She stood by the fence, talking nervously of commonplace things, not guessing that altho Pedro remained provokingly unmoved, she was producing an impression, nevertheless. Behind her, screened by bushes, stood her husband and Craven, now his overseer. The fat, middle-aged man was breathing noisily and winking back the tears in his little eyes.

"I told you," murmured the overseer. His old hatred for the handsome young Spaniard poisoned his voice. "They were once lovers. You'll have to keep your eyes open, or they'll soon be lovers again!"

The sisters had spoken of everything else but the man whose name was on the tip of their thoughts. Now, other subjects running stale, they hesitated. Then Belle dared the word.

"Pedro," she said—"Pedro—I have seen him and told him of the diary, Jane."

"And he said?" hoarsely.

"He told me that he loved me," breathed the girl, awed. Flaming, the other was on her feet.

"No, no!" she panted. "You are shameless—you have no pride. Dont you know he was *mine?* Mine, I tell you — you shant have him — you shant——"

"You seem to have forgotten George," drawled Belle, mocking.

"You shant have him," moaned the miserable wife, in dreary iteration. "Why, he kist me—what do you want of his left-over kisses? I had his real love—you *cant* have it! I tell you I love him!

"I have written him to meet me at the Cliff tomorrow at sunset," said her sister, not glancing at the pitiful figure groveling by the table. "We are going to take a boat over to Akertown and be married. I came to say goodby, Jane. Wont you kiss me, sister, and wish me happiness?"

Suddenly silent, Jane Grey pressed a cold kiss on the trembling lips and pushed her away. "Go on, child—forget what I said—I have a headache. I'll be better after I lie down."

As Belle disappeared, she stooped swiftly and snatched a scrap of paper from where it had fallen at her sister's feet.

"The letter—I'll find Craven and give it to him." She was beyond the reach of reason or reflection, panting with laboring lungs, laughing



GREY'S SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED

hoarsely. "He always hated him—he'll fix it! Heavens above! she shant have him, I say!"

And, paralyzed by hate, she did not guess that she was setting a pitfall for her own feet.

The next evening was a still, lucid one of sharp shadows and silver moon. Belle, hurrying to her tryst, watched the slender shadow-self flitting by her side, and marveled with divine blushes to remember that henceforth there would walk beside the silent image a tall man-shadow thru all their dear days.

Behind, almost as noiseless as a shadow, flitted another slim woman-form, like a hound nosing its prey, and ignorant as Belle that she, too, was followed.

Pedro was a little late. He crashed thru the underbrush recklessly, and into—a crouching, spying form. The man turned, a mass of hate and grief, upon him, with an inarticulate snarl.

"You—you dirty scoundrel——"

Surprised and displeased, Pedro promptly knocked him down. As he fell, George Grey laughed viciously:

"Go on. You're late; *she's* there already, and Craven has a gun."

Crash! the bushes snapped and snarled under startled feet. The man crouched over his rifle in the arbor at the hilltop lifted the gun-barrel. The moon's rays flashed along the steel in cold, blue fire. But the figure that flung itself from the blurred shadows was unexpectedly small and light.

"Stop—dont shoot! You're murdering an innocent man!"

Jane Grey flung herself like a wild hunted thing upon Craven, grappling for the gun. Her lips were bitten thru with the effort, and long shudders shook her as they might a sleep-walker suddenly awakened on the edge of a precipice.

"What you buttin' in here for?" the man snarled, shaking her like a rat. "I'm not doing this for *you;* it's your husband's job——"

"Yes, and he'll finish it himself!" George Grey said grimly. His bruised face was ghastly in the white, merciless light. "You'd make love to my wife, would you, you greaser blackguard——"

The words trailed out into a gasp as he saw Craven's face clearly. Muttering his defeat, the overseer flung



"LET'S BEGIN—OVER AGAIN—*NOW*," SHE WHISPERED

down the gun and slunk away, leaving the husband and wife alone.

"Where is he—the d—d, handsome greaser of yours?"

Jane touched his arm softly, pointing. Beyond the arbor, on the cliff, outlined against the pure, virgin sky, a man and woman stood locked in embrace, oblivious to place or time, or principalities or powers, or death or life, in the deep wonder of their first kiss.

"Pedro—and Belle," she whispered brokenly. "God in heaven! to think I would have destroyed—*that!*"

She heard a strange sound at her side, and turned to see the thick, commonplace figure of her husband shaken with uncouth sobs. His big hands shook against her arm; his face was convulsed like a child in heartbreaks. She looked at him curiously, and a wave of pity, that is akin to something sweeter, filled her desolate soul.

"You—cared—as much as that?" she whispered, awed.

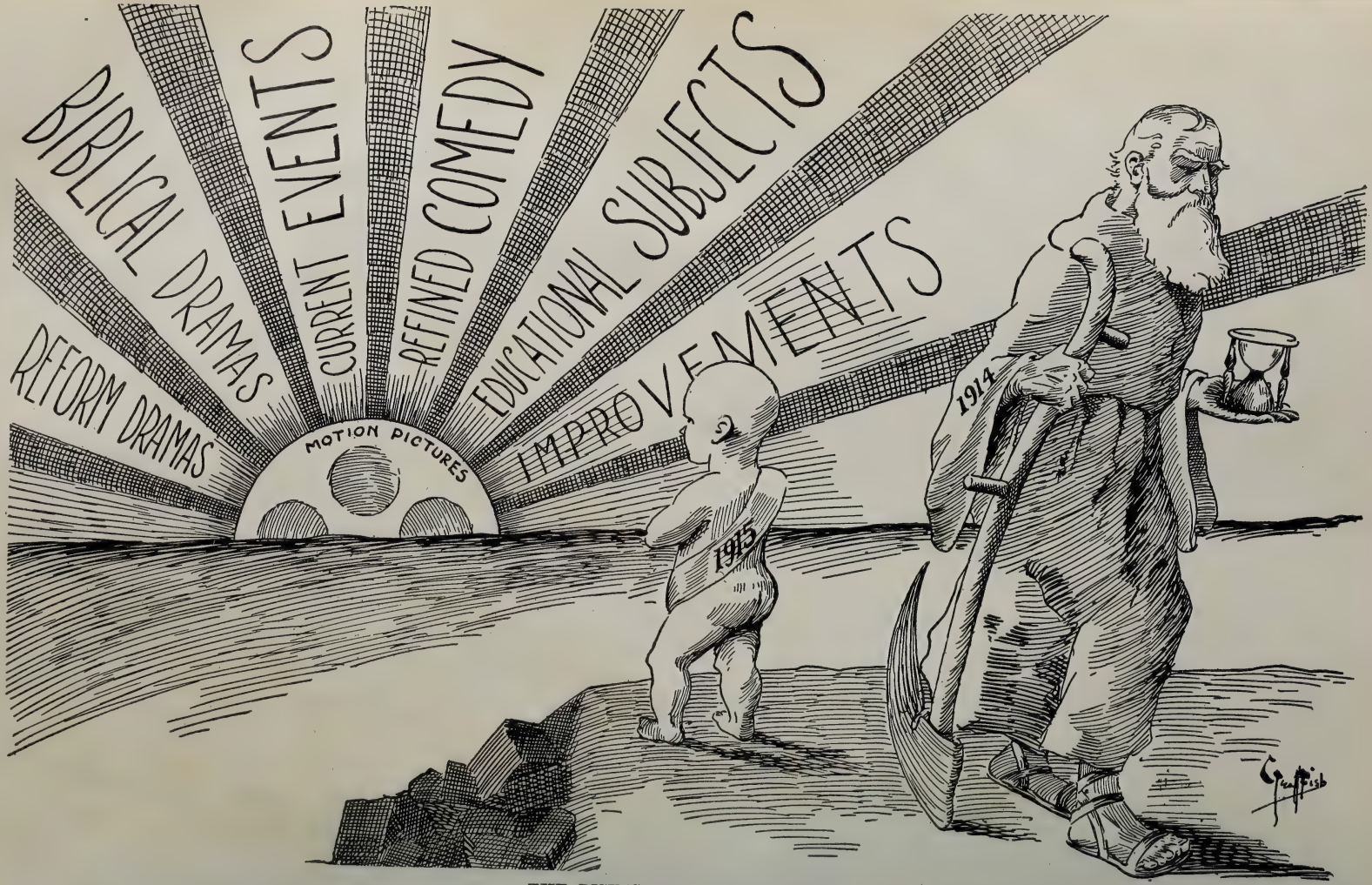
"Jane—Jane—I thought—it was *you!*" said the man, and all his love of her and need of her was in his voice. "I knew I wasn't good enough for you—I thought—maybe——"

"Ah, my dear!" she cried, and took the trembling head upon her breast as a mother her child. "Let's begin—over again—*now*," she whispered against his tear-wet cheek.

A Movie Fan's Soliloquy

By AGNES E. BENDER

To go, or not to go—that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the house to stay
And keep the fire of home-love burning bright,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by going end them all? To go, to stay,
And love; and by the going to say we soothe
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.



THE RISING SUN OF PROGRESS



SURGEON WARREN'S WARD

(ESSANAY)

By PETER WADE

This story was written from the Photoplay of JAMES OPPENHEIM

THE scented breath of spring had struck the Post, lapping at the dreary snowdrift against the barracks and swelling the creek with snow-water. Brush and willows started to swell and bud, flowers peeped thru the dark soil, and overhead the returning geese wheeled like a flight of air-scouts.

It looked good, too, to see the horses cavorting in the corral, and to watch the troopers with curry-combs and brushes pile into the stiff winter coats.

Alice Graham stood in the open door of the Major's house and watched the sure harbingers of spring.

Three months ago the house had been her own. Then came the sudden death of her father, a new commandant was called to the Post, and she had lived among strangers thru the snow-bound months.

Now the breath of spring called her from the locked-fast quarters, and the clear bugle-call of "Boots and saddles" winding across the parade piled the young blood into her cheeks.

Five minutes agone, a buckboard had whirled into the Post, and Surgeon Warren had climbed stiffly out. Blotches of gumbo mud clung to his army gauntlets, his poncho, and even to his hair. It was the caress of spring, however, and the eyes of the girl in the doorway lit with the bright blue hope of the sky.

A sea of charging mounts and men in blue came between her and the sorry spectacle of the regimental surgeon. At their head, centaur-like, straight as a new whip, rode Gordon, the Captain of E Company. He was beautiful to look upon, clear-skinned, with the deep eyes of an elk, and many a city girl from Boise had sighed away an evening with him at Post dances.

But the armor of his heart was impenetrable, tho his smiles were searching enough, and in the end his fair assailants had retired baffled and beaten by his coolness under the cross-fire of lips and eyes.

No one suspected, not even Alice herself, that Gordon had set his mind, and perhaps his heart, on capturing her and that the death of her father had forced a truce that even the handsome Captain respected.

The tinkle of a spur caused her to turn. Gordon stood by her side. His deep, smiling eyes were seeking to read hers.

"It's the call of spring," he vouchsafed, "that has brought me here to you. Your smile peeps out like the anemone from the white sheath of your throat."

"Ah," she said, thinking of the

fragile flower, "then they have come?"

"Yes, in the drift back of the corral. Won't you let me find one for you?"

It all came so suddenly—her walk with the Captain to the little hollow just outside the Post, and his imprisoning of her hands.

"Miss Graham—Alice," he burst out, holding her hands tightly, "the mad spring air has forced this upon



"IT'S THE CALL OF SPRING," HE VOUCHSAFED

me, and, oh, how I have waited with the patience of an Indian!

"I meant to speak to you," he went on, "before Warren became your guardian—a silly piece of business, by the way—and I would have been honored with your dear father's approval." The girl trembled as tho facing rifle-fire from ambush. "Alice, my love has been stifled, thwarted by Warren's old-maidishness, and I have tortured myself into impassiveness. I've been coldness itself to you all the while my heart has been——"

"Please dont go on," the girl entreated, very white and shaken; "you dont know how you pain me. I, too have a confession to make. Surgeon Warren is more than my father's friend, more than my guardian—I love him."

Gordon released her hands and squared his shoulders. "I might have known," he said gently; "pray God he will be good to you."

They walked back to the Post, sadly, the forgotten anenome still unplucked in the sod.

It was over a week before the breath of spring touched the laggard heart-strings of Surgeon Warren. At length he sought her out, and the call of spring shone from his tired eyes.

"I know where the first anemones are peeping," she hinted.

"Show me," said Warren, who never had time to waste words.

Their hands met and clasped over the pale yellow blossom.

"Alice, my dear little girl, is it possible?"

"I've loved you wildly ever since I wore pigtails and you used to drive me 'round by them," she confessed.

"Unmitigated ass! I never even dared dream such a thing!"

"But dreams come true, dear Oliver," and her happy eyes took on all the color of the western sky.

* * * * * *

Captain Gordon braced his boots against the dash of the buckboard and wrapped the reins around his wrists. The horses sprang townward, and his busy thoughts leaped ahead of them.

Like unbroken mustangs, two women raced thru his brain—the one at the Post, and she whom he was going to meet. A different breed was Sally Ward, of the Palace dance-hall, antecedents otherwise unknown, and her welcome would be warm, and she

would tremble under her paint if he smiled on her. Gordon half-feared she would not take the risk. But then —it was for him, and he smiled as he thought of his power over her.

It was the night of the first spring hop at the Post, and the regimental band filled the officers' mess-room with valiant strains.

Surgeon Warren had promised himself that he would not attend, but the thought of Alice in flower-like white compelled him to the affair. Very prim and very distrait he stood, with his back against the wall.

There was a slight commotion as a sobbing, plainly dressed girl pushed her way thru the dancers and rushed up to the retiring surgeon. In another moment she had flung both arms around his neck, and in a flood of broken words and tears was pleading for his recognition.

"Come back, come back," she wailed; "I've followed you all the way from Fort Meyer, and you can't go back on me now."

The girl clung to the frightened officer and belabored him with fresh tears and lamentations. As he strove to pull away from her faded beauty, he looked the picture of sudden contrition and guilt.

As the harrowing scene continued, Warren's fellow officers seemed bereft of their senses; but Alice, her face blazing scarlet, made her way to the girl and gently forced her to accompany her to a near-by anteroom.



GORDON PLOTS WITH SALLY WARD

There, shut off from the staring faces, the girl told her protector her sordid story—the old tale of a pretty girl in humble life captivated by a gallant officer, until, too late, she was flung aside and deserted.

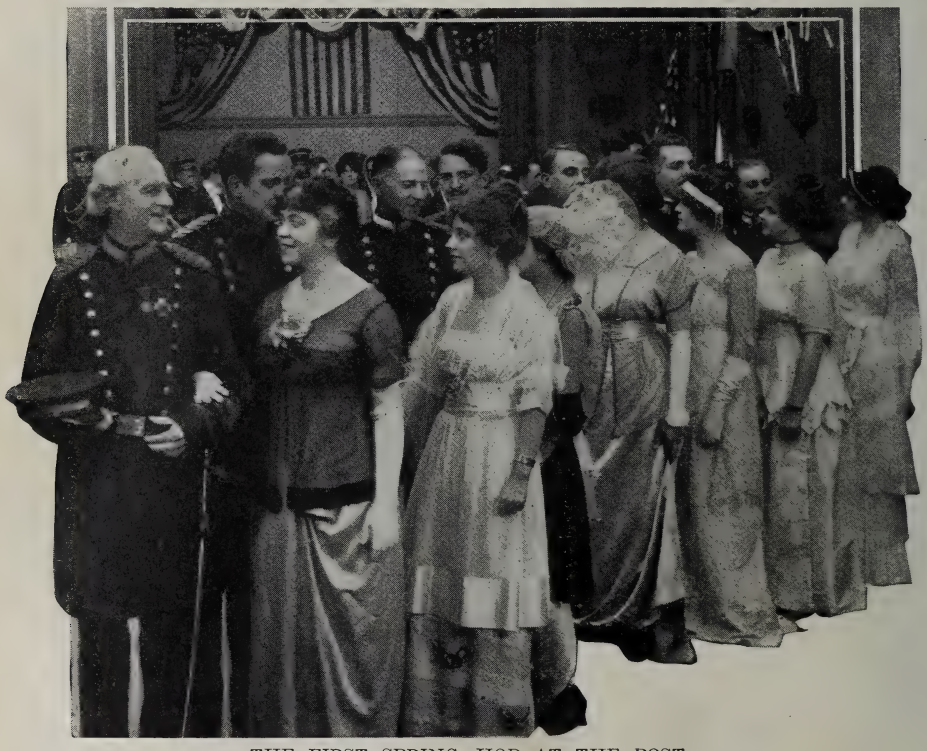
"So I followed him here," she said; "beat my way on locals and freights for over a thousand miles of pitiless country; and he wont even look at me —his wife in the eyes of Gawd."

The clear-eyed ward of Surgeon Warren listened to each gasped word. It was a terrible, mocking awakening from her dream of happiness, but she meant to see it thru.

"Wait here," she said, rising; "Mr. Warren must have a word to say."

In another minute Surgeon Warren stood shame-faced before the woman. Then, in desperation, his courage rose, and he leaned forward, peering into her face.

"Who are you?" he screamed, his hands clawed like talons; "who are you, I say, who comes stealing my honor in this miserable fashion?"



THE FIRST SPRING HOP AT THE POST

The woman rose up and fondled his shoulder, the while searching his face.

"They've all moved away," she said; "but see, I've kept the key, and all our sweet things are there, just as you left them."

A choking lump rose in Alice's throat and she could stand the ordeal no longer.

"Captain Gordon," she called shrilly above the mocking music, "please escort me out—anywhere, anywhere, to get away."

A row of officers sat in judgment in the commandant's room. The trial of Surgeon Warren had just come to a conclusion.

"Orderly, bring Surgeon Warren before the court."

Sleepless, crestfallen and utterly routed, the accused was led in and faced his judges.

The acid voice of the presiding general fell on his ears.

"Surgeon Warren, we find you guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and you are hereby dishonorably discharged from the service."

For a second the convicted officer closed his eyes. The terrible disgrace left him speechless—it was far worse than the firing squad, the blank wall and the sudden, welcoming death.

No hand was held out to him in farewell—a line of friendless eyes stared at and beyond him. A man without friend or country!

Late that night the wheels of former Surgeon Warren's buckboard

rolled thru the Post gate and out upon the silent road. Only once had he glanced up. It was toward a lighted window in the Major's house. Then he held out his hands imploringly, so that the reins fell in a snarl across the wagon floor. But the wheels sped on, and he groaned aloud, and a wound like that from a howitzer shell tore into the surgeon's heart.

A scant month after Warren's flight, Alice succumbed to the attentions of dashing Captain Gordon—she owed him a debt of gratitude for his kindness on the night of her ordeal—and they were quietly married by the chaplain with a simple Post wedding.

It was her wedding night, and they sat on the porch in the sheen of the Northwest sky.

Gordon's hand lay on her shoulder, perfectly still, and a species of calm and comfort lulled the new wife's heart.

Wagon-wheels rattled thru the dusk, and the indistinct figure of a woman descended in front of the Major's house.

Gordon yawned, then rose, trembling. "I'm going over to the 'old man's'" he announced, abruptly; "orders for to-morrow, you know."

Once in the heavy shadow of the barracks, he took to running blindly, and his breath sobbed like a wounded big-horn's.

Gordon flung his way up the Major's steps and pushed by the sentinel. Within, Sally Ward sat close to the gray-haired commandant, and her lips were pouring out the damning truth.

Gordon's face became mask-like, and his eyes went wolf-cruel as he caught and held her glance with his.



"YOU ARE HEREBY DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE SERVICE"

She drew herself away from him in fear of violence, and the Major nodded for her to go on.

After what seemed hours the woman ceased, and Gordon felt that the Major's eyes asked him the inevitable question.

"Yes," he flared savagely, standing close over the shaking woman, "I've heard every dirty, lying word."

"Here is your money back," she gasped; "this kind dont grow in Boise," and she tossed a roll of newly printed bills on the Major's table.

Gordon's sangfroid was shaken, and he trembled violently in turn.

"Captain Gordon, you may report

to your quarters under arrest. This woman's story must be investigated."

Gordon saluted, turned on his heel and walked slowly from the room. His head was on fire with the suddenness of the fierce attack, and the only result could be court-martial and a broken, disgraced officer.

There was no choice, he felt—it must be escape and at once.

A smiling, happy-faced Captain burst in upon Alice.

"Think of it," he half-shouted, "a leave of absence to take effect tonight." He started to strip off his uniform. "Come, dear heart," half-tenderly, half-impatiently, "the midnight flyer for the coast is to be our honeymoon car—and then to lose ourselves in the wilds of the great unknown."

Under the sheen of the Northwest skies, a second buckboard within the month made a midnight pilgrimage from the Post. This time a man and a woman were its occupants. The man's face was smiling, his words muffled and joking, but to his eyes the crescent of low-hung stars above formed a searing sword of Damocles.

In Seattle the railroad terminal was plastered with maps and posters of the new North.

Gordon traced their route on the map, straight into the heart of northwest Canada.

"We'll go to the end of the railroad, dear," he explained, "and then stage it to the Athabasca, full of rapids and the haunt of Crees and big game." Her eyes sparkled at the adventure. "We'll build our own flatboat," Gordon went on, "and drift with the rapid current into the primitive, the unknown."

"And when winter comes?" she asked curiously.

"When winter comes," he said gaily, "our shack of spruce will be built, and we will lie snug in the furs of our own trapping."

She shuddered a bit in expectancy. "Ah, but summer," he said, with half-closed eyes, "when the deer makes the toilet of her fawn and the strawberry blossoms and wood violets carpet the forests—then we will live!"

"I am ready," she said, and seeing that she was brave in her love, he smiled at his cheaply won victory.

It was the dead of winter in the frozen North. The thermometer at Fond du Lac registered sixty degrees below, but that was two hundred miles from the glassy Athabasca.

A white man and his wife were "cast up" on the banks of the frozen river. For three days they had been without food, yet a winter camp of trappers lay only twenty miles to the south.

The woman sat with lack-luster eyes, the shadow of her former self. The man drank freely from a bottle and scowled across the frozen waste.

He had just finished speaking—a long, garbled tale about a dance-hall creature and the hell's hole she had gotten him in.

The woman sat absorbed, with unbelief and horror for companions. The man's actions during the past month had presaged something unpleasant, perhaps evil, and now the hideous corpse of his past lay grinning at her feet.

Suddenly Gordon got up, wrapped himself in his furs and started toward the door.

"I'm going down to the Cree camp," he jerked out over his shoulder, "and beg or steal food. I understand their white man is sick and can see nobody."

He lunged out into the sparkling, blue-cold air, and she heard the soft crunch of his feet in the snow.

By noon Gordon reached the Cree encampment, and his spirits rose high as he noticed no signs of life about their shacks. The men were off making the rounds of the traps, and his hands were free to take what food he needed.

Entering the supply shack, Gordon hastily filled a gunny-sack with provisions and, slinging it over his shoulder, plunged down to the level walking on the river.

"Halt!"

He broke into a snow-clogged run. Then a whining hum in the air, a searing pain in his side, and he sank down into soft unconsciousness.

When he came to, a group of trappers surrounded him. They were mostly dark-skinned Cree or Scotch-Cree, dangerous, hot-headed half-breeds, and Gordon knew that his life wasn't worth wasting a prayer over; for the thief of food in the frozen North is God's most despised creature.

A gun cocked like the snapping of dry branches. Gordon closed his eyes and waited for the explosion.

"Stop! I know this man; he is a soldier man and rich, very rich. He will give you one hundred, five hundred skins to save his life."

Gordon thought hard before opening his eyes. Where had he heard that strangely familiar voice before? Thru the fringe of his lashes the pleading, sensitive face above him took shape. By all that was miraculous, it was Warren, the outcast, *his* outcast from all that was dear!

There was a palaver of guttural tongues, which ended by the Crees picking up the wounded man and bearing him to Warren's shack. The door closed and the two ex-officers were left alone.

"Well?"

Gordon's eyes flung open, and he stared at the surgeon with every appearance of incredulity.

"Enough of that," said Warren, curtly. "Tell me what has become of her."

"I married her," said Gordon, painfully; "but there was no love. I felt it my duty. She felt your disgrace so and gradually pined away. Shall I go on?"

"Yes," sternly.

"We buried her in the drift where the spring anemones bloom, and her last breath sighed out for you."

Warren turned away, and for a long time he did not speak. But his shoulders slouched like a man who was stricken to death.



GORDON CONFESSES

"I'll take care of you," he said gruffly, "and nurse you back to health. My only request is that you do not speak of the past."

In three days Gordon, his side bandaged, was on his feet again. He displayed a feverish anxiety to be off. Warren offered to loan him a dog-sled and driver, but he steadily refused further aid.

As Gordon walked slowly down the frozen river, Warren eyed him moodily.

"Those eyes," he mused, "frightened, inscrutable, lying. Hang it! there's something back of all this, something queer, and I'm going to track the rogue to his hang-out."

In the ghostly light of a Northwest sunset two figures neared a lonely shack on the banks of the Athabasca. The one in advance hurried forward, stumbling under his heavy pack; the pursuer dogged him like a wolf tracking his prey.

In the shack's doorway Gordon



THE INJURED GORDON IS BROUGHT TO WARREN'S CABIN

turned, gasping, and faced the stern-eyed surgeon.

"There's devil's work here! Let me in!"

"No, you hounding leech, no! Back, before it is too late!"

A faint cry came from within—low, tremulous, womanly. Warren dashed past the Captain and burst into the shack.

There, pain-racked, numb, dying from lack of food, lay Alice, his buried sweetheart!

'I have come, dear!" he called, and then, passionately, "to save you; to win back your heart; to lead you back to God's own again."

"Ah"—her eyes burned radiantly—"Oliver, at last!"

He lifted her tenderly in his arms, and she smiled up, comforted.

Outside, in the dusk, a pistol-shot rang out and echoed thru the rocky canyon of the river. Gordon had fired his last salute, straight into his own lying yet courageous heart.



White Magic

By JOSEPHINE PAGE WRIGHT

Do fairy tales come true? I think they do.
What fairy queen, what grinning witch of old
Could weave a spell to lift us from ourselves
As can the tale on flickering canvas told?

And do our dreams come true? I think they do.
Ambition, love and all-triumphant good
Become reality. Our sordid lives
Sink to a dim illusion, as they should.

Hearts and the Highway

(Vitagraph)



By GLADYS HALL

Adapted from the Novel of CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY and the Photoplay of COLONEL JASPER EWING BRADY

THE Lady Kate stood slim and white as death in the great tapestried library of Castle Clanronald. For that day her father had been sentenced to death, convicted of conspiracy against His Majesty, James II of England. The horror of the black cap, the grave-opening sentence, the whole immutable force of it chilled her with an ominous terror. Her father! The stately, patriarchal Earl of Clanronald, who had lived his blue-blooded days amid fine linen, old wine and bright blades—to die on the block!

"My lady," came a sympathetic voice from out the shadows, "my lady, let us have hope."

"What hope can be offered us, Dunner?" the stricken girl answered woefully. "There are only you and I to offer resistance."

"And I have learnt, my lady, that Sir Harry Richmond, of the King's Own, rides into Edinburgh tomorrow to deliver up the—the warrant. There will be no time for your ladyship to see the King beforehand."

"Oh, Dunner!" the girl cried, her voice wrenched up, sob-broken, from her anguished heart; "Dunner—what can I do—what can I do?"

The family advocate and faithful servitor by every bond known to the affections and the years shook his head, grown gray in the garb of the Clanronalds. "Your ladyship knows," he told her, "that I would try to intercept Sir Harry Richmond if I were not lame and helpless."

Lady Kate looked at him quickly. Two points of flame sprang into her sky-blue eyes. Her cheeks mantled with eager rose.

"Dunner," she hissed at the shaken retainer, "if Sir Harry Richmond is —should be—apprehended and the warrant destroyed, I might have time to go before—the King!"

"But, my lady, how can Sir Harry be apprehended? I have just said—"

"Lady Katherine Clanronald can *ride,* Dunner, to the death, and shoot with steady aim and fence with passing skill, and there is that in her blood that makes a great deed a little, a very little thing to do."

Dunner shook his head, and his eyes took in her slender, imperious form dubiously and fearfully. He had seen the bud flower into the half-blown blossom, kist by the softest winds, sheltered and sunned and tended, and his heart misgave him. "No, no, my lady," he demurred, "your father would not have your ladyship run such a hazard."

"Is my father to die on the block,"



THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF CLANRONALD

the girl cried, "because a Clanronald is a *coward*—and a *woman?* Bah! with sex and petticoats when a life is in the balance. *Blood* counts then, Dunner, and a good mount and a steady aim, and Lady Katherine Clanronald shall play highwayman the morrow!"

Dunner knew full well that the roused blood of the Clanronalds was not to be subdued. He had seen too much of it spilled of its own heat. And therefore he hastened to fit the Lady Kate with man's attire and to find such particulars as were available concerning the route of Sir Harry Richmond. When Lady Kate descended the stairway she had graced so often in billowy lace and fluttering ribbons, she made a goodly youth.

Dunner started in amaze when he saw his dainty Lady Kate transformed into the dauntless, agile youth, bewigged, mustached and booted for the fray.

"I have learnt that Sir Harry will rest at Cockenzie this night, my lady," he whispered. "Here is money —and God speed and keep you!"

It was at Black Douglas Inn, Cockenzie, that Mr. Henry Carthew elected to spend the night against the arrival of the King's Own. And over the mutton and ale at dinner Sir Harry Richmond was announced. He had spied the youth in his solitary state and, liking his appearance, had sought an introduction. He saw only the slim, clean-cut grace of young manhood; while under the disguise Lady Kate felt her woman's heart rise and fall with a sudden, unbid tumult. It was a strange dinner. A man talking to a pseudo man, whose heart, all unmanful, was crying out its truth. It was a dinner where life and love made strange moves, and where, life still the stronger, both were unconscious of the primal forces.

"I ride to Edinburgh tomorrow at five o' the clock, Master Carthew," said Richmond, as they sat over their last drink. "I shall be glad to have you join me." He rose and, strolling to the other side of the table, clapped the slender shoulder ungently enough. Kate winced, but Master Carthew nodded brightly.

"I had meant to ride thither, Sir Harry," he responded readily, "to join your troop."

"It is well. At five on the morrow, then. Good-night to you."

"Good-night, Sir Harry Richmond."

Master Carthew watched the burly



LADY KATE NOTES WHERE THE PAPERS ARE KEPT

host light the baronet up the winding, niched stairway; then Kate's eyes brimmed with sudden tears. "It is not easy—being a highwayman," she said.

Thru the night Kate lay on the bed freely clad in her man's garb and watched the candle throw weird shadows on the walls and rafters. The Lord Chief Justice would be there, in his gruesome black cap; her father, dear, tired, defeated; James II, menacing, tyrannical; Harry Richmond, winsome, genial, somehow lovable.

And on the morrow, before the night had quite given way, Kate crept past Sir Harry's door, encouraged by the sleep signals unmistakable to the ear, and out to the stables where his horse and accoutrements were awaiting him. The hostler was sleeping, also unmistakably, and Kate crept past him with her woman's quiet. She slipped the pistol from the holster marked H. R. and disencumbered it of its bullets; then swiftly slipped from the stable again, closing the heavy door. She drew a deep, exultant breath, then rapped smartly with her gauntleted hand. The hostler, sleep-dazed, yawning, proverbially solicitous, appeared to view, and Master Carthew nodded goodmorrow briskly and unconcernedly.

"My horse," he commanded, "and say to Sir Harry Richmond that Master Carthew was restless and could sleep but ill, and will ride slowly on." The coin slipped against the paved court, and the straight, comely youth passed out onto the open road. For anything less than a warrant for her father's life Lady Kate would have followed her woman's will and turned her steed toward Clanronald Castle, but one cannot own a heart when a life is on the turn, and tender lips and wooing eyes have no place in the stifling of a death-warrant. The sun was spilling over the rim of the world's edge when Kate guided her horse behind a segregated clump of trees and waited the passing horseman. He came down the road briskly, head flung back, face lifted to the sun, and he did not flinch when Master Carthew emerged from the roadside and fronted him with his pistol. It was over in an instant. The first impact gave Kate a glancing cut on her

shoulder; but she fired surely, and Richmond fell to the ground, unconscious. Feverishly, life high in the ascendant, Kate searched for the warrant, and she trembled between weakness and eager joy when she discovered it. The wound, slight in itself, was telling on her, and her work was not yet over. The warrant had to be destroyed—its dread import rendered forever negligible to man. A swift glance showed her that Richmond was little more wounded than herself, and, dizzy with relieved joy and increasing faintness, she mounted and rode over to a spot not far distant, where the burning of the warrant was done in seclusion and in thoroness. After that nothing seemed to matter but succumbing to the earth, that spun around her in ever-increasing revolutions, and the tired head drooped back against a tree, knocking off the jaunty, close-cropped wig and disclosing against the green of the grass a sheaf of golden hair. It was so that Harry Richmond found her when, his wound dressed by the innkeeper near-by, he was resuming the road to Edinburgh. He stood a moment looking at her, reconciling the slim youth with the fragile, spirited girl, and somehow the reconciliation was surprisingly easy and perilously dear. He forgot, for the instant, the danger she had placed him in; forgot that his life might be forfeit for the prank that she had played; forgot all else but that the winsome lad, the gallant robber of the road, was a lovely, wounded woman. Deftly he bandaged the soft, torn flesh of her shoulder, using the lining of his own coat; then, as she revived, he stood over her, smiling grimly.

"Odds! Master Carthew," he mocked, "you play high stakes to suit your passing whim!"

Kate winced. Death-warrants were not whims, God knows—and neither was the wounding—and possible killing—of the one man who had raised that sweet unquiet in her blood.

"You speak of what is beyond you, Sir Harry Richmond," she said, rising and facing him haughtily. "I am Lady Katherine Clanronald, and I despoiled you to save my father's life. One does not play for a dear life to gratify a whim, Sir Harry."

Harry Richmond was a man first, and the King's Own second. He did not care for the Earl of Clanronald's life—a life more or less is not of great moment to a soldier; he *did* care for the father of Lady Kate. He cared unwarrantably for the stress that showed itself in faint lines about the sweet mouth and in shadows darkening the clear blue of her eyes.

"You must come with me, Lady Katherine," he said to her gravely. "I can take you home by post-chaise on my way to Edinburgh. The King will be in Durham tomorrow night. You must make haste and prepare to journey there to see him. There is no time to be lost."

Traveling swiftly over the road, Kate told the baronet the entire story: the conspiracy of the Duke of Monmouth, into which her father had reluctantly been dragged; the discovery; the warrants of execution, and the carrying out of the warrant concerning the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.

"He is not overanxious to have your father put to the death," Richmond told her. "In fact, had it not been for my Lord Chief Justice Jeffries and a few of that unworthy's followers, methinks His Majesty would have canceled the warrant."

"What has my Lord Chief Justice against my poor old father?" demanded Lady Kate, indignantly.

"Nothing, personally," said Richmond; "only that Protestantism that is the bugbe r of the Catholic James and the weak fact that your father and his ilk might stand between His Majesty and absolute monarchy."

"Ah me!" Lady Kate leaned back wearily against the cushions. "Why must men waste this fleeting breath called life in conspiracies and discontents? Why must they go each for the other's throat? There is plenty for all—and God is omnipotent, after all."

Richmond pressed the nervous



RICHMOND DISCOVERS LADY KATE'S IDENTITY

little hand in quick sympathy, then asked her gently: "What is to be your plea to the King, my lady? James the Second is not immune to a pair of bonnie eyes and a golden tress; but Jeffries——"

"I have not thought it out in words," Kate answered. "He can be bought, 'tis said, for ten thousand pounds, but that is not possible for us."

"How much is necessary to round out the sum?"

"Seven thousand pounds. Alas! you see how I despair."

"You must take it from me, Lady Katherine," Richmond declared. "I can give you two drafts *here* and *now*. You must don your female attire again upon reaching home and leave for Durham this night."

Kate shook her head.

"How now!" declared Richmond, hotly. "You would, without a tremor, take my life if necessary; yet refuse the money I can give you with the scratching of a quill. Woman, woman —what anomaly are you!"

"You are too generous, Sir Harry, to one who has done you grave harm. Yet, in my dire need, I will accept the bounty you offer, and when I ride to Durham this night, I ride on a double errand."

Richmond took the little hand, cold now and still, and pressed it to his lips. Love bursts strange barriers down, enters strange places, plays un-

bidden pranks—e'en in the shadow of death he unfurls his rainbow wings and lights his starry fires in the blood. When Kate and Richmond parted in Edinburgh, each to seek, or lose, a life, they knew that forevermore each would bear the other's image deep within their breasts.

Old Dunner was ecstatic and vauntingly proud of his lady's triumph. He heard the tale of her adventures and misadventures with many a shake of the head and whispered praise. Shrewdly he noted that the warrant was not the *only* thing the Lady Kate had filched from the King's Own, and he greatly believed that she had made him a golden return.

"And so I ride to Durham this night, Dunner," concluded Kate, "to offer His Majesty this price and to plead my case. I have little time to tarry, as Master Carthew is to make the journey again."

"I'll have the steed at the door, my lady," old Dunner made reply. "Eh, but she's a bonnie, braw lassie!" he sighed, as the graceful figure ascended the winding stairway, "and the heart of her is a heart of gold for you, Sir Harry Richmond."

When Master Carthew emerged from the Lady Kate's suite, Dunner awaited her, his brow furrowed like a freshly plowed field. "Sir Harry Richmond has been arrested for high treason, my lady," the old retainer announced bluntly. "It seems his story of a highwayman was disbelieved by the Chief Justice and an investigation ordered. The innkeeper who dressed Sir Harry's wound followed him and saw him in converse with your ladyship after your disguise had—er—been disarranged. He seems to have spread the news abroad as some naughty prank of Sir Harry's." Dunner stopped and eyed her ladyship anxiously. She was very white, and her lips were rigid, scarlet lines.

"Sir Harry was afraid of this," she said finally. "The penalty is death; I save one to lose—another. Dunner, praise God you haven't got a woman's heart, for the blood flows red and the wounds gape wide. I must be on my way, and I plead to His Majesty, James of England, for two lives this night."

Once in Durham, Kate engaged lodgings at the inn and changed her male attire for the more fitting habiliments of brocade and lace. It was a lovely face that smiled back at her from the somber-framed mirror; a face that the candle-light caressed with the lingering, passion-soft tenderness of a lover. It was a face that even a king might covet—high-bred, provocative, wonderfully woman. She leaned closer, till the lovely lips of flesh misted the mirrored ones. "You *must* give me these lives, King James of England," she breathed throatily —"my father's and Harry—Harry Richmond's."

The King was with his retinue in the great hall of Durham Castle, when an officer came in with the request that the King see Lady Katherine Clanronald of Edinburgh. Jeffries remonstrated violently. "Why show any leniency, sire, to the daughter of the traitor?" he demanded, wroth. "Is she not of his loins, and comes she on any mission save the granting of her father's life?"

"By this time, my Lord Justice, Sir Harry Richmond has delivered up the warrant and Clanronald is done to death."

" 'Tis policy to see the Lady Katherine, sire," interposed the mild Bishop, and General Feversham gave added assent.

"We will see the Lady Katherine at once," His Majesty told the waiting officer, and Jeffries subsided with a growl. The King's eyes lit with sudden, greedy appreciation of the lovely, timid figure halting on the threshold. He smacked his lips daintily, as might an epicure over some exquisite morsel, and flashed the partially roused Jeffries a leering, significant look. Kate advanced haltingly and kist His Majesty's hand with a blushing grace; then, still



LADY KATHERINE MAKES AN IMPRESSION ON THE KING

kneeling, and with blue eyes beseeching, she begged for her father's life and the life of Sir Harry Richmond. The King listened perplexedly, and Jeffries' eyes were cold in amazement. The Bishop and General Feversham shared their sire's perplexity.

"Rise, Lady Katherine," commanded King James; then Jeffries interposed eagerly:

"Sire, the Lady Katherine is asking the impossible. Justice has been done in the sad case of the Earl of Clanronald. Sir Harry Richmond has arrived in Edinburgh these two days past."

Lady Kate turned on him swiftly, and the rose of her courage dyed her cheeks.

"Sir Harry Richmond *did* arrive in Edinburgh, sir, but the warrant *did not!* A highwayman saw to that. The highwayman was—I!"

The amazement caused by the girl deepened on every face, and Kate turned again to the King, who, somehow, seemed not to be thinking of death-warrants and executions. She held out her hands appealingly, and the lace fell away, leaving her arms—rounded, white—uncovered. A sob broke her voice, and the light in her eyes was put out by the pity of her tears. "Ah, sire," she pleaded, "not as King James of England, but as a man with a human heart of flesh and tears and pity and understanding, grant me this boon, I beg. What is the feeble, aged Earl of Clanronald to you? His days of conspiracy—poor, futile attempts—are over. Monmouth is dead. *Living* or dead, Clanronald can mean naught to Your Gracious Majesty. To me—ah! sire, he is all I have. He has dandled me on his knee as a babe; taught me my first lisped word; guided my tottering steps; been friend and counselor, guardian and parent. Now he is old and defeated and doomed, and I want to give him—life." The slender hands found the King's, and clung there with potent appeal. The prayerful eyes found the weak spot in His Majesty's armor. Capitulation showed in the indulgent, appraising look he accorded her. Jeffries saw how the day

was going, and he interrupted vehemently:

"Sire! Think what you are doing, I pray you. You will raise a hotbed of conspiracies by this mad clemency. Monmouth is dead; Clanronald must pay as well——"

"Softly, softly," interposed the venerable Bishop; "remember, Jeffries, that Monmouth was the instigator of the conspiracy, as he *has* been instigator many times before—and escaped. Remember that this is Clanronald's first offense——"

"Openly," muttered Jeffries, sullenly.

"And that," pursued the Bishop, calmly, "he is old and easily led; remember, too, my son, not to judge, that ye be not judged."

"Who would judge between a Protestant dog—and a Catholic?" sniffed Jeffries, watching the Catholic James to see how near the thrust went home. The King's eye hardened, and Kate spoke eagerly: "Your Gracious Majesty, I have, besides my heart's prayer, five thousand pounds to be used by Your Highness for—sweet charity's sake."

James looked at her quickly and took the draft she pushed into his hand. Nearer still than a blue eye or a supple form, this draft went to his heart. Even a king may have his purchase price.

"We will grant the pardon," he said, eyes averted from Jeffries, who had lapsed into an ugly silence.

"Bishop, write the royal pardon for the Earl of Clanronald; his lovely daughter has given him his life."

Kate's eyes filled with grateful tears, then she went near to His Majesty again. Versed in the ways of woman, James noted the ebbing color, the catchy breath, the little, sudden tremble of the hands.

"Sire," she whispered, "I have another favor to ask—and another draft. This time for the life of—Sir Harry Richmond. Sire, if you refuse me this, then shall the Lady Katherine be a murderess—alway."

James took the draft and smiled knowingly. "Write also a pardon for Sir Harry Richmond," he directed the Bishop; then, as he handed the pardons to the tremulous girl, he said jocularly: "We are loath to let the Lady Katherine go without beholding the highwayman who could despoil our noble Richmond. We learn that you rode hither from Edinburgh clad as the said robber. We bid you, therefore, appear before our person at seven o' the clock, clad in your male attire. Moreover, your case, too, needs attention. It shall receive it then."

Kate's eyes brimmed again, and the brave head drooped at the fresh trial before her. General Feversham, who had interposed by word and gesture in her behalf during her pleading, signaled to her that assent was best, and, trustful, the Lady Kate curtsied to her King and promised to appear as he had bidden her.

It was late that night when Master Carthew followed the road to Edinburgh again, bearing the royal pardons for the Earl of Clanronald and Sir Harry Richmond, and a third document—her own sentence for her part in the conspiracy. Somehow, it troubled her little. Her heart was weary with the stress it had undergone and the unwonted trials and shames it had been put to. She had not liked the look in James' eyes when she stood before him, the slender, blushing youth. She had shrunk from the pressure of his fingers on her arm and the laugh he gave as he released her and bade her go. There was something sinister in his manner; some ugly thing lurking beneath his jocularity.

Once more as Lady Katherine she sought the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, and there presented the hard-won pardons, and her own sentence to be delivered by him. It seemed to the tired girl a motley of tears and laughter that followed—the releasing of her father and Sir Harry; the joy on their faces; the light in Richmond's eyes; then the reading of her own sentence of life imprisonment and the closing of the cell door, shut-



THE KING CALLS TO SEE LADY KATHERINE

ting out forever sunshine, sea and open spaces, her father's tender arms, Harry Richmond's wooing eyes. Numbed in body and in spirit, she sank back against the stone wall and shut out the wretched vision of the years that confronted her.

Up in the office of the Governor, Clanronald and Richmond were pouring forth the impotent vitriol of their wrath. The Earl's face was apoplectic with baffled rage and fear, and Richmond's was blanched with his terror. The Governor, General Ramsey, and the Chief Justice listened in an immovable silence, and finally the Governor extended the sentence to Sir Harry, remarking quietly: "You may read the *remainder* of Lady Katherine's sentence yourself, Sir Harry, as it concerns you most intimately." Richmond took the document in shaking hands, and his voice stammered out the last condemning words: "And it is further decreed that Lady Katherine's life sentence shall be passed as the wife of Sir Harry Richmond and that she shall leave the country with him and the Earl of Clanronald."

Richmond's face lit with an unbelievable joy, and, formally, his voice thrilling now, he begged the eager Clanronald for his daughter's hand. A chaplain was summoned, and Lady Kate brought up, pale and questioning, from the cell she had thought to inhabit thru endless lengths of time. Her consent showed in the sweet curving of her lips, and, there in the Governor's office, the King's Own wed the slender highwayman.

Back in Durham, James had plotted well. The blue eyes and the sweet youth of Lady Kate had won her the King's desire as well as the King's pardons, and craftily he had plotted the capture. Knowing full well the partiality on the part of General Feversham, he had ordered Lord Stonwold, an unscrupulous libertine, to be brought before him, and to him unfolded his wily scheme.

"The Earl of Clanronald, Sir Harry Richmond and the Lady Katherine Clanronald are leaving Scotland on the morrow," he said. "Lady Katherine has wed Richmond. Get together a party—go you to Edinburgh—abduct the Lady Richmond



RICHMOND FORCES JEFFRIES TO SIGN THE PAPERS

and bring her with you to Stonwold Castle—for the pleasure of your King."

It was a feat well suited to Stonwold's skill, and, as Kate and Richmond were joining hands, with the hope of a new life shining in their eyes, Stonwold and his party, deeply instructed and highly jovial, set out on their nefarious errand. Ripe for sport, the party halted for water at the trim, comfortable farmhouse of Farmer MacLeod and his comely wife. While the farmer, in his hospitable willingness, was conveying deep draughts from the well, Stonwold took advantage of the opportunity to snatch a rude caress from Dame MacLeod's blooming lips. MacLeod, returning, heard his wife's indignant outcry and heard Stonwold's mocking jeer. Instantly, his husbandly blood aflame, he struck the mounted profligate, and riot ensued. Stonwold leered down on the sobbing wife and the righteously wrathy husband; then he turned, sneering, to his men.

"Burn down the yokel's house and buildings," he ordered, "and teach the country oafs a lesson in courtesy. I trow, my fiery dame, had I not orders to fetch the Lady Katherine, I would assuredly fetch your buxom person—for our James' pleasure—ha, ha! Make sure of the conflagration, boys, and follow on!"

In the midst of the blazing ruins, MacLeod stood with eyes that saw thru mists of blood. "I'll follow the cursed dog," he spit, "and get him by his d—d throat. Dame, stay you here, and I'll return when Lord Stonwold is repaid."

The capture was an easy one for Stonwold and his reckless party. They came upon the Lady Katherine, her father and husband and the faithful Dunner, who was going with them into exile, just as they were leaving the town. The men seized Kate before their purpose manifested itself, and Stonwold, cunning on his face, approached Richmond and handed him a draft.

"Here is the one thousand pounds, Richmond," he said genially, "paid to you by His Majesty, James of England, for the possession of your wife. Fair exchange, lad—fare thee well."



PREPARING TO BID FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND

Impotent and palsied with rage, the Earl and Dunner turned on the silent Richmond, who had accepted the draft, the insult and the abduction of Kate without so much as a tremor of his tense face. Clearly he explained to them that resistance was useless; that Stonwold would have slain them all, and that the Lady Kate would then have been utterly at the mercy of James and his adherents. It was MacLeod who, having followed the party and overheard the affair, stepped from cover and justified Richmond by the tale of his own wrongs. Together they plotted the saving of the Lady Kate and the avenging of Dame MacLeod, and concluded by directing Dunner and the Earl to engage a boat at Sunderland, signal by lights that it was done, take the Dame MacLeod with them on their way, while they, Richmond and MacLeod, would go on for the rescue of the Lady Kate.

It was a daring feat, but the two men were working for their heart's blood, for the dear honor of the women they loved. And in the bitter, bloody end it was successful.

They stopped at the inn at Durham where Kate, feminine, daring, love-bound, had changed from Master Carthew to Lady Katherine, and back again, to go before the King. There they bribed the innkeeper, learnt from his prideful joy that my Lord Chief Justice Jeffries was to stop the night with him, while the King went on to Stonwold Castle, and secured a room next the honored guest. The rest of the plot worked swiftly and smoothly. Concealed in Jeffries' room, they bided their time; then, greedy in their avenging lust, they bound and gagged him and forced a written plea to the King to liberate the Lady Katherine as ransom for his own life. Leaving him thus, they hurried on to Stonwold Castle. The powers that be were kind, for the gatekeeper was an old retainer of Richmond's, who had ever treasured in his heart his former master's kindly democracy, and his aid was quickly won. Once within the castle, only Stonwold remained as an obstacle before mounting to the prisoned Kate and her lordly, self-willed paramour. With a shuddering nausea in his soul, Harry prayed the

(*Continued on page* 168)



A VICTORIOUS ARMY RETURNING FROM BATTLE

The European War—In Grantwood, N. J.

By ROBERT J. SHORES

Across the Hudson River from the tomb of General Ulysses S. Grant there came the rattle of musketry and the boom of artillery. It was the first sound of Europe's war to reach the ears of Manhattanites. The Germans and the Allies were in deadly conflict!

The scene of this fighting was in a sparsely wooded hollow back of the little suburb of Grantwood, N. J., high up on the Palisades. Two hundred and fifty men were busily engaged in chasing each other up and down the slopes, making wonderful cavalry charges and rushing up with their artillery. First a wing of the "Allies" would be driven back; then they would rally and advance ruthlessly across the positions formerly held by the "Germans."

Even a German village was sacked and the houses burned. Dead heroes lay all about, and the smoke of battle floated up thru the oak-trees and across the little slopes covered with half-withered goldenrod, in clouds far more dense than are seen today in actual warfare, because black powder instead of the smokeless variety was used solely that this should be so.

Some day, doubtless before this writing gets into print, hundreds and even thousands of people will have sat in a darkened "movie" theater and gazed tensely and excitedly at these very scenes enacted so far from Belgium and the French and German frontier.

"Gee!" you can almost hear some deeply impressed young man exclaim to his companion, "I wouldn't wanter be a 'movie' camera man. It must be dangerous work. I betcher hundreds of them photographers get shot trying to get pictures like these."

This will be the very highest form of praise, not so much for the author of the war scenario as for the director. For two weeks he worked with his men in the open country just outside of Grantwood, N. J., with but one object in view, and that was to make people in the Moving Picture audience thrill as did the young man just mentioned, and believe as implicitly as did he in the perfect genuineness of the "war pictures."

As I visited these New Jersey "battlefields" during some of the operations, I was told, with a genial wink, that these pictures were being



THE "FRENCH WING" IS BEING PUSHED BACK. LITTLE BOY IN LEFT FOREGROUND WILL NOT SHOW IN THE FINISHED PICTURE

made "for a story," and as I was told this by one of the members of the Moving Picture concern, the director, standing but a few feet from us, shouted: "Here, you, French aide, come over this way, or you wont be in the picture." Then he turned to another man and said: "Get your Germans ready to go down in that hollow. We will begin on the infantry stuff in the second reel!"

As I strolled about, I came upon an "entire German village." It consisted of three "stone" houses on a blind street, an inn on one side, a large house on the other, and a small cottage at the foot of the street. When I got closer, I found they were made of canvas and other scenic materials, and that they were but the front shells of houses. I must say, however, they were good imitations.

It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to come suddenly upon seven or eight dead heroes piled in a gruesome heap, some with livid saber cuts across their heads. This was the experience I had as I was nosing about with my camera. At first I jumped back in horror, and then I stood and grinned. These "soldiers" had always been dead—they were only dummies, but such cleverly made dummies and piled in such natural confusion that I am sure many a Moving Picture patron will gaze on this scene and shed a tear for the thousands of real heroes piled up in the trenches in the cockpit of Europe. These same people will believe they have seen photographs of the soldier dead, nor would you blame them. I believed in them myself when I saw them with the naked eye, while the camera softens them and makes them appear even more natural.

There is reason for all this. War scenes are in demand. The people must have them, and the Moving Picture concerns are in business to give the people what they want. Moving Picture men are not allowed to go to the front; but even if they were, they could get no pictures reproducible on a screen from a distance that would place them out of the danger zone. Were they to go close enough to get clear pictures, it would take an army of camera men, one to relieve the other, until the pictures were made, inasmuch as it would mean certain and instant death, for they would be shot down ten times as rapidly as the men in the trenches.

The reason for all this started when the first shot was fired upon the Belgian border. The sound of it was, to quote a well-worn phrase, "heard round the world." Especially was it heard by the Moving Picture producers. Men in every part of the civilized globe were struck with horror at the significance of it. Busi-



"VON MOLTKE" AND THE "KAISER" SURVEYING THE SITUATION

ness was at a standstill. Throngs gathered before the bulletin boards to spend hours in watching for the latest news from the front. Clerks fussed nervously over their ledgers, impatient to get out and read the latest extra. Staid bankers were seen eagerly discussing the latest development with elevator men. For a moment all considerations of business and of class were laid aside or forgotten while every man talked with the man nearest him, were he friend or stranger, upon the one all-important topic of the hour.

But in the midst of all this excitement there were certain men who did not lose their heads; men who saw a business opportunity in what others considered a catastrophe—and those men were the Moving Picture manufacturers. Before the first of the Belgian forts had fallen, the Moving Picture companies had their emissaries upon the spot, doing their utmost to obtain the permission of the military authorities upon either side to permit them to take battle scenes. In every capital in Europe the cameras were busily clicking as the soldiers marched thru the streets on their way to entrain for the front. In the studios in America scenario writers were hammering away at their typewriters, composing war dramas to meet the great demand which the far-sighted "movie magnate" knew was certain to arise in the near future. Office men were fumbling thru the card index, hunting for war plays which had been submitted and rejected months before. Property men were rushing about giving orders for uniforms and peasant costumes. Playwrights were besieged with offers for the Moving Picture rights of every play that had a military feature. Nothing that smacked at all of war was overlooked by the Moving Picture man, and it was not long before advertisements began to appear in the papers. This, with the exception of the address, is an actual copy of one:

FIVE HUNDRED MEN WANTED at once, for Moving Pictures; ex-soldiers or members of military organizations having discharge papers. Apply to R. T., 1128 West 1126th Street.

And this meant that the time had come to recruit the movie army and set about making battle scenes which should equal in interest any that might be taken upon the actual field of battle, and which would, in many respects, be much more artistic.

When war first broke out, the Moving Picture men were filled with a hope that their greatest opportunity had arrived and that they would be able to place before their audiences the real battles as taken at the scene of action, but it was not long before they were undeceived. They learnt



"A FIERCE INFANTRY CHARGE," CAMERA IN LEFT FOREGROUND; DIRECTOR IN MIDDLE DISTANCE IN WHITE SHIRT

that the military authorities would not permit pictures to be taken, for strategic reasons, and even if such permission had been obtained, it would have been quite impossible for an operator to get a picture which would in any way answer his purpose. Even if, when near enough, the camera man could escape death, it would frequently happen that the constant cannonading would make it impossible for him to balance his camera upon the shaking ground. But the most insurmountable obstacle of all was the fact that the carnage was so frightful that the pictures could never be shown in public. Moving Picture audiences are fond of a little killing now and then, but they are not fond of wholesale butchery, and had such pictures been brought to America, they would never have been allowed to run for more than a night or two, and the expenditure would have been a sheer waste.

The movie man, knowing little enough about war as it is now conducted, had not anticipated this, but



"UHLANS" AWAITING THE ORDER TO CHARGE THE "FRENCH"

he was not daunted by such difficulties when a money-making opportunity loomed large before him. If he could not get pictures of the war in Europe, he would "start a war" of his own in America, and that is exactly what he did. It was such a "home-made" war that I visited over in New Jersey. Other Moving Picture concerns were conducting them on Long Island and other battlefronts.



The "volunteers" were paid $2.25 a day to come to the "front" and play the hero. The response was immediate, and the supply was even greater than the demand. Men of every nationality came "flocking to the flag," prepared to "die" as often as twenty times a day, if such sacrifice of life were demanded by the director.

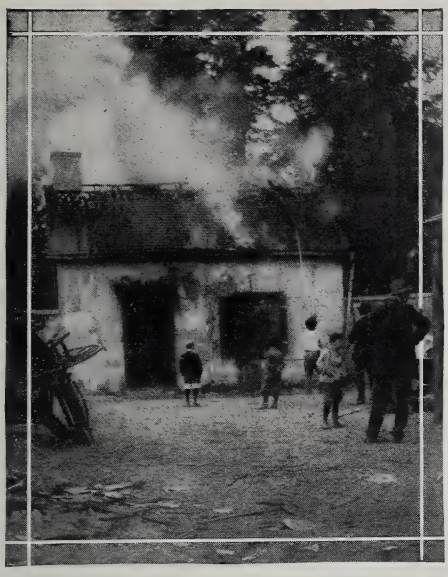
Some of these men were used in taking pictures which were afterward shown as real scenes from the front; others were employed in the battle scenes of war dramas written especially for the occasion. The chief, and practically the only, requirement was that they should be able to ride, to handle a gun or a sword and be intelligent enough to obey orders quickly and correctly. There were all sorts and kinds of men among them, some short and some tall, some stout and some lean, some old and some young, but every one of them, without exception, had enjoyed some sort of military training, and every one of them knew how to execute the manual of arms, how to march, how to take aim and how to fire a blank cartridge with the most telling effect. In most instances, a day or two of preliminary drilling was all that was necessary to get them ready for the taking of the pictures. They were then costumed in various uniforms and led to the spot selected for the opening scene. Arrived there, they were allowed to stand at ease while the director and the operator discussed the important matters of light and shade, measured the ground and estimated the slope of the land.

The range of the Moving Picture camera at close quarters is not great. If an actor moves a few feet to either side of the lens he is out of the picture. Only a limited number of men, therefore, could be used in scenes which would show the actors life-size, tho many more could be employed in cavalry charges or assaults upon supposedly fortified positions, where the fighting is seen some distance away.



HOW THE GERMAN VILLAGE HOUSES ARE MADE —THEY ARE MOSTLY PAPER AND CANVAS

For two weeks after the "beginning of the war" in Grantwood, N. J., the country roads were full of "soldiers"

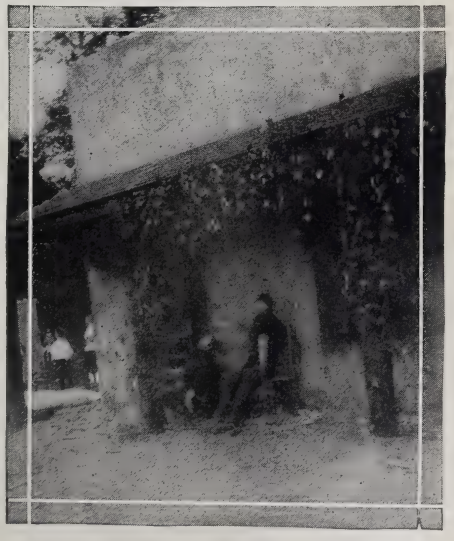


PUTTING OUT THE FIRE AFTER THE PICTURE WAS MADE

—French, German, English and Belgian troopers were to be met walking down the roadway, arm in arm, in the greatest good humor, showing no evidence whatever of national prejudice. They were to be seen drinking milk at the roadside while the driver of the milk-wagon plied a rushing business with all of those not engaged at the moment in simulating battle. They were to be found in informal picnic parties at noonday, combining business with pleasure by eating their luncheon while the camera man turned his crank and took a picture which would afterward be shown under the title, "Getting their rations while on the march," or something similar. Never before was there such excitement among the schoolboys who happened to live along the Palisades. They came from every direction, from miles around, to stand in open-mouthed awe and admiration as the "movie" soldiers strutted about upon the edge of the mimic battleground.

The busiest man of all was the director of the war pictures. Clad in a peasant costume, in which he appeared for a moment in one of the scenes, he stood in the center of the field, calling out his orders: "Hi! Send that French general down there!" or "Spread out, boys, spread out, and when you see the Germans coming, run like the devil—but be sure to run past the camera." Sometimes things did not suit him, and then it would all have to be done over again, but the soldiers were enjoying the game almost as much as the small boys in the audience, and they made no complaint, even when they had to charge up a hill for the fourth or fifth time. In the course of a day's work these soldiers got plenty of exercise, especially those who had to "fall dead" in a charge. One of the cavalrymen engaged in a battle some distance south of Grantwood made a specialty of falling off his horse with his drawn sword and rolling down to the foot of the hill. This scene was tried many times before it was done to please the director, and apparently the cavalryman suffered no ill effects from his numerous and spectacular deaths.

The pictures are not taken in the order they are to be shown on the screen, but in such a way as to bring all scenes with the same setting together. This makes it quite impos-



TWO "DEAD" SOLDIERS IN FRONT OF THE VILLAGE INN



DEAD "GERMAN SOLDIERS." THEY WERE NEVER ALIVE, BEING MERELY DUMMIES

sible for a mere spectator to understand the progress of the battle, or to learn which side is the victorious army and which is the vanquished. It is easy to see, however, that the pictures, when shown, will be very effective, and that it must be exceedingly easy to convince an audience that they are "the real thing."

When any particular action is to be taken, as, for example, the storming of a fort, the director and the camera man first visit the ground which is to be the scene of the assault and select the spot on which the camera is to stand. The action is then mapped out with a view to having all the exciting events occur at just the proper distance from the operator and at just the right angle. It is no easy matter for a director to carry so much detail in his head, or to bear in mind that one body of men must run in a particular direction at a certain moment, yet these directors often go out on the battlefield without any script or notes in their hands and direct the action all day without once forgetting any essential detail.

Such care is taken with every detail that in the instance of the "German village" there were even vines growing upon the lattice above the benches which stood before the door of the inn, and a stone well with a long pole for lifting the bucket added a realistic touch to the cottage at the end of the street. The taking of the village and the subsequent looting of it was enacted with a great deal of vim and enthusiasm, the whole performance concluding with an explosion which blew part of the roof from one of the houses and set it on fire. It took them more than an hour to extinguish the flames.

The series of pictures in which the sack of the village figured were completed in about two weeks of steady work, with the camera going from early morning until dusk, yet when the finished film is shown, the whole performance will not occupy more than half or three-quarters of an hour. The cost of taking this picture exceeded two thousand dollars. The big cost is in the soldiers employed in it and the consequent expense in costumes and ammunition.

Some of these war dramas are already being shown, but many more will be announced within the next few weeks, and they will continue to be made so long as the good weather lasts. When winter weather comes on and all pictures must be taken indoors, there will be a lull in all such "European wars" as that which was "fought" near the quiet little New Jersey suburb of Grantwood.

How I Became A Photoplayer

JUST chance! As you know, Dame Opportunity often takes a delight in ignoring those people who spend all their time on her trail, while suddenly appearing before others who are not even expecting her.

I was one of the latter. It happened when I was fifteen years old. Kalem Company had just built their Cliffside (N. J.) studio. The place



was within a few minutes' walk of my home, and I frequently had occasion to pass it.

Now, there was never a thought in my mind that I would some day appear in Motion Pictures. I was visiting some friends in New York City one afternoon when my mother phoned me, advising me to return home as soon as I could. She gave no reason, and, considerably frightened, I hastened home.

The moment I entered the house I saw that my fears were groundless. Mother was chatting with a man whom I could recall having frequently seen in and about the Kalem studio. He proved to be Mr. Buel, the producing director. Mr. Buel had noticed me passing the studio, and it seems that I was just the type he wanted at that time.

Now, up to that time, I had posed for Harrison Fisher, and other artists, and I was the original of many of the illustrations on the magazine covers of that period. I had never had any stage experience and told Mr. Buel so frankly. He reassured me by declaring that in this event I would not have any of the mannerisms peculiar to the stage and that his work in directing me would therefore be considerably lightened.

All this occurred just two years ago. Thanks to the kindness of the directors under whom I have worked, I have obtained experience which many years on the stage might not have given me. There's "Bob" Vignola, for instance. He produced Kalem's three-act masterpiece feature, "The Barefoot Boy," in which I played the title rôle. He gave me the benefit of his great experience and helped me to do what I consider my very best work.

Would I give up Motion Pictures for the legitimate stage? I would not! Such an opportunity presented itself very recently, but I just adore my work and turned the offer down. Besides, Kalem tells me that in the future I am to portray nothing but leading rôles, playing under the direction of and opposite Tom Moore.

MARGUERITE COURTOT.

Primarily thru curiosity and an ability to swim. I was in Chicago in May of the year 1910. The Selig people were picturizing an old play, "The Phœnix." In it was the part of a young newspaper man who must needs rescue a young girl from the "hungry waters" of Lake Michigan. Well, I could swim, and was curious to see what "the movies" were like. I was given the part, and liked the work so well that I stayed at Selig's till November, learning the camera, use of crêpe hair (I was utility man and *always* wore variegated whiskers) and how to write scenarios. At that time I had no idea of sticking to the work, so returned to New York that winter and went to work as an assistant editor of *Motor Magazine*. But



1911 springtime came along, and "the office" began to be a nightmare, so I went over and knocked at the Vitagraph gates and said: "Please let me in." And they did; and here I am, and glad to be a photoplayer.

WALLY REID.

A chance meeting with Wilfred Lucas at the Biograph studios in Los Angeles was the cause of my entering Motion Pictures. I had completed a long vaudeville tour in a pianologue act and was tired out, and



so decided to go to the Pacific Coast for a change. Whilst there I arranged by wire for another engagement, when I paid that momentous visit to the Biograph. I was introduced to Mr. Lucas. "I am from New York," said I. "So am I," said he. And I felt I had found a friend, for I had not yet arrived at the stage where I wanted to stay in Los Angeles. He advised me to try the pictures, and, after some hesitation, I canceled my engagement and allied myself with pictures. I enjoy it and keep busy, for, besides acting, I write a number of scenarios, and I also keep up my music, in case I ever want to go on the stage again.

BESS MEREDYTH.



I became a photoplayer because Gilbert Anderson asked me to, and pointed out the many advantages it had over the legitimate stage. He wanted some one who could both ride and act, and spoke to me whilst I was singing prima-donna parts with the Ferris Hartman stock company. I did not really like the stage very much, so I determined to try it at Mr. Anderson's suggestion. I cannot tell you how glad I was and am, and will always feel a debt of gratitude to Gilbert Anderson for persuading me to enter this fascinating profession—that of acting for the screen. I did Western parts for the Essanay Company at San Rafael, and principally Western and Indian parts with the New York Motion Picture Corporation, but I have a great variety of parts with the Universal and feel I have come into my own.

I was born in California, and I have never been East, and haven't lost any sleep about it as yet.

ANNA LITTLE.

I became a photoplayer by wire. The wire was from Mr. Lubin, of Philadelphia. It offered me a good position and an excellent salary. I was on the road and packing my trunk after a one-night stand and was tired and weary of traveling, and I was facing a number of one-night stands between Michigan and the Pacific Coast.

I had worked for Lubin between tours, and the work was out-of-doors and appealing, and, as I was in a receptive mood, it did not take me very long to decide, and on the following Saturday I packed my trunk on a one-night stand for the last time, and, despite the pitying comments of the company, I took the night train for Lubin and the pictures.

ADELE LANE.



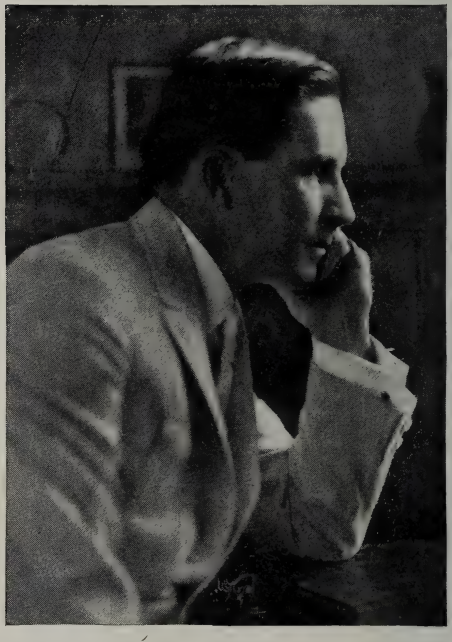
I was "druv" to it, and oh! how glad I am that I was! I am a homebody, and I wanted to be with my father and mother, instead of traveling round with the opera company I was with. Not that I was not doing



nicely, for I was, and I can really say that I was a favorite, for I have found that out since, whenever I visit a town where I used to appear, and is it not nice to be remembered that way? There was only one thing to do, and that was to try and get into Motion Pictures, but I own that I was very nervous about giving up my position, for I did not know whether I would make good or not. I did not have to wait long, for the studio I first went to wanted a leading woman of my type who could ride; so I had little difficulty in landing the position, and I have not been idle since, and have worked for only three companies during the time I have been in pictures. I have got what I wanted and live at home and thoroly enjoy it and my profession, too.

EDNA MAISON.

I entered the pictures as a sort of compromise. I had made several attempts to get away from the stage, and my last venture had been along the lines of mining, when the annoyingly persistent call of the stage came again, and, as I did not fancy the small and stuffy dressing-rooms and the continual study, I came to the Coast and deliberately tried to get into the Motion Picture game. There was that about the Kay-Bee camp which appealed, being near the ocean and the delightful scenery, so I applied and got a position with that company and had a taste of the delights of acting in the open. From now on it's the movies for me, and isn't it curious that the companies I have worked with have been near the sea? At the Vitagraph, where I



played Captain Alvarez, in the thrilling photodrama of that name, and other parts, we were at Santa Monica, and now I am at Long Beach, directing and acting with the Balboa Company. So I can still get my ride, woo nature, with her ever-changing scenes, and go in for my swim and enjoy the strong sea air.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR.

The Trouble War Films Cause

By ERNEST A. DENCH

If you were a Britisher and, while walking thru your town, you were suddenly confronted by a motor-car apparently containing German soldiers, you would naturally grow alarmed and wonder whether the Germans had invaded England.

You will, therefore, sympathize with the villagers of West Wickham, Kent, who experienced such an adventure the other week. But, fortunately, these Huns, instead of committing any outrages or pillaging, left their motor-car and then lay on the high street in a deathlike pose. Just as the eye-witnesses were growing anxious, the Motion Picture camera, clicking merrily away, told them the truth. They were, of course, indignant at being deceived in this way in these troublous times, when every one desires to have his feelings spared.

Both sides continued to argue for and against, and a stormy situation was prevented by the appearance of a London coster's donkey and barrow. While the owner went into the inn for a drink, the animal brayed so long and loud that all laughed heartily. At this stage the "German" soldiers "retreated from the front." The film company have good reasons for being pleased at the humorous turn in the crisis. One little girl was so impressed that she ran home with the news that a party of wounded Belgians were waiting attention by the local Red Cross Convalescent Hospital.

Even worse was the effect of film-producing on some simple village folk in Belgium. A cinematograph operator began taking pictures of fleeing refugees, some of whom, however, were so terrified that they begged the camera man not to shoot. To them the cinema camera appeared to be a machine-gun.

After Results

The soldiers at the front must be careful of what they do when on active service, for they will probably find the Motion Picture detective on their track. One, at least, has been found out. That occurred at a picture theater in Glasgow, where the wife of a British reservist saw her husband in a topical film flirting with a French maid. He may be assured of a "welcome" home-coming!

It is remarkable how battle films affect people when they see them on the screen. When a London hall presented a particularly convincing picture of warfare recently, an old gentleman, evidently a pensioned officer, commenced coughing vigorously. The manager happened to be near this warrior and, in a sympathetic way, inquired as to the cause of the complaint. The aged soldier surprised the "knight in command" by telling him that the film was so life-like that he could actually smell the gunpowder, which caused him to continually cough and sneeze. The real cause was an occupant in the balcony above, who accidentally dropped some of his snuff. The picture must have been realistic to have carried away the soldier, hardened as he was, to that extent.

A "Reel" Bomb

Some time back the inhabitants of a town in Florida were scared when they read in the newspapers of a villainous dynamite plot directed against one of their leading citizens. Outside his residence was found a dynamite bomb. Its partly burnt fuse indicated the failure to destroy the house. The infernal machine was taken to the police station, where it was placed in water and afterwards opened in the presence of local experts, who declared it to be a genuine bomb. Detectives, however, went on the war-path, and it came to light that a small boy had visited the field where a battle of the American Civil War had been reconstructed a few days before. Out of curiosity, the youngster took away with him a harmless article known as a "smoke-pot," which the producer uses instead of the real thing.

The Fairy Princess.

by George Wildey.

All thru the night a gentle rain had dripped,
The music of its pit-pat sweet and low;
Each crystal drop a kiss that clung and slipped
Thru rustling branches swaying to and fro.

And then the morning came a-winging, fresh and pink,
And laughed the pouting cloud-wraiths from the sky;
The thirsty sun-god earthward bent to drink
From shining pools where song-birds fluttered by.

The quick'ning tang of autumn nipped the air,
And haunting odors filched from brae and glen,
Where trailed the footpath, twisting here and there,
That lured me from the tiresome haunts of men.

In dreamy tones of lights and shadows etched,
Beyond a tangled hedge along the way,
A fairyland in the distance stretched,
Where dusky wood and gleaming valley lay.

Where heather purpled in the noontide glare,
I glimpsed her as she lightly crossed my view—
A fairy princess in her province fair,
Her white form limned against the sky's deep blue.

By sunlit glade and shadow-laden wood,
And loitering here and there to pluck a flower,
Unconsciously she drew toward where I stood
And watched her breathless from a shelt'ring bower.

A sportive wind, that danced from tree to tree,
Caught up the crisp leaves, red and golden brown,
And, in a wanton mood of impish glee,
About the princess flung them showering down.

Close by the hedge she paused, with pensive air,
As by some dreamful maiden fancy bound;
The red sun bronzed her crown of golden hair,
And in a glorious halo wrapped her 'round.

I had not thought that e'en a fairy maid
Could be so beautiful of form and face;
In such a wealth of loveliness arrayed,
Such tender depth of charm and perfect grace.

And, lover-like, I thrilled with hope and fear;
But even as I thought to humbly kneel
And pour my ardent wooing in her ear,
A ruthless hand (plague take it!) changed the reel.

What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By LESTER SWEYD

Edward Earle (Edison) was with James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon," singing and dancing in the part of Bobbie Scott, in 1907.

Gaston Bell (Lubin) was playing with Edward Abeles in "Brewster's Millions," appearing as Horace Pettingill, in 1906.

Joseph Kaufman (Lubin) was with William Collier in "Caught in the Rain," in 1906, appearing as George Thompson.

Lloyd Carlton (Lubin) was Twaits in Maude Adams' production of "The Little Minister," being her stage director at the same time, in 1905.

Mabel Van Buren (Selig) was Filberta in the road company of "The Cardinal," in 1903, supporting Edwin Holt.

Harold Vosburgh (Selig) was Albert Cooper with Joseph Santley's "From Rags to Riches," in 1904, of which Bigelow Cooper (Edison) was also a member.

Paul Kelly (Vitagraph) was True Blue in the Spooner's Stock production of "The Heart of Maryland," during the week of January 25, 1908, at the Lincoln Square Theater, New York.

Gladden James (Vitagraph), during the run of "Officer 666," played the part of Travers Gladwin at the Gaiety Theater, New York, in 1912.

George S. Stevens (Vitagraph) was Tidden in the English comedy, "The Title Mart," at the Old Madison Square Theater, New York, in 1906.

Naomi Childers (Vitagraph) was in William Faversham's company, playing at that time (1904) Ottiline Mallewson in "Lord and Lady Algy."

Lillian Herbert (Vitagraph), in 1910, supported the late Mabel Hite and her baseball husband (Mike Donlin) in "A Certain Party" as Maybelle Carrington, at Wallack's Theater, New York.

Albert Roccardi (Vitagraph) was Baron Granclos, in 1907, with John Drew in "My Wife," at the Empire Theater, New York.

About six years ago Kate Price (Vitagraph) was delighting audiences as Mrs. Murphy in Gus Hill's famous "McFadden's Row of Flats."

Gladys Hulette (Edison) was Tyle in Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," in 1910, at the New Theater, New York.

Dan Mason (Edison) was Beekman in Henry W. Savage's production of "Miss Patsy" in 1910, and the late Joseph Greybill (Biograph) was Dr. Philip Gentry in the same production.

T. Hayes Hunter (Biograph) was the deputy sheriff in Blanche Bates' company of "Girl of the Golden West," in 1906.

Few people recognized Mack Sennett (Keystone) when he played the part of Chow Sing with De Wolf Hopper in "Wang," during the year 1905, or later with Arnold Daly in "The Boys of Company B," in 1907, when he played the part of the servant.

Louise Vale (Biograph) headed, in 1910, a stock company at the Plaza Theater, New York, opening with "The Blue Mouse" and "Salomy Jane."

Millicent Evans (Biograph) was Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in "The Cub," in 1910, playing the part of dainty Alice Bentley.

Gus Pixley (Biograph) was the funny Inspector Marmaduke in the children's favorite play, "Babes in Toyland," in 1904.

William Jefferson and Joseph Jefferson, Jr. (Biograph), were both with their father, the great Joseph Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle," playing the parts of Cockles and Hendrick Vedder, in 1903.



A Merry Christmas to you all, from Carlyle Blackwell, Mary Pickford, John Bunny, Lillian Walker, Edwin August, Earle Williams, Marc MacDermott, Alice Joyce, G. M. Anderson, Crane Wilbur, Mabel Trunnelle, Francis Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Warren Kerrigan, Wally Van, Clara Young, Maurice Costello, and from all the other players (whom Mr. Gallagher could not find room for), and also from the Motion Picture Magazine.



The Ghost of Smiling Jim

(GOLD SEAL)

BY

Alexander Lowell

STRANGE how men will spill life-blood and stain their hands indelibly for gold that can neither buy a life nor eradicate the stain. Not only on the crowded city marts do men cut men's throats for the sake of their pelf. Out on the wide, wealth-virgin prairies, in the shade of monumental, treasure-trove mountains, the same ungodly lust prevails. Every man's hand is raised; every man's pick gropes for the pay-dirt of his brother.

Eavesdropping, unconsciously at first, then with burning consciousness, Dan Higby overheard the staunch pardners, Jim and Harry, exulting over their strike. Their honest, toil-good faces were flushed with the triumph, rightly earned by the sweat of their bodies and the prayer of their souls. They drank the raw, white whisky, toasting high this star-radiant success. Higby listened gluttonously, taking in each detail—going over with them, for no good purpose, the work-laden days; the finding; the panning out; the staking of the claim, and even this festal moment on the way to the filing of the claim. Higby's lips moved drily; his shifty eyes glistened, bead-like, in his perspiring countenance.

" 'Taint filed yet!" he muttered—" 'taint—filed—yet!" Then he applied one eye to the keyhole again and strained his ears. Harry was filling the glasses again, generously. Jim was saying, voice a trifle quavery: "I've sent for Mary and Nancy—cant wait till they share, too. They've waited a mighty long time for this, pard. Now they'll *have* it—Gawd love 'em!"

Higby waited no longer. He saw that the two were good for an hour more, reminiscing over the past, exultantly anticipating the gold-lined future. He slunk off in the direction of the claim. When Jim and Harry, hilarious, boyishly elated, returned to the prospect, the claim had been filed—by Daniel Higby—and that claim-jumper squatted on the ground, surveying them with cunning, possessive leer. He reckoned without red blood—but he was sober (temporarily) and fired by greed, yet cooler than the work-weary young miners who hurled themselves at him. Guns were drawn, and when the smoke cleared away and the muttered, gasping oaths subsided and the huge, somber mountains frowned mightily down once more, Harry lay dead, Jim had disappeared, and Higby squatted again before the stolen claim, eyes bloodshot, hands bloodstained, soul blood-dyed.

"Will y'u quit lazing round here, Nance Waring, and earn your keep for once?" The high-pitched, strongly



HIGBY HEARS ABOUT JIM AND HARRY'S STRIKE

nasal voice cleft the dry stillness of the morning raspingly, and the girl at the tub bent her thin, tired shoulders and wearily began the endless rubbing. The woman in the doorway watched the operations a moment in pent-up, irascible silence; then she flew across the shed and seized the washer smartly by the shoulder. "Do you s'pose I'll have my duds *played* with, young lady?" she demanded heatedly. "Aint you never *washed* 'fore this—eh? S'pose this is some more of your highfalutin' airs and graces got from your swell Eastern ma and your graceless father."

The girl at the tubs straightened with a jerk and her eyes emitted the battle-light. "Dont you *dare* to talk like that, Delia Higby," she hissed. "You—you *murderess!*"

Delia Higby gasped impotently and started to seize the slender, passion-vibrant figure again, but the girl warded her off and her slender, spirited face blazed. "Keep off," she warned, " 'nless you want a dose of your own medicine. Yes, you *are* a murderess, Delia Higby; but your brother's a *worse* one—a worse *murderer*. He aint got a drop of the milk o' human kindness in him—not a *drop*. He knew, just as sure as he knew his name, that my mother'd die if he put us out of his ramshackle ole house—and he *did* it, just the same. He wouldn't let me work so we could stay in it—*then*. That aint Daniel Higby's kind. Well, my mother's dead; but I tell you, Delia Higby, I wouldn't want to be a Higby when the Day of Judgment comes."

"I'd rather be a Higby than a *nobody*," retorted Delia, venomously,



JIM AND HARRY ARE ATTACKED BY HIGBY

knowing the girl's sensitive pride. Nance only laughed.

"The Lord'll provide for the nobodies," she returned, " 's long as there's no *blood* on their hands."

In the fifteen years intervening between the day that Daniel Higby had jumped a claim and the present one, he had become exceeding prosperous. The mine had yielded, and was yielding, rich returns, and the money therefrom had supported other ventures, most of them as lucrative as they were unscrupulous. Jim and Harry had gone into that voidless silence from which issueth neither reproach nor threat, reprisal nor exposure. Remained only the widow and little Nance, for whom Jim had sent so eagerly to share his good fortune as they had shared his ill. The first months had been spent in fruitless searching for Jim. No one in the mushroom town had the most remote idea of his whereabouts, the saloon-keeper amazedly declaring that he had sold him whisky one morning and learnt of his disappearance the next. And so Mary had labored at any kind of job available, spending her fragile strength with prodigal hand for the sake of little Nance. Her strength began to wane, and there were too many workers, sturdy and blooming, for Mary to fit in. They moved into the most ramshackle house the town boasted, owned by Daniel Higby, and it was from this place that he evicted them when the woman, on whose tired face the last, long sleep was stealing, begged him for respite. She died, and Nance, just reaching fifteen, was taken by Higby's sister—for purposes manifestly not humanitarian.

The one pleasure in the girl's gray day was the evening gallop over the prairies and into the mountain passes on "Wonder," her little broncho. Too young to be utterly despairing or wearily cynical, the child-woman confronted the troublous ways of the world with only a vast, aching wonder in her heart. Now and then some kindly cowboy had given her a book. She had gone to school for a brief time and to church on rare occasions —these things being her basis for reasoning and philosophy. She did not remember ever having done anything to warrant her beloved mother's death, or Delia Higby's cruelty, or

the utter monotony and sharp drudgery of her days.

The day of the fracas with Delia, Nance mounted "Wonder" with an even greater relief than customary. With the wind blowing keen against her face, her slim little body subject to the motion, her head flung back in unconscious abandon, she forgot the harrying of the day's work—forgot Delia's shrewish scoldings and Daniel's jibes and taunts. Letting "Wonder" guide her, she followed the main road and stopped a moment at the postoffice to inquire for the mail. A group of cowboys adorned the door-steps, and they accosted her familiarly.

"Got a date with Smilin' Jim, Nance?" called one. "Dont hurry if you have, Nance. He aint up and doing till moonrise," laughed another.

Nance surveyed them seriously. Her quaint, wistful little face was interested and questioning. "What do you mean, boys?" she queried. The boys roared at her evident gravity.

"Why, Smilin' Jim!" they chorused; "haint y'u heard of him, Nance? He's seen round these parts a *lot*—his ghost, of course; always got a smile—kind of vacant, but pleasant as pay-dirt. Nice old geezer if he was equipped with a body."

"O-oh!" Nance nodded. "A ghost—I see! Do y'u—boys—do y'u consider ghosts—dangerous?"

"Not Jim's," affirmed Tom, the first spokesman. "Y'u wouldn't be one mite afraid of Jim, Nance—he's too gentle in his ways."

"I think," the girl considered, "that I would like to meet Smilin' Jim."

"Why?" curiously from the boys, to whom the phenomenon of yearning for a ghostly encounter was novel.

"He—he might be able to tell me where my—father is," she said.

There was no mail, and Nance followed the road out of the town and rode along a more or less unused track by the mountainside. Heedless in her thoughts, Nance had let "Wonder" pursue the roads at will, and she realized of a sudden that this portion of the hills was new to her. Smoke curled among the tree-tops in the distance, and when "Wonder" neared it, the girl saw a tiny shack—the rudest and tiniest that she had ever seen. She rode up to a small, inadequate clearing in front and coughed portentously. A man appeared at the diminutive doorway—a man who had to bow his tawny head and stoop his massive shoulders before advancing into the open. His eyes held a timid, questioning look, but the smile he gave her was very sweet and pitiful in the gentleness so lovable in the hulking brute or the powerful man. Nance's heart pounded against her thin ribs in mighty thuds. This was Smiling Jim! She knew it, certainly, intuitively. And if this were a ghost, then was the race of man overshadowed in girth and brawn. Ghost or man, Nance knew no fear. This was the first person in many a long day, outside the heedless throng of cowboys, who greeted her with a smile and took her little, toil-rough palm in kindly clasp.

"I've lost my way," explained Nance, as the big man stood by her broncho, holding and patting her hand, with a curious, faraway look in his shallow, tranquil eyes.

"Tell Jim," he answered her, in the uncertain voice of one inured to silences.

"I came from Center Roads," she said, "and I've let 'Wonder' take me —and—and—she's taken me *wrong.*"

"Cant you stay here, pretty, with Jim?"

"No, oh, no!" the girl returned, patting his hand in turn. "I wish I *could,* but I have to get home in time to wash the supper dishes for Delia."

"Delia?"

"Yes—Delia; Delia Higby. She takes care of me—at least I sleep in her house. It's the biggest house in town—the Higbys' is."

Jim's heavy brows were drawn tightly together. His breath came sharply; then he sighed and smiled.

"Will you come again?" he asked wistfully; "not many come by Jim's —and I—I like you——"



NANCE RETURNS IN TIME TO RESCUE SMILING JIM

"Yes, indeed. I'll come tomorrow —and maybe I'll stop by every day. Good-by."

The man did not move. Of a sudden he raised his head to her face, and she saw two lonely tears in his eyes; his lips moved a little, brokenly. "Sometimes I dream," he said strangely, "that some one with your face sits on my knee and plays with my hair and—and kisses me. I love to dream that dream. Would you—kiss me, little girl?"

The child leaned near and kist him softly on the lips, and the two tears dropped and rolled down the storm-beaten cheeks. Then he went into the shack, and Nance urged "Wonder" on.

Overhead, the sky had become inky, and now and again brilliant gold patterned it erratically. The atmosphere quivered with the thunderous vibrations. Nance rode furiously; then halted. A tremendous crash reverberated thruout the woods. "Wonder" reared, and Nance turned white. "I'm going back," she whispered; "I'll wait with Jim till the storm is over. I'm—I'm afraid."

The friendly smoke had ceased curling over the shack, and the "ghost of Smiling Jim" lay prone beneath the wreckage of his shack. This, no doubt, had caused the fearsome reverberation. Nance leaped from "Wonder" and rushed to the prostrate form. She found that one of the beams had struck his head in falling, but that he was practically free of the wreckage. Cold water dashed in his face opened the closed eyes, and they held Nance's with a growing, incredulous, stupendous belief. The child was cognizant at once that this was not the Jim who had begged for a kiss with piteous



HIGBY'S DAY OF RECKONING COMES AT LAST

tears in shallow, vacant eyes. *This Jim looked* at her—really *looked,* and there was all the world of hunger and realization and starved love in the gaze.

"Little baby!" he whispered, half-incredulously; "little baby—Nance!"

"Jim!" the child exclaimed. "Why, Jim—how do you know who I am?"

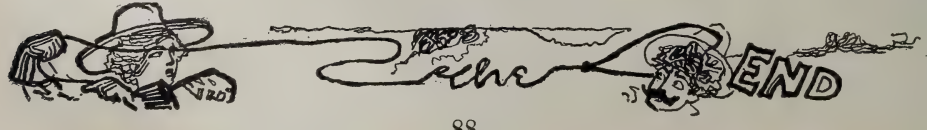
The man rose and lifted her in arms that strangled in their yearning grip. "Say 'Dad,' baby girl," he muttered, gruff sobs breaking thru; " say *'Dad'."*

The shock of the falling beam had done it, and the Jim who, with his pardner Harry, staked the claim, drank at the bar and fought the deadly fight with Higby, lived again, alert and keen in every sense.

After the first poignant raptures, the explanations and the sad knowledge that Mary had gone where Jim could not reach her, the two followed the road into the town again.

Higby was afraid of the giant man who faced him, the accumulation of the defrauded years in his smoldering eyes, the eloquent figure of his little daughter by his side. And he was superstitious. He could not reconcile Jim, the corpse, with this dominant, avenging figure. The sheriff was called and a story told. Papers were produced—papers that Jim in his darkened years had kept by him in his hermit retreat. And, in the end, Higby went to make atonement for many things—for Harry, sleeping silent in his youth; for Mary, weary unto death; for Nance, with her spindly frame and quaint, white face —for the ghost of Smiling Jim.

And Jim filed his claim at last, built Nance the biggest, finest house Center Roads had ever seen, rode out with her as her knight and cavalier on a stable mate to "Wonder," and laid a wreath of roses on the mound where Mary lay at rest.



THE OATH OF THE SWORD

By (Sawyer) EDWIN M. LAROCHE



SOME twenty years ago a fleet of fishing-boats was homing into Enoura Bay. The wind had died out altogether, leaving the sea perfectly flat and as glassy clear as a mirror. A song rose above the bronze backs of the rowers—a fisherman's chanty, to the lilt of which the long sweeps rose and fell.

The catch had been good. The boat bottoms were littered with nets and gasping, giant *magaro,* and monster shell-fish sucked at the boats' ribs.

In the prow of one of the boats crouched an old man, his bright eyes peering inscrutably into the water. And from under his arm peered forth a small, brown boy.

An unfamiliar splash struck the sea, and the rowers' arms became paralyzed with fright. It was nothing but an empty water-bucket that had toppled overboard and was slowly filling, but each stilled, brown man watched it with plain terror.

The bucket sank with a gurgling gasp, and it might better have been one of themselves, for its effect upon the fishermen. The old man clasped the boy to him, and a hasty prayer spilled from his lips:

"Great Buddha, spare us this omen, for now surely the sea will some day claim one of us."

The sea chanty ceased, and the silent rowers pulled for the beach.

In the household of Gombei, the old man, the evil portent of the sea had long since been forgotten, and the rearing of Hisa, his granddaughter, became his only care. He was too old any longer to go out with the fleet, and so did the best he could by strapping the child to his back and waddling down to the beach to help count the catch. And then there was Masao, the little boy, for whom the old man had taken a great fancy. These three were never apart, and it was talked about in the village that Gombei had set his heart upon bringing the children up to be sweethearts.

Over the charcoal of the family *hibachi* the old man sipped his tea and talked wisely with Hisa's mother, the widow, about his plan, and at last it came about that the two families met and ceremoniously decided that Gombei's heart was as straightly true as a young lover's in the wisdom of his wish.

As time went on the grandfather brought everything to bear upon his heart's desire. He prospered, and his fishing-fleet was known from Mito to Shizu-ura. The child Hisa did not belie his hopes and grew up to young womanhood as pink-skinned and brown-eyed as a lotus flower bowered in russet maples. And as her shape rounded, so did her nature, for from a frolicksome child she became sagacious, strong and self-reliant, yet gentle, compassionate and sweet.

Many suitors came from afar off in carved sampans to sit by her and listen to her clear, low voice as it thrilled above the notes of her *samisen.* But she clove only to the youth Masao, plighting her troth whenever he should care to take her.

In the early spring, when the cherry trees in the garden were decked in deep pink blossoms, he led her to a seat and, with a broken voice, told her of his great ambition to cross the sea and learn the wisdom of the Americans.

"The old days of our fathers," he said, "are dying, Hisa, my beloved one, and the brains and commerce of the white man are fast crowding us out. For many months I have studied of their books, and the deep thirst of knowledge has fastened upon me." He paused, with his face turned toward the open sea. "In the month of wistaria I leave you, and with the coming of each spring you will send me a spray as a token that our love is undying."

Masao paused to look into the girl's brimming eyes. A trustful light burned in them, turning her tears to bright jewels.

"You are my lord and master," she spoke up, "and whatsoever is your will, that is mine. At the birth of each spring I will send you blossoms—cherry, azalea, wistaria, iris, and when the year dies a chrysanthemum shall keep our love in flower."

"*Sayonara,* little Hisa; farewell till I come again for you." His hands stroked her forehead tenderly. "Tomorrow I go to Yokohama to take the big boat of iron and fire."

As he turned away, a fresh wind from the sea blew about them, sending a shower of pink petals into her hair and lap. But she did not glance up. The sorrow of the years cast a shadow across her young face.



THE REARING OF HISA BECAME HIS ONLY CARE

The undergraduates of the University of California were getting accustomed to the invasion of their ranks by the little brown men from the land of the setting sun. They usually stayed by themselves, mixed little in college affairs, drank in everything

with bright, inscrutable eyes, and when the dreaded exams came, walked off with most of the honors.

It was in the swimming-pool that Rogers Cornell, the 'varsity coach, first spotted Masao. The muscular, brown shape flashed thru the water like a speed-boat, and, mentally, the veteran coach clocked the remarkable swimmer.

"I'll spring a surprise on the boys," he chuckled, "at the next set of games."

"Here, you," he said, sauntering down to where Masao was climbing from the pool, "keep your fins out of the water until I give you the word."

The lithe, brown youth grinned in surprised amusement, and it was only when the famous coach visited his dormitory and hissed certain secret and sapient instructions into his ear that he fully understood.

With the coming of commencement week, old grads from all over the State poured into the grounds, and the campus took on the effect of a field of daisies, as frisky, white-gowned groups of the fair sex took possession of it.

The track, aquatic and field sports were the crowning excitement of the close of the college year, and Cornell had his athletes groomed to the fettle of race-horses.

When the pistol was fired for the start of the quarter-mile swimming race, nobody noticed the little, brown man wedged in between the blond water-giants, in resplendent swimming-shirts. For the first half he doggedly faced the spray from their powerful strokes. At the turn he was swimming breast to breast with the 'varsity cracks. But it was only when within a hundred yards of the finish that Masao unleashed the fury of his trudgeon stroke and clove the waters of the bay like a darting tuna.

To the stupefaction of the audience, an unknown, undersized youth, with a shock of flat, black hair, climbed out upon the float and glanced back at his nearest competitors.

"You little fish!" cried Cornell, seizing his dripping hands; "I guess we needn't worry in the dual meet next year."

So sprang the quiet Jap into college fame, the idol of a famous coach and of the army of enthusiastic youths back of him. As for the girls, they tried to lionize him, too, and one of them, a pretty, blushing creature, sent him flowers, which he promptly forgot.



THE COLLEGE IDOL

And while their cheers echoed noisily over the waters, a far different thing was happening on the dream-quiet shore of the Bay of Enoura. For Gombei, the grandsire of Hisa, had been summoned to appear before his gods. On fresh mats of woven straw he laid himself down, commanding the girl to his side.

And when Hisa saw the wistful, prophetic look of his eyes and felt the grope of his fingers, she knew that his end was near.

He beckoned feebly, and she fetched him the sword of his samurai ancestors. And over her bowed head, as he slipped lower and lower on his mat, he gave her the words of the dread oath, *Katana.*

"For those who sin must die by the sword!" he muttered, and, as she kist the bright tracery of the blade in solemn promise, the burnt-out old man lay back in final sleep.

After that, in November, there came a laquered box of dry chrysanthemums for Masao, and a message from Hisa that the head of the family had passed away and that she now lived alone with her mother and young brother.

Masao spread out her flowers before him, and his eyes turned inwards to the vision of the gleaming, emerald bay with the gnarled and ancient pines sentineling its shore, and back of the low hills the golden-purple sky. There, in a tiny garden filled with white and yellow blooms, strolled Hisa, his little wife-to-be, and overhead the shining bronze of the turning maples vied with the luster of her high-piled, scented hair.

But such day-dreams were stolen joys for Masao—the athletic council had found him out. Lithe as an eel, wiry, untiring, clean-living, he was a natural born athlete. In the dashes he showed a clean pair of heels to the former speed-artists, and indoors his gliding, sinuous shape became the dreaded attack of the basket-ball five. At night he locked his door and studied with the thirst of an acolyte.

It was after the victory of the gymnasium team over Leland Stanford that a reception was given to the athletes in the flower-decked gymnasium. Masao was the lion of the hour. His breath came in a gasp as the crowd rushed up to shake his hands. He had done a wonderful thing in the lightweight wrestling by forcing his unbeaten opponent to the mat.

"Masao Mori, let me introduce Mrs. Deane and Captain Deane, one of our old football stars."

Masao remembered the quick handshake of the woman and his looking up into the face of the ruddy, blond giant.

Deane looked the Jap over critically; then sighed. "I cant coach the team this year," he said. "I'm a bride of the sea, you know—steamer *Governor,* trading in Yokohama and Nagasaki. But if my eyesight holds out, I look to see you passing the leather as our new quarterback."

The big man passed on to give place to others around the college idol of the hour.

The purple skies turned to sunless black; the pound of angry surf on the sands of Enoura; the scream of a typhoon's breath in the pines on the shore.

A league off shore a big steamer had struck a ledge of hidden, conglomerate rock and was slowly settling into her grave. The crew had long since taken to the boats, and only one man remained on the sea-swept decks—a big, blond man with water-soaked, tawny hair.

At last his turn came, too, and, buckling on a life-preserver, he flung himself into the sea.

For breathless minutes he battled for control in the giant cauldron of cresting waters; then his strength gave out, and he let the rushing wall beat over him.

A half-laden sampan of the fleet of Gombei staggered shoreward like a wounded thing. The fish were dumped into the sea to give place to the leaping waves. Then one of the brown fishermen reached out suddenly and clung to a floating object which others helped him drag into the boat. Thru the black, shrieking scud the sampan fled to the land.

Thus the lifeless body of Captain Deane came to the Bay of Enoura. And in the house of Hisa, on the gentle slope of the hill, a girl knelt in steadfast prayer for the lives of the fisherfolk. As she bowed her head against the floor, the frenzied gusts of wind laid trembling fingers on the frail paper *shoji* and shook them till they danced like fire-flies.

Then she heard the sound of calling voices in the garden and knew that the fishermen had been saved. Hisa drew her kimona close about her and stepped out. A familiar group stood bent over a strange, giant man.

When Hisa stepped close and saw his great limbs lax from the crushing grip of the sea and the untroubled look on his still face, a deep pity welled up within her, and she took courage to order the fishermen to carry the strange man into her house.

With the coming of his strength she led him into the garden, where cherry-blossom and wild plum scattered their wanton petals.

He was so big, so beautiful, so grateful, and his kiss was a strange, glowing thing that shot a film of ecstasy and forgetfulness across her eyes.

In the summer they were married, in Japanese fashion, the maid kneeling before her lord and husband and giving him the betrothal cup of per-



THE COLLEGE GIRLS TRY TO LIONIZE MASAO

There she laid him on soft, padded *foutons,* busying herself in brewing the strongest and best of tea.

In a while his eyes opened, and their startled blue held the look of the storm-torn sea. But she held a cup of steaming tea to his lips, and he drank freely and gratefully.

After that, life came back quickly to the stranger, and he lay for hours staring at the ceiling, until Hisa came in to tend the fire in the *hibachi* and to brew him tea and life-giving broth.

It was then that he would turn toward her, shutting the door of his mind against the woman at home, and his deep eyes would warm in welcome.

fumed tea, which he, in turn, filled and passed to her.

Summer came, with its purple iris, and fall, with its riot of golden-red trees, and Hisa gloried in the love of her husband.

With the coming spring a great secret she would disclose to him, a something that set the love-mist to dancing in her eyes.

They led him in before her as she lay on fresh-rimmed mats, with billowy *foutons,* and in her arms was housed a new-born baby.

"Is he not like his honorable father?" she asked proudly, and

Deane kist her, a lump rising in his throat.

On the deck of a flying steamer a brown man stood with his face turned toward the west, and his eyes, too, grew moist with their yearn toward the distant coast.

Two years gone, and now he was speeding to Enoura to bring joy to the eyes of the little Hisa.

He could hardly get there fast enough, and lest he should not surprise her, made a detour of the village and entered her house unseen.

Hisa sat on a mat holding a suckling baby, and by her side a big, blond man, lost in lazy content.

That face—that rosy, contemptuous face and that powerful frame! Where had he seen them before?

"You, you!" he said hoarsely; "what are you doing here with Hisa?"

"Masao!" cried the little wife; "you come back?" She trembled violently with her confession. "My husband—mebbe you doan know my honorable husband."

Deane rose to his feet. The look in Masao's face frightened him.

"Come," said Masao, "out to the rocks by the sea, you dealer in women!"

And Deane, knowing that his hour of reckoning had come, followed the brown man out.

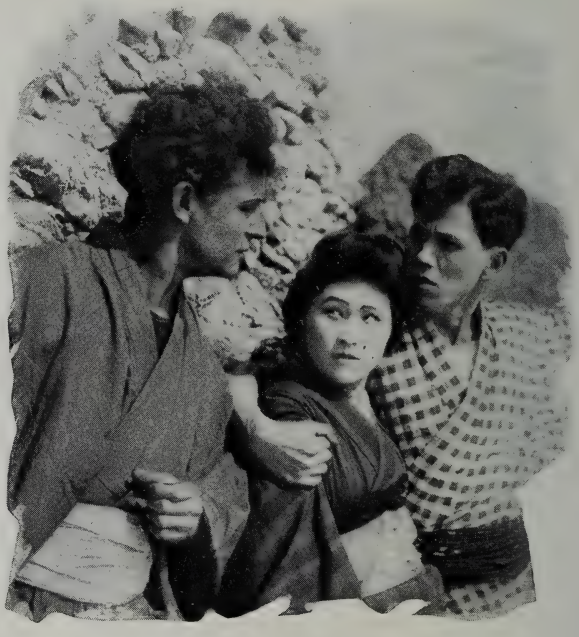
Hisa darted between them, crying, imploring on her soft knees. But Masao raised her and, with his arm flung about her, pointed the way to Deane.

Until the sun set in a golden ball back of the hills they fought for mastery, on the rocks over the sea. Twining in and out, the little brown man clung to the other like twisting vines.

At last they came to the water's edge. Deane's breath came short, like puffs from a furnace, but he fought in despair to hold the tireless athlete off.

He felt the cold water pooling around his knees; the strain on his neck was forever seaward; his arms relaxed, and, with a great cry of finality, his body plunged under the waters.

Masao stood implacable—a man of chiseled bronze. But Deane's body never came to the surface. The sea of ill omens had claimed its slime.



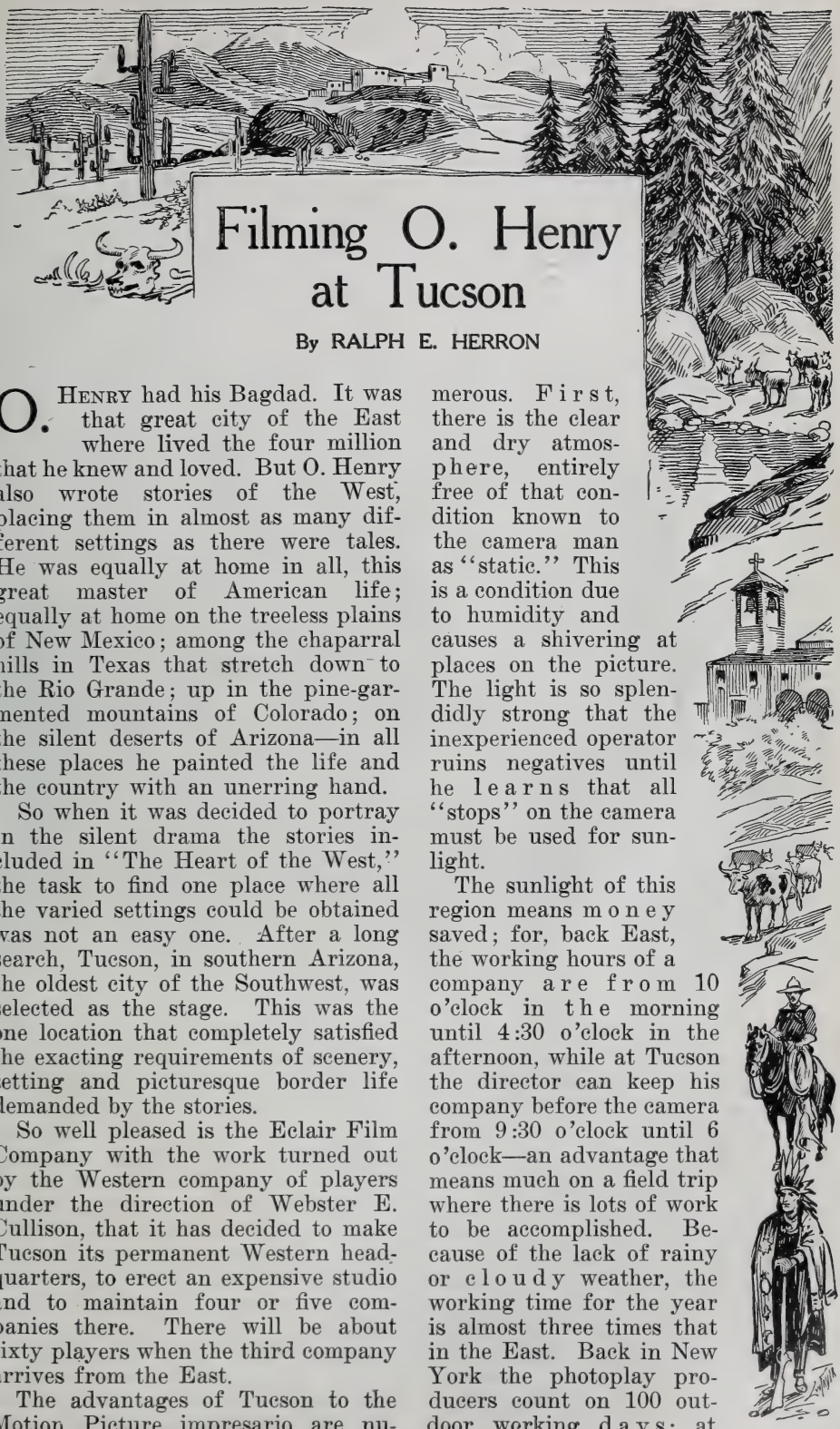
HISA DARTED BETWEEN THEM

Hisa raised her horror-haunted eyes from the child on her breast. What had Masao said—dealer in women? Had she sinned, and must she now die?

The sword of Gombei and of his samurai ancestors lay on its rack in the honored place of the room. She laid her son down carefully and knelt by his side. It crooned at the shiny thing in her hands and reached out tiny fists for it.

"August grandfather, I come—I come!"

She sighed and lay back like one sleeping.



Filming O. Henry at Tucson

By RALPH E. HERRON

O. Henry had his Bagdad. It was that great city of the East where lived the four million that he knew and loved. But O. Henry also wrote stories of the West, placing them in almost as many different settings as there were tales. He was equally at home in all, this great master of American life; equally at home on the treeless plains of New Mexico; among the chaparral hills in Texas that stretch down to the Rio Grande; up in the pine-garmented mountains of Colorado; on the silent deserts of Arizona—in all these places he painted the life and the country with an unerring hand.

So when it was decided to portray in the silent drama the stories included in "The Heart of the West," the task to find one place where all the varied settings could be obtained was not an easy one. After a long search, Tucson, in southern Arizona, the oldest city of the Southwest, was selected as the stage. This was the one location that completely satisfied the exacting requirements of scenery, setting and picturesque border life demanded by the stories.

So well pleased is the Eclair Film Company with the work turned out by the Western company of players under the direction of Webster E. Cullison, that it has decided to make Tucson its permanent Western headquarters, to erect an expensive studio and to maintain four or five companies there. There will be about sixty players when the third company arrives from the East.

The advantages of Tucson to the Motion Picture impresario are numerous. First, there is the clear and dry atmosphere, entirely free of that condition known to the camera man as "static." This is a condition due to humidity and causes a shivering at places on the picture. The light is so splendidly strong that the inexperienced operator ruins negatives until he learns that all "stops" on the camera must be used for sunlight.

The sunlight of this region means money saved; for, back East, the working hours of a company are from 10 o'clock in the morning until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, while at Tucson the director can keep his company before the camera from 9:30 o'clock until 6 o'clock—an advantage that means much on a field trip where there is lots of work to be accomplished. Because of the lack of rainy or cloudy weather, the working time for the year is almost three times that in the East. Back in New York the photoplay producers count on 100 outdoor working days; at

Tucson they can work for from 275 to 300 days, making deductions for Sundays and weather not of the best.

The climate, dry and stimulating, is favorable to getting the best work from the players. Its altitude, 2,365 feet, while not so high as many places in the West, means quite a jump for a player just from New York City. In the free, outdoor life permitted, keeping in good health is an easy matter. It never gets too hot in Tucson to work; sunstrokes are never heard of; hard work seems easy.



THE ECLAIR COMPANY WHO FILMED "THE CABALLERO'S WAY" AND OTHER O. HENRY STORIES AT TUCSON

Situated on a flat mesa in the Santa Cruz River Valley, there is found within a short radius every variety of setting typical of the West. You can find the grassy plains of New Mexico and Western Kansas; the barren mountains, clad with cacti and other desert vegetation, which are characteristic of New Mexico and parts of Texas; pine-clad mountains of the high divides, lofty and majestic, similar to the Rockies of Colorado. And, not least, there is the desert—that vast, mysterious solitude, clothed with a myriad of curious plants and shrubs, carpeted with white sands—a setting, according to the profession, with which the finest photographic effects are obtainable.

Water is the one thing lacking, but there is a pond about nine miles from the city which is made to serve as a lake, a river and even as an ocean. In the mountains there are waterfalls and streams of great beauty and scenic value.

Within easy reach are cattle ranches, which furnish settings for the cowboy plays; and there are irrigated farms of the Santa Cruz Valley, offering settings for irrigation scenes. On the large acreages under irrigation almost any sort of a crop can be found, even cotton, generally thought of as peculiar to the South.

Farther away are sheep and goat ranches. Not only the angora is available, but also the spare milch goats of the Toggenburgh breed—the kind that are found in the Alps.

The city itself offers adobe buildings, characteristic of the Southwest, and with it the picturesque home life of the Mexican of humble station and of the Indian. In other parts of the city are fine residences built in the Mexican style and mission style, and

the latest types of bungalows and ordinary American dwelling houses. The buildings of the business section are not, as yet, pretentious, but there a building era has begun which promises to provide metropolitan structures for the Moving Picture man.

Down on Meyer Street there are settings of the old-time Western town, ready made. There are parks and two railroad stations. The Southern Pacific station is a splendid example of mission architecture, and that of the El Paso & Southwestern is a half-classic structure set in a tropical garden.

Extra men and cowboys are just a little hard to get for the Motion Pictures. Cowboys are secured by running up a white flag at the studio. A blue flag is a call for Mexicans. Women and girls for large scenes are obtained by a young society matron who gets her friends to pose as an entertaining diversion.

The trials of the manager with Mexican "extras" are numerous. In "Dead Men's Tales," recently filmed, sixty Mexicans struck when the climax called for digging up two skeletons in a mine, and it was necessary to get other men.

At another time, when Mr. Cullison had equipped and accoutered a Mexican army for a big scene in "The Caballero's Way," he called for volunteers to serve as generals and other officers, and the entire army, to a man, stepped forward. They all wanted to be generals, and could be induced to serve as privates only by promise of extra pay.

Indians must be paid liberally for posing. Tucson Chinese are no more willing than other Chinese. The cadet battalion of the University of Arizona, located here, serves for United States soldiers.

Some of the New Mexican stories of Eugene Manlove Rhodes have been filmed, including "The Bar Cross



SCENE FROM "BRANSFORD IN ARCADIA," TAKEN AT THE HOME OF GENERAL L. H. MANNING, TUCSON, ARIZONA



RINGING THE ANGELUS AT THE SAN XAVIER MISSION NEAR TUCSON

Liar'' and ''The Blunderer's Mark.'' ''The Caballero's Way'' is said to be the finest film that has been produced at Tucson. It is valued at $20,000, and by a lucky chance was saved from the recent fire that destroyed the Eclair plant at Fort Lee, N. J.

Some of the scenes were taken at the Davidson goat ranch at kidding time; others at the San Xavier Mission, where the Angelus is rung by a tonsured priest and was received with the same silent reverence by the Indians as by those French peasants depicted by Millet.

Another director, the famous Romaine Fielding, of the Lubin Company, has used Tucson and its environs for the locale of several of his important pictures. Mr. Fielding is noted as being particular in the truthfulness of his locations and has searched every state in the West to find the type of scenery and topography suited to his needs. It takes a versatile man to be nature-lover, artist, actor and director, and these qualifications Romaine Fielding possesses to a high degree. Once having taken note of the beauties and appropriateness of a location, it never slips his memory, so his familiar figure will, without doubt, be seen detraining into sun-smiling Tucson again.

The Movie Pest

By FRANK MARKWARD

And now there comes among us the dizzy movie pest, and by all near comparisons he's worse than all the rest. He always sits behind our chair and comments on each scene, until of comfort we despair and wish his grave was green. And, likewise, fervently we hope that dumbness quick will scoot in from the outer darkness and choke the crass galoot.

The obvious is all that comes before his little mind; his mouth's a blatant phonograph to move to wrath mankind; and so he babbles on and on, while all around him sit a score of wretched folk like we, who curse his shallow wit. But he prates on and smiles with oily leers and blinks; thinks he, ''I'm some libretto to this passel of dub ginks.''

He little knows how close he leans across destruction's path; he little recks how 'round him seethes the virtuous vials of wrath; how one and all about him is pining just to clout him with axe or club or tomahawk, or just a good red brick.

We'd like to maul and flay him, and just before we slay him, to take him out in sections and see what makes him tick.

A Chat with G. M. Anderson

("Broncho Billy")

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

WHEN I announced my intention of interviewing "Broncho Billy," my friends laughed heartily. The idea of me, a girl, succeeding where numbers of men, old in the game of interviewing, had failed! Nay, nay, 'twere preposterous! All of which I heard, but heeded not. Donning my best bib and tucker, my chin set obstinately, I set out. And before I had returned to the hotel, the interview reposed coyly between the pages of my notebook, couched in the undecipherable hieroglyphics of shorthand.



I did not go to the studio for my interview. I went to Mr. Anderson's hotel, waited until he appeared, had myself introduced by a mutual friend (who was a friend indeed that day), and a few moments later found us all (I shall mention no names, save that of Mr. Anderson) seated at a table in the hotel dining-room, engaged in discussing a delicious dinner.

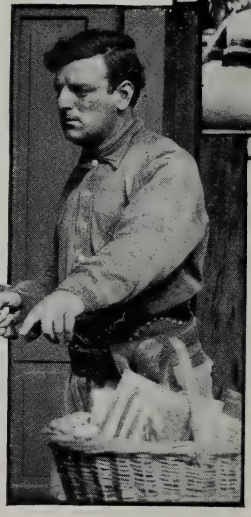
Almost eight years ago this self-same Gilbert Maxwell Anderson, otherwise known as "Broncho Billy," wrote and directed the first Motion Picture of cowboy life ever made. Also, he played the leading part. And ever since then he has written, produced and played the lead in almost all of the Western plays produced by the Essanay Company. He has written and produced one Western picture each week for the past seven and a half years. So I say, hats off to "Broncho Billy," the idol of small boys, girls, and big men and women.

He is a native of Arkansas (in deference to his wishes I shall not be more specific), and all his life he has been devoted to the circus. As a small boy he received many "lickings" for this fondness, since it so often resulted in his playing "hooky" from school and being altogether "no-'count" on the red-letter day when the great tented aggregation chanced to stop off in his town. His father used to shake his head in sorrow and remark to the other home-folks that he was afraid "that boy" would never amount to anything.

He joined a school of acting and, after graduating, drifted to New York, as so many famous (and a lot who aren't famous) folk have done before him. His chance to take up







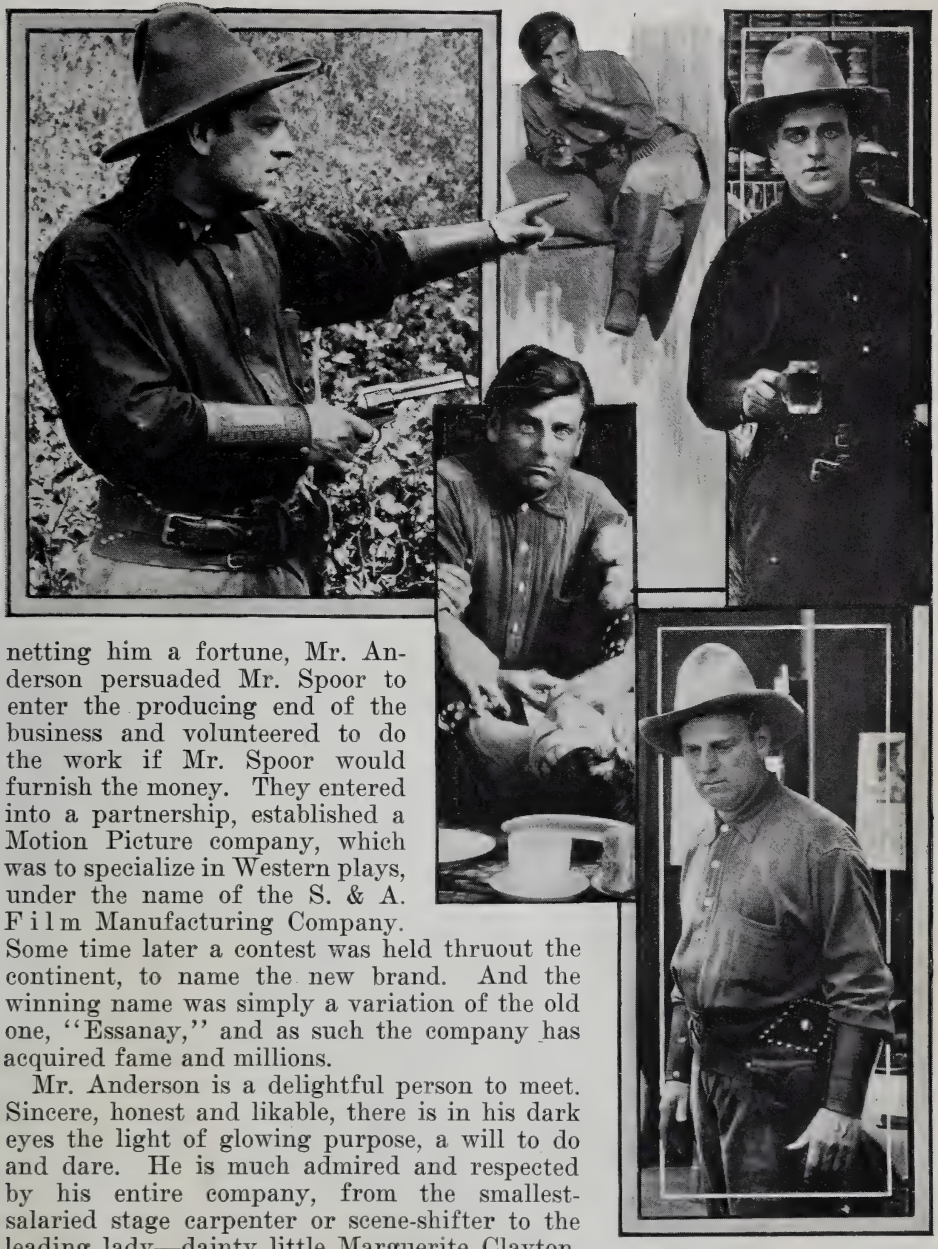
Motion Picture work came quite by accident, which, by the way, is usually the case.

This was when Edwin S. Porter, the first picture play director of the Edison Company, was producing "The Great Train Robbery," the first one-thousand-foot film ever attempted in the United States. He came across Mr. Anderson quite accidentally and engaged him for a certain "bit," that of a passenger who attempts to escape and is shot down by one of the robbers.

Seated around the exquisitely appointed table, Mr. Anderson and I chatted away like old friends. I didn't consider it necessary to tell him that his words were going to be used against him, for the pleasure of the reading public, as I find that such information leads to a drying up of the wells of speech, and I much preferred "Broncho Billy," the talker, to Gilbert M. Anderson, an imitation of the Sphinx.

He told me how, after working in the Edison picture, the idea of a long film appealed to him. He approached several producers with his idea, only to be laughed at for entertaining foolish notions. But this Columbus of the Films convinced Mr. J. Stuart Blackton that his was a feasible scheme, and outlined to him the plot of the story, which was to be called "Raffles, the Gentleman Burglar," and Mr. Anderson was to be Raffles. Some of us perhaps still remember this film. It made a fortune for the producers, and Mr. Anderson, with all-abiding faith in his brain-child, went on the road with it.

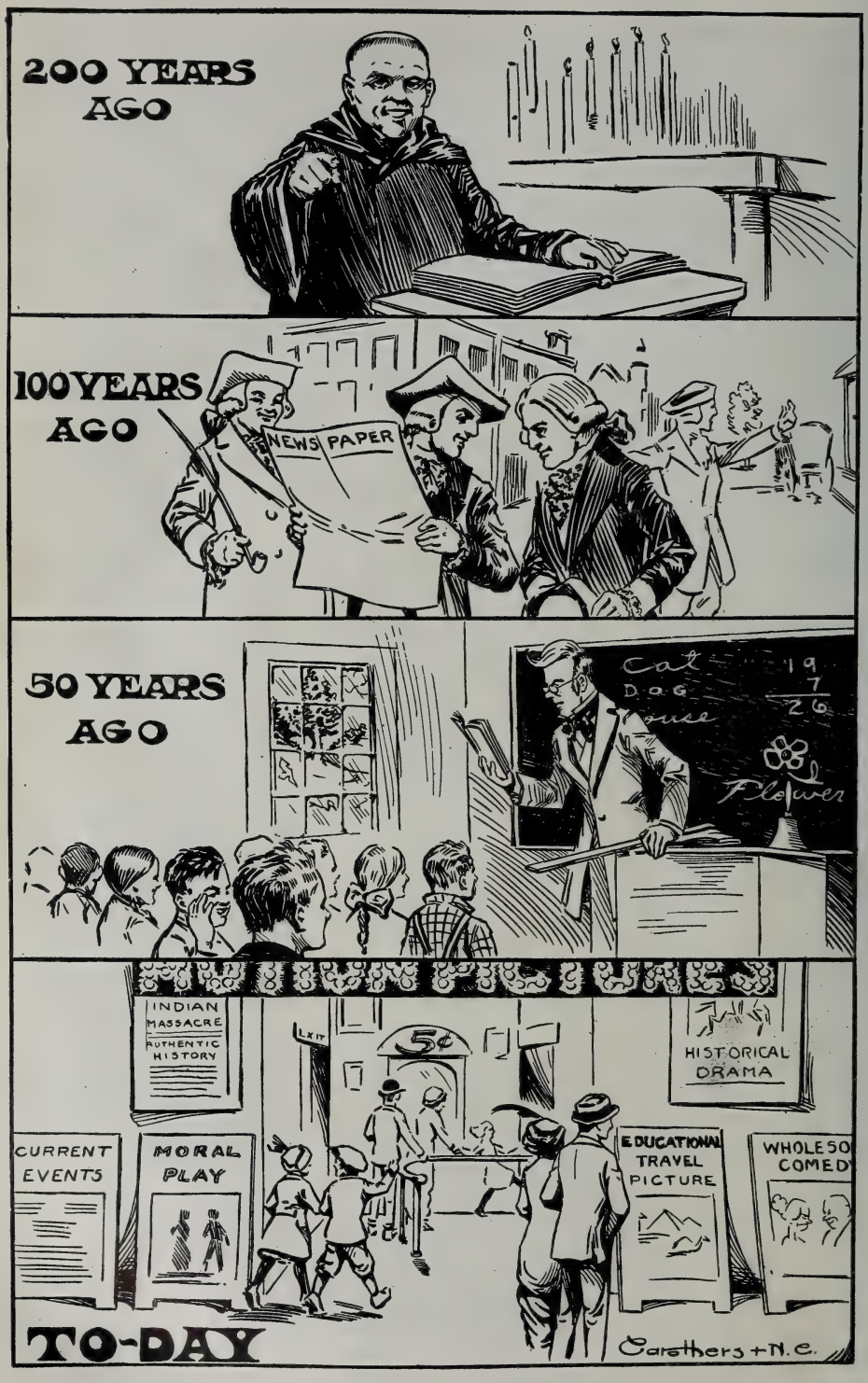
One day, meeting George K. Spoor, then an exchange man, with film exchanges thruout Chicago, where his famous "Magniscope," a forerunner of the present-day Motion Picture cameras, was



netting him a fortune, Mr. Anderson persuaded Mr. Spoor to enter the producing end of the business and volunteered to do the work if Mr. Spoor would furnish the money. They entered into a partnership, established a Motion Picture company, which was to specialize in Western plays, under the name of the S. & A. Film Manufacturing Company. Some time later a contest was held thruout the continent, to name the new brand. And the winning name was simply a variation of the old one, "Essanay," and as such the company has acquired fame and millions.

Mr. Anderson is a delightful person to meet. Sincere, honest and likable, there is in his dark eyes the light of glowing purpose, a will to do and dare. He is much admired and respected by his entire company, from the smallest-salaried stage carpenter or scene-shifter to the leading lady—dainty little Marguerite Clayton, who is varying the monotony of Motion Picture acting (if Motion Picture acting ever grows monotonous) by playing now and then in one of Mr. Anderson's San Francisco theaters, where she is a great favorite.

To Mr. Anderson's careful, conscientious and always courteous instruction does she accredit the popularity which she is daily increasing. For she entered his company with no experience whatever, and in a short time has leaped to fame and popularity. And so it is with every member of his company. All swear by him, and all have treasured something which he has done to make them grateful to him.



EPOCHS IN EDUCATION

Exciting Stories of the Players That Are True

By JAMES BLACK

On a cool summer's night not so long ago, the yacht *Sagamore* steamed up Long Island Sound, carrying a group of Vitagraph players, among them Wilfred North, director; Wally Van, Antonio Moreno and William Shay. The humble recorder of these tales had the good fortune also to be a guest. Pipes were going, and every one was reminiscent. The talk turned to sea stories.



WILFRED NORTH

"Well," began Mr. North, "before I became an actor I was a sailor, and while I was on the sea some of the most exciting incidents in my life took place. Once, off the coast of South America, in the Pacific, I was the mate of a sailing schooner. We had struck a dead calm, and the pitch leaking out of the seams and the booms creaking made life almost unbearable. I was talking with the helmsman, when I noticed the crew suddenly became active. One sailor ran up the rigging, using only his hands, and sliding down again on a rope, his friends cheering. Another hung head down from the yards. I went forward and found that every one was trying to do a difficult feat, a prize of tobacco being offered for the most difficult. I said that I would do anything that any one else would do. We happened to be in a place that was infested with sharks. Joe Gilligan said: "Will you dive from the bowsprit if I do?" I said, "Yes," thinking he would not do it. But he did and got back safely. Instantly the water was alive with sharks. I knew it was certain death, but I would be called a coward if I did not; so I crawled out onto the bowsprit, standing undecided. I could see the dorsal fins and white bellies of the sharks flashing in the sun, waiting for me, and I shivered with fright. My shipmates jeered at me. I thought I had better pray, so I said 'Our Father—' Then my foot slipped—I fell with a terrible splash."

"Bunk!" said Wally, but was hushed by a well-directed pillow.

"I was very much startled," resumed North, "but struck out for the ship. I never swam faster. A shark rushed at me. How I eluded him, I dont know. Getting back to the ship, I was pulled aboard. Just as my feet left the water I heard one of the monsters' jaws snap. A second sooner and I would have lost my leg. When I was pulled on the deck I

promptly fainted, but I got the tobacco and never enjoyed it more."

There was silence for a while, and the pipes glowed in the darkness.

"Once——" commenced Bill Shay. Every one gasped. Bill was going to talk. Hastily I reached for my pencil and pulled down my cuffs. This was too good to miss. Bill Shay,



WILLIAM SHAY

the Sphinx, the silent, was going to talk.

"Once," said Bill, "when I was traveling in England with Burgess' Stock Company, in the days of the 'County Fair' and 'Spinster by Preference,' we missed the boat back, and rather than wait a month for its return, we took a sailing vessel. The fifth night out we were startled by the cry of 'Fire!' We rushed on deck and found the after part of the ship in flames. One cannot imagine the horrors of a fire at sea. A pitch-black night, the flames casting a lurid light skyward, and the shrieks of the terrified women."

Here he stopped, and I held my breath for fear he would not go on. But my fears were groundless. He continued: "When all hope was gone, the captain ordered the boats lowered. Two aft were destroyed by the flames, that licked hungrily at the decks and ran up the tarred ropes. The heat was terrible. We crowded into the four boats, left with only a handful of provisions and one water-cask for four boats. We stuck together and watched the ship go down. The captain was grief-stricken; the first ship he had lost in thirty-eight years of sailing. We passed the next day in tolerable comfort, for it was cloudy, but on the second day a terrible storm arose, and two of the boats, one with the water-cask in it, upset. All were lost. The third day the sun was scorching, beating down on our unprotected heads. Two of the men went crazy and leaped overboard. A gruesome corpse, half-burned, floated by us. I recognized it as Mather, our 'heavy.' He must have been left on the ship. At the sight of the corpse, his wife, who was playing lead, jumped after him and never came up. The thirst was unbearable, but on the evening of the third day we were picked up by a passing ship and reached land safely."

"Why didn't the ship company provide the ship with fire-extinguishers?" I ventured. "It was something like forty years ago," replied Bill; "there weren't any." I remained extinguished for the rest of the evening.

"All of my adventures have happened right here in li'l ole Noo Yawk," quoth Wallie Van. "Before I stopped work to act, I was boss of a construction gang building the subway under the river. We were at the bottom of a shaft, when the pump that was supplying us with air broke and we almost suffocated. The air-pressure being cut off, the barrier that was holding the water back

began to give way. We breathed with great difficulty. Then the lights went out. My eyeballs started out of my head and I thought my ear-drums would burst. The water was up to our ankles. It was then that I fainted and fell into the water. I knew no more until I found myself in Bellevue Hospital. As soon as I was able, I handed in my resignation. It's more fun to stand in front of a camera and have people throw pies at you and fall downstairs than it is to suffocate."

"Antonio, tell us a story," said our host, and Antonio Moreno, who had kept strangely silent so far, began:

" 'Twas a dark and stormy even——" and ducked two pillows, a book and a pair of binoculars. "When I was a boy—" started Tony.

"Which was not long ago," interrupted Wallie.

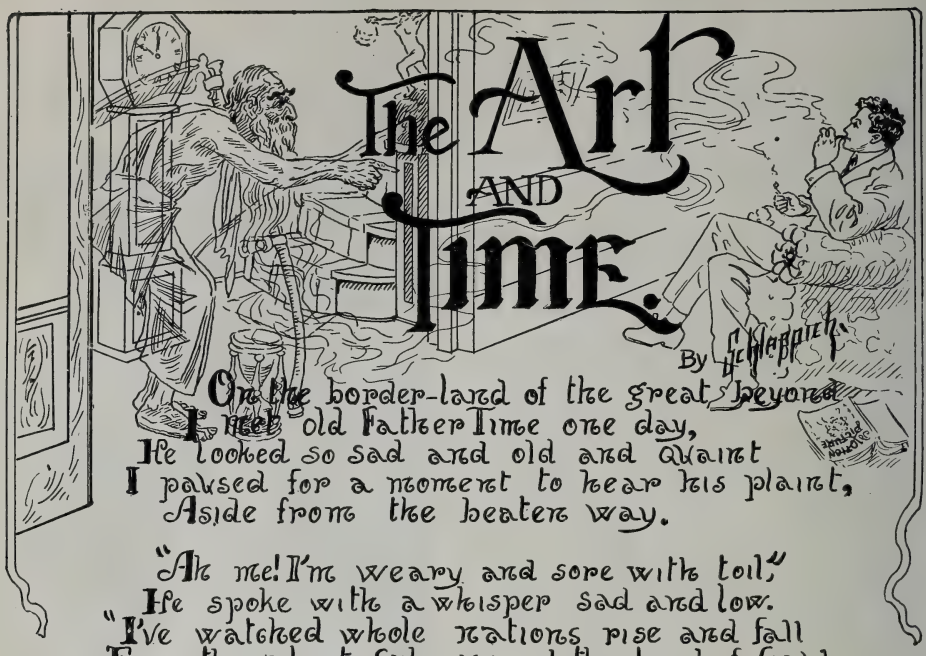
"When I was a boy," repeated Tony, glaring at Wallie, "I lived with my people in Seville, Spain, and bull-fighting was to me what baseball is to the American boy. I envied my cousin, who was a matador, and I longed to be a bull-fighter when I grew up. I went regularly every week, and one Saturday they had a special fête. No less than thirty-five bulls were to be slaughtered. I occupied, with my family, a box in the front row near the middle of the arena. It was during the killing of the tenth bull, a ferocious beast, that the calamity occurred. I happened to be wearing a jaunty little red hat and jacket. In the excitement I leaned too far over the rail and fell into the arena. *Por Dios!* but I was scared. The bull, already crazed by the sword-thrusts of the matadors, charged me. 'Run, fool, run,' cried one of the fighters. My cousin and the man intercepted the bull. The gate was fifty yards away, and altho I was small, I made good time towards it. The bull got by the fighters and still made for me. The man at the gate had just time to pull me outside and slam the gate, when the bull crashed into it. He charged the gate again and again and soon broke both of his horns. Then the toreadors killed him.

" '*Peste!*' said my father. 'Fool of a boy, go home!' I was not allowed to see a fight for a month."



WALLIE VAN

Every one having related something or other, each sought his berth.



The Art AND Time.

By F. Schaffrath.

On the border-land of the great beyond
I met old Father Time one day,
He looked so sad and old and quaint
I paused for a moment to hear his plaint,
Aside from the beaten way.

"Ah me! I'm weary and sore with toil,"
He spoke with a whisper sad and low.
"I've watched whole nations rise and fall
From the silent Sphinx and the land of Gaul,
To eternal realms of snow."

"I've healed all sorrows and broken hearts."
His head bent low with a musing nod.
"As chief eraser of human ills,
They worked me hard—but they paid the bills.
I ruled with an iron rod."

"But now they have played me a scurvy trick."
He turned his glass with an angry frown.
"I've labored and toiled and I'm not to blame
But I can't erase since the Movies came—
They've turned me Upside down."

"Events and men I had buried deep
And covered with this good right hand—
They dug them up and they can be seen
Each day and night on the picture screen
All over this blessed land."

"They're making records from birth to death
And Filmed the Typhoon's angry power,
They've rolled me back for a thousand years
And Filmed the life and joys and tears
That were humanity's dower."

"I'm going now for my work is vain!"
He passed with a silver tinkling chime
While I returned with a thankful heart
To know that the Films' wondrous art
Had stayed the hand of Time.



(IMAGINARY) NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS 1915

By FAMOUS PHOTOPLAYERS

G. M. Anderson—I resolve to stop robbing trains, and hearts, and will try to lead a real Sunday-school life.

Crane Wilbur—I resolve to get a hair-cut some time this year.

Romaine Fielding—"Them's my sentiments!"

Flora Finch—I resolve to stop eating fattening foods and to try to get thin and beautiful and to overcome my predilection for plump gentlemen.

Edwin August—I resolve to stay where I am for a while.

John Bunny—I resolve to try hard to reduce to five hundred pounds this year.

Roscoe Arbuckle—Amen; me, too.

George Holt—I resolve not to meddle in the hero's love-affairs hereafter, and try to lead an upright life.

Mary Fuller—I resolve to keep out of public print for a while, if I can.

Mary Pickford—I resolve to grow up and be a woman this year, because I am tired of being called "cunning."

Francis Bushman—I resolve to hold the record as matinée idol for another year.

Clara Young—I resolve to try to make my eyes behave.

Fred Mace—I resolve not to break any more speed laws in my auto.

Earle Williams—I resolve that I will make fierce love to the heroines all thru the year, that I will retain the championship as the Greatest Artist, and that I will learn to swim in ice-water.

Wally Van—I'm going to be popular with all the girls and pull Cutey out of no end of scrapes.

Warren Kerrigan—I resolve to enter no more popularity contests, so that somebody else will have a chance.

Mary Maurice—I think I'll keep on growing older, perhaps gentler, until I've mothered all the young players about me.

Sidney Drew—Resolved that I will develop some new wrinkles, facial and farcical, that will chase the frowns of worry from my friends, the audience.

Arthur Johnson—During these hard times, out of consideration to my employers, I resolve to swear off breaking up furniture.

George Cooper—Rum, villainy, prize-fighting, safe-breaking, jewel thefts and I have parted company. Does any one want a nice, gentle Sunday-school superintendent?

Alice Joyce—I resolve to try to get pretty.

Anita Stewart—I've had a taste of Broadway and like it. But I'm resolved to win hearts in the little nickel theaters, too.

Blanche Sweet—I resolve to be less animated.

Kathryn Williams—Having captivated all the hairy, woolly and scaley monsters in the animal kingdom, resolved to try my luck on a man.

Mabel Normand—Resolved to have a few bouquets and laurels thrown at me—I'm tired of being pelted with brickbats, sod, and custard pies.

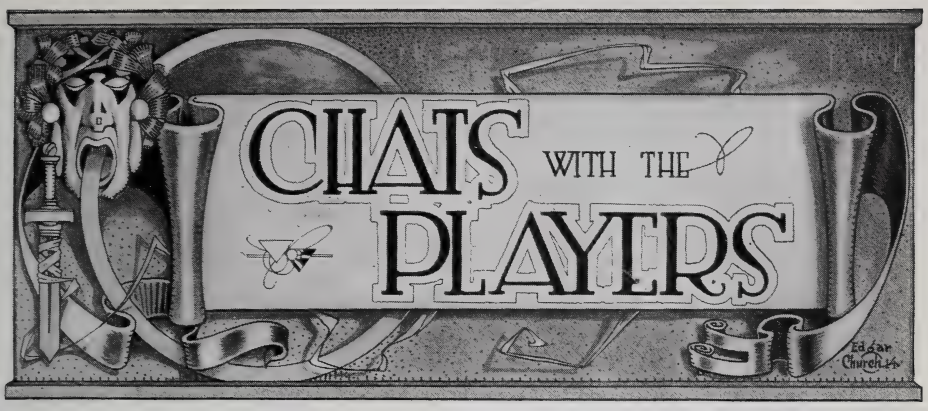
Pearl White—Resolved to try for a nice quiet play, in two rooms, with a fond husband. As Pauline my perils have chased me clear around the world.

The Answer Man—I resolve not to answer any more than one billion questions.

The Editor—I resolve to make every number "The best yet," and even better.



DONALD HALL



DONALD HALL, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

PHOTOPLAY enthusiasts who were privileged to see the premier of "The Christian," produced by the Vitagraph Company, after giving due praise to the splendid work of old favorites, were unanimous in their admiration of one whom they recognized as a newly risen star in Screendom. "Who plays Drake?" was the query on every side. One admirer of the unknown answered: "He doesn't *play* Drake—he *is* Drake—the veritable embodiment of that fine, thorobred English gentleman."

When "Mr. Barnes of New York" opened at the Vitagraph Theater on Broadway, the same courtly presence was recognized as the English officer who dies so gallantly at the bombardment of Alexandria. Again the conviction that here was no ordinary actor aping the gently bred, but one whose every graceful, well-poised movement proved him to the manor born.

By this time I, among other photoplaygoers, had learnt that the handsome newcomer with the Chesterfieldian manners was Donald Hall, which was an eminently satisfactory name, but furnished no information as to what promised, from a screen point of view, to be an interesting personality.

Having formed very definite and flattering opinions, it was with misgivings I received the commission to interview the Beau Brummel of the screen, for I felt sure that no mere mortal, unless with the aid of a stepladder, could mount and properly ornament the pedestal I had mentally erected to the gallant officer in "Mr. Barnes."

Imagine my satisfaction when, after a few moments' conversation, I discovered the real Donald Hall safely and comfortably established on the aforesaid pedestal, from which dizzy height allow me to have the honor of presenting to you Donald Hall, late senior lieutenant in H.R.M. regiment, the Durham Light Infantry. Isn't that eminently satisfying, you who have seen him as Captain Sutherland in "An Officer and a Gentleman" and in "Mr. Barnes"?

Urged to give his many admirers a bit of his personal history, Mr. Hall said: "I come of a long line of soldiers (or, as I think they would express it here—army officers) from 'way back' on both sides of the family.

"I was born in Murree, near Rawalpindi, India. Interesting? No doubt; but at a very tender age I returned to England, where I received my education—mostly in 'army crammers,' as we call them.

"My father, the late Colonel George W. M. Hall, C.B. (Companion of the Bath), had four brothers three of whom retired with the rank of Colonel, while the fourth was the late General Durham Hall. My only brother is Major George J. C. Hall, and my godfather, from whom I derive the name Donald, was the late Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart, G.C.M.G., G.C.B."

Mr. Hall is a new recruit among



the photoplayers, where his ability already ranks many seniors in the field. Before his enlistment in August, 1913, he had just finished a prosperous Broadway engagement as the baritone, Lord Ipecac, in "Tantalizing Tommy." Previously he had sung himself into popular favor on the other side as Lord Aburcroy in "Floradora" and as the baritone lead in "The Girl Behind the Counter."

Mr. Hall possesses an unusually rich and sympathetic voice, and those who have been privileged to hear him sing "Annie Laurie" and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" find themselves questioning his wisdom in choosing the "silent drama" alone as the path by which to make his pilgrimage to fame.

"Now that we've covered the preliminaries, Mr. Hall, do you mind answering a few rather intimate questions?" I asked.

Being assured, I launched forth with: "What is your favorite line of work?"

A look of such real distress blotted out the usual happy light in Mr. Hall's blue eyes, that I realized I had made a bad beginning.

"Work? Oh, let us talk of something pleasant. Work——" A real shudder accompanied the words.

"Your favorite pastime?" I hurriedly amended.

"Making money," promptly.

"Like walking?"

"If it isn't too far and there's a bottle of Bass's ale at the end—— Oh, I say, dont put that down"—this hastily as I began to jot down notes—"just fancy the reputation I'd have. Make it—let's see—ah, yes—make it a chapel—that's it—or a picture show."



This point amicably settled, we proceeded with the catechism.

"Your religion?"

"Fox-terrier."

"Married or single?"

"Single—now."

"Is life worth living?"

"Yes. Please refer to my last answer."



"Like boating?"

"*Love* it—if I dont have to row."

"Automobiling?"

"If a friend owns the car and I'm never required to emulate the gentleman in the song, you know."

"Donny," as he is affectionately called by the other Vitagraphers, confessed to a fondness for swimming, polo and cricket, but was lukewarm when we touched upon baseball.

Asked in which photoplays he had most enjoyed appearing, Mr. Hall mentioned the rôles of Drake in "The Christian," Dr. Lowell in "The Crucible of Fate" and Captain Sutherland in "An Officer and a Gentleman."

While light opera loses a valuable asset in Mr. Hall's desertion of that field, we who believe in the silent drama as the erstwhile rival but soon-to-be superior of the legitimate stage, welcome him to a high place among the screen stars as one whose charming personality and courtly manners, as well as the finished art of his acting, will be an incalculable help in fashioning the plastic clay of the photoplay art into the semblance of a goddess worthy to occupy the lofty throne erected by those who dip into the future far as human eye can see and there behold the new art as the power that is to be.

L. C. R.

FLORENCE LA BADIE, OF THE THANHOUSER COMPANY

FLORENCE LABADIE is reaching the zenith of her career as a screen star, and she is just as modest about it today as she was when she walked into the old Thanhouser studio about four years ago and asked Dave Thompson, the then cast director, for work in pictures. Florence had been in stock with Ethel Grandin, and had been listening to the call of the screen, if there can be a call from any silent thing, and, after witnessing a scene in the old studio, bearded Mr. Thompson in his den.

"Dave" is quick at sizing one up. He noted the long-lashed, blue eyes under a big panama hat, and figured Miss LaBadie (he didn't know her name) to be about sixteen years old; and, with a glance, he took in the expressive dark eyebrows, the abundance of fluffy, light-brown hair, and inwardly nailed the thought, "Gee! some eyes for pictures!" He promised her nothing when she made her request, but took her New York address and said he would send for her. Florence, however, had played a small part in a Biograph; but it was the LaBadie touch she put to this minor part that caught Ed Thanhouser's eye that night as he sat watching a photodrama, and he remembered having seen Miss LaBadie at the studio that day. She made a strong impression on him; so much so that he didn't wait for the next day to get next to Mr. Thompson, but telephoned him after the show and learnt that it was the girl he had in mind.

"Get her for tomorrow!" was Mr. Thanhouser's command.

And David did as Goliath saith, and Miss LaBadie started away from New York on an early train. That was in August, 1910, and her first picture was "In the Chorus." What a change since! She has been "In the Spotlight" from then on.

But if you ask the Thanhouser people, they'll tell you nothing about earlier pictures, because her Mary in the Christian morality play, "The Star of Bethlehem," was so inspired that it has shadowed everything she did before that time. But it was not the only big thing she did or has done since. Altho Flo will tell you it was the best thing she ever essayed and that the part suited her character and personality, and she delights in recalling the terrible time she had in viewing the picture.

To see Flo around the studio one would think she was an extra on the outside waiting for some one to tell her a mob scene was ready.

Many of the extras show more importance while waiting for mob scenes than Miss LaBadie did the morning she met the Duke of Manchester and learnt from Director Howell Hansel that she was to work with him in a picture. Florence looked at Mr. Hansel, and the usual queries were *non est.* She did not fuss with her hair or decorations. She looked at him with those large, blue eyes and simply asked: "Can he act?" When one tries to pay a tribute to her womanliness and sympathetic imagination, inspiration goes a-glimmering, for it is very difficult to enlarge upon a particular virtue or trait that this young actress has, because she has so many and all equally vivid.

Perhaps her most basic trait is her intense curiosity. She is a student of life. She wants to understand it. She cant see why cripples or invalids, with no possible reason to live and to whom death would be a mercy, live to become burdens to themselves, while others, reaching the prime of life, surrounded by friends, wealth, hobbies for good that take up their idle moments, are ruthlessly cut down by the grim harvester right at the door of opportunity. She keenly felt Mr. Hite's death, and for days after the tragic occurrence went red-eyed about the studio, because he and Florence were "pals." As Grieg's "Death of Asa" surged at the violin strings for liberation at the funeral, it was too much for the girl of the sunshiny disposition. Tears came, and she sought the exterior of the house of mystery where her chief lay for the last act. In a corner of the piazza where eager eyes have seen her so many times as Florence Gray in "The Million Dollar Mystery," Florence tried to get away from every one and everything and cry as if her tender heart would break, but Peggy Snow, her co-star, hunted her out to comfort her, and before she could do it they were both crying. It was with saddened hearts that they left the ground to go to their own homes.

She is an omnivorous reader along lines of life. She hungers to know all about the world we live in, its reason for existence, its peoples, what they were and why they are. She believes, tho, in a universalness of mind, suggesting that by social intercourse the something—personality, magnetism or whatever it may be—goes from the strongest to be absorbed by the weakest member of the group, which would eventually bring the weakest up to the level of the strongest thru the universalism of the mind. And because of this desire to feel, to know, to live and understand, she cannot rest content with her own mental outlook or her triumphs in pictures. It is continually urging her along to educate herself further, to develop a versatile nature; so Florence LaBadie doesn't have the enjoyments young girls find in a theater, the ballroom floor, or other indoor forms of amusement, because she is a being of the great outdoors, and the sky is her canopy and the earth her throne.

Perhaps because she was born in Montreal, Can., of French parentage, the wonderful "something" in her eyes may be her inheritance from the Norman. She is truly artistic, and often suggests a more pleasing arrangement to some set in which she is to work. And she writes poetry—the apex of artistry—but she never shows her work to any except those she loves best of all. Few around the studio have been accorded the confidence of viewing Flo's poetry, but those who have read it claim it is superior to much that sees the light of day between vellum bindings.

Miss LaBadie was forced to adopt her love for the woods and water by nature, but her work under directors at Thanhouser's gives her the fullest scope to benefit by her inheritance. She does love to swim. Weighing scarcely 130 pounds, she claims she's too fat. Did ever woman live who did not claim the same thing? In this, and this only, has the scribe found a connection between Florence LaBadie and other women. Her reserve kept him at a distance for more than six months, altho often he wished to con-

gratulate her upon some portion of her work *in stories he had written for her* for screen portrayal, but the smiling eyes did not give a welcome license to begin conversation, and he was too timid to break the ice. And it was strange how the ice was broken; well worth telling here.

A kitten had wandered out into the world from a bed under an old house near the waterfront. Perhaps it was its first time away from its mother's care. A dog spied it and cut off escape thru the underground passage, and the kitten cut for the nearest shelter, which happened to be a tree near the shore. It perched on the first branch and looked down upon the fox-terrier, with back raised and tail looking like a chimney-sweep's brush. The snarling bark of the enemy caused the kitten to climb higher, and, after the dog left, the kitten forgot how it got up there. About this time Miss LaBadie came from a swim in Hudson Park. She heard a plaintive "meow!" and sought out the sound. She located it in the tree and talked baby-talk to it. It failed to dislodge its kittenship. Florence, modest under all conditions, looked about. No one was in sight then, and she climbed the tree. Kitty didn't take kindly to the new company. Florence was a stranger who had never been introduced, and kitty objected. But Florence chatted to it, and it spat back every time her hand went forth. The scribe happened along from a motorboat trip. He heard some one calling his name.

My word! There was Florence LaBadie perched in the branches of a tree! The scribe looked about for the camera crowd. She and he were, evidently, the only human beings within forty miles of that particular tree. The writer went to the tree: "Did you call?" Then she pointed to the kitten. Would he help her to dislodge it so that it could get to its mother? Never anything surer, and, altho several years the other side of forty, the scribe climbed the tree, caring naught for the aches and pains that would come with morn-





ing's dawn, because Florence LaBadie had broken the ice in speaking, and, besides, she wanted a favor done. The kitten was caught, despite the scratches inflicted with its sharp claws, and Flo was shown how to hold the little rebel so as to escape injury, and then the scribe held forth a supporting hand, and Florence was dropped to safety. The kitten found its mother, and the walk back to the studio was a rapid-fire of questions leading up to this article. Since then Flo and the scribe have been on good terms. It might be all off, tho, if Flo should happen to read the "squeal" about saving the kitten.

In her reading, Miss LaBadie followed "The Adventures of a Diplomatic Free Lance" in a monthly publication and once expressed the desire to play Nan, the lead. Lloyd F. Lonergan, producer of eight hundred stories for the screen, conceded to be the game's greatest writer, saw in the serial an excellent vehicle for Florence, and several "Free Lance" stories have found their way into Thanhouser programs.

With Jimmy Cruze in "Cardinal Richelieu's Ward," where she was cast for Julie de Montemar, she created a decided hit with the big historical production, and her adaptability to tragedy, comedy, farce or simple ingénue parts makes her a very valuable fixture at the New Rochelle studio.

And on the screen! How many of the youth of the world have looked at her and wondered:



"Is she married?" "Will I write to her?" "Would she answer it?" To all of which the writer is at liberty to say that Miss LaBadie is not married; you may write to her, but love is strictly barred, because she already has turned down almost five hundred proposals of marriage. But if you are sincere and admire her work, Florence takes pleasure in answering those which ring true. She has no sympathy for the "rich yung man wot has a big farrm out West and wud mek a lovin husban." In her four years with Thanhouser, Miss LaBadie's mail has averaged about five hundred letters a month. In the big serial she is c o m p l e t i n g, women gained the ascendancy f o r admiration, and some days she receives as m a n y as twenty from w o m e n asking, "Why dont you marry Jim Cruze?" As "Jim Norton" Cruze is Florence's knight-errant, and so subtle is his love-making, women everywhere want Florence to live like this pair of screen lovers act. *Sub rosa,* Flo told the writer that as a husband Jimmy Cruze is an impossibility, and she doesn't want to think of marriage until she has to.



"Weren't you just the least bit scared when Director Hansel told you that he wanted you to jump from a sea-going liner?" Flo was asked.

"Me scared!" Then she flashed a look. "What about—that jump?"

The scribe nodded. "It was all of sixty feet, was it not?"

"I didn't ask," she replied. "All I know was that I was expected to do it, and if there was any real danger Mr. Hansel wouldn't let me do it. Do you know," she ventured, "when I hear 'Are you ready, Miss LaBadie? —picture,' I dont know a thing about myself. If it were to go up in an aeroplane, and Mr. Hansel said he wanted me to fly upside down and drop within four feet of the earth and then right the machine, I'd feel that I had to do it, because there is a fascination about the pictures that charms."

"Like snakes, for instance?" the scribe interrupted.

"Please d o n t mention snakes! Ugh! I detest t h e m!" S h e shivered. "When they brought out that Mexican gopher in the 'Mystery,' I thought I'd die, and I plainly showed my f r i g h t. It was actually repulsive! I thought it unkind, too, the way they handled it, and do you know that I took on so that the snake escaped, and they didn't find it until some weeks after."

Flo was plainly distressed, and snake-talk stopped. As a matter of fact, all conversation ceased, because just then George Grimmer came along and told Florence she had to get ready for a trip to Paterson, N. J., and let Jimmy Cruze rescue her from quicksands. She started away bidding a smiling good-day, because no one ever saw Flo LaBadie angry.

JOHN WILLIAM KELLETTE.

Youth's Philosophy

By STOKELY S. FISHER, D.D., Sc.D.

Oh, laugh with me
At fools who laugh at love! Life's goal is won:
Oh, laugh with me!
For merry is my heart—have I not thee?
Life's goal is won, love's perfect work begun;
All days hereafter shall be halcyon—
Oh, laugh with me!

Brief Biographies of Popular Players

EDWARD COXEN



Was born in London and came to this country when he was eighteen months old. He grew up in the West, attending school at San Francisco and Berkeley College. Later he became a civil engineer. In 1906 he went on the stage, playing at the Majestic Theater, San Francisco. For the past three years he has played in pictures, having been leading man for Ruth Roland, and is now playing opposite Winnifred Greenwood. His type of plays is usually high-minded, such as "The Trail of the Lost Chord," "The Ghost of the Hacienda" and "The Soul Astray." Now with American Company.

LEAH BAIRD



Leah Baird, of the Vitagraph, was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 20th. Both of her parents were born in Germany. She was educated in Chicago, in the Sacred Heart Convent. Miss Baird was a stenographer and typewritist, but this did not appeal to her, so she went on the stage, gaining her experience in stock. Later she joined the Vitagraph, where she was for three years, followed by a short time with the Imp, opposite King Baggot. She has written many plays, among them "A Woman," "The Stronger Sex," "What Might Have Been" and "The Kiss of Retribution," etc. She is five feet six and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. She was featured in "The Mills of the Gods" and also did fine work in "The Red Barrier."

MARY PICKFORD



"Little Mary" was born in Toronto, Canada. She is only nineteen years old and has played on the stage since she was five. She has been on the screen for the last six years, except when she starred in "A Good Little Devil." Her mother accompanies her to the studio, generally. She played for Imp, then with Biograph, and is now with Famous Players. She receives on an average of sixty letters a day. Many people write and ask her to help them get positions in the pictures; others write praise, and many ask foolish questions, such as what she does with her salary. She is very fond of sea bathing, and in the summertime she lives in a bathing-suit when at her summer home at Beechhurst, L. I. Mary has beautiful

blonde curls and dark brown hazel eyes. Her latest photoplay is "Behind the Scenes."

ROBERT LEONARD



For the past two years with the Rex Company. His career began eight years ago when he joined a chorus in the California Opera Company. He went to work for $15 a week, with the ultimatum from his father that if he did not double his salary before the end of the first season, he must get out of the business. He more than doubled it, hence he is still in the business, tho in a different form. Mr. Leonard was educated in Denver, and when in college became a great football player. He has written many photoplays and has created many characters. Chicago was his birthplace, but when he was two years old his father moved to Denver. He is a big, well-set-up fellow, six feet tall, with close-lying, black hair, and merry blue eyes. Now playing opposite Ella Hall in the Rex Company.

LILLIAN GISH



Was born in Springfield, Mo., just seventeen years ago. At the age of six she played in "The Little Red Schoolhouse" in her home town. She went on the road with this company and remained several weeks. After taking a course in fancy dancing, which was one of her ambitions, when eight years old she became one of the fairy dancers with Sarah Bernhardt during one of her American tours. After two years with Bernhardt, she left the stage and entered Ursuline Convent, St. Louis, where her education was completed. About two years ago she visited Mary Pickford at the Biograph studio, and it was then that she was captured by D. W. Griffith to play in Moving Pictures. About a year ago she went to the Reliance Company, where she is now one of the leading ladies. Her two hobbies are collecting rare old books and playing golf. She is a keen student of literature and very fond of Shakespeare.

HARRY NORTHRUP



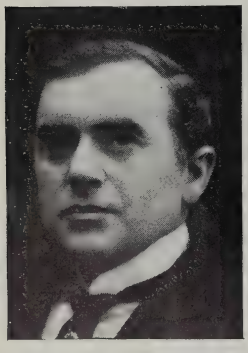
His right name is Henri Stabo Wallace Northrup, and he is Scotch. Born in Paris, France, July 31, 1877. He went to Rome when he was one year old, and later came to San Francisco, where he was educated, and graduated from Berkeley College. His hair is black, and his "athletic" eyebrows are luxurious and ebon. He can express any emotion, interrogative or otherwise, with his eyebrows. He married Merceita Esmonde, leading woman in Frohman's "The Conspiracy." Not like most other players, Mr. Northrup does not care for publicity. He has been with Vitagraph for three years, and intends to remain there because he likes the work. He has supported such eminent stars as E. H. Sothern, Henry Miller, Mary Mannering, William Faversham and Wilton Lackaye, and he has played many leading parts. He will be remembered for his good work in "The Christian," "Mills of the Gods" and "The Painted World."

ALICE JOYCE



Who is probably best known as the most beautiful woman on the screen, was born in Kansas City, Mo., twenty - three years ago. She has never been on the stage. She is also known as the Harrison Fisher girl, and it was when she was posing in the Fisher studio that a Kalem director saw and captured her. She has been with Kalem for the last four years. She is a regular attendant at the Moving Picture theaters, and she likes to review her own work and also that of other stars. She is a typical New York girl, and likes it better than any other city. Her work with Carlyle Blackwell will never be forgotten, but she is now doing clever work opposite Tom Moore. She makes and designs most of her clothes, and riding is her favorite recreation. She is a fearless swimmer and likes the out-of-doors.

AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS



Stands five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has black hair, dark blue eyes and is single. He was born August 1, 1874, in Indiana. His parents were American. He is a member of the Elks Club. He played in the Spooner Stock Company in Brooklyn for seven years, where he became very popular, and then joined the Edison Company. His favorite hobby is rough-riding.

MARGUERITE CLAYTON



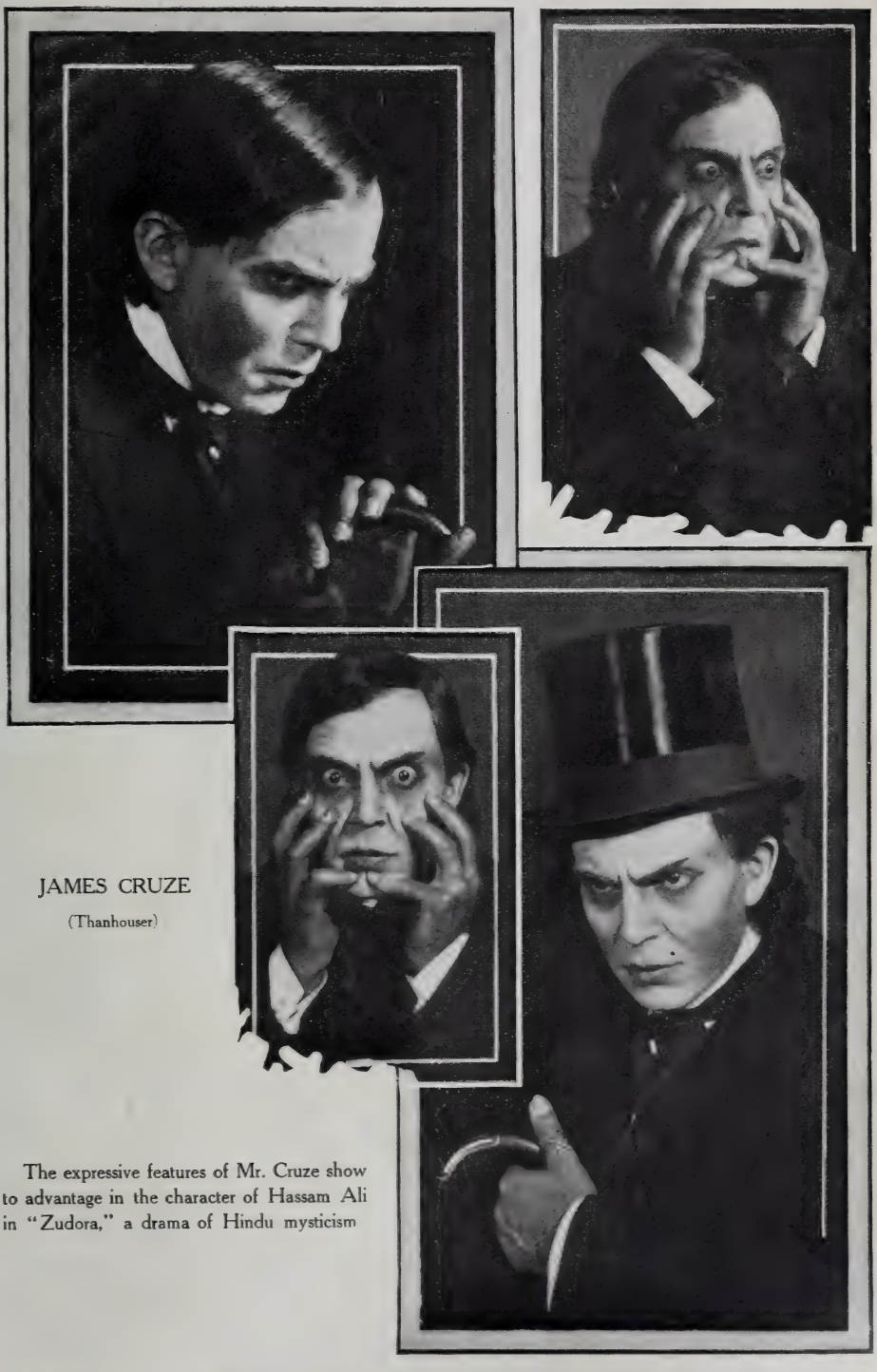
Pretty Marguerite Clayton was born in Utah not so many years ago. She was educated in a convent. Her father was a mining engineer, and neither of her parents have been on the stage. Miss Clayton answered an ad. of G. M. Anderson's for a girl to play small parts, and now she is his leading woman. Miss Clayton is one of the most valuable of the Essanay stars, principally because she has great talents, exceptional good looks and an unusual faculty for obeying instructions. Her greatest ambition is to please the public and to be liked by every one.

WILLIAM SHAY



William Shay was born and educated in New York City. He is naturally gifted as a musician and has always been a student of music. He went to Paris at an early age to study the piano. He remained abroad for three years before returning to enter the musical field. However, the stage fever got into his blood, and he soon became a prominent star in stock in the East. He remained in this field for two years, and then joined Mrs. Leslie Carter, with whom he played for ten years. Later the Imp Company discovered him, and he has been with them for almost five years as leading man. He will be remembered in "Neptune's Daughter."

EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS



JAMES CRUZE

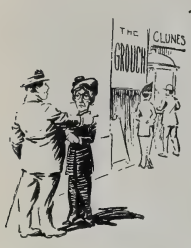
(Thanhouser)

The expressive features of Mr. Cruze show to advantage in the character of Hassam Ali in "Zudora," a drama of Hindu mysticism

Supplement to a series of articles by Eugene V. Brewster, appearing in the July, August, September, October and December issues of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

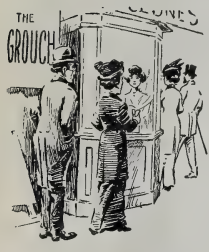
—AT THE MOVIES—

By ISA L. WRIGHT



Old neighbor Jones, a grouch was he,
And as sour a grouch as you'd want to see.
One day his wife she said to me,
"He's as mean as sin."
I laughed. "Take him down to the picture show;
They're showing 'The Grouch' at Clune's, you know.
Let him look at himself for an hour or so,
Till the truths soak in."





I met old Jones months after that,
And we had a gay, confidential chat.
His smile was broad as a "chessy" cat,
And he stood up tall.
"It's great what the movies are teaching me,"
He said; "'twas a grouch I used to be,
Till I seen myself on the screen, you see,
Then I quit it all.





"But there's my wife—she's still a fright,
A-scoldin' and naggin' all day and night;
She needs reforming, too, all right,
She's a vixen rare."
"Ah! then turn the tables on her," said I,
"And give the movies another try.
They are running 'The Scold' now, by the by.
Why not take her there?"





Well, Mrs. Jones, she called on me.
"Did you tell him to take me there?" said she.
I grinned. 'Twas not the moment, you see,
To speak or swerve.
"The movies does more than folks thinks they could,"
She said; "I hope you go often—you should—
They're a-runnin' one now that 'ould do *you* good,
And they call it 'Nerve.'"



PUBLIC OPINIONS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CONDUCTED BY GLADYS HALL

THE outer manifestations are not to be slighted, of course, but really, contributors, some of the verse received is *too* saccharine for publication. It is out of all moderation. If you must rhapsodize in the amative key, address your outpourings to the deity in person. There is some really fine material left unprinted for this very reason. Let's make one more New Year resolution—that we will be sane rather than sentimental, sensible rather than saccharine, and fair critics rather than unsought lovers.

Hugh S. Pretty, 447 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada, in language stately-sweet, has appreciated Naomi Childers. To his appreciation we award the prize:

THE RETURN.

(Lines dedicated to Miss Naomi W. Childers, on her appearance in the Vitagraph Company's film, "The Spirit and the Clay.")

In long dead Athens life had known her counterpart—
Perfect the contour of her face, the brow so calm,
With beauty's steady eyes to crown such graceful poise,
The picture finished by the sweeping, classic gown.

The gesture grave, full eloquent each motion;
The sad, sweet smile that told eternal joys to come,
Conveying thought so truly tongue but idle were
To express in speech what art portrayed so well.

Great Phidias once did chisel such a profile sweet
From cold, inanimate marble, that the while
Did grow by his deft touch to such a head divine
That all but moved and spake the ancient Greek.

And so I saw, in modern, wordless play, a being
Such as whom the sculptor famed perchance hath lov'd to 'vest
With soul patrician, thus to span the Gulf of Years
And walk once more the Attic ways she knew so well.

I did not know that it was customary to compare one player with another in a letter to be published, but after seeing it done so frequently in "The Great Artist" letters, I have decided to do so myself and compare that superb player, Miss Mary Pickford, with her competitor, Miss Young. I can honestly say that "Little Mary's" exquisite beauty has not influenced me at all, but I have seen her in eighteen plays with the Famous Players, Imp and Biograph companies, and I have also seen Miss Young many times, and, to me, there is no comparison. Miss Young is very fine in drama, but who has seen her equally good in a comedy? While Miss Pickford is wonderful in both drama and comedy. "My Official Wife" was a fine picture, and Miss Young's perfect artistry was shown to better advantage perhaps in this than in many other pictures, but compare that with Miss Pickford's work in "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Hearts Adrift"! Who, then, could proclaim Miss Pickford anything but the Greatest Artist?

Yours sincerely,

151 Kenyon Street, Hartford, Conn. LINDLEY HUBBELL.

There's a challenge, contributors!

What's What—and Why

By TARLETON WINCHESTER

RECENTLY at an informal dinner given by himself and his associates to newspaper men at a downtown hotel, Mr. J. Stuart Blackton said that his concern was making a sincere effort to produce the best pictures possible. After a visit to the Vitagraph Theater the next night I came to the conclusion that his goal was not so many miles away.

In "Two Women," Anita Stuart has a part exactly suited to her beauty and talent. She plays delightfully, and Earle Williams, as the city chap who meets and falls in love with the little girl of the hills, handles the rôle with his accustomed ability. "The Little Angel of Canyon Creek" was fine, and I watched the remarkable work of little Gertrude Short more closely and with more real enjoyment than I ever have that of a child actress. She is indeed a find. I dont know when I have laughed at a one-reel comedy as I did at "A Professional Scapegoat." The idea is a clever one and the acting great.

Speaking of comedy, "Tilly's Punctured Romance," with Marie Dressler, Charles Chaplin and Mabel Normand, is six reels of killing incidents, bordering, it is true, on the slapstick, but with an unusually discernible plot holding them together.

To my mind, Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower" comes very close to beating Mary Pickford at her own game. Surely her play is more pleasing than "Behind the Scenes." Both are good, but I honestly think that the decision should go to the former. With Jack Barrymore in "The Man from Mexico"; Edward Abeles in "Ready Money"; Charles Richman in "The Man from Home," and Myrtle Stedman in "Hypocrites," Paramount has a strong array. The last-named play, written by and produced under the direction of Lois Weber, is so searchingly, ruthlessly true that it will probably be hard to find a theater owner with the courage to book it.

Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot appear together in Kalem's "The Girl and the Explorer," a delightful romantic comedy, in which they have equally delightful parts. Makato Inokuchi, a Japanese, who plays the explorer's valet, shows himself to be an actor of real ability. It is a pity that the author of the scenario requires a wedding over the telephone. It is probably permissible, in view of the light touch with which the story is treated, but to me it weakens it.

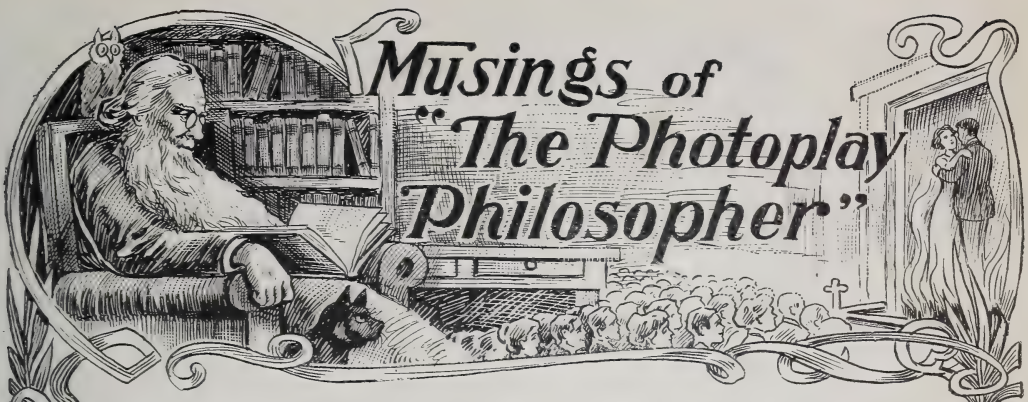
Universal comes to bat three times this month, and it can hardly be denied that "The Witch Girl," otherwise known as Mary Fuller; "The Brand of His Tribe," important because of its remarkable night photography and the unique poster drawn for it by Lambert Guenther, and "The Opened Shutters," from the novel of Clara Louise Burnham, constitute three hits. The "Big U" seems to be raising its average. Surely there has been room for improvement in many ways in the past.

The film version of Elinor Glyn's novel, "Three Weeks," is chiefly worthy of mention because it is so strangely, even unexpectedly, free from the aggravated sex appeal of its progenitor.

And that reminds me of Lubin's "The Beloved Adventurer" series of complete stories from the able pen of Emmett Campbell Hall, in which Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe are making such a hit. For good taste as regards plot, acting and setting, they have not yet been equaled. There is no problem here. Just a clever, sincere, amusing, and at times exciting portrayal of conditions in the aristocracies of England and America—for in truth we have our noblemen and noblewomen as other nations have.

The late star of "The Dummy," Ernest Truex, appears in a four-part mystery play called "The Quest of the Sacred Gem." It was filmed at the American Pathé studio, and the

(*Continued on page* 170)



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

IT is a capital idea to keep a record of all the photoplays we see, and our opinion of them. Nearly every regular theatergoer preserves all the programs, and often carries a leather book, in which he or she makes entries as to the character and quality of the play and players. But the photoplay patron seldom is provided with programs, and, even so, they rarely contain the casts. I have a suggestion to make: Let every patron buy a small leather notebook, and then write it up as follows:

Title of Photoplay..... Company.....
Author..... Theater..... Date.....
Class....(Drama, Comedy, Western, Farce, Educational, Scenic). No. of reels.....
Theme.....(For example: Society—two men in love with same girl; father favors one, mother the other; mother sets a trap to belittle one, but girl discovers it and saves reputation of man and marries him). Construction.....(faulty or finished; wherein defective). Does the play as a whole please?..... Story interesting, thrilling, exciting, tiresome, pathetic, laughable, or otherwise?.....
Is the play wholesome in theme and treatment, or does it offend good taste or morals?..... Is the action dramatically effective?..... Names of principal players in the cast, and their merit.....
Comments.....

A handy way to mark merit is by the use of numbers, 1 to 10; 1 being bad, 10 being perfect, 5 being indifferent, etc. In a community where there are several who desire to adopt such a system, it would be well to have a printer make a few hundred sheets printed as above, and then they can be bound in various ways, such as tying with ribbons, with a silk-covered cardboard wrapper. For the convenience of our friends, I have had our printer make a few thousand sheets ready for binding, and I will mail 100 of these to any address on receipt of twenty cents in stamps. It will be found advisable to write the titles of the plays, company, etc., on entering the theater, or on leaving, because it frequently happens that darkness within and the rapidity with which plays sometimes follow one another make it awkward to make proper entries as the plays come on. Of course, most of the other entries may be made after the show, because the memory is to be trusted as to impressions. There are several benefits to be derived from keeping a record of this kind, among which is the training of the intellect to perceive and to distinguish all the fine points of a play, and this certainly adds to the enjoyment.

The future of Motion Pictures looms large and bright. They are now passing thru an evolutionary stage. One month they seem to have taken a backward step, but the next sees them making a decided advance. It is also an age of experimentation. Every manufacturer and director, spurred on by competition, has been

doing his utmost to perfect his product, and this has resulted in great changes not always for the better. It is, of course, true that the manufacturer tries to give the public what the public wants, but it is not an easy matter to ascertain just what the public does want. For, what is the public? Is it a majority of Motion Picture patrons? If so, how are the majority to register their opinion? Victor Hugo once said: "The crowd wants action, almost exclusively; the women want passion, and thinkers want characters." If this be so, the manufacturers are confronted with two obstacles—the censors and the children. If Canon Chase and the children must be catered to with every film, then we others must be content with the drab, simple, mild, emotionless photoplay. No doubt the time will come, as I have predicted before, when we shall have children's theaters in which are shown nothing but plays made for children. And perhaps we shall have theaters for comedies, theaters for Westerns, theaters for educationals, and theaters for features. Possibly a majority prefer the old-fashioned program of five or six one-reel productions, containing a mixture of all kinds, with now and then a two-reel piece, but the multiple-reel feature, while greatly overdone, will probably always be in demand by some communities. All these things will adjust themselves automatically in time, and it seems safe to predict a glorious and permanent future for Motion Pictures.

I am wondering what these Chicago censors would do with the Shakespearean tragedies, since they thought proper to cut out the flogging scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Shakespeare is taught to and read by the children in the schools, and it is every parent's hope that each of his children shall see and become familiar with the Shakespearean plays. Yet, according to the censors, if they are consistent, Shakespeare is nothing but foul murder and crime, and it tends to inflame the minds of the young.

It may be surprising to many of my readers that one of the ablest books of the year is by Emma Goldman, entitled "The Social Significance of the Modern Drama." Let me quote two paragraphs therefrom: "Art for art's sake presupposes an attitude of aloofness on the part of the artist toward the complex struggle of life; he must rise above the ebb and tide of life. He is to be merely an artistic conjuror of beautiful forms, a creature of pure fancy. That is not the attitude of modern art, which is preëminently the reflex, the mirror of life. The artist, being a part of life, cannot detach himself from the events and occurrences that pass, panorama-like, before his eyes, impressing themselves upon his emotional and intellectual vision. . . . The modern drama, as all modern literature, mirrors the complex struggle of life—the struggle which, whatever its individual or topical expression, ever has its roots in the depth of human nature and social environment, and hence is, to that extent, universal. Such literature, such drama, is at once the reflex and the inspiration of mankind in its eternal seeking for things higher and better." This leads me to ask the question, Shall the photodrama some day have its Ibsen, its Strindberg, its Hauptmann, its Tolstoy, its Shaw and its Galsworthy? And greater yet, its Shakespeare, its Goethe and its Dante? Or is the Motion Picture destined to be confined to the mere telling of pretty stories?



Great Cast Contest

An Opportunity to Vote for All Your Favorites and Do Them All Justice

WHEN we announced this contest in the last number we were quite sure that it would please our readers, but we had no idea that on Monday the sixteenth of November, a day after the magazine came out, we were going to be almost swamped with letters and ballots. But we were. The idea met with instantaneous popularity, and bids fair to become the most popular contest that has ever been conducted. And such a time we have had counting the ballots! Twelve names on each ballot, instead of one, and the classifying of these names means work, and lots of it. As our forms for the January issue closed on November 21st, we found it necessary to count the ballots on the 20th, and the results will be found on the following page—the record of only one week's balloting, with many cities, states and counties still unheard from. The next count will be made up to and including December 13th, and the result will be found in the February number.

We have not yet decided on the prizes that will go to the members of the *Great All-Star Cast* or on the final date of closing, but due announcement will be made of all these details. Suffice it to say that the prizes will well be worth working for, and on other pages will be found not only the official ballot but an announcement of our circulation manager that will lend encouragement to those who want to make this a serious business and to reward the players who have done so much to entertain us all. We are quite positive that the players themselves will appreciate your efforts in their behalf.

Here are the places to fill:

1. Leading man
2. Leading woman
3. Old gentleman
4. Old lady
5. Character man
6. Character woman
7. Comedian (male)
8. Comedian (female)
9. Handsome young man
10. Beautiful young lady
11. Villain
12. Child

Just imagine that you are going to start a company of your own, and that you wanted to get the very best twelve people in the world to play in it. Not the most popular, necessarily, nor the best-looking, but, all things considered, the *best*. We note that voters differ regarding the parts that certain players are best adapted for. For example, Norma Talmadge has received many votes for leading woman, character woman, comedian, handsome young lady and villain. While there is no objection to this, Miss Talmadge is really a leading woman, altho it would be just as appropriate to select her for the part of "beautiful young lady." She seldom plays character parts. Pauline Bush plays character parts occasionally, such as the part of the insane girl in "The Forbidden Room," but she is properly a leading woman. Only those who are noted for their ability to depict "types" or odd "characters" should really be selected for character parts. Earle Williams has received many votes for the villain, but the fact is he rarely plays such a part. But if you really think he is the best you know of for such parts, why, put him down as such. It is entirely "up to you."

Here are the rules:

1. Every ballot must contain the name and address of the voter. The ballot will be found on another page.

2. The name of no player may appear more than twice on the same ballot. For example, the voter may choose Ford Sterling as the best comedian and best character man, but, if so, he cannot also be chosen as the best leading man, or for any other part.

3. It makes no difference in what company they are now playing, for it will be quite improbable that the winning players will ever be brought together into one company.

4. Each person may vote only once a month, but any number of ballots may be enclosed in one envelope.

5. The villain and child may be either male or female.

6. The ages of the players need not be considered. Crane Wilbur may, in the opinion of some, be superior to Charles Kent as an old man. Ethel Clayton may be voted for as the best leading woman and also as the most beautiful young lady.

7. Ballots should be addressed to "Great Cast Contest, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.," but they may be enclosed with other mail addressed to this magazine.

8. Ballots need not be entirely filled out.

Each month, while the contest lasts, we shall publish a first and second cast, as our readers shall have elected them. The first cast will be made up of the twelve players who have received the most votes for the respective parts, and the second cast will consist of the twelve receiving the next highest. We shall also publish the names of a few players who have not yet been elected to the first or second cast. Some players are at a disadvantage because, while they may receive the most votes, these votes may be divided up among different parts, whereas if they had all been cast for a single part, that player might be in the first cast.

Here are the leaders up to date and the number of votes they received:

FIRST CAST

1. Leading Man, Francis X. Bushman	7,200	7. Comedian (male), Charles Chaplin	10,390
2. Leading Woman, Mary Pickford	7,510	8. Comedian (Female), Flora Finch	9,710
3. Old Gentleman, W. Chrystie Miller	8,960	9. Handsome Young Man, Crane Wilbur	6,150
4. Old Lady, Mary Maurice	19,540	10. Beautiful Young Woman, Anita Stewart	7,130
5. Character Man, Warren Kerrigan	3,420	11. Villain, Jack Richardson	8,100
6. Character Woman, Julia S. Gordon	4,450	12. Child, Helen Costello	9,900

SECOND CAST

1. Leading Man, Earle Williams	6,950	8. Comedian (Female), Mabel Normand	8,950
2. Leading Woman, Alice Joyce	4,300	9. Handsome Young Man, Warren Kerrigan	4,920
3. Old Gentleman, Charles Kent	6,900	10. Beautiful Young Woman, Mary Pickford	4,730
4. Old Lady, Helen Dunbar	4,910	11. Villain, Harry Morey	4,590
5. Character Man, Francis X. Bushman	2,900	12. Child, Bobby Connelly	4,700
6. Character Woman, Norma Talmadge	4,310		
7. Comedian (Male), John Bunny	9,510		

Leading Man		**(Comedian (Male)**	
Warren Kerrigan	5,220	Ford Sterling	6,420
Crane Wilbur	2,300	Wallie Van	2,670
Carlyle Blackwell	2,230	Wallace Beery	1,990
Leading Woman		**Comedian (Female)**	
Anita Stuart	3,250	Lillian Walker	4,820
Clara K. Young	2,490	Ruth Roland	2,240
Pearl White	1,810	Kate Price	1,890
Old Gentleman		**Handsome Young Man**	
Thomas Commerford	3,110	Francis X. Bushman	4,830
Van Dyke Brooke	2,350	Antonio Moreno	4,050
Robert Brower	2,100	Carlyle Blackwell	3,820
Old Lady		**Handsome Young Woman**	
Julia Stuart	2,100	Alice Joyce	4,680
Louise Lester	1,640	Norma Talmadge	2,350
Mrs. Geo. Walters	950	Pearl White	2,110
Character Man		**Villain**	
Romaine Fielding	2,790	Paul Panzer	4,310
Harry Morey	2,420	Bryant Washburn	3,860
William Wadsworth	2,170	Harry Northrup	2,110
Character Woman		**Child**	
Edith Storey	2,950	Audrey Berry	4,560
Clara Young	1,810	Yale Boss	3,000
Ruth Stonehouse	1,520	Helen Badgley	2,680



With the twentieth episode, Pearl White will be happy because Pauline's Perils will then be over.

Carlton King (Edison) is to be given a handy little Christmas present by his Screen Club brothers—an elephant.

And still another serial cometh, "Sanford Quest, Criminologist" (Universal), with Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in the leads.

The mother of Earle Williams recently sent him a barrel of assorted apples from his old home, and he made it "Apple Day" by presenting all his fellow-players with one.

Victor Potel used a real diamond ring in "Slippery Slim and the Impersonator," instead of the stage imitation, and lost it, and now he is out a hundred dollars of real money.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish are sisters in real life, and in "The Sisters" they will be true to life.

Frances M. Nelson, formerly of the Biograph, is now the leading woman for Ben Wilson, of the Universal.

Fame has come to Antonio Moreno. He has had a battleship named after him. Some day he may even have a cigar named after him.

David Horsley has spent the mere trifle of $100,000 for the Bostock menagerie, and these celebrated animals will appear in the General Film program under Mr. Horsley's new brand, the Mina.

Isabel Rae says she has not left Biograph, and that it was Ray Martin who became "Peg o' My Heart."

Lew Fields, of Weber & Fields fame, has stepped from the stage onto the screen, his first offense being "Old Dutch."

Mabel Trunnelle, accent on the "l," has a pet monkey, and he has a leading part in "A Gypsy Madcap."

"The Sins of the Mothers" will be the Vitagraph contribution to our February issue, the scenario of which won the $1,000 prize in the *Sun* contest. Earle Williams and Anita Stewart have the leads.

Maurice Costello makes much of his many opportunities in "The Man Who Could Not Beat God," which, by the way, is the play that won second prize in the *Sun* contest.

Our gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "On Christmas Eve"; second prize a tie between "In Quest of a Story" and "Surgeon Warren's Ward."

The hobby and pastime of Vivian Rich is making funny faces by modeling them in clay.

Richard Tucker has returned to the Edison Company after a brief vacation on the stage as leading man.

The annual ball of the Screen Club was held on Thanksgiving Eve.

Robert Leonard and Ella Hall are just a wee bit proud of their work in "The Master Key" series.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

A very sad thing happened to Duncan McRae while "The Best Man" was being taken. Mr. McRae, in his pajamas, got stranded at a station of the Erie Railroad.

Ruth Roland, the famous Kalem comedienne, has abandoned comedy to become a female Sherlock Holmes for the same company. Marin Sais will exchange shoes with her.

Mary Charleson and Marguerite Loveridge have joined the Flamingo Company, and will be under the direction of Fred Mace. Barbara Tennant is with the Peerless Company, and Edna Mayo a Famous Player.

Numerous bronze busts, oil paintings and pastels of the popular players now on the market indicate that film stars are still in the ascendancy.

Elsie McLeod has left the Edison Company, Billie Rhodes has left the Kalem, Barry O'Moore has gone on the stage, and Betty Hart has joined the Victory Company.

The Vitagraph Company certainly went to endless pains to make "How Mary Made Good" a wonder. Not only does every Vitagraph star appear in it, and many who are not quite stars, but even the managing editor of this magazine, Associate-editor La Roche, and the famous Answer Man. If you dont believe the Answer Man is what he says he is, wait and see!

Edgar Jones believes in fasting occasionally, and several days at a time, but his strong face and excellent physique do not indicate that he does not get enough to eat.

Ormi Hawley has not left the Lubin Company.

OBITUARY: Mary Fuller's dog, Toby, is dead. Peace be to his ashes.

Henry Walthall has left the Mutual Company, and is now in New York unplaced, having refused a flattering offer to return to the stage.

We have with us this evening: William West and Bliss Milford (p. 37); William Cohill, Justina Huff, Lilie Leslie, and Joseph Smiley (p. 47); Ruth Stonehouse and Richard Travers (p. 50); Bryant Washburn (p. 55); Lillian Walker and Darwin Karr (p. 57); Donald Hall and Charles Eldridge (p. 63); Charles Kent (p. 67); Francis Ford, Arthur Burns, Harry Shumm and Duke Worne (p. 84); Grace Cunard (p. 87), and Hisa Numa and Tomi Mori (p. 89).

Louise Huff spends her spare time knitting in the Lubinville courtyard for the Belgian relief ships.

Mabel and Edith Taliaferro are back in the pictures.

"Mother" Mary Maurice, Dorothy Kelly, James Morrison and George Cooper all contribute to make "Mother's Roses" a charming play.

Suggest that Mr. Lubin change the name of "The Beloved Adventurer" to "How Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe Made Good."

Our Great Cast Contest is attracting more attention than any that we have yet conducted. The final result will be looked forward to with intense interest.

They had a big time at Fort Lee recently when they burned an old mansion. Ben Wilson, while saving Francis Nelson, fell ten feet and was badly jolted, while King Baggot had his clothes burned up and his skin seared while snatching Arline Pretty from the burning.

Jack Richardson the villain promises to be Jack Richardson the comedian in "Old Enough to be Her Grandpa."

Marguerite Courtot's fellow-players, including Tom Moore, recently helped her celebrate her seventeenth birthday. Old age steals on.

Rose Tapley has written a volume of poems which she has dedicated to the Vitagraph Company.

The Edison Company is reviving that good old film, "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" with Marc MacDermott in the title rôle.

Mary Fuller wants her friends to know that her address is 573 Eleventh Avenue, N. Y., in care of Universal.

The Santa Monica branch of the Kalem Company have pulled up stakes and disbanded.

Just received a telegram from Niles, Cal., that Marguerite Clayton has fallen from a stage-coach and fractured her leg in several places—recovery doubtful. Our regrets and sympathy.

"Shorty" Hamilton no sooner distinguished himself in "Shorty Escapes Matrimony" than Cupid and Hymen caught him, and he is now a married man.

Blanche Sweet has left the Mutual and joined Jessie Lasky's Company.

They say that William Garwood was the best-dressed man in Santa Barbara, but now he is in New York with the Imp Company, and there are lots of Beau Brummels and Berry Walls here.

Pauline Bush steps into comedy in "The Peacemaker," and proves her versatility beyond question.

Laura Sawyer, formerly of the Edison and Famous Players and now with Dyreda, has a strong part quite to her liking in "One of Millions"—four reels.

Alice Hollister has given up the siren business, and in "The Hate That Withers" she plays the wife and lets somebody else do the ensnaring of her husband.

Arthur Ashley has left the Vitagraph for the Thanhouser, Chester Barnett has gone to the Peerless, and Margaret Risser (Pathé) is now a resident of Lubinville.

Cleo Madison, after her rest, has rejoined her "Trey o' Hearts" Company with George Larkin and Wilfred Lucas, at San Gabriel Canyon, in the heart of the Sierras.

Ethel Grandin celebrated her twentieth birthday by becoming a Warner Feature of the Grandin Film Company brand.

Albert Roccardi has grown three new hairs on his shining dome, due to going bareheaded in the evening air.

Harry Beaumont is now being called "The Georgie Cohan of the Movies."

The Kalem players at Jacksonville have formed a football team, and Harry Millarde is its star.

D. W. Griffith says he has broken the record for mob scenes, in "The Clansman," with 15,000 mobites.

A pretty banner from the Balboa Company, entitled "The Pictures Beautiful," now adorns the Bohemian Kitchen in this building.

Several of the Biograph "Five Stewarts" appear in an Edison Christmas feature.

Warren Kerrigan has signed a contract with the Universal Company for two years more. He is still doing "Terrance O'Rourke."

The *Dramatic Mirror* is conducting a unique photoplay contest in co-operation with the Edison Company, the prizes totaling $100. The idea is to supply a missing scene.

Bessie Eyton is quite shocked to learn that her admirers pronounce her name as if they thought she was hungry. The first two letters are pronounced "I," not "eat."

It takes a well-balanced person to walk a telephone wire high above the roof of a tenement, but that's what Bliss Milford does in "She Walks in Her Sleep."

The Editor desires to announce that he has contracted with Mr. Jack Smith, one of the world's most famous cartoonists, to draw for this magazine one or two pages for every issue during the year 1915.

Lillian Russell, famous beauty, is now being filmed in "Wildfire."

Billy Quirk (Vitagraph) says that as near as he can calculate he has been married 7,648 times, and that if he isn't married at least twice a week he gets lonesome.

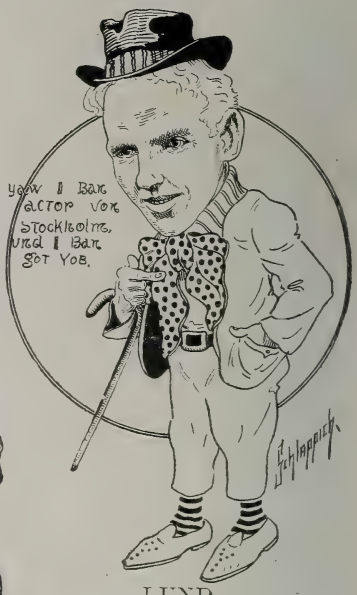
It was five below zero, and they had been wading all day thru the icy waters of a river, when Hobart Bosworth found a suitable setting and took a scene in Jack London's "Burning Daylight."



FORD



FRANCIS CARLYLE



LUND





BENHAM

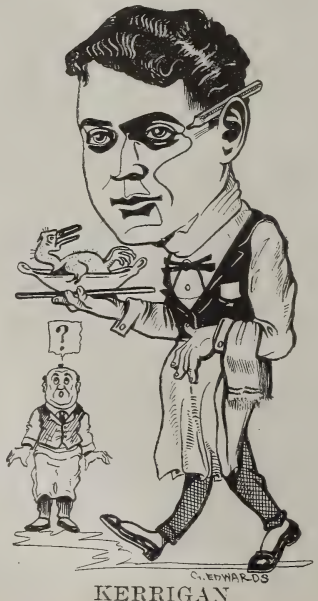


MAILES





MacDERMOTT



KERRIGAN



FINLEY





TOM MOORE







KATHLYN WILLIAMS



WM. FARNUM



PERIOLAT



NORMA TALMADGE

$100 Prize Photoplay Contest

The Great Artists of Photoplay Will Be Cast in Plays Written by Our Readers

THE third month of the $100 Prize Photoplay Contest still sees an excellent and producible quality of photoplays being submitted to the editor of the Prize Photoplay Contest. It can be announced that for many of the leading players some strong and dramatic material has been received. In the cases of other players, very few photoplays have been submitted. The editor suggests that now is the time to get busy if you care to see some of your favorites appear in photoplays of your own composition. No doubt the judges, who consist of the editorial staff of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the scenario editors of the leading studios, will be able in nearly all cases to find material that is likable and producible. The closing date will be January 10th, at noon.

It has been previously announced that Clara Kimball Young has left the Vitagraph Company, and that Earle Williams now has Anita Stewart as his leading lady. For the best photoplay written for these stars, $100 in gold will be paid. As Edith Storey won a very high place in the Photoplay Contest, she, as well as her new leading man, Antonio Moreno, are eligible to the list printed below. There will probably be fifteen or more other prizes for photoplays to be paid for and accepted at their regular rates by the studios whose artists have won places in the Great Artist Contest. These photoplays will be known as "Prize Plays of the Great Artist Contest," and their authors will receive recognition on the screen, in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in the trade papers, newspapers and theatrical reviews. The result of the Great Artist Contest shows that the following players are eligible: Mary Fuller and Warren Kerrigan (Universal); G. M. Anderson and Marguerite Clayton (Western Essanay); Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe (Lubin); Alice Joyce and Tom Moore (Kalem); Crane Wilbur and Pearl White (Pathé); Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne (Essanay); Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall (Mutual); Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno (Vitagraph); Gertrude McCoy and Augustus Phillips (Edison); Florence LaBadie and James Cruze (Thanhouser); Vivian Rich and Jack Richardson (American).

An opposite player was not voted for for the following great artists, but scenarios may be written for them unattached: Mary Pickford (Famous Players); Romaine Fielding (Western Lubin); Carlyle Blackwell (Carlyle Blackwell Players); Claire McDonald (Biograph); King Baggot (Imp); Edwin August (Eaco); Kathyn Williams (Selig); Mabel Normand (Keystone); Marguerite Fischer (Beauty); Muriel Ostriche (Princess); Ethel Grandin (Smallwood); Ford Sterling (Ford Sterling Company).

The rules have been made as simple as possible, and are as follows:

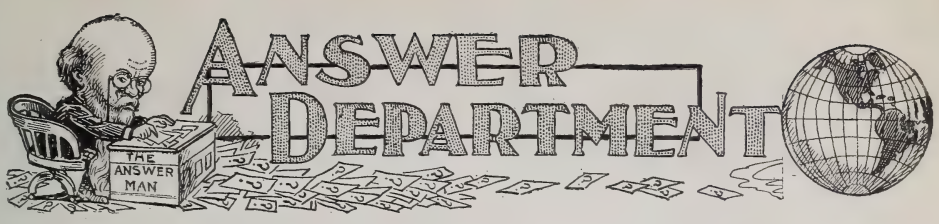
(1) Photoplays may be submitted in detailed synopsis form or as complete photoplays. Only one- and two-reel photoplays are desired. Each contestant may submit not more than two photoplays, and no employees of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or any Motion Picture company may compete.

(2) Photoplays should feature two predominant principals: a leading man player and a leading woman player of the same company, except as aforesaid.

(3) No type of play is barred, but contestants should use discretion. Comedies are not wanted for dramatic actors, nor vice versa, and foreign and inaccessible locations are not generally favored by the manufacturers.

(4) Photoplays should be typewritten, and mailed folded, not rolled.

(5) Photoplays should be addressed to Editor Prize Photoplay Contest, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

An M. P. Lover.—You say that the public want less jumping over precipices and more real artistry, such as in "The Violin of Monsieur," and you also think "Perils of Pauline" unworthy of Crane Wilbur and Pearl White. I dont think the photoplay is "slipping back to where it was a few years ago," because these serials are only occasional; you forget the great improvement in other departments.

Miss L. M.—Glad you continue to remain my friend. Eugene Palette in "Broken-nose Bailey" (Reliance).

Miss Jeff.—I was glad to hear all about your uncle. Very amusing. The effect of the war on the United States will probably be an era of high prices, a rising cost of living, interrupted trade and immigration, but also an opportunity to take the commercial and financial leadership of the world.

Flower Evelyn Grayce.—Yours was very interesting this time. I have only seen "Pygmalion" and "Daddy Long-legs."

B. Roe.—Sorry, but the Editor says he hasn't room to print the poem of "The Green Eye of the Yellow God," from the play which you saw.

Helen L. R.—No, I do not care for the pictures on the instalment plan. Mansfield Ardis was the brother in "The Dreamer" (Lubin). Rex Hitchcock was Phillip in "The Upper Hand" (Vitagraph). John E. Mackin was the husband in "The Devil's Dansant" (Kalem).

Ginger Ale.—Anna Luther was Alice in "Double Life" (Lubin). Clarence Elmer was Rodney in "Who Seeks Revenge."

Jess, of Meadville.—Irene Howley and William Russell in "Her Primitive Model" (Biograph). Wheeler Oakman was Willie in "Willie" (Selig). Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Sealed Package" (Selig).

Arline W. L.—J. P. McGowan in "Kaintucky Bill" (Kalem). Albert Roccardi was the uncle in "Too Many Uncles."

H. C. B.—Flora Finch has never been the wife of John Bunny—never! Would be pleased to receive your typewritten letter. Please send the picture. Warren Kerrigan was not in New York then.

Zoel Gale.—Thanks for your valuable suggestions. I do not lose my temper any more. I lost it once and never recovered it, and hope I never will.

Margarette K. T.—Anna Little was Caroline in "The Prince of Bavaria" (Rex). I am sorry, but I know of no receipt that will make you grow.

Julia S.—Just write to Vitagraph, Brooklyn, and they will get it. William Taylor was Captain Alvarez.

Edward K., Detroit.—George Morgan was Morgan in "A Bit of Human Driftwood" (Biograph). Charles Bartlette was Spider in "The Bottled Spider" (Kalem). Bertie Pitcairn was Alice in "Brandon's Last Ride" (Vitagraph).

Beatrice B. S.—I am sorry, but you neglect to give the name of the company. That is very necessary.

Charlotte and Elsie.—George Melford was the brother in "The Master Rogue" (Kalem). Ella Hall was Elaine in "Symphony of Souls" (Universal). Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in "The Prowlers of the West" (Universal).



Mrs. H. M. C.—Lottie Briscoe and Arthur Johnson in "Kiss Me Good-night" (Lubin). Webster Campbell and Velma Whitman in "A Girl of the Cafés."

Louise E. L.—Your letter is interesting. Of course you will have to look up Mary Pickford's chat.

Tabby.—But you must sign your name. Charles Chaplin was on the stage before joining Keystone. Florence Turner is in Europe. So you want Augustus Phillips to get his hair cut? Dont you know that these are hard times?

Elva H.—Rea Martin in "Gwendolyne, the Poor Sewing-machine Girl." Edith Johnson was Irmi, and Thomas Santschi the lead in "Man's Victory" (Selig). Kempton Greene and Mary Keane in "By Whose Hand?" (Lubin). R. Macy was De Forest, the young lawyer, in "Tess of the Storm Country." Harry Morey in "My Official Wife." Tom Moore in "The Brand" (Kalem). Billy Quirk and Anita Stewart in that Vitagraph.

Unsigned.—Your letter is a joke, and I should not pay any attention to it. You have evidently had a fit, or were suffering from cantseestraightitis when you penned that long letter to the effect that this magazine was not friendly to Mr. Kerrigan. Some people think that we have been too friendly and that we have "boomed" him at the expense of others.

M. A., Bloomington.—So you think Francis Ford loved more as a duty than as a realism. You refer to Clara Young.

Elizabeth T.—Velma Whitman in "The Signal" (Lubin). Ormi Hawley was Mrs. Wilson in "A Leaf from the Past" (Lubin). Maude Fealy was Louise in "Was She Right in Forgiving Him?" Miss Olivas in "Castles in the Air" (Selig). Elsie Greeson in "The Empty Sleeve" (Selig).

Lulu S.—I am very sorry that your questions were not answered. But lookee here! this department is getting to be nothing but answers about the Answer Man. Let's stick to the subject.

The Atlanta Man.—Many thanks for the miniature bale of cotton.

Marion R.—I am sorry. You know, when a fee is enclosed, I answer those letters first, and then I answer the rest in order, as they come in.

Dollie Dimples.—Thanks for the snapshot. I was glad to get it. Also thanks for your kind words.

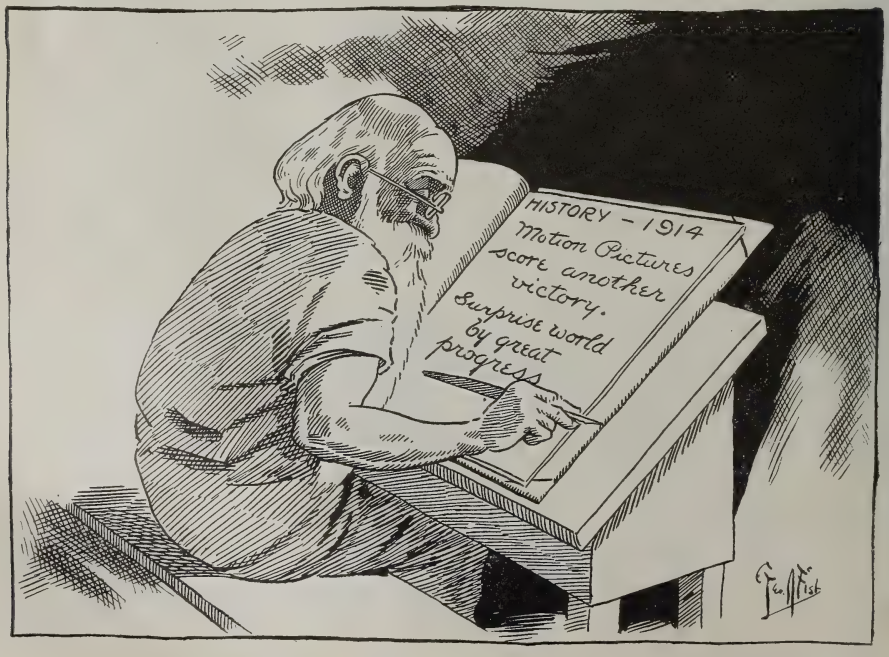
Gladys M. W.—But I will not answer questions about relationship. Most players do not like it.

Myrtle.—Charles Ray was John in "The Gangsters and the Girl" (Kay-Bee). Thomas Chatterton in "A Barrier Royal" (Kay-Bee). Lillian Christy was the orphan in "The Orphan's Mine" (American). Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki in "Curse of Caste" (Domino). Be careful of the spelling.

Dorothy, 15.—I have not the cast for Earle Williams' new car; nor his age. So you are glad he won the Great Artist Contest? So is he.

Phillip P.—Dont know where you can submit plays in French; probably to George Kleine, 166 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. W. E.—I am sorry your letter went astray. Write to Romaine Fielding, address above, about the club.



W. T. H., CHICAGO.—Well, well, well! Here you be agin, and I am just tickled to set eyes on yeh. Have been looking for your monthly volume, and here it is. You say Muriel Ostriche is charming and is the double of Mary Pickford? Oh, fickle man! Miss Theby is unwise if she neglects such a staunch supporter as you. Yes, the priest was the Guy Standing, but I do not know who was the guy sitting. You say that if the players were "allowed to kiss Miss Normand, each would be a gormand." Mother, mother, the iceman's came. Excuse me, but your wit is contagious, and I am intoxicated with it.

FRANCES.—Am patiently waiting for the fudge. William Cohill in "The Triumph of the Right" (Lubin). Walter Miller and Irene Wallace in "The Derelict and the Man" (Victor). Clara Williams in "Jim Cameron's Wife."

VYRGYNYA.—Dont you believe it. All letters addressed to the players are delivered to them. Louise Vale in "The World and the Woman" (Biograph). Laura Jean Libby's address is President Street and Ninth Avenue, Brooklyn.

EDDIE, OF SUNNY LOS ANGELES.—Why such sweet names to me? Beware, young man, what you say. You evidently sent what you intended for somebody else.

LAM. T.—William Robbins was the Mexican in "At Mexico's Mercy" (Victor). Vera Sisson was Brenda. Billy Jacobs was Billy in "Billy's Vacation" (Sterling). Frank Borzage in "The Romance of the Sawdust Ring."

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—So you are back in college. Think of your Answer Man once in a while, for he will miss your efficient effusions.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Robert Frazer and Edna Payne in "The Jackpot Club" (Eclair). Earle Foxe was the husband in "The Influence of Sympathy" (Victor). Frances NeMoyer was Frances in "Summer Love." Jimmie Hodges was Jimmie.

PANSY.—Rex Hitchcock was Blake in "The Upper Hand" (Vitagraph). Webster Campbell was the son in "The Lure of the Car-wheels" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the girl. Mabel Normand in "Mr. Smith's New Job." Congratulations on your new secretary.

MARNEY A. K.—George Morgan in the Biograph. Ethel Cozzens in "The Wrong Flat." Poor Ethel.

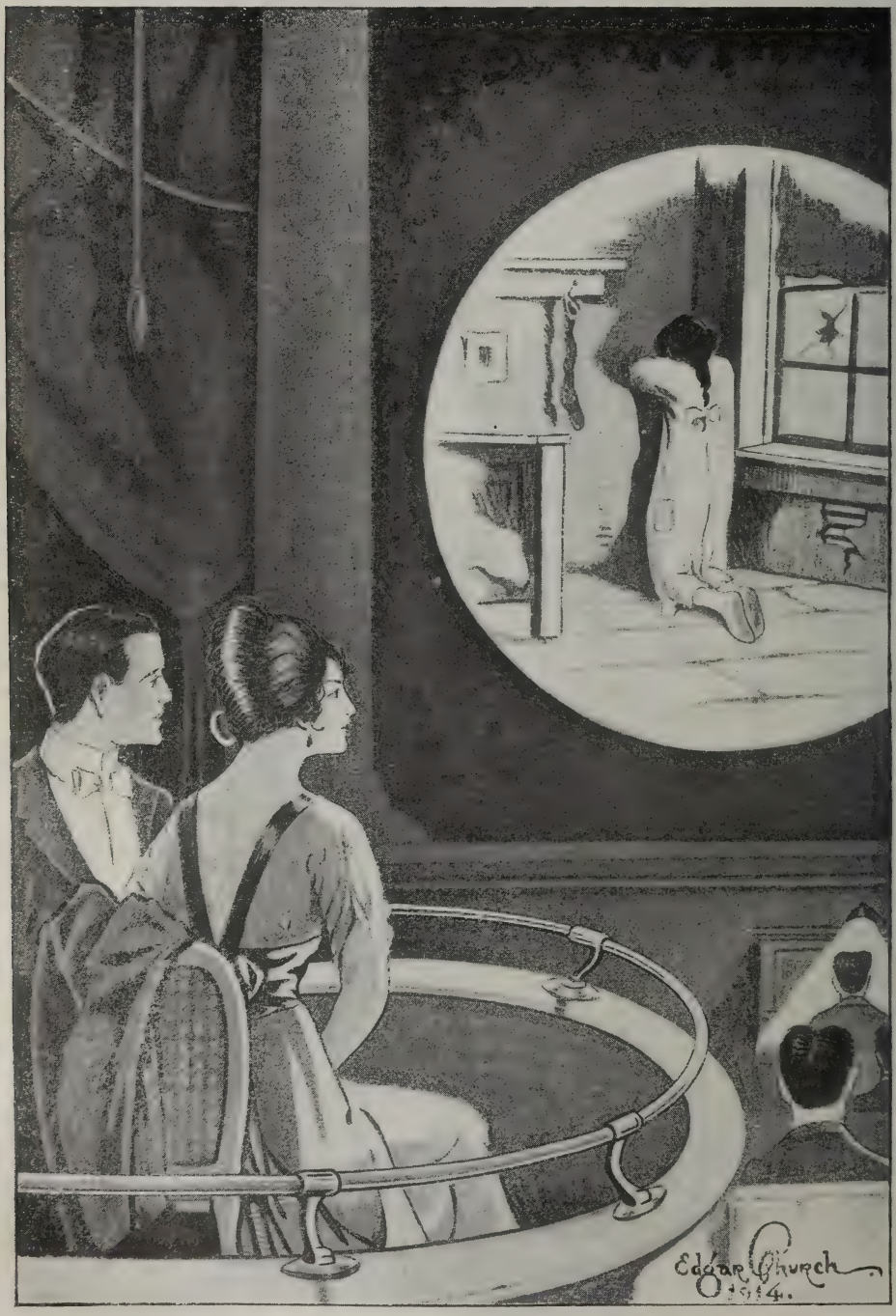
ANTOINETTE G.—Welcome. I agree with you about that play. I dont think any company should be against any one religion, and I know some companies will not use stories of priests or religions.



A CHRISTMAS MORNING DISAPPOINTMENT—SANTA CLAUS FORGOT THE

IRENE HOWLEY (BIOGRAPH).—Thank you for calling my attention to the fact that I have confused you with Vivian Prescott. Will try not to err again.

MISS D., NEWBURGH.—Thanks so much for your very generous fee. No; Audrey Berry is not Rose Tapley's child. No, to your second. You want Vitagraph to get up a serial picture with Anita Stewart and Earle Williams.



"LEST WE FORGET!"

THE FLAPPER.—Your letter was indeed interesting. Robert Brower makes a very dignified banker, millionaire, etc. He can strut sitting down.

ELEANOR M. B.—Tefft Johnson was Ned in "The Reward of Thrift" (Vitagraph). Ray Gallagher was Bob in "The Angel of the Camp" (Powers). Yours was very interesting.

BAD TASTE.—A picture of Florence LaBadie will appear soon. "La Marseillaise," the French national anthem, was so called because first printed at Marseilles, and it got its permanent hold on the people during the revolution.

TEDDY C.—"Merely Mother" was produced by Biograph. Louise Vale and George Morgan. Yes, I have been to Sailors' Snug Harbor.

MARNEY A. K.—I find that many agree with you that Clara Young should not have won the Great Artist Contest, and that either Mary Pickford, Mary Fuller or Edith Storey should have won, but I couldn't help it. All I know is that the votes were honestly counted. Ethel Cozzens was Miss Brown's girl friend in "The Wrong Flat" (Vitagraph). George Morgan is Louise Vale's leading man, and I had not noticed the resemblance.

THOMAS W.—Ada Gifford was Marie in "The Other Woman" (Vitagraph). Earle Metcalfe was Phil in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Arthur Bauer was the waiter in "The Head Waiter" (Thanhouser).

CECELIA A. M.—No answer to your first. Adele Lane and William Stowell were the leads in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig). Yes, love is like hash, because you never can tell what you are likely to find in it.

KERRIGAN FUND.—Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto in "O'Farrell's Decision" (Selig). Edith Johnson and Thomas Santschi in "The Upper Hand" (Selig). Charles West and Claire McDowell in "Man and Master" (Biograph). Jerold Hevener and Mabel Paige in "A Fool There Was."

DORSEY.—So you did not appreciate our "Filmwocky"? Guess you have not read "Jabberwocky," by Lewis Carroll, which, I think, appears in "Alice in Wonderland." Norma Talmadge will soon appear in Broadway Star Features, at least she ought to.

MARY F. B.—George Morgan and Isabelle Rea had the leads, and Louise Vale was the niece in "For the Cause" (Biograph). Irene Howley was the wife in "The Honor of the Law" (Biograph). Yours was very interesting.

EDNA, ST. LOUIS.—Where's your last name? Viola Smith was the curly-headed girl in "Merely Mother" (Biograph). No information about stepmothers.

MISS JEFF.—Reggie Morris was Jack in "That Was Some Party" (Biograph). I cant say that I admire those new fashions. It has always been a mystery to me why women's legs dont get cold in winter. Webster Campbell was Gordon in "The Cross of Crime" (Lubin).

GRACE G.—L. Shumway was Tom in "On the Brink" (Lubin). Thanks.



MR. TIGER—Did you enjoy the Moving Picture show last night?
DR. LYON—I should say so. I roared at the comedies.

Abe, 99.—Mlle. Violet Mersereau was Sahki in "The Dance of Death" (Kalem). Bobbie Bolder was Bridget in "Bridget Bridges It" (Essanay). Richard Neill in "A Fugitive from Justice" (Edison).

Dorothy D.—Marie Newton was the girl in "The Ring and the Book" (Biograph). Linda Arvidson was the sister, and Dorothy Gish the adopted sister in "A Fair Rebel" (Klaw & Erlanger). Charles Perley was the sweetheart.

Jesse J. S.—Harry Mason was the detective in "The Living Dead" (Edison). Robert Grey was Tom in "Brandon's Last Ride" (Vitagraph).

Gladys L.—Sorry, but I cannot obtain that information from Warner. Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto in "The Man in Black" (Selig).

Helen H.—No, I do not know everything. The only person who knows everything is the graduate just after he or she gets a sheepskin. Alan Hale was the minister, Claire McDowell the schoolteacher, and Edna Foster the boy in "The Ragamuffin" (Biograph).

Helen P.—Those letters stand for New York Motion Picture Company, whose address is 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal. I do not believe that scandal about that player, and I do not think she drinks to excess. Yes, my photo once appeared in this magazine, but I am not telling when or where.

Miss E. D.—Belle Adair was Lenora in "Wife" (Eclair). Alan Hale, and not Marshall Neilan in "The Little Widow" (Biograph). George Morgan was the intruder in "The Painted Lady" (Majestic).

Celia V. A.—Linda Arvidson was the lead in "The Wife" (Biograph). Hershall Mayall with Broncho. Your letter is very interesting.

Gertrude S.—Viola Dana was the fairy in "The Blind Fiddler" (Edison). Frank Borzage and Miss Brockwell in "A Romance of the Sawdust Ring" (Domino).

Wallie.—Charles Chaplin was the property man in "The Property Man."

Retta Tucker.—So you think that Richard Tucker is the coming king of the movies. Yes, I also answer questions by mail, when a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Many prefer it. I enjoyed your baseball talk, but it is a trifle antiquated now.

Mike H.—Hobart Bosworth and Myrtle Stedman in "Burning Daylight" (Jack London). Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "Lola" (American). Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman in "When the West Was Young" (Selig). Charles Chaplin in "The Face on the Barroom Floor." Ford Sterling and Peggy Pearce in "The Bogus Baron" (Sterling).

Lee T.—Lionel Barrymore was the husband, and Betty Gray the girl in "Woman vs. Women" (Klaw & Erlanger). You may get seventeen postals for twenty-five cents from Film Portrait Company, adv.

Elinor J.—Naomi Childers was leading woman in "The Crucible of Fate" (Vitagraph). Arthur Ashley was Richard. Gerda Holmes was the girl in "The Elder Brother" (Essanay).

Mark A. S.—Yes, write to King Baggot. Certainly I believe in grape-juice—when it is not fermented; Bryan cocktails.



Director—Whoa there! Stop that! Save that action till I get the camera in focus, cant you?

JINKS.—Howard Stewart was the son in "That Boy from the Poorhouse."

NANNIE E.—Kempton Greene was Hilary, Mary Keane was the wife, and Earle Metcalfe was the detective in "When Conscience Calls" (Lubin). Miss Johnson was Diana in "The Story of Diana" (Selig). Lillian Walker was Ethel in "Four Days a Widow" (Vitagraph).

MONA G.—Your letter was interesting. The details you refer to were well criticised, and some day, no doubt, you wont have cause to complain. Joseph Levering was Ivan in "A Fight for Freedom" (Solax). William Russell and Irene Howley in "Her Primitive Model" (Biograph). Franklyn Hall was Dr. West in "The Ordeal" (Selig).

W. T. H., CHICAGO.—I decline to believe that *Henderson's Monthly* has suspended. It must not be. Hope I have not trod on your bunions. I appreciate your comments and criticisms. As to choosing favorites, I hereby issue a proclamation of neutrality.

ROSE F.—Right you be. Money is the ball-bearings on the wheel of life, but the happiest people are often those who have the least. You refer to Charles Chaplin with the perfectly tailor-made trousers. Yours was much appreciated.

SPECK.—Warren Kerrigan played a double rôle in "Sandhill Lovers." You ask if I can play the piano. I dont know; I never tried it.

GWLADYS M. A.—Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Rose Coghlan in "As You Like It" (Vitagraph). I'm very grateful to you."

ABE, 99.—Pleesdtermeetyeh. Augustus Phillips and Miriam Nesbitt in "A Question of Hats and Gowns" (Edison). George Stanley and Myrtle Gonzalez in "The Little Sheriff" (Vitagraph). Francis Bushman and Gerda Holmes in "In the Moon's Ray" (Essanay). Carlton King and Alice Washburn in "Lo, the Poor Indian" (Edison). When I refer to the Editor, I mean Mr. Brewster. May Abbey in "The Adventure of the Stolen Slipper" (Edison).

COURTENAY.—I am neither too young to be wise nor too old to be careful. Dont know whom you refer to in that Essanay. Martin Faust was the groom in "The Scarf-pin" (Lubin). Thanks.

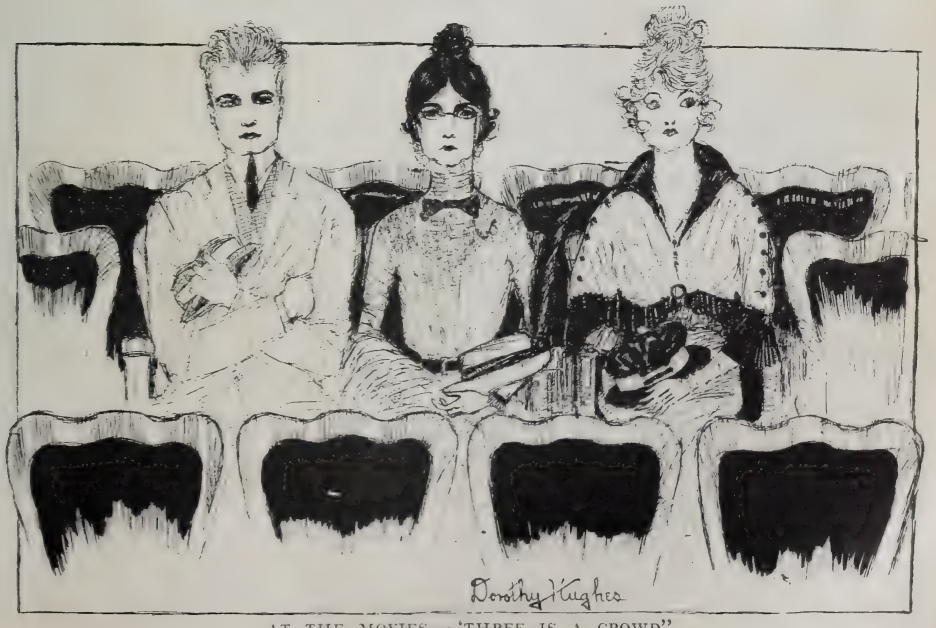
JUST PETE.—Edward Earle in "The Gilded Kidd" (Edison). Dolly Larkin and L. C. Shumway in "Blotted Out" (Lubin). Harry Millarde in "The Viper" (Kalem). Ray Gallagher and Edna Maison in that Powers.

GERTIE.—Welcome again. Robert Ellis in "The Counterfeiter's Plot" (Kalem). Dallas Tyler was Rosario. Stephen Purdee was the villain. Phyllis Grey was Henry's wife in "Dr. Smith's Baby."

RUTH V. G.—I answer all the questions I can. Yes, my space has been cut down, and that is the reason many letters are not answered at once.

VALERIE J.—I am sure, if you wrote to the players you mention and told them your circumstances, that they would send you their pictures. Write in care of the companies.

ELIZABETH C. C.—Walter Miller and Millicent Evans in "The Fatal Wedding" (Klaw & Erlanger). Write to Essanay.



AT THE MOVIES—"THREE IS A CROWD"

BETSY, OF GEORGIA.—Your letter was interesting, but the scrawling! I guess that love is the only fire against which there is no insurance.

M. H., BALTIMORE.—Marin Sais was Rose, and Cleo Ridgely her daughter in "The Potter and the Clay" (Kalem). Gertrude Bambrick in "The Non-committal Lady" (Biograph). Harry Hallam was Isidore Putnam, and Harry Millarde was the Viper in "The Viper" (Kalem).

M. S. T.—Yours was very long. You must not ask the forbidden questions. Lord Kelvin sent the first paid wireless message on June 3, 1898. Marconi's first patent was taken out June 2, 1896.

MELVA.—Earle Foxe was with Selig last. Yes; "Ireland a Nation." I agree with you entirely about the feature films.

MIKE H.—Gladys Brockwell and Thomas Chatterton in "Stacked Cards" (Kay-Bee). Last year the National Board of Censors inspected 7,000 reels, representing 5,700 stories and 8,500 feet of film. Of these, 52 were condemned *in toto* and 400 were sent back for amendment and change. They caused the destruction of about $116,000 worth of negatives.

M. B. M.—I am sorry to say it, but your letter is nothing but mush. Do you want me to make this department appear silly and ridiculous? I dont like to hear so much about being "crazy" about this or that player. So much of it gives me indigestion. Be temperate in your likes.

WALLIE KAY.—L. Shumway and Velma Whitman in "The Candidate for Mayor" (Lubin). Henry Hallam was Mr. Rogers in "Thru the Flames" (Kalem). Helen Holmes and Charles Wells in "Near Death's Door" (Kalem).

OLGA, 17.—You think "The Million Dollar Mystery" is the best serial next to oatmeal? I dont know which is worse, to have a jealous husband or one that aint. Laura Sawyer with Dyreda.



THERE ARE OTHERS

FIRST RIGGER—I see in this magazine how a couple of actors drove off a dock into the river with an automobile, for the Moving Pictures.

SECOND RIGGER—Gee! them people take some awful chances, dont they?

MERRY MADELINE. — Thanks for the postals and the snap. Webster Campbell had the lead in "First Love Is Best" (Kay-Bee). Neva Gerber in "The Wire Chief's Reward." Arthur Ashley in "The Winning Trick" (Vitagraph).

MARGARET C. P.—"The Christian" was taken partly at Boston. Some of the old Biograph productions are indeed well worth seeing over again. "Lena and the Geese" always welcome.

AMY C.—Norbert Lusk was the real author of "Lubinville à la Mode," which appeared in our November issue. He is connected with the scenario department of the Lubin Company. Yes, indeed. Florence Crawford in "The Highgrader." Velma Whitman and Webster Campbell in "The Death Warrant."

J. G. H.—Always pleased to accommodate. Rhea Mitchell had the lead in "First Love Is Best" (Kay-Bee). Dorothy Bernard had the lead in "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

N. Z., COL. O.—Matt Moore in "Traffic in Souls." Sydney Ayres not with American.

RETTA MC.—N. A. Myles and Pearl Cook in "Bransford in Arcadia" (Eclair). Minta Durfee was the wife in "Fatty's Gift" (Keystone). Rube Miller in that Keystone. Gladys Brockwell in "Shorty and the Aridville Terror."

T. J. RENAUD.—Thanks for extracts from the *Weekly News*, the pen-and-ink paper of Denver.

ANTHONY.—I thought I answered all your ??? You may expect a chat with Donald Hall in this issue, I believe. I do not think Owen Moore is playing opposite Little Mary regularly, only occasionally. You refer to John Ince. Haven't heard that Universal is going to open a studio in New Orleans this fall.

NANCY B.—Thanks for the fee, also the poem. You refer to Thomas Chatterton. You forget that luck is but a nickname for bad judgment.

W. B. B., SALEM.—Your letter was interesting. I agree with you entirely. I sometimes go to the public library, and I sometimes make inquiry of the authorities around here.

RETTA G. S.—Your letter and verses and fee were all welcomed. Dear me, but you are complimentary! I really am getting all stuck up.

J. E. K.—Of course Frankie Mann is a girl. Yes, your letter was written correctly. Very interesting. Talking pictures did not seem to be popular long. They may come yet.

THEODORE C. H.—"My Official Wife" was taken at the Vitagraph studio. Afton Mineer was the child in "Winsome Winnie" (Beauty). Carlyle Blackwell was the king in "Such a Little Queen" (Famous Players). Marguerite Clayton is now with Eastern Essanay, and Jessie Lowe is G. M. Anderson's leading lady. Your letter was very interesting, and I would have liked to publish it.

M. M.—"Tess of the Storm Country" was, I believe, filmed at Santa Monica, Cal. Mary Pickford was not in Europe when the war broke out. She did not start, as expected. You are a discreet admirer of Muriel Ostriche, and your letter shows signs of scholarship.

MRS. J. C.—I cannot print letters in this department. Once in a while I hand them over to the proper department, but the best way for you and all others is to send them direct to the Editor when you think they are worthy of publication. I suppose you know that the Editor gets hundreds every month.

HAL F. WILTSEE. — Thank you for the clipping, which shows the advantage of Chattanooga for Motion Picture purposes. I have sent it in to the Editor.

TOPSY I.—Florence LaBadie is not married, but both of us are disobeying rules. Accent on the "La," *a* as in *pa*. Yes, to your other three.

FLO. 17.—You want Tylye to join the club? Jere Austin was the scientist in "The Green Rose" (Kalem).

JUST PETE.—Thanks for the fee. Can't get the leads in "The Pipes of Pan" (Rex). Helen Connelly and Malcolm Beggs, Jr., in "The Silent Plea" (Vitagraph) as the children. Donald Crisp in "The Warning." For New York Motion Picture Company. Thanks for that one-cent piece that you found after the San Francisco earthquake. I shall always keep it for good luck.

WHISTFUL THIRTEEN.—Marin Sais was Rose in "The Potter and the Clay" (Kalem). Doris Farrington was the little girl in "Her Big Brother."



THIS NEVER REALLY HAPPENED

COUNTRY COP—You're an escaped lunatic. By gum! I see th' wild look in yer eye.

THE LADY—No, no, a thousand times no! I'm none other than Wally Van disguised as Anastasia Ambrosia, the luckless wife of Hector Hornswoggle, the village cheese-maker.

COUNTRY COP—Huh! th' next thing you'll be tellin' me you're a red-hot sandwich huntin' a bottle o' mustard an' a pickle. It's the calaboose fer you—follow me!"

OLGA, 17.—Yes; Thomas Chatterton gets this magazine, and he, no doubt, knows all about you. I appreciate your kind words hugely.

MINERVA.—It is not necessary to enclose a stamp or other fee in order to get an answer published in this department. However, I always answer those letters first that contain fees. See note at head of this department.

FIRMAN M. F.—I am sorry, but it is not within my power to help you. There are no vacancies now.

F. D. C., PHILADELPHIA.—I haven't the director for "Such a Little Queen" (Famous Players). "The Eagle's Mate" was taken in California.

MARGARET J. A.—I thank you for your fee, but I shall pass your daffydills to the Editor. In case of burns or scalds, I believe they usually cover the parts with cooking-soda and lay wet cloths over them; or white of eggs and olive oil; or linseed oil plain or mixed with chalk or whiting.

MADGE S.—Ho, hum! I suppose so. I was glad to get the picture. Your letter was a gem. But you mustn't ask "How old is Crane?" Address him at the Pathé studio. None of the people you mention are dead.

BILLY ROMAINE.—I like your letters. Estelle Mardo opposite Maurice Costello in "The Mystery of Drayton Court" (Vitagraph). Enid Hunt and Jack Braun were the nurse and servant in the same.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Beverly Bayne opposite Francis Bushman in "The Glare of the Lights" (Essanay). Eugenia Clinchard was the little girl in "The Vagabond" (Essanay). Dorothy Gish and Donald Crisp in "The Warning" (Majestic). Edward Anderson and Edwin August control the Eaco Company. Yes; Alice Joyce was Mary in "The Viper" (Kalem). Yes. Augustus Phillips is a good actor. I get everything that's addressed to the Answer Department.

MARIE G.—Yes, that was my mistake. It should have read, Charles Ogle is now playing opposite Mary Fuller. No, this magazine sells better in winter than it does in summer. In spite of the cold, it is not difficult to keep up the circulation.

OLGA, 17.—Ah, sweet one, have a care! Remember that geniuses, heroes, writers and actors are very nice to think of and to look at, but awfully hard to live with.

LUCILE B., CARTHAGE.—Thanks for the sweet-clover. That must have been a mistake about the date Warren Kerrigan was born. It should be 1889.

FLO, 17.—Frank O'Neill was the husband in "A Close Call" (Vitagraph). Mrs. C. Jay Williams was the aunt in "Post No Bills" (Edison).

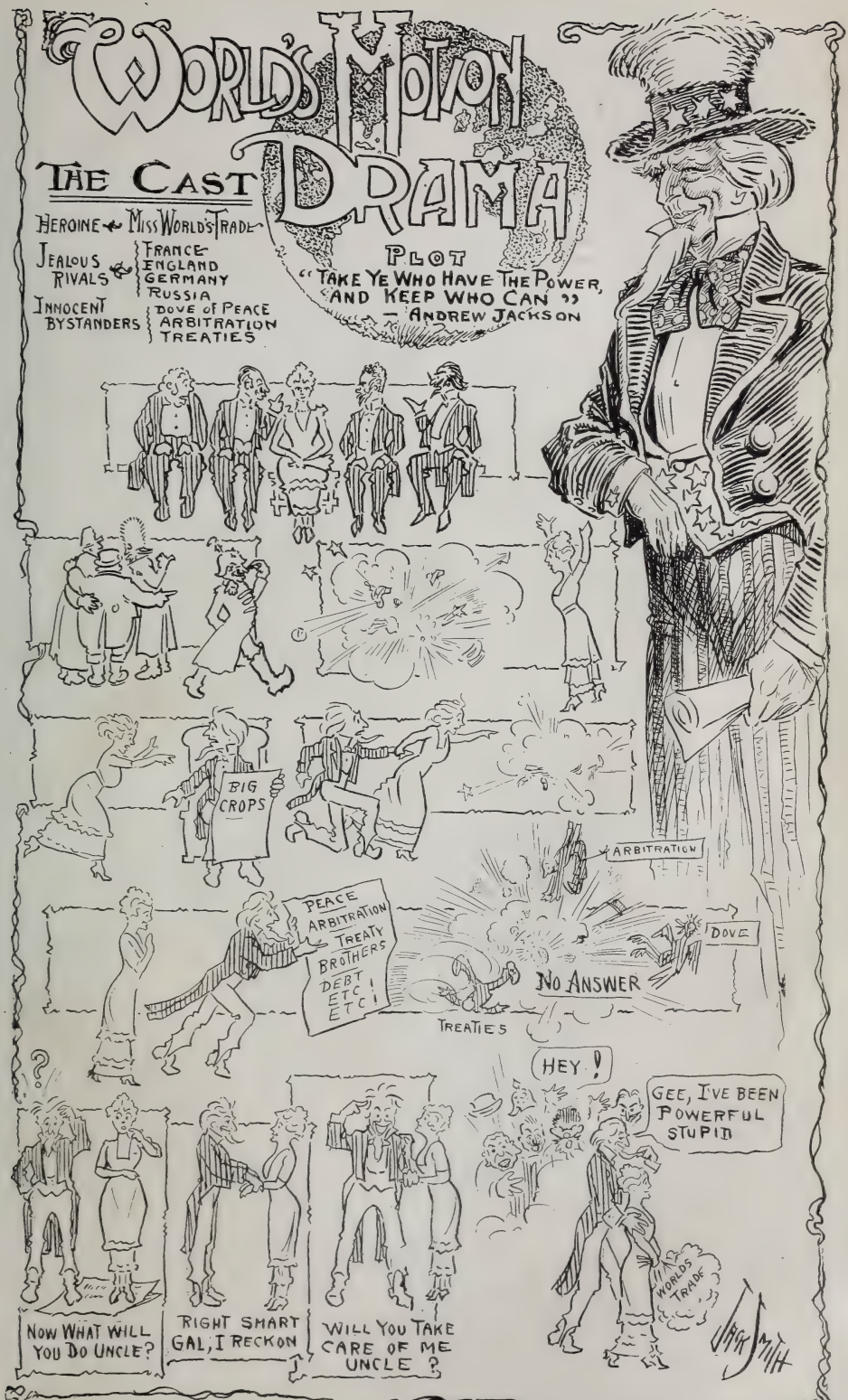
MRS. K. H. R.—That was an exception. Every rule has its exception, except this one: A man must always be present when he is being shaved. Elizabeth Burbridge was Iris in "The Word of His People" (Kay-Bee). Yes, she is the same girl. Enid Markey was the daughter in "A Man's Right to Die" (Broncho).

REDHEAD.—Yes, you refer to Hobart Bosworth. So you thought he was too good-looking to play a villain part.

MARTIN P. C.—Oh, cheer up, gloomy one! Smile, boy, in Heaven's name, smile! Matt Moore has retired for a short rest before entering pictures again.



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INNOCENT BYSTANDERS — DOVE OF PEACE, ARBITRATION TREATIES
PLOT
"TAKE YE WHO HAVE THE POWER, AND KEEP WHO CAN"
— ANDREW JACKSON
BIG CROPS
ARBITRATION
PEACE
ARBITRATION
TREATY
BROTHERS
DEBT
ETC.
ETC.
DOVE
NO ANSWER
TREATIES
HEY!
GEE, I'VE BEEN POWERFUL STUPID
WORLD'S TRADE
NOW WHAT WILL YOU DO UNCLE?
RIGHT SMART GAL, I RECKON
WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF ME UNCLE?

MARGUERITE S.—I appreciate your kind words. You are right. We here in the East are not so hospitable as you in the West. I believe in hospitality because it puts a roof over every man's head.

BLEANEY T., JR.—Francelia Billington was with the Majestic last, and Lamar Johnston with the Selig. The S in Essanay stands for Spoor. The Vitagraph Theater show a four- or five-reel production, and another of two or three, aside from the daily release. They have been changing every two weeks lately. No; Ralph Ince has not married Anita Stewart yet, nor does he intend to, one reason being that he married her sister. Violet Horner was Ruth in "The Wages of Sin."

BEVERLY.—So you would like to correspond with W. H. T. He is quite brilliant. Your letter was indeed very interesting. If your theater manager would charge fifteen cents admission when showing Mary Pickford's films, I am sure he could make it pay.

RUTH S., 17.—Alice Joyce and Harry Millarde in "The Hand-print Mystery" (Kalem). Laura Sawyer was Jeanie in "A Woman's Triumph" (Famous Players). Virginia Pearson and Edward Jose in "The Stain." Violet Horner was the girl in "The King and the Man" (Famous Players). Betty Harte opposite House Peters in "The Pride of Jennico" (Famous Players). Yes; James Cooley was the husband in "Beyond All Law" (Biograph). Claire McDowell and Joseph McDermott in "The Scar" (Biograph).

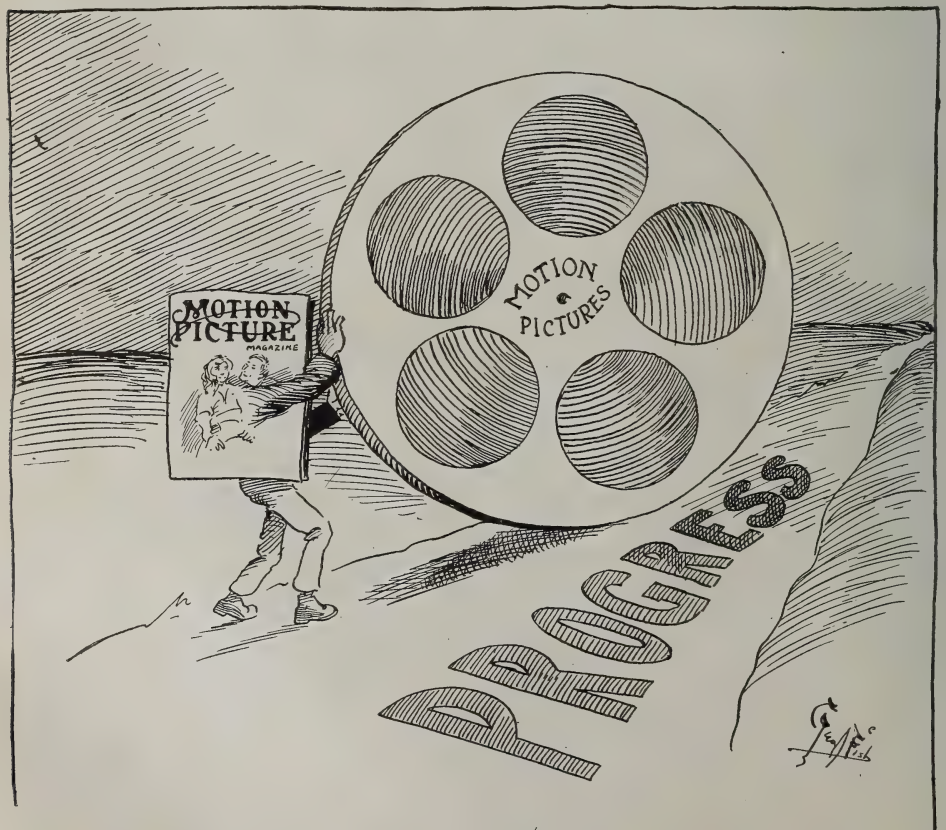
PEARL H.—Believe me, I can read almost anything, but your red ink is almost intoxicating.

BETTY BELL.—Yes, I shall tell the Editor you want a picture of Florence Lawrence and a chat with Darwin Karr and James Young.

MYRA H.—Pleasant company always accepted. Sorry to hear of your troubles, but cheer up—the war wont last forever.

LOUISE VON P.—Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). Henry Walthall and Lillian Gish in "Lord Chumley." Carlyle Blackwell opposite Mary Pickford in "Such a Little Queen" (Famous Players).

JESSIE J. W.—Heap much thanks. Alexander Gaden was Wilmott in "Tempest and Sunshine" (Imp). Is that the one you refer to? You neglect to give the name of the company. Edith Storey and Earle Williams in "The Leading Lady" (Vitagraph). Some more thanks.



A BIG BOOST TO THE CAUSE

EKAL TIRIPS.—J. W. Johnston was Craig in "Where the Trail Divides." I believe you refer to Charles Chaplin. Afton Mineer was the leading woman in "Winsome Winnie" (American). Edna Mayo in "Key to Yesterday."

CUTIE CUCUMBER.—James Ross was Montayne in "The Dancer" (Kalem). The dog's name was Toto in "The Heart of Sunny Jim" (Vitagraph). Yes, Bobby Connelly is a fine little chap. Roy Watson was Congo in "The Fifth Man."

ANSLEY N.—The club is for any one. Irene Howley is with Biograph. Violet Horner was Ruth in "The Wages of Sin."

MYRTLE P.—The Ridgelys are with Kalem. Katherine Lee was Angela in "Neptune's Daughter" (Universal). Joseph Kaufman was the husband in "The Drug Terror."

MRS T. Z., PORTLAND.—No, I do not think the players realize how very curious the public are to see them. We have never used a chat of Charles Chaplin. Thanks.

MARGARETTE K. T.—You ask me how Dot Farley manages to get her face back in shape after making all those faces. I give it up, unless she uses a smoothing iron. Your jokes are wonderful, but I heard them all when I was a leetle boy. Yes.

SOPHIE S.—I enjoyed your criticism of the players.

VYRGYNYA.—Your "Dippy Edition" received. It was very interesting. The funeral march you composed is sad.

POPPY J.—Clara Young is playing in Yonkers. Carlyle Blackwell is in Los Angeles.

OLGA, 17.—You show poor literary judgment, I fear, when you say there is more wit in this department than in any other publication. There is nothing here but bare facts, a job-lot of odds and ends, misfits and bad epigrams that possess neither point nor merit.

ALF E. D.—Douglas Gerrard was the artist, Cleo Ridgely the primitive woman in "The Primitive Instinct" (Kalem). Jack Dillon was the doctor.

KENTUCKY GIRL.—Renee Kelly was Grace in "Love vs. Pride" (Selig).

GERTIE.—You ask me if I dont think Mr. Chatterton "handsome, wonderful, and admirable." I sure do, so are they all, all honorable men, as Marc said of Brutus. So you are going to sue for damages because his picture did not do him justice. Wait till you see the penograph of him!

FLOSSIE, PHILADELPHIA.—No, in voting in the Great Cast Contest it is not necessary to choose players from one company.

BRADFORD H., PHILADELPHIA.—I have answered yours by mail. Thank you.

CHARLES A. G.—That is clever, but untrue, that we may "Drink and the world drinks with you, swear off and you drink alone." I pass, on your second. You refer to Edward Earle.

GLADYS B. C.—Again your letter was interesting. Glad to see you looking so well. So you liked "Richard Travers" in "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth."

MIKE H.—House Peters had the leading part in "Clothes" (Famous Players). Kathlyn Williams and Wheeler Oakman in "Hearts and Masks" (Selig).



NOT ENOUGH ACTION IN THE PART

UNCLE BEN—Why dont you play with the other youngsters, Tommy?

TOMMY—I should say not. They're playing Movin' Pictures and they said I could be the audience.

OCTOBER S.—Could not obtain the information you desire. Sorry. Our $ sign comes from the figure 8, I believe, altho some say that it is U. & S. combined.

OLGA, 17.—Again? Gracious! I shall have to open a department for you. The *Charivari* was a satirical paper published in Paris in 1822. It means the clattering of pots and pans—a noise made to annoy obnoxious persons. Get me?

MISS JEFF.—Your letter was very interesting, and I enjoyed it. L. C. Shumway in "The Candidate" (Lubin). Velma Whitman is the girl.

MELVA, 18.—Millard Wilson was Lieutenant Collins in "Kate Waters, of the Secret Service" (Powers). Al Garcia was Bronson. House Peters and Marie Leonard in "The Pride of Jennico" (Famous Players). Betty Harte was the gypsy girl. I am doing business at the same old stand during altercations.

FLO, 17.—Elsie McLeod is pronounced *Mac loud*. Jere Austin was the lawyer, and Robert Walker his nephew in "The Old Army Coat" (Kalem). Donald Hall is playing opposite Norma Talmadge now.

MRS. C. J. F.—We have no picture of Chester Barnett to use. The Editor is always willing to use good photos when we receive them. Space in the Gallery or elsewhere cannot be bought.

DEETJE AND JACQIN, THE HAGUE.—I was indeed happy to get your letter. So you are longing to see "Mr. Barnes of New York." I shall have the exchange send him over to see you. You have never seen Warren Kerrigan and Crane Wilbur once? You have missed half your life. Julia Gordon was the mother, and Edith Storey the daughter in "The Two Portraits" (Vitagraph). Courtenay Foote was the sculptor in "The Wonderful Statue" (Vitagraph). Miss Ray in "The Wrong Road to Happiness" (Pathé). I hope you will not be molested by the allies.

RED N.—William Stowell and Adele Lane in "Pawn Ticket 913" (Selig). I am sorry, but I do not keep the addresses on the letters.

WALLIE KAY.—To be frank, I do not think your classification of the leading 1914 films is as good as it might be. I have not seen all that are on your list, and I take exceptions to several items. You mark "The Christian" only 83 per cent., simply because it made you morbid. Cannot you admire the art in a painting of a storm or in a tragedy? Must everything be sunshine to make it artistic? And you mark "The Passing of Diana" 95 per cent.! However, I admire your efforts, and I label you a good critic in spite of our differences.

ALTER EGO.—Thank you just the same, but please do not send me the pajamas. Bless your heart, but your letter did not bore me a bit. I liked it.

MISS JEFF.—You call me an old fossil and then ask twelve questions. It is always best to rub the fur the right way, but I shall answer all questions by mail.

ALECK S.—George Melford, formerly director for Kalem, is now directing for the Lasky Company. Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Empty Sleeve" (Selig).

EDMUND P.—The player you mention is married and not playing now. May Wallace was the wife in "The Million Dollar Mystery" (Thanhouser).



NOAH—Japhet, my son, why dost thou weep?

JAPHET—Oh, woe is me! Would that I had a Motion Picture camera to preserve this momentous spectacle for posterity. I tell thee, father, there would be a fortune in it. But, alas and alack! this, my greatest opportunity for undying fame, is lost forever.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

This is our Holiday Number. How do you like it? If you cannot say of it the "best yet," which has now become a slogan, you surely can say it of our February Number, which will be placed on sale on Tuesday, January 5th. Remember the date, for it is five days earlier than usual. This number will contain the usual quota of illustrated stories and the following departments:

The Answer Man
Greenroom Jottings
Chats with the Players
Funny Stories That Are True
Brief Biographies
Gallery of Players
Penographs
"What They Were Doing"
Popular Plays and Players
"How I Became a Photoplayer"
Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher
Humorous Drawings
Cartoon by Jack Smith

Besides all this we have some really fine special articles. You have read our various trips to the Edison, Essanay and Vitagraph studios, but you haven't been told yet just what happens to your scripts (scenarios or photoplays as they are often called), and just how they are read, voted on, treated and produced; therefore, we have had L. Case Russell, author of the famous "Here Lies," write an article entitled "THE STORY OF YOUR STORY." Nearly everybody has written a photoplay (or will, some day), but very few know just what becomes of it if accepted. This article gives you a graphic history of the adventures of a script, and it is extremely bright and interesting. It gives you all the inside workings of a studio, and shows just how a photoplay is transformed from paper to film.

And after you have read this article, which is nicely illustrated, you will surely want to read the second chapter, which is entitled "How the Film Is Made," by Irving Crump. This also is exceedingly interesting as well as instructive, and it describes in detail the numerous things that happen to your "story" after the director and players have done their part and before you see it on the screen.

And here are a few of the other articles that are sure to be popular with our readers:

Where to Get Photoplay Plots . . By Henry Albert Phillips
"The Palmy Days" . . . . . By Robert Grau
An Appreciation of Francis X. Bushman . By L. R. S. Henderson
The Drama in Pictures . . . . By Maud Fealy
The Real Mission of the Movies . . By Ruth Roland
Motion Pictures in Foreign Countries . By Ernest A. Dench
A Page or Two of Just Plain Smiles . By William Lord Wright
Taking Motion Pictures in the Alps . By Frederick Birlingham
A Moment of Madness . . . . By Allan Crosland
(A Very Amusing Experience with a Motion Picture Co.)

And the cover design in colors will by itself be worth the price of the magazine. Many people are buying an extra copy of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE every month, and are trimming the covers and framing them. The February cover will be a beautiful head of Ethel Clayton, of the Lubin Company.

Be sure to order a copy in advance of the superb

FEBRUARY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

LINCOLN, 17.—Peggy Pearce was leading woman in "Hearts and Flowers" (Sterling). O. C. Lund was Lieutenant Byron in "Lady Babbie" (Eclair). Your letter is very interesting.

A. P. H.—You are wrong. From the clipping you enclosed, the man sitting is David Thompson and the man standing is Walter Dillon. They are not the same.

MELVIN P.—There were ten dry States before the last election—Georgia, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia, which places a population of 17,000,000 under a prohibition regime. Sure; if once nought's nuthin', twice nought must be sumthin'.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Gretchen Hartman was Mary in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph). Estelle Mardo in "Bella's Elopement" (Vitagraph); and Marguerite Gibson was the Indian girl in "Brandon's Last Ride" (Vitagraph). Viola Dana was the fairy queen in "The Blind Fiddler."

EARLE G. R.—I am on to that one: "A bottle and a cork cost $1.10; the bottle cost $1 more than the cork; what did the cork cost?" The first answer that came to me was ten cents, but, of course, that is wrong. Dorothy Kelly and James Morrison in "The Passing of Diana" (Vitagraph). You refer to Ernest Truex.

RUTH W.—Your letter was fine, and I enjoyed it. So you are 61; I dont believe you. May the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty!

ABE, 99.—Right you be. There may be a world rounder than this, a country better than this, a city finer than this, a magazine better than this—but where are they? Miriam Nesbitt and Mary Fuller were the two girls in "When East Meets West in Boston" (Edison). Darwin Karr was Tom in "Her Husband" (Vitagraph).

IRMA H.—Clara Williams and Thomas Chatterton in "Jim Cameron's Wife."

SQUIBS.—Yours is fine. "Lives of askers do remind us we can make our lives sublime, and by asking nutty questions take up A. M.'s precious time." Great!

MARY S.—Rosemary Theby was the mother in "The Double Life." We are often cruelest to those we love best; that is why I answered you sarcastically, if I did. Please come again.

ELEANOR B.—No, no, the girl is not married. Lionel Barrymore had the lead in "The Cracksman's Gratitude" (Biograph). Charles Bartlett was Bob in "On Desperation's Spur" (Kalem).

M. B. J.—The reason your other questions were not answered is because you did not sign your name. You might write to the player and find out.

ANNA D.—You want to know why President Wilson wears red-white-and-blue suspenders? I am not sure, but I presume he wears them to hold his trousers up. Dorothy Kelly was Marta in "The Toll" (Vitagraph). Anna Luther and Rosemary Theby in that Lubin. Alice Hollister was Elinor in "The Barefoot Boy" (Kalem).

GERTRUDE S.—Will tell the Editor you want a picture of Gladys Brockwell.

BETTY SH.—Billie Rhodes was Dolores in "The Vengeance of the Vaquero" (Kalem). William Hutchinson was the fiancé in "The Rummage Sale" (Selig). Anna Luther in "Three Men and a Woman" (Lubin).



MISS WRAT—I hear you're acting for the movies now. How do you like it?
MR. PHROG—Pretty well. They always pick me out as the fellow who always "croaks."

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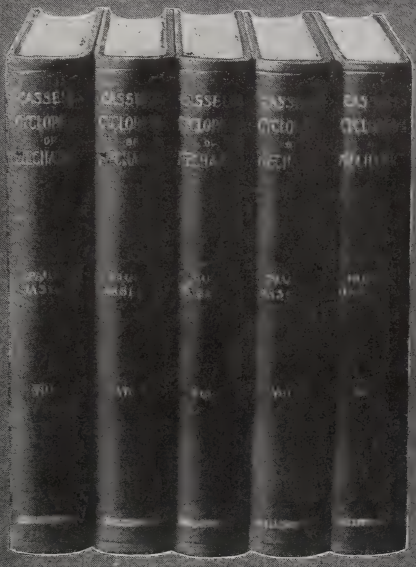
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For the Handy Man About the House

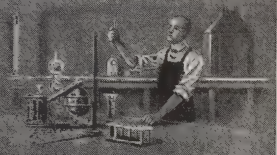


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A. B. M.—Wait until you see "His Musical Career" (Keystone). Charles Chaplin certainly is funny in that. No, I do not think that player rode the horse thru the entire play. Edgar Jones was Henry, and Louise Huff was Louise in "The Struggle Everlasting" (Lubin).

Fred S.—I have not the exact latitude and longitude of John Bunny, Hughey Mack and Roscoe Arbuckle, but they all wear about the same size collars and belts. Robert Walker was the nephew in "The Old Army Coat" (Kalem). Marin Sais was the wife in "The Bond Eternal."

Yvonne B.—John Steppling was the father in "Lola" (American). So you want Arthur Johnson's diary. Sir Arthur will kindly beware.

James F.—You want to know where Marguerite Snow was when Florence LaBadie kissed James Cruze in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Be neutral.

Euterpe, Rochester.—Edward Coxen was Jack in "The Broken Barrier" (American). Eleanor Woodruff is not playing.

Charlotte C.—Alan Hale you refer to in the Biograph. Irene Howley in "The Meal Ticket" (Biograph). Harry Keenan in "A Tale of the Northwest Mounted."

Esther Mc.—William Shay was the king in "Neptune's Daughter" (Universal). Joe Hazelton was John in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig). Ruth Bryant was Rose in "Greater Treasure" (Lubin).

Nellie R.—Kempton Greene was Kempton, and Mary Keane was Mildred in "By Whose Hand" (Lubin). Edgar Jones in "From Out the Flood" (Lubin).

Abe, 99.—Careful managers require that their operators test every film before it is shown. Some also require that the pianist or other musicians see each film, so that they can study out what is best to play when the pictures are being run off before the audience. Fritz Wintermeier was the brother in "Broncho Billy's Close Call" (Essanay). Robert Ellis was Maynard. Irene Boyle was Ethel, and Adelaide Lawrence was Helen in "A Secret Crime" (Kalem). Edward Boulden was Mr. Bung, and Jessie Stevens was Mrs. Lowe in "The Week-end at Happyhurst" (Edison).

Miss A. L., N. Y. C.—George Morgan was the burglar in "The District Attorney's Burglar" (Biograph). Rhea Mitchell was Nell. Yes, I think it is possible for two to live on $12 *weakly*.

Josephine M. K.—Your writing is beautiful. Sorry, but I haven't Francis Bushman's age nor Bryant Washburn's, and I dont think you should have them.

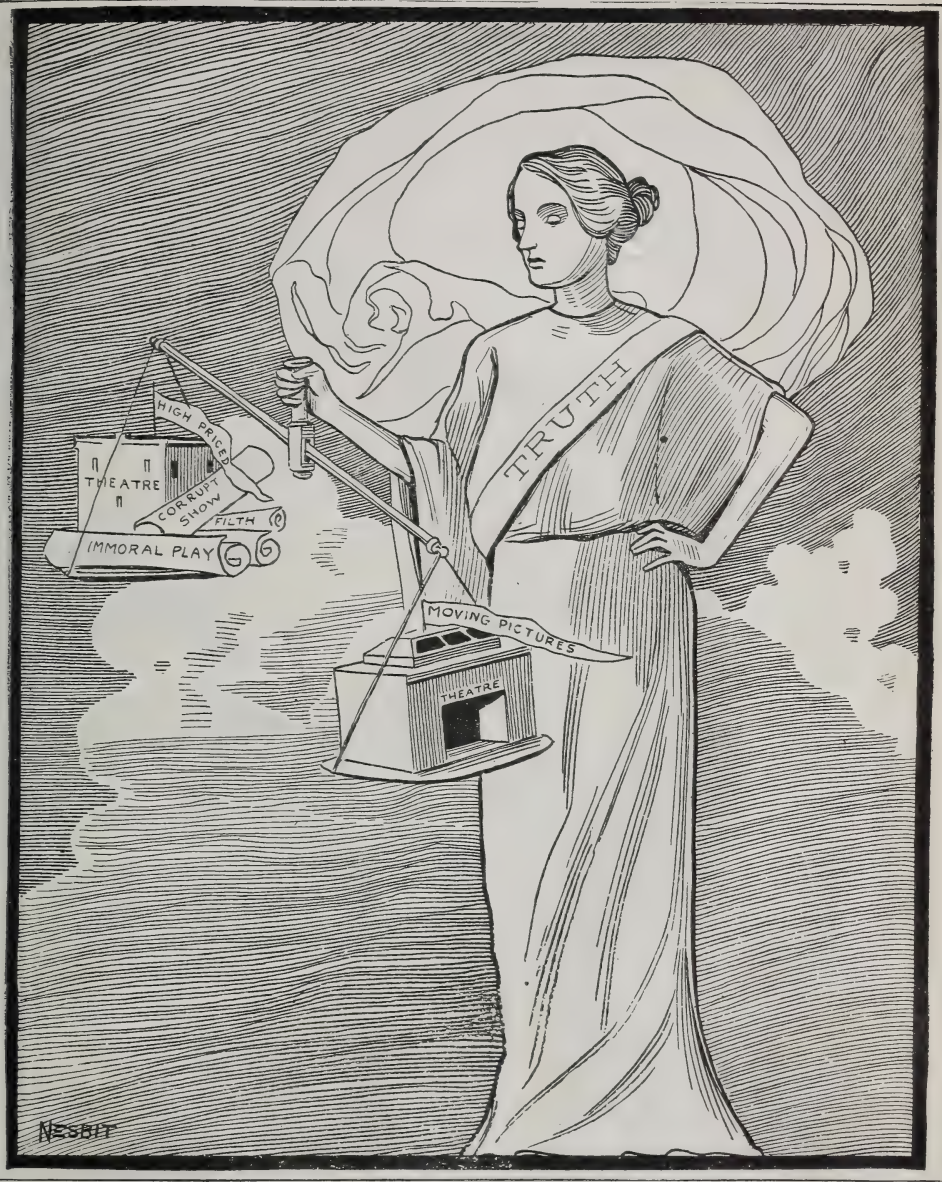
George C.—See our August issue, 1912. Wheeler Oakman was De Long in "The Speck on the Wall" (Selig).

Joyce-Carlyle.—Yes, actions speak louder than words, but a woman likes to hear a man say it. Dot Bernard was the girl in "The Female of the Species" (Biograph). Neva Gerber was the sister in "The Detective's Sister" (Kalem). Marguerite Courtot was Milly in "Thru the Flames" (Kalem).

Ridiculous Ruthe.—Anna Little was Nell in "The Sob Sister" (Rex). Ray Gallagher in that Powers. Ruth Roland was the girl in "The Girl and the Gondolier" (Kalem). Ray Ford was the girl in "The Nihilist's Vengeance" (Victor).

Anita S.—Agnes Vernon was Mary in "The Old Bell Ringer" (Nestor). Baldy Belmont was the count in "The Smuggler and the Girl" (Victor).





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HILDA W.—Arthur Johnson was the iceman in "The Amateur Ice-man" (Lubin).

ABE, 99.—I really dont know where W. Chrystie Miller is. Don't think he is with Biograph. Yes, somehow or other we never come out even on our Christmas presents. By the way, I want right here to wish you, and all of my friends and readers, and everybody else everywhere, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

F. J. R.—Yes; Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley are with Bosworth. So is Courtenay Foote. Arthur Houseman is playing in the New York studio.



CHRISTMAS FAVORITES

BERNHARDT.—Perhaps your questions were not answered because you did not sign your name and address.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Well, if you must see me, and cant wait any longer, go to see "How Mary Made Good" (Vitagraph), which will be released in February, I believe, and you will then see your "beloved Answer Man." Yes, I am there in the picture myself.

BILLY ROMAINE.—Thanks for the gum. Certainly I chew. Haven't seen any of Romaine Fielding's late plays.

BESSIE S., BRADFORD.—You can obtain the book "Here Lies" direct from us for twenty-five cents a copy. It is not sold elsewhere. Thanks.

CONSTANCE M. V.—The other three were Gertrude Robinson, Lionel Barrymore and F. Crane in "Classmates" (Biograph). Irene Boyle and Robert Ellis in "The Cub Reporter's Assignment" (Kalem). A. Hammond was the agent in "The Lost Mail Sack" (Kalem).

RENE, GREENSBORO.—Robert Ellis and Irene Boyle in "The Path to Ruin" (Kalem). I meant that if he was working for the Treasury Department it would be easy for him to obtain the money. Why, those people just coin money. Are you on?

M. E. R.—You want to know if Augustus Phillips of Edison was ever at Asbury Park, N. J. Mr. Phillips will kindly stand up and answer the lady's question.

G. M. S.—Yes, you have Helen Holmes placed correctly.

KATHERINE B.—Sorry, but I cannot print your letter. So you think Louise Huff resembles Mary Pickford.

RACHEL, PINKY 17.—Jeannette Hoffman was the bride in "Jones' Wedding Day" (Kalem). Edward Coxen and George Field in "Down by the Sea" (American).

CANARSIE MERMAID.—I go to the Regent sometimes. You say you object to seeing so many new faces on the screen? Well, you will soon learn to like the new as well as the old.

IRENE M. B.—You like the cover picture of Mary Fuller and you are going to frame it. Every one seems to like it. Vitagraph Company in Brooklyn say that "The Way to Heaven" was not their production.

EDWARD W. B.—No, I am too old to attend balls. You say "December issue is the best yet." Whom am I to believe?

C. W. F., BROOKLYN.—Charles Kent was Lamplugh in "The Christian."

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Helen Martin was the girl in "No Show for the Chauffeur" (Eclair). J. Gurmis Davis was the chauffeur in the same. Carol Holloway was Mary in "A Practical Demonstration" (Lubin). Harry Pollard was Paul in "Mlle. La Mode" (Beauty). Elsie Greeson was Mildred in "A Sealed Package" (Selig). I absolutely refuse to give advice about love matches.

MARGUERITE S.—See elsewhere about Correspondence Club. Crane Wilbur at the Pathé Studio, Jersey City, N. J. Double exposure. I cant explain it here. Send for a list of manufacturers to whom you might submit your photoplays.

JOHN K.—I agree with you about some of the unremoved hats in the theaters, but I thought that all theaters required their removal except in the last row. I might add:

Oh, I do like the generous,
You may be sure of that;
But I cannot stand fourteen yards
Of stuff upon a hat.

PRETTY, 18.—W. Raymond Myers was Antonio in "In Old Italy" (Domino). Elsie Albert was Laurie in "The Lass of Killikrankie" (Victor).

JANE J.—I dont know of the company you refer to. Yes, General Film and Universal pictures may be shown in the same theater at the same time.

LILLIAN C.—The only advice I can give you is that it isn't the way you look at other girls that spoils you with your sweetheart, but the way you dont look at her.

REX C. A.—Ella Hall is with the Rex. Thanks for your picture; it is fine.

CLARA H.—William Dowlan was De Mauprot in "Richelieu" (Bison 101). Margaret Edwards is not on our list.

JOHN B.—Fraunie Fraunholz and Claire Whitney were the son and the woman in black, while Vinnie Burns and Joseph Levering had the leads in "The Dream Woman" (Solax).

ABE, 99.—Dorothy Phillips was Nora in "The Futility of Revenge" (Imp). Walter Scott was the judge, Alexander Gaden was Richard. Harry Beaumont was Jim, Edward Earle was Robert, and Mabel Dwight was the aunt in "The Transplanted Prairie Flower" (Edison). Louise Huff and Mildred Gregory in "The Girl of the Locks" (Lubin). Gilbert Ely was the elderly person. Ruth Stonehouse was the girl in "Sparks of Fate" (Essanay). Vivian Rich in "The Taming of Sunnybrook Nell" (American).

WILLIAM POWERS.—When the Pennsylvania State Board of Censors refuses to pass a film it cannot be shown in that State, but it may be shown in any other State unless that other State also censures it. The State and City boards often refuse to accept the O K of the National Board of Censors.

ADMIRER, 17.—No answer on that Pathé. Florence Turner in London at present. Irene Warfield in the Essanay. Gene Gauntier's studio is in New York City.

E. L.—Yes, Dorothy Gish and Gertrude Bambrick in the Biograph "Liberty Bells." Your jokes were immense.

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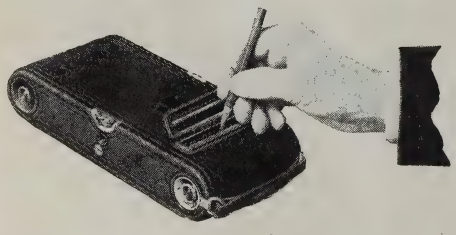
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SUNSHINE LOUISE.—It is very probable that Job never had to answer questions. Your letter was interesting.

EDNA M. E. H.—Wheeler Oakman and Mabel Van Buren in "The Squatters" (Selig). Charles Bartlett had the lead in "The Struggle" (Bison). Walter Heirs and Marguerite Ne Moyer in "The Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). You are wrong. The kangaroo can leap about 70 feet only, while the galago, or flying lemur, can leap about 300 feet.

LUELLA M. M.—Yes; Donald Crisp was Donald in "The Warning." You refer to Louise Vale. Helen Gardner in "The Leading Lady" (Vitagraph). You also refer to Ruth Hartman.

CLARA F. E.—Yes, that should have been Biograph. Donald Hall made his first appearance in pictures for Vitagraph. Ruth Roland is playing at the Glendale studio, while the slapstick comedy company has disbanded.

KATHERINE F.—Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you will be all right. Harold Lockwood in that Famous Players. Pearl White and Chester Barnett in "The Misplaced Love" (Crystal).

JACK W.—Billie Quirk has played for Biograph, and you may see him in some of the old revivals. Yale Boss resembles Arthur Houseman very much, and he wears long trousers now.

HARRY O.—"Buy a bale of cotton." Well, the United States produces more than 75 per cent. of the cotton in the world. Blanche Sweet is now with Majestic, but you may continue to see old Biograph films.

ALLEN L. R.—Pleased to meet you. The Editor expects to chat Francis Bushman very soon, probably next month.

OSWALD S.—Mary Pickford did not do the dance in "Hearts Adrift." Right you be; actions may speak louder than words, but they are not such great liars.

A. R., PHILADELPHIA.—Guess you have heard that puzzle before. I enjoyed "The Man of the Hour" (World Film), and thought it very well done. I did not notice Garrison washing placer dirt from a stream in a hand wash-basin.

LOIS H.—J. Francis McDonald was General Cuyler, and Herbert Rawlinson was Felix Dayton in "For the Freedom of Cuba" (Bison).

ADA M. S.—Gene Gauntier played in "The Lad from Ireland" (Kalem). Marguerite Snow was the princess in "The Million Dollar Mystery" (Thanhouser). Of course I want to hear from you again. Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet in "Classmates" (Keystone).

GLADYS B.—There were twenty series in the "Perils of Pauline." The play you describe must have been a feature film, and it is impossible to give you the name from your description.

MARGARET L.—It makes no difference how old you are, I will answer your questions. You should address the players in care of the studio.

CHARLES L. S.—I am not an M.D., but I would surmise that your trouble is easily corrected. A noted doctor once said that he could cure anything if he could get his patient to feel tired, hungry and sleepy. The trouble with us is that we seldom work hard enough to get tired, never go long enough without food to get real hungry, and have too much excitement to get real sleepy.

LOUISE, NEW HAVEN.—Irving Cummings was with Rolfe Co. last. You say he is in stock in your city. Yes, I get letters from your city.

ANNA, 15.—Your present was very welcome. I appreciated the two-pound box of chocolates, and I have also devoured them.

REGINA T. K.—So your "governess thought you were terrible to write to a stranger." I dont bite. Your letter was very interesting, and I should like to hear from you again.

BROWNIE, 16.—Yes, a misprint. Leo Delaney is with Vitagraph now, but I haven't Dolores Cassinelli's whereabouts. John Steppling is with American, and Howard Missimer with Warner.

MAY B.—Your letter is very interesting. You say the Biograph, Keystone and Lubin comedies are an insult to American humor. The majority of people differ with you. I should like to publish your letter, but it is too long.

ORIE, 116.—Your letter was long, but very interesting. Since you asked no questions, I will not answer.

J. B., OYSTER BAY.—Your letter was all right. Form was correct. You refer to Dorothy Gish.

CANARSIE MERMAID.—So you like our cover designs better. Ethel Clayton on the February, and Mabel Trunnelle on the March. So you dont like the "Million Dollar Mystery," the most popular of the serials.

ABE, 99.—Harry Myers was Paul, Ethel Clayton was Dora, and Mary Powers was the girl, and Lathan Miegzler was the boy in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Robert Conness was the boy in "The Blue Coyote Cherry Crop" (Edison). Thanks.

MARGARET-LOUISE.—Many thanks for the taffy, but it was soft when it arrived and got in my beard. Guy Coombs and Anna Nilsson in "The Ex-Convict" (Kalem).

A NON-MORMON.—Thank you so much for the books and postals of Utah. They were very interesting, and I appreciated them.

MARGARET K. T.—Mildred Gregory was Geraldine in "The Girl at the Locks" (Lubin). Not Marion Leonard in "The Leading Lady" (Vitagraph), but Edith Storey. Your letter was more than bright, and I have passed it over to the Editor.

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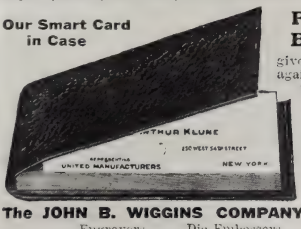
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BLOSSOM.—Thanks for the invitation. Mildred Bright was Betty, and Fred Truesdell was Henry in "In a Persian Garden" (Eclair). Rea Martin was the girl in that Biograph. Kempton Greene and Mary Keane in "By Whose Hand" (Lubin).

KITTY C.—Glad to hear from you again. Marin Sais was leading woman in "The Chinese Death Thorn" (Kalem). William Cohill and Jack Delson in "The Codes of Honor" (Lubin). Barney Furey and Lester Cuneo in "Algie's Sister" (Selig). Earle Metcalfe in the Lubin. Always glad to hear from you.

VIRGINIA, CAMP D.—I dont remember having received your questions.

W. E. M., PORT CHESTER.—Charles Ray was the captain in "The Silver Bell" (Domino). It is not true that those who inspect films in the National Board of Censors are paid for so doing by the film manufacturers. Nobody who passes on films receives a penny pay.

BROWNIE, 16.—You ask "What is Francis X. Bushman's best play?" That is out of my line, and I would prefer you to answer that yourself, because he is best in a large number of plays. Frank Borzage was Tom in "Wrath of the Gods."

MISS JEFF.—What, again? Yes, Mary Pickford and Billy Quirk in that revived Biograph. Hazel Henderson was Laughing Star in "How Lone Wolf Died."

BERNICE H.—So you want another chat with James Cruze. No, I am not a doctor, altho the old maxim hath it that every man is either a physician or a fool at forty. Draw your own conclusions.

RAMESES II.—So you like G. M. Anderson in dressed-up parts better than in a cowboy rig. Claire McDowell in "The Peddler's Bag" (Biograph). "The real small fellow with the misplaced eyebrow" in "His New Profession" (Keystone) was Charles Chaplin. How about that wonderful little mustache of his? Afton Mineer was the sister in "Cocoon and the Butterfly" (American).

FAITH B., N. Y. C.—Marie Newton in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Biograph). Certainly I believe in toleration, but also in argument.

VIRGINIA L. S.—Earle Williams was on the stage before entering pictures. It is not necessary to enclose fee.

MARTHA W.—I must learn to look with suspicion on flattering letters like yours. It is a dangerous thing to live on flattery, for in that way we put all our happiness in the keeping of others.

DORIS D.—Frankie Mann was Esther in "The House Next Door" (Lubin). Darwin Karr was Paul in "The Spirit in the Clay" (Vitagraph). Naomi Childers.

HENRIETTA B.—No, I am not Mr. Brewster, nor is he the Answer Man. He is not old enough and is too busy for the job. Your letter is interesting.

WILLIAM W.—I am sorry, but I haven't that cast. I would refer you to the Warner Company, and they can give you information as to the scene.

F. A. W.—What cereal do I eat? That's important, so here goes: toasted snowflakes when in season, and postum roasties when out of season. I never tried wild oats. Edna Payne was the girl in "The Aztec Treasure" (Eclair). Claude Payton was the chief in "The Master Hand."

BERTHA L. M.—That Famous Players was taken in the studio. Carlyle Blackwell is in California now. Thanks very much for your kind thoughts.

CLARA H., MONMOUTH.—Webster Campbell in "Parson Larkin's Wife" (Broncho). Frank Borzage was the parson. Robert Harron in "A Lesson in Mechanics" (Majestic). Fay Tincher in that Griffith.

E. W. P.—Sorry, but we have no cast for that old Biograph, and it cannot be obtained. Thank you.

HELEN, CHICAGO.—Your stationery is very pretty. The title you give is incorrect. Perhaps Antonio Moreno.

JOHN D., JR.—That sounds quite natural for a New Yorker. I am glad you enjoy the department.

G. C. M.—I dont know for sure, but there might have been a company taking pictures at Buffalo. Vitagraph have been to Niagara Falls, but I am not sure about Buffalo. It is safe to say that there have been companies everywhere.

ERNESTINE.—Your letter was very interesting indeed. The word Tammany comes from the Indian chief, Tamanend, and is now applied to a political organization in N. Y. City that is supposed to control the Democratic party in N. Y.

AMICUS.—George Spencer was Sir Isaac in "The House Next Door" (Lubin). A wedding ring is larger than an engagement ring, but it is easier to pull a glove over.

PICKFORD FIEND.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "The Billionaire" (Biograph). Harry Carey was not in "Judith." I shall speak to the Editor about the pictures you want published.

SARA L. M.—Thank you for the picture. We have never published a picture of James Kirkwood.

ANNIE L. S.—Blanche Sweet was leading woman in "Her Wedding Bell" (Biograph). Vivian Prescott is with Biograph.



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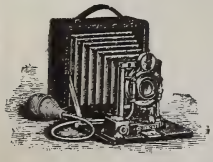
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WOOD VIOLET.—George Field was the musician in "The Song of the Sea Shell" (American). Lillian Broderick was Ada in "Our Mutual Girl."

JACK P. C.—You mustn't mind that. A woman is built to worry about somebody's staying out late at night, and if it isn't a man, it's the hired girl, or the cat.

JUST PETE.—William Stowell and Adele Lane in "Somebody's Sister" (Selig). I should like very much to hear you play. You might try it over the telephone.

ABE, 99.—I dont agree with your "Seven Wonders." Denton Vane was the boy and Mary Anderson the girl in "The Silent Plea" (Vitagraph).

SARAH W.—Robert Walker was Walter in "Barefoot Boy" (Kalem). Charles Chaplin in "The Rounders" (Keystone). Edward Coxen was Jack in "The Broken Barrier" (American). Wallace Reid was Lawson in "Moonshine Molly" (Mutual).

TOPSY R.—Your letter is very interesting. Dorothy Gish and Donald Crisp in that Majestic. Heap much thanks for those fine apples, which I enjoyed hugely.

GEORGE H.—Mr. Phillip was the policeman in "The Cooked Goose" (Thanhouser). Harry Von Meter was the father in "Feast and Famine" (American). May Wallace was Dr. Pain's wife in "Laughing Gas" (Keystone).

JOHN W. G.—You say that there is a studio in Boston, the Holland Film Mfg. Company. They started recently, and Maud Fealy is their star.

HELEN VAN B.—I really cannot tell you whether Mabel Van Buren is related to the once President Van Buren.

HARRY O., DUBUQUE.—You had better think twice, for they do say that marriage is a lottery in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness. Margaret Joslin and Victor Potel in "Slippery Slim and the Stork" (Essanay). Joseph Smiley and Justina Huff in "Root of Evil." Webster Campbell and Dolly Larkin in "Game of Politics."

EDISON ED.—Robert Ellis, Richard Purdon, Irene Boyle in "The Cub Reporter's Assignment" (Kalem). Thanks for your long letter. It was very helpful.

GERTIE GIGGLES.—Thanks for the miniature piano. I can make good use of the blotter. Tom Moore was Burton in "Brand" (Kalem). You were quite fortunate to see all those players.

DOLLY DIMPLES.—I am sorry, but I cannot send your letter to Mr. Bunny. I think I would name Annie Laurie, Ben Bolt, Bonnie Sweet Bessie, Home Sweet Home, In the Gloaming, Juanita, Kathleen Mavourneen, Lead Kindly Light, My Old Kentucky Home, Nearer My God to Thee, Take Back the Heart, The Lost Chord, and Then You'll Remember Me.

BLANCHE M.—John Mackin was Alice Hollister's husband, and Harry Millarde was the player she danced with in "The Devil's Dansant" (Kalem).

A. J.—Thanks for all you say. The only thing I can advise you to do is to get in touch with the different studios.

BEATRICE H.—Hershall Mayall and Enid Markey in "The Right to Die" (Domino). Muriel Ostriche was Ruth in "The Toy Shop" (Princess).

DOROTHY H.—Edwin Clark was Jack in "The Poisoned Bit" (Edison). Eugenie Besserer was the mother in "Her Victory Eternal" (Selig). James Ross was the captain in "The Double Life" (Lubin).

C. A. P.—The Bronze Depositing Company has nothing whatever to do with the Art Metalizing Company. The latter never manufactured any bronze statuettes of Motion Picture actresses, whereas the former is selling them at two dollars apiece.

ABE. 99.—You here again? Good-morning. Cyril Leonard was the kid in "In Real Life" (Essanay). Millicent Evans was the girl in "In Fate's Cycle" (Biograph). Miss Mitchell was Tommy. Lyllian Leighton was the mother, and Harry Lonsdale was the father in "Mother of Seven" (Selig). Howard Entwhistle, Robert Gaillord, Thomas Mills and Mary Charleson in "A Sentimental Burglar" (Vitagraph). Guy Oliver and Bessie Eyton in "A Baby Spy" (Selig). Rosemary Theby was Anna, Mildred Gregory was Lucy, and Kempton Greene was Bennett in "His Wife."

MARGARET K. T.—She is very beautiful, and I sometimes almost wish that I was a holder rather than a beholder. Conway Tearle was Charles in "The Nightingale." Can you tell another one like that?

AGNES A.—Your letter was plenty long enough. Hope you will learn how to run the automobile.

MABEL B.—I really dont know how to advise you. There are no positions open nowadays; all you can do is to call at the studios, or you might write them.

M. A. D.—I am not so good as you think. In fact, I am very wicked. The good die young, and I am seventy-three.

LUCILLE W.—Thanks for the information that Charles West is still with Biograph, where he has been for the last five years.

E. F., EAST JORDAN.—You refer to Mabel Normand in "Bathing Beauty." James Cruze was Ralph. Harry Benham was Will in Thanhouser's "Rivalry." Jackie Kirley is not with Ford Sterling Company. Minta Durfee had the lead in Keystone's "Love and Bullets." Nolan Gane and Morris Foster in "The Grand Passion."

HERMAN.—In large theaters, where the picture on the screen is very large, all the imperfections of the film are likely to be seen by those who sit in front.

CHARLES W. S.—Whatever the Green-room Jotter says is true. His department is the last that goes to press, and the news therein is the latest. I go to press in sections. I have received your Volume 1, Number 1, and wish you luck.

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M. R., Baltimore, Md.—Please dont ask questions about the husband of Pearl White. I know of no such person. Crane Wilbur lives across the river from the studio. Frank Van Buren was Paul in "The Daughter of the Hills" (Famous Players). Miss Raamussed was the artist's wife in "Lost in Mid-ocean." Octavia Handworth in "The Yellow Streak" (Pathé).

Anna, 15.—I dont remember my letter to you, but thanks very much for the package.

Gertie, N. Y.—I answer no relationship questions whatever. Thomas Chatterton was born in Geneva, N. Y. I fear I would make a poor soldier. I know I would run before pulling the trigger.

Olga, 17.—Glad you liked the December number. I really dont know Crane Wilbur's future intentions.

Mary C.—You refer to Tsuru Aoki, of the Domino. Mona Darkfeather was with Kalem, but now she is with Montgomery Company. Yes, the Thanhouser Kid is Mary Eline. William Garwood was Richard in "Nature's Touch."

Billy Romaine.—Lafayette McKee was Burkhardt in "The Vivid Flame." Earle Foxe was McNair. Adda Gleason was Mrs. McNair. Gretchen Hartman was Beth. Louise Vale the mother, and Franklin Ritchie was the husband in "Merely Mother" (Biograph).

Edna, of Springfield.—Your letter telling all about the plays and players was very interesting, and I am sorry we cannot print it.

Florence P.—With Fred Mace directing, and Marguerite Loveridge, Catherine Proctor and Mary Charleson in the cast, "Without Hope," by Flamingo Company, will be a great success. Your letter was just, but some day you wont have cause to complain.

Billie, 17.—The drawing is nothing like me. Perhaps you refer to Arthur Cozine, who was the clerk in "Tangled Tangoists" (Vitagraph). Your letter was bright.

Rameses, II.—George Morgan was the son in "Condemning Hand" (Biograph). Herbert Brenon, formerly director for Imp, is now directing Mrs. Leslie Carter in Tiffany films.

Lillian L.—Dolly Larkin opposite Webster Campbell in "The Secret Marriage" (Lubin). Alan Forest was the nephew in "Fate Disposes" (Rex). Miss Beatrice Inman was Miss Finch, and Ann Luther was the daughter in "The Double Life" (Lubin).

Abe, 99.—Clara Kimball Young is with Peerless. Why not look it up? The population of the United States is 76,400,000, and of Great Britain about 41,000,000. True Boardman was the half-breed, and Carl Stockdale was the sheriff in "Broncho Billy and the Sheriff" (Essanay). Tom McEvoy had the lead in "A Jonah."

J. S., INDIANAPOLIS.—So you think more should be said about George Larkin. Cleo Madison in "Trey o' Hearts."

BABBIE.—I was glad to hear from a fourteen-year-old girl. Carlyle Blackwell is having his same old trouble; his leading woman, Edna Mayo, has left him and is now with Famous Players.

STELLA E.—Thanks for all the clippings. Glad to get them. Jane Cowl, the star in "Within the Law," will be featured in "The Easiest Way."

SHAY, JACKSONVILLE.—Your long letter was very interesting, and I enjoyed the gossip.

MARION V. S.—Just think of the troubles others have, and your own will appear as a molehill alongside of a mountain. Comparison in grief lessens its weight.

NORA B., N. Y. C.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "The Angel of Contention" (Majestic). Albert McGovern and Ethel Elder are playing in New Zealand now. They are the same two formerly with Lubin. Thanks for your "Life."

NOVEMBER GIRL.—Antonio Moreno was Nelson, T. McEvoy was Dick, Blanche Sweet was Dorothy, Alan Hale was Thorne, and Henry Walthall was Strong Heart in "Strong Heart" (Klaw & Erlanger). It is not Ralph Inch, but *Incc.*

CONSTANCE M. V.—I give it up. I really do not know whether Jealousy should be looked on as Love's sentinel or as the paralysis of Love. Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall in "Classmates." Marshall Neilan was Bert, Lionel Barrymore was Dumble, and Gertrude Robinson was the sister.

SILENA T.—Any one may join the Correspondence Club by writing to Romaine Fielding, Box 1588, Philadelphia, Pa. Chester Barnett is with Peerless Company. Wiliam Wadsworth was Seth in "Seth's Sweetheart" (Edison).

SEATTLE KID.—Helen Wright and William Worthington were the parents in "The Prince of Bavaria" (Rex). Frank Bennett was Hastings, and Vester Pegg was Sykes in "The Wireless Voice."

ELY, NEVADA.—Will Sheer and Mildred Bright in "Fate's Finger" (Eclair). The National Board of Censors offer to review all films, of whatever manufacture, and they try to get all films entered for inspection.

JUST PETE.—Yea, verily you are right. Helen Connelly and Malcolm Beggs were the children in "The Silent Plea" (Vitagraph). Donald Crisp. Yes.

M. P., R. F. D.—I fear I must differ with you. In the country, they despise tramps and arrest them. In the city, they are always doing something for the unemployed.

GLADYS A.—Marshall Neilan had the lead in "Man and Woman" (Klaw & Erlanger). Blanche Sweet had the lead. Ruth Roland was Peaches.

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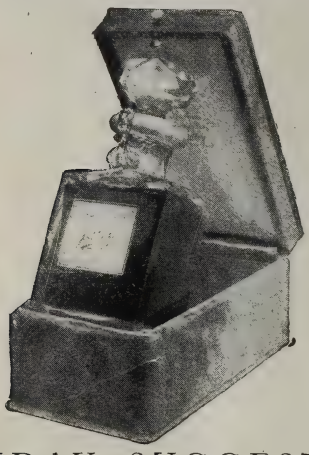
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M. P. Lover.—You refer to Guy Standing as Father O'Neill in "True Irish Hearts" (Domino). I seem to have plenty of friends in prosperity, but I wonder how many I would retain in adversity. Suppose I lose my job?

Vyrgynya.—I read your classic letter with interest. The Editor has gotten up an engraved tablet on steel for Earle Williams in commemoration of his having won the Great Artist Contest, and a photo of it will probably be published. You will be a great writer some day.

W. T. H.—What hath befallen thee, Willie? Kindly come back.

Mabel E. R., Penn.—Jere Austin was Kent in "The Viper" (Kalem). Julia Swayne Gordon was the mother in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph). Olive Golden was the sister in "Tess of the Storm Country" (Famous Players).

Rhea D.—So you are for Wheeler Oakman. I will tell the Editor you want a chat.

A. D., New York.—Sorry you think the Correspondence Club is not governed properly. I am sure Mr. Fielding will fix it up O K. The way to insure stable government in all things is to adopt horse sense, and they are so doing.

E. B. B., New Orleans.— Yes, she is the same Helen Ware. Try singing. Don Quixote says, "Who sings in grief procures relief." Yours was a clever letter.

Gussie J.—So you are calling me "Daddylonglegs." Very well. Elizabeth Burbridge was the girl in "The Robbery at Pine River" (Broncho). You ask, if twice nothing is nothing, what is the half of forever? I think the answer is either forever or never.

Allen L. R.—Helen Holmes is in Glendale, Cal. Dolly Larkin is with the Frontier Company now. Helen Holmes in "From Peril to Peril" (Kalem). It is fine to be able to serve a friend, and noble to conceal it.

Lillian C. C., Astoria.—Louise Vale and George Morgan had the leads in "Her Neighbors Next Door" (Biograph). Afton Mineer was Anne in American.

Lizzie W.—The origin of the use of buttons on coat-sleeves dates back to ancient days when soldiers wiped their noses on their coat-sleeves, and the buttons were put there by the king to prevent it. Arthur Jarret was Riley in "The Boss of the Eighth" (Broncho). Thomas Chatterton was Coberly in "The Gamekeeper's Daughter" (Domino). I beg to apologize.

James W. A.—You must remember that many of our most beautiful flowers are without scent, so also are many of our most beautiful women without hearts.

Peggy and Jimmie Phan.—Yes, I have noticed the rapid strides of Gerda Holmes. Most of those pictures sell from twenty-five cents up.

AUBURN BETTY.—Wallace Reid in "The Foreign Spy" (American). James Young was David Garrick. Wallace Reid in "The Pride of the Lonesome" (American). Richard Travers in "The Seventh Prelude."

ABE. 99.—Herbert Rawlinson had the title rôle in "Kid Regan's Hands" (Rex). Norbert Myles was Paul in "The Line Rider" (Eclair). Mary Ross was Vivian in "The Lynbrook Tragedy" (Kalem). Mona Darkfeather and Charles Bartlett had the leads in "The Redskins and the Renegades" (Kalem). Beverly Bayne and Wallace Beery in "This Is the Life."

MRS. A. L.—That picture was taken at Niles, Cal.

R. M. A., RICHMOND.—Yes, the girl is Mabel Normand. Everybody knows that it is best to rise early in the morning, but I do not know why. Many are called, but few get up.

MABEL. FORT WORTH.—I was glad to hear from you again. Selig studios are in Chicago. So Ella Hall is your favorite.

GLADYS B. C.—That was a trick picture and it was inserted afterwards. We will was Elaine in "The Girl of the Locks" (Lubin). That picture was directed by Edgar Jones.

L. W. H.—Anita Stewart, Julia S. Gordon and Harry Morey in "413" (Vitagraph). Maciste of "Cabiria" is now playing in another production, soon to be released.

E. C. M.—Yes, Edith Storey had the lead in "The Silent Plea" (Vitagraph). Philadelphia may be slow, but it is not so slow as Nooyawk is fast.

N. C., NASHVILLE.—You think Earle Williams' smile is winning enough to be a passport thru the Pearly Gates.

JAMES A.—William Clifford and Marie Walcamp had the leads in "Island of Abandoned Hope" (Bison 101). Marcelle Faber was Zingo in "Zingo" (Warner).

E. B. B., NEW ORLEANS.—Mr. Lewis was Maynard in "Lily of the Valley" (Vitagraph). Jack Dillon and Marin Sais were man and wife in "The Primitive Instinct" (Kalem). It depends upon the kind of service the theaters take, whether they may select their own films.

THELMA B.—Write Raymond McKee, in care of Lubin. You are very kind to intimate that I will not live much longer. The shorter my journey, the sooner my rest.

K. C., Mo.—Irene Hunt with the Mutual. Claire McDowell in "The Peddler's Bag" (Biograph). Charles West played opposite her. A cubic foot of water contains 7½ gallons, 1.728 cubic inches, and weighs 62½ pounds.

TOMBOY.—So Harry Carey is your choice, even tho he does play villainous parts. He is a fine actor.

KEYSTONE FRANK.—Thanks for the clipping. Your letter was bright. Jessalyn Van Trump is not playing now.

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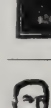


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FRANKLIN J., TROY.—I did not answer your letter because I considered it impertinent and saucy. Silence gives contempt.

GLADYS B. C.—Your letters are neither dry nor wet, but they are just right. So you are glad Anita Stewart and Earle Williams are playing together.

GERTRUDE McG.—So you would love to be my daughter, and think that I would make a lovely papa. Right you be! Webster Campbell in "The Girl of the Cafés" (Lubin).

D. H., ROCHESTER.—Boyd Marshall and Rene Farrington had the leads in "The Final Test" (Princess). You thought "Million Dollar Mystery" and "Perils of Pauline" were too sensational—rather dime-novelish. Every one has his own opinion, and there are many different.

MARION W.—Lillian Drew was the girl in "Night Hawks" (Essanay). Lily Branscombe was the girl in "The Warning Hand" (Essanay). Pretty old.

THE OWL.—Your idea about having a contest to select a name for the Answer Man, and awarding the winner my beard, is capital—all but the award part of it. I shall need it now. As for answering your "Chat" questions about myself, that is against the rule. The Editor has already hinted that I must say less about myself and more about the players, so that lets me out.

SUNNY EDDIE.—Your war notes were clever, but I cannot publish them.

MARJORIE Z.—Ruth Hennessy you mean in the Essanay. Charles Chaplin was the property man in "Property Man" (Keystone). Stella Razetto was the flirt in "A Flirt's Repentance" (Selig). Helen Holmes was the wife in "A Man's Soul."

VERA D. R.—Your letter was very interesting. "John Bull" is an expression applied to the English, just as "Uncle Sam" is applied to the United States. It seems to have come from Dr. Arbuthnot's History of J. Bull, 1713, "an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very inconstant temper."

MARY R., LEXINGTON.—You refer to Rhea Mitchell opposite Thomas Chatterton in "A Tragedy of the North Woods" (Domino). Justina Huff was the girl in "The House of Darkness" (Lubin).

MARTHA S.—Donald Hall was Drake in "The Christian" (Vitagraph). J. W. Johnston is now with Famous Players. Famous Players have done some fine plays and some poor ones. Jane Novak is now with Western Vitagraph. Ruth Stonehouse is Mela in "The Wood Nymph" (Essanay).

F. SYLV.—Our magazine will come out on the 5th of the month hereafter. Beverly Bayne in "The Masked Wrestler."

M. A. B., TRENTON.—James Morrison's picture appeared in August, 1912. Eddie Lyons was Bob in "Detective Cupid" (Nestor). Morris Foster you mean.

M. B. Hoy.—I think your request for a chat and photos of Richard Tucker will be granted.

Kitty C.—Adele Lane in "The Right to Happiness" (Selig). William Gorman was Polly in "If It Had Not Been for Polly." Harry Northrup was Sir Roderick in "Lady of the Lake" (Vitagraph). Edward Peil in "Two Roses" (Lubin). Rosetta Brice and Ruth Bryant were the girls in "The Greater Treasure" (Lubin).

Miss G. W.—Morris Foster in "Jean of the Wilderness" (Thanhouser). Mr. Smith in "His New Profession" (Keystone). Charles Bartlett and Mona Darkfeather in "Kidnapped by Indians."

C. D.—You are suffering from indigestion. If you dont want to die just yet, you should not eat more than you can di-gest yet. Grace Cunard was Grace in "The She-Wolf" (Bison 101). Anita Stewart in "Shadows of the Past."

Gladys C.—Your letter pleased me much: thanks for the invitation.

Roy F.—Miss Race was the leading lady in "Killing Horace" (Keystone).

Sunshine, St. Louis.—Miss Bauer and Joseph McDermott in "The Smuggler's Wife" (Biograph). Ray Gallagher in "The Love of Oro San" (Lubin). Eugenie Besserer in "When a Woman is Forty" (Selig). Robert Walker was the nephew and Jere Austin the lawyer in "The Old Army Coat" (Kalem).

Thomas Wilson, New Zealand.—You ask, "Have you ever stood in the operating room of a theater at night and watched the operator at work? You see the apparently endless ribbon of flashing film gliding down thru the white-hot 'spot' on the gate, and hear the triple snap as a join rips thru, or the roaring splash of the restive arc. These, combined with the hum of the motor and whiz of an electric fan make the box a holy terror to the uninitiated." Yes, I have, but I have never heard it described quite so graphically before.

Helene.—You have the wrong title, so I cant tell you who the handsome blonde Vitagrapher is whom Mr. Williams must beware of.

Senorita.—Sorry, but yours are too much for me. You may address Antonio Moreno at the Vitagraph, Brooklyn.

Olga.—Yes, the twentieth episode is now finished, but I do not know Mr. Wilbur's intentions as to the future.

Vyrgynya.—Yes, he disappeared, but I dont know whether he ran away with a woman or from one. You see that people with big brains must keep them well balanced so they will not tip over in one direction or another. They have very good understanding.

Billy Romaine.—So you prefer church to the Moving Picture show. Well, the church often gives a better show for less money. Your letter was immensely interesting. Thanks.

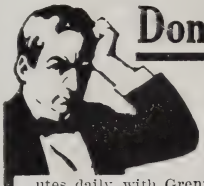


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Further instructions and list of pictures are given on attached sheet.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Ellen Paterson, of Chicago, touches on a point on which most of us agree:

I wish to make a plea for improvement in one very important and heretofore neglected branch of the Motion Picture business—that of artistic advertising.

It seems to me at this time, when the various companies are striving for perfection in the pictures, that more attention should be paid to the quality of the posters advertising those pictures. They—the posters, which give no adequate idea of the pictures—are of such lurid coloring that they seem better suited to the tent of a Wild West show than to the lobbies of the beautiful theaters which we now have in our cities.

I hope that your splendid magazine may be the means of bringing this subject before the people.

Miss Frances L. Cox, of 1300 Brook Street, Louisville, Ky., says what she has to say briefly, neatly and rhythmically:

To know all about the screen, buy the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. There you will find about your favorite star, pictures and stories from afar. Answers to questions there are many; mean editorials it hasn't any; contests, jottings, letters and chats—to all the magazine we take off our hats.

Mrs. E. H. K., of Birmingham, Ala., is a great admirer of the Vitagraph and Essanay companies:

We have had Earle Williams in "Love's Sunset," one of the most beautiful dramas ever written, and incomparably acted, and now I am waiting with impatience for something else to be done by this gifted artist.

Soon also I hope to see other strong dramas featuring Arthur Ashley, James Morrison, William Humphrey, Rankin Drew, Dorothy Kelley, Naomi Childers, Leah Baird and Mrs. Mary Maurice—than whom there is not one more lovely.

I think any company should feel very fortunate to number among their elderly artists such people as Mrs. Maurice and Charles Kent, of Vitagraph, and W. Christie Miller, of Biograph.

I am a Vitagraph "fan," as you see, but not to the exclusion of all other pictures, for I still have superlatives in reserve for other companies.

Essanay is running Vitagraph a close second, and there are other companies who have very gifted artists of whom I would like to write later on.

Mary Fuller, for instance; I hope Uni-

versal will do her justice and give her some great pictures.

One thing more I want to say, then I am thru. I hope that the two first-mentioned companies will never run a picture in series form, for if they do, then their individuality and forcefulness will be gone.

We dont want anything but strong, finished dramas and good educationals, and comedies featuring comedians who make the mirth to bubble up on the inside of you—and to trickle out, in spite of you.

Courtenay Foote is such a one. I wonder what has become of him?

If all my screen friends knew how much I appreciate them, I'm sure they could not help but be pleased.

Mr. George Reynolds, of 212 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street, New York City, is a great admirer of Miss Joyce, but thinks she does not get great parts to play:

Well, here I am again with my hammer out, ready to "knock" a few directors dead, and to "boost" a few actors and actresses of the silent drama. Can you or any one else tell me why is it that they dont give the "Peerless Alice Joyce" better parts? Oh, Alice, I would love to see you back in "The Golden West" as the beautiful Spanish girl, to charm the heart of Carlyle Blackwell and the hearts of "male species" of the audience. Those were the days when you showed your true colors as an actress. But now you are compelled to strut about in the pictures like a "fashion plate." The late films are "featuring Alice Joyce," but I think the charming Alice Hollister does most of the "feature part," and gets no credit. To my way of thinking, Miss Joyce should be given parts more on the lines that are given to the lovable Mary Fuller.

Miss Joyce (as everyone knows) has done splendid work in the past, and she can do good work now, so let us hope that we shall see her in more pictures in the future that will really "feature" her—something to make one "sit-up-and-take-notice" kind of plays. This is not to be a knock to Miss Joyce or the Kalem Company, but that we would like to see Miss Joyce do something else besides look pretty. Why is it we dont hear more or see more of Jane Wolfe, Claire McDowell, Roger Lytton, Evelyn Dominicus (of the Vitagraph), Charles Ogle, Marc MacDermott, Helen Lindroth and some of the other lesser "stars," but, nevertheless, "very good actors." What has become of those old Biograph dramas, with their soft shadows, excellent plots, fine actors, etc.?

Such pictures as "The Goose Girl," "When Kings Were the Law," "The House of Darkness," etc.: such plays made the Biograph famous.



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DELIVERED FREE on approval and **30 days' trial.** Send for big **free** catalog and particulars of *most marvelous offer* ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our **low prices** and *remarkable terms.*

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(Editor of the Motion Picture Magazine)

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Would that they would put out more of them! Yes, I better shut up before I say any more, as I dont think this letter will be looked upon with a kindly eye. Please do not think I am "cruel" or anything of the sort. I only want to suggest. Yes, I have been reading your splendid magazine since the first issue of February, 1911. I still have that book and all the succeeding issues. Well, I wish you much success in the future, and keep up the good work.

Some of the players and companies will not like what the frank Miss Gertrude Smith, of 1028 Savings Bank Building, Cleveland, has to say about them, and no doubt many of

---

HEARTS AND THE HIGHWAY

(*Continued from page* 67)

God of his fathers that he might not be too late. Stonwold proved an easy victim, for the inflammable MacLeod spared no effort, and they stepped over his prone, blood-flowing body, wiping their well-stained swords. Kate was facing James II when the door burst asunder, and Richmond thrust his way in, followed by MacLeod. Her face was ravaged with fear, and her eyes were dulled with the tears wrenched from her aching heart by Richmond's supposed perfidy. He had held her in his arms, taken her lips, accepted his life from her—and sold her to the King! Sadder than honor's loss or life's declining was the gall of this knowledge to her. And her eyes stared into heaven's glory when he came, the light of conquest on his face. It was an easy victory. James was alone, and he held his life too dear. The escape was made with only the King's impotent threats as stoppages, and the wharf at Sunderland safely reached.

On the boat, flaunting her blessed signal of lights, the weary exiles bade farewell to Scotland with hearts that hungered for the peace of far lands and the rest of distant places.

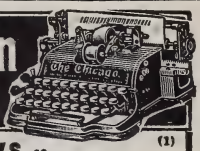
"Holland," whispered Richmond, as he stood with Kate at the prow of the vessel, and she leaned her lovely, tired head against his shoulder. He bent over and kist a straying curl, and his lips curved whimsically. "Beloved highwayman," he added.

our readers will differ with Miss Smith:

I consider James Cruze the very best photoplayer in either the Mutual or Licensed pictures. His naturalness and entire lack of self-consciousness and mannerisms make him a very interesting character in any play in which he appears. I gave my first vote to Flo LaBadie. I like her very much, but I really consider Margarita Fischer the most versatile girl in pictures. Mary Fuller runs a close second to Margarita, and Rosemary Theby follows after.

I am very sorry to say that Cleveland has not, so far as I know, what I consider a respectable house showing Universal pictures. Perhaps they are all right on the inside, but the exteriors certainly look anything but inviting. Those hideous-colored posters plastered all over the exterior, almost one on top of the other, fairly screeching wonderful thrills and sensations, are very vulgar-looking, and I am truly sorry that such sterling actors as J. Warren Kerrigan and Edwin August are connected with them. Why cant they all use the neat, refined black-and-white posters used by the Edison, Vitagraph, Kalem and some other companies?

I consider the Edison, Vitagraph, Reliance and Majestic productions the very best. I always feel that my time is well spent whenever I see any of their productions. I think "The Reform Candidate" (Majestic) is one of the most perfect modern photoplay productions I have ever seen. The Lubin and Kalem productions are also very good, and the Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino productions are the very best of their kind. Thos. H. Ince should go down in history. One Keystone comedy goes a long way with me. To me a good comedy is made up of funny situations rather than kicks, tumbles and acrobatic stunts, and I am often disgusted with the treatment Mabel Normand submits to. However, their Kid Company is certainly fine. Little Billy Jacobs can have me for the asking. The Pathé Company's productions are very often too ornate. Their stage-settings are not truly American, and I do love to see plain, simple, "on-the-level" American settings. I do not like the brown prints, either. I hate every single one of the foreign pictures. Every drop of my American blood rises to the surface and boils over when I see some foreign company trying to put on a cowboy or an Indian picture. The other day I saw an Indian girl in a foreign play wearing a costume which consisted of a pair of trousers with rings painted on them, and a short dress, to her knees, over the trousers. She also had curly hair. When asked what would happen to her, she shrugged her shoulders and threw out her hands. Did you ever see an Indian make a gesture like that?



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If satisfied you can pay the balance at the rate of only $3 a month until machine is paid for. If not pleased at end of 10 days just return the outfit at our expense and every penny you paid us will be refunded. You take no risk.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Having accepted the Secretary-Treasurership of the Pansy Motion Picture Correspondence Club, which originated in the Answer Department of this magazine, I am anxious to double its membership and to effect a strong permanent organization. Those who desire to join will kindly address me at P. O. Box 1588, Philadelphia, Penn.

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—is nine-tenths a matter of choosing the right ideas and using them in the right way. It is Technique, yet something a thousand times more. It is a matter of knowing **Where to Get Plots** whenever you want them and after that a knowledge of **Dramatic Construction.** These two prime requisites are now set forth for the first time in the history of Photoplay Writing by the greatest authority on the subject in a manner that begets immediate Inspiration and puts a sure finger on all the material you can use in a lifetime!

THE PHOTODRAMA

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Formerly of the Staff of Pathé Frères; Associate Editor Motion Picture Magazine; Successful Contestant in Vitagraph-Sun Contest; Author of "The Plot of the Story," "Art in Story Narration," etc.

Introduction by J. Stuart Blackton, Vitagraph Co.

224 Pages—Cloth-Bound—Stamped in Gold—Postpaid $2.10

It is the only serious work on the subject. It shows you everything:

What Plots Are—Where to Get All the Plots You Can Use—How to Build Them —How to Make Any Material Dramatic —How to Get the Punch Every Time

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"It contains just the information that fiction writers—or anyone with a good idea—who has never tackled a scenario requires."
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"The newness of Mr. Phillips' ideas starts with the cover. It is one of the sanest discussions that has been done. It is a book worth while. Better still, it is not a rehash of any other work, but original in treatment and thought."
—EPES W. SARGENT, in "Moving Picture World."

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173 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

As to the players, somehow I cant seem to like Arthur Johnson. He appears stupid to me, and hangs on the furniture too much; Crane Wilbur overdoes big scenes; Guy Coombs wins the prize as a "brave gallant"; Earle Williams is quite good, only, when he doesn't know what else to do, he turns to the camera and smirks. I dont like this. Edward Coxen is rising rapidly, but I do wish Winnifred Greenwood would wear some dresses that do not look as tho they had been hauled out of an old trunk in the attic; Frederick Church is a surprisingly good hero since he reformed; I do not care for G. M. Anderson, but I think Marguerite Clayton is a wonderful little miss; Tom Moore and Harry Myers are not natural; Ormi Hawley is too affected; Alice Joyce is too languishing—she should stir around a litfle more; Anita Stewart is a dear, but too fond of her dimples; Francis X. Bushman is too fond of himself; Maurice Costello is spoiled and vain; Sydney Drew is ten times funnier than John Bunny ever could be; Marguerite Gibson and Gertrude McCoy should comb their hair more; Charles Ogle is very good; we should see more of Richard Tucker; Yale Boss shouldn't grow up, and Clara K. Young and Lillian Walker, each, in her own way, is just as she should be.

I do not approve of censorship—that is, if censoring the pictures would cut them down more than they now are; but, does not the National Board of Censorship refuse a certain per cent. of pictures that are really harmful and absolutely unneces-

WHAT'S WHAT—AND WHY

(*Continued from page* 122)

East Indian temple shown in the first reel is one of the best things of its kind I have ever seen.

Kleine's mammoth production of "Julius Cæsar," with Antony Novelli, of "Quo Vadis?" fame, in the title rôle, is another of those photo-spectacles that have done so much to place the Motion Picture in such a strategic position on the amusement map of the United States. It is a brilliant classic.

Certainly there are many things to see. It appears that our producers are not at all hit by the war, for work goes merrily on at the important plants, tho some of the smaller mushroom concerns have been forced to suspend operations—for a time, at least. Indeed, there are so many plays to write about that it is a rather difficult matter to tell you what's what—and why; eh?

sary? If there were no censoring of pictures, would not these companies take advantage of the fact and put out vile stuff generally? It certainly is a big problem, and I am anxiously awaiting the outcome.

I was very much provoked at "The Tattler" for copying and printing excerpts from the diary of Earle Williams. His excuse that Mr. Williams is a public character and that he owes it to the public who has made his success is very unfair. No matter how famous a person is, he certainly does not owe to the public the little private thoughts and happenings that are put in his diary for his own eyes alone. I wish Mr. Williams had refused the right to print it, for I felt like a thief after I had read it, and, being a woman, my curiosity wouldn't let me pass it by unread. I apologize to Mr. Williams.

Before I close, I certainly do not agree with Mrs. Frank Berley that the Answer Department is too long. Outside of the pictures and chats, it is the most interesting thing in your magazine, and I always read it first. It is superfluous to say that I like your magazine. The 15th of the month comes only too slow, and I read it from cover to cover.

I am sorry this letter is so long, but this is my first offense, and I have long wanted to express my opinion. I am an enthusiastic photoplay fan and attend on an average of one a day and sometimes more, so I feel that, for one on the outside looking in, I know a little of what I am speaking.

With every best wish for the continued success of your magazine.

The following letter came to us just after the Great Artist Contest results were published, and should have been published in the following issue. With apologies for our tardiness, we publish it now:

My Dear Mr. Brewster—

Well, the Great Artist Contest has closed, and I am glad that it was my good fortune to win it.

I wish to thank the Moving Picture public for the splendid support they have given me, and I want them to know that I appreciate it greatly.

I also wish to thank you for the way you conducted the contest.

Very cordially yours,
Earle Williams.

A correspondent, who calls herself merely "Lucille," figures that Mr. Williams is the best player, thus:

A little mathematics to show why Earle Williams is the greatest photoplayer: Good looks = Walter Miller; handsome eyes = Crane Wilbur; talent = Harry Myers; personality = Tom Moore;

THE HIT OF THE PHOTOPLAY SEASON

"HERE LIES" Is a Little Book That Is Causing More Talk Than All the Scenario Textbooks The Brightest, the Most Timely, and the Most Valuable Contribution to Bewildered and Discouraged Writers.

L. Case Russell, the well-known photoplaywright, is its author, and new and interesting chapters are contributed by Eugene V. Brewster, Editor of the Motion Picture Magazine, and Edwin M. LaRoche, Editor of the Photoplay Clearing House. Replete with clever drawings, and it tells you **how not to write** in most entertaining fashion.

The most liberally quoted book of the year in trade publications, newspapers, book reviews and magazines.

The greatest obstacle in the way of a photoplay writer is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. It has been discovered that at least 80 per cent of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. That is why they don't sell! For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified, and buried in a most emphatic manner. "Here Lies" is written in a most novel and refreshing manner, and the lessons it teaches will never be forgotten.

Read what prominent studio editors, directors, and dramatic critics think of this little book:

I want to acknowledge receipt of your splendid little book, "Here Lies." So far I have only had time to glance at it, but I can readily see that it is going to be of great assistance to me.
LOUIS GLASER,
Motion Picture Editor, Washington Herald.

I want to compliment you on the booklet, "Here Lies." It is too bad nobody ever thought of getting it out a little sooner. It might have saved the editors lots of needless work as well as heartaches for the aspirants who think it is as easy to write scenarios as it is to see a nickel show.
Your book is so full of wit and humor that I took it home with me and gave it a place of honor on the same shelf in my library with the works of O. Henry and George Ade.
EMILY BROWN HEININGER,
Essanay Editorial Staff.

Some time ago I wrote L. Case Russell my "hearty congratulations" on the clever little book entitled "Here Lies." I sincerely feel that she has performed a great mission. My first thought after reading it was how can this be put into a wide circulation.
It has been my misfortune to be compelled to read hundreds of impossible photoplays and to give a truthful opinion to amateur authors. I shall gladly contribute from my weekly salary for the free circulation of "Here Lies."

It strikes so truthfully at the many pitfalls to all beginners in photoplay writing.
I feel confident that every producer shall feel it his duty to supply readers with copies of "Here Lies" for distribution among amateur writers.
BERNADINE RISSE LEIST,
Kinemacolor Company of America.

Your little Don'ts in "Here Lies" articles should be a great assistance to scenario writers in general and amateurs and beginners in particular. If your little book serves the purpose for which it is intended it will be of great assistance to the editor.
With kindest regards and best wishes, I remain,
F. A. WALL,
Scenario Editor, American Film Co.

I do not see why it should not be of great help to photoplay writers, and I am sure it will be to photoplay editors, in that it will teach outsiders to keep clear of the hackneyed themes which stare at us from every mail.
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Keystone Editor.

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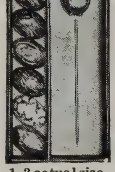
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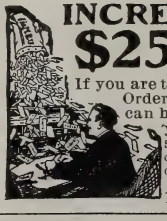
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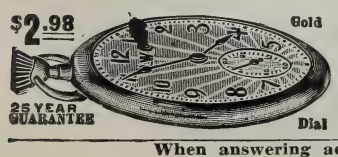
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The Photoplay Clearing House was established to aid and counsel authors and to sell their wares. We believe we have given more definite help to the discouraged, have furnished more practical criticism, and have sold more photoplays at a higher price than all other similar institutions combined.

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Dear Sirs:
We enclose our check for $35.00 in full payment for the moving picture scenario entitled "The Great Scheme," by James Serpico, 3 Green Ave., Madison, N. J.
Kindly have two persons witness the signature after the enclosed assignment is executed and return this assignment to us.
BIOGRAPH COMPANY.

Dear Mr. La Roche:
I enclose herewith the two releases sent to me for my signature, covering the sale of my photoplay, "A Desperate Expedient," to the Vitagraph Company.
When you hear from the other two scenarios which the Vitagraph are still holding, please communicate with me at the above address, as I am now on a four-weeks' vacation.
Editorial Rooms, N. Y. World. W. S. MERIWETHER.

Gentlemen:
We are retaining "Jones, Adjuster of Difficulties," for further consideration. You seem to be doing excellent work at the Photoplay Clearing House, and we congratulate you most heartily. It would be much better for the business if more writers would work thru such channels and save them and us useless trouble. Hoping we will hear from you again, we are,
CRYSTAL FILM CO.,
per Howard J. Young,
Scenario Editor.

Gentlemen:
You are doing a great work with your Clearing House, and it has the endorsement of a great many writers. I am in constant touch with a great many of them.
H. A. PETERMAN, Jr.,
Shreveport, La. Editor, The Picture News.

Dear Sirs:
Enclosed please find our check for $25.00, as payment for a scenario, "His Wife's Sweetheart," by August Pirs, 423 E. 57th St., N. Y. City. Kindly send author's receipt for same. "The Proposal" and "Professor Small's Lucky Jag" we are holding for consideration.
DAVID MILES, Inc.,
Los Angeles, Cal. per David Miles, President.

Mction Picture Magazine:
Our Company has contracted with the United Program to release two one-reel subjects a week thru Warner's Features, and we would like to have you, thru your Clearing House, submit us a number of one-reel subjects suitable for featuring Miss Ethel Grandin. We would prefer comedy-dramas.
SMALLWOOD FILM CORPORATION.

Gentlemen:
I cannot speak too highly of the many valuable suggestions and assistance you have offered me in this new line of endeavor. The methods you pursue in reading and listing plays show your expertness in this line, and you certainly deserve a great deal of credit toward uplifting the photoplay and assisting young writers.
113 W. 96th St., N. Y. City. ROGER R. WILLIAMS.

Gentlemen:
We are enclosing herewith assignment for $35.00 for scenario entitled "Robert Obeys the Doctor." This you have submitted to us in two reels, but thru an arrangement with the author, we have accepted it in one reel.
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And so on thru a long list of pleased patrons and studios, which we will announce as space permits.

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All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus: It will be read by competent readers, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and, when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming [illegible] books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, criticism and filing, $1.00 (multiple reels, $1.00 per reel), but to readers of the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** it will be only 50c., provided the annexed Coupon accompanies each script; for multiple reels, 50c. per reel. For typewriting, a charge of $1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U.S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

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At his best in "The Vengeance of Durand," "Love's Sunset," "The Christian," and every other play he has been seen in.

Here are a few lines from Dolores Tulk Stampe, of 143 Barkly Street, Carlton, Melbourne, Australia:

I have had only three copies of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and think it a most entertaining book.

I take a great interest in the Cinema pictures, and I have lately filled a large book, having kept a collection since 1910, and have now begun another.

The enclosed slip was written by the editor of the *Australian Kinematograph Journal*, and I thought you might like to see how much the Movies are appreciated here. My two books are so nice to look over and renew acquaintances with old favorites. I see you receive letters from all parts of the world, but I have not noticed any from Melbourne. I like reading the Answers to Inquiries, and I send you every good wish for the success of the magazine.

Here is a letter from far-off New Zealand, and our readers will no doubt be interested in hearing from Mr. William S. Syme:

It is over a year now since I wrote your magazine—how time flies, to be sure!—but I now grip pen again to give you a few more New Zealand impressions of the world of Filmdom.

I think it was in your magazine that I saw a paragraph that ran somewhat as follows:

"Any actor who is constantly playing the part of the 'hero' can hardly fail to become popular."

This is quite so, but some of us are rather apt to forget that, when an actor's portrayal of a villain's part is such as to cause us to hate him, he has indeed climbed the ladder of success for his individuality and power, and we look for him to do more villainous parts.

fortunately, this has also been the case with Francis X. Bushman, another of my favorites.

I have always admired Lubin pictures (as I mentioned in my last letter) for their faithfulness to detail, but I must say that I noticed a glaring breach of this in a picture called "Gentleman Joe." The picture itself was good, and I thoroly enjoyed it, but what beat me was this: In one scene the interior of a police office is shown in which there is a large date block showing the date as 26th August. According to the picture several days (at least) elapse, yet when this room is shown again the date remains unaltered. Had the date block been a small one the mistake might have passed unnoticed, but being so large the error was noticed by quite a number of people.

The picture programs which we see here are supplied by a combine, and tho on the whole we get very good pictures, I cant say that I like the present system. The bills advertising the whole program are evidently made up at headquarters, and the programs have to be shown as sent out. For instance, by looking over the papers published in a town about thirty miles from here I can tell exactly what program we are going to have, say



SCENE FROM "THE GRIP OF THE PAST"
(PAGE 41)

Amber, Turquoise
pin complete
5 Beautiful Opals, with pin complete
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two or three changes ahead. Under the present system we generally have one really good feature drama heading the bill, but, in some cases, the supporting pictures are very poor. This is, of course, not always the case, and at times we get programs of all-around excellence, but take it right thru, I think the system bad.

Public taste here still favors the American pictures before either Continental or English, and the presence of a good Vitagraph, Biograph, Lubin, Kalem or Edison as the top-liner is a sure draw.

To my mind, the A. B. Company still stands supreme, and I have never yet seen a bad picture bearing their trade-mark. Among the pictures by this company that I have greatly enjoyed lately, I may mention "The Mistake," "Two Daughters of Eve," "The Little Tease" and "The Wanderer."

I think Walthall's acting is great; in fact, I dont know of any one that I like better. I can tell you it is quite a pleasure to be able to recognize and speak of the Biograph players by their correct names instead of having to use the fictitious names that were allotted them by English photoplay papers.

I always keep a list of the best pictures I see, and I dont put anything on it that I dont consider absolutely top-notch. From this list I have picked the following as being among the best pictures I saw last year: Vitagraph—"Old Love Letters," "A Woman," "Beau Brummell," "Under the Make-up," "The Strength of Men," "The Web," "A Regiment of Two" and "Hearts of the First Empire." Lubin—"The Power of Silence," "His Western Way," "The Stolen Symphony" and "John Arthur's Trust." Edison—"More Precious Than Gold," "The Boy and the Girl," "The Man Who Wouldn't Marry" and "A Concerto for the Violin." Essanay—"Sunshine," "Forgiven in Death" and "A Passing Shadow."

I mentioned A. B. pictures further back in my letter, but in addition to those mentioned I would like to name: "A Pueblo Legend," "The Crook and the Girl," "A Dangerous Foe," "The Massacre," "Friends" and "The Perfidy of Mary."

I still continue to find the greatest pleasure in reading your splendid monthly, the only trouble being that tho it is of generous size I dont find it large enough.

It is no good wishing you success because you already have attained this, but I trust you will accept the best wishes of a strong supporter.

The enclosed communication came too late to be entered in the contest. It is by L. B. McIlhenny, of 1224 North Main Street, Dayton, Ohio:

What improvement in Motion Pictures

GREAT CAST CONTEST

Conducted by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I, the undersigned, desire to cast ten votes each for the following players for the parts indicated:

1. Leading Man _____
2. Leading Woman _____
3. Old Gentleman _____
4. Old Lady _____
5. Character Man _____
6. Character Woman _____
7. Comedian (Male) _____
8. Comedian (Female) _____
9. Handsome Young Man _____
10. Beautiful Young Woman _____
11. Villain _____
12. Child _____

Name of Voter _____

Address of Voter _____

is needed most? Good plays is the answer to this question.

The actors are generally good, and the pictures presented by most film manufacturers are high-class, but good plays are almost as scarce as the molars of a female chicken.

This need is recognized by nearly everybody in the business, and you might say—if we were face to face—Yes, but in what way could plays be improved?

I answer, give us less of crime, less of the sordid side of human nature, less of fighting, and more of that which appeals to the better impulses, and above all give us real comedy instead of the silly stuff that now goes by that name. Give us plays that are not made merely to create a thrill by some daredevil performance, but plays that are true to human nature as most of us know it, and that are based upon facts.

Noises, imitations of the action on the screen, are severely censured by Miss Virginia L. Smith, of 4316 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago:

Now that I am a subscriber for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, I feel that I, too, may write on a subject that has been much abused and that I have not seen written up in the magazine, and something which I think should be sent broadcast thru the land. When people go to the theater, they go to see Moving Pictures, and not to listen to burlesque. I refer to the noises behind the screen. For instance, when a gun is fired, we see the smoke; simultaneously a gun is fired behind the screen. A drum is beaten in imitation of the exhaust of a locomotive; the striking of iron for the clatter of horses' feet. There is nothing realistic about it. It might appeal to the simple-minded, but it bores intellectual people and people of high ideals. I am a Motion Picture fan and dislike to have a good picture ruined by such nonsense. I have heard numbers of people express themselves on the subject, but they weren't brave enough to write about it. I hope it will soon be abolished.

Miss Mattie Lee Stanford, of 311 Eighth Street, Augusta, Ga., thinks that America and "American" lead the world:

I have been thinking of writing to your department for some time, but am not very much on letter writing; however, will try, so here goes:

I have read every copy of this magazine except the first, and would have read that if I could have gotten a copy. Every one I read is always better than the one beforehand and if you keep it up

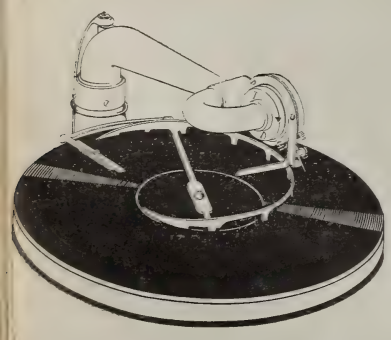


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Rec-Rep, Room 1101, 456 Fourth Ave., New York City

I really dont see how you will be able to supply the Motion Picture fans.

I saw the photoplay, "A Prince of Bohemia" (American), with William Garwood and Vivian Rich in the leads; she was fine, but—why, oh, why will she use so much of that horrid "make-up" on her eyes and lips? I notice so many of the players use so much they dont look natural.

Let me say in closing that I think our American plays are just grand. The players all seem to know just what to do at all times, while the foreign players seem to be waiting to be told what to do. I saw a foreign play, "The Secret of the Vault," a short while ago and was bored to death the whole time it was being shown. The players all acted so stupidly. I really think an ordinary person could have directed it better. The theme was good, and I'm sure if our American Motion Picture companies had filmed it, I would have enjoyed it so much more. Wishing you and every one connected with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE (especially the Answer Man) good luck and prosperity.

Kenneth A. Gordon, Sydney, Australia, is an ardent admirer of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and of the artistic work of Ethel Clayton:

May I, thru your excellent magazine, especially that department set apart for the purpose, endeavor to give my honest opinion and appreciation of Miss Ethel Clayton, of the Lubin Company?

Also I think that Miss Dorothy Kelly and Miss Clara K. Young deserve to be mentioned as being actresses second only to Miss Ethel Clayton, especially the former, whom I should like to see in some big three or four reelers, like unto "Love's Sunset," etc.

Also there are many, many other good players who are indeed deserving of mention, such as the Misses Anna Q. Nilsson, Charlotte Ives, Elsie MacLeod, Lillian Mulhearn, Margaret Gibson, Jackie Kurley, etc., and Messrs. E. K. Lincoln, Harry Myers, House Peters, Harry Northrup, etc., whom we should like to see more, as they, one and all, are sterling players of their particular class.

Your sterling magazine is getting the sale now in Australia that it should, but heretofore, for some unknown reason, it has not been pushed, but has always been appreciated by those who read it.

Please let Lubin Company know that the Australian public are just crying out for pictures—two reels or more—featuring Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers.

I trust you will forgive me for the length of my first note to you, and will now close by wishing you yourself, your staff and your magazine the best of good luck, etc., in the future.






Beautiful Colored Reproductions

of

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¶ Each card is an exact reproduction of how each star appears in real life—this set is in colors and is a very handsome collection of fifty favorites, including Mary Fuller, Crane Wilbur, Jack Kerrigan, Florence La Badie, Pauline Bush, Earle Williams, Francis X. Bushman, and forty-three others.

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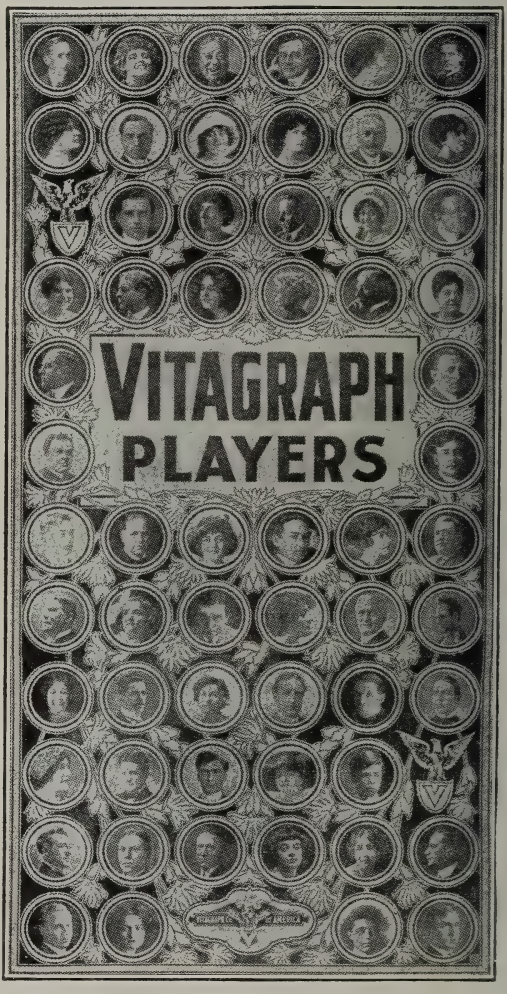
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Publicity Department, THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

VOTE
For Your Own Cast of Favorite Players

HOW would you group your favorite players for a great play? Whom would you select as the leading man, the leading woman, the villain?

The Great Cast Contest, announcement of which appears on page 125 of this magazine, gives you an opportunity to select your own cast of favorite players and then show your appreciation of their work, by voting for them and helping them to win what will undoubtedly be the greatest Motion Picture Contest ever held.

Read the announcement on page 125 carefully, select your cast, vote for this cast yourself and induce others to vote. You will want your group of players to win and this will be a contest worth winning.

The voting coupon which appears on page 177, when properly filled out, signed and mailed to us, entitles you to ten votes for each one of your group.

This same coupon when accompanied by **a half year's** subscription at 75 cents will entitle you to **100 votes,** an **eight months'** subscription at $1.00, **200 votes,** or **a year's** subscription at $1.50, **300 votes.** If you are already a subscriber, you may extend your subscription eight months or a year and thus be entitled to vote. Each subscriber will also be entitled to HALF LIFE-SIZE portraits FREE, as announced in advertisement appearing on page 2.

Those players securing a lead at the beginning of this contest will have a distinct advantage over others. Help your favorites to win by voting early. Why not mail vote and subscription today?

SPECIAL: Those wishing to send in more than one subscription should write at once for special subscription rates and special voting schedule.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

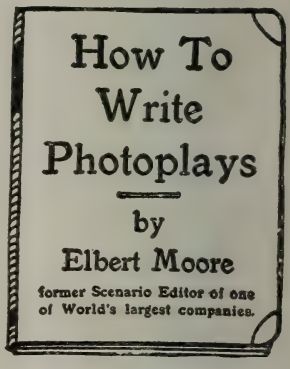
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Former Scenario Editor Guarantees You $10

Besides these prizes, and other big prizes which are continually being offered by the producing companies, *I guarantee you at least $10 for the first photoplay you write by my method.* This means *you;* no matter who you are. If you have the least trouble in selling your first photoplay, simply let me know and I will pay you $10 for it without delay or question. As former Scenario Editor of one of the world's largest producing companies I speak *with authority.*

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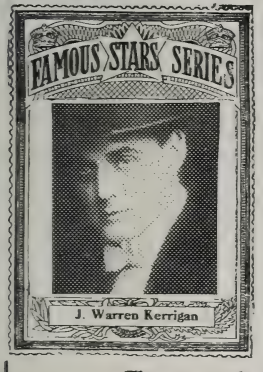
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Newspapers are filled with accounts of this latest collection craze. Young and old alike are collecting these stamps and pasting them in albums, trading in them, or using them as seals on the back of their letters.





A new craze is sweeping the country.

It is the collecting of "postage stamps" bearing the latest portraits of American motion picture actors and actresses. Of course, these stamps are not actually good for postage, but otherwise they represent postage stamps.

The stamps are most pleasing in design and printed in beautiful colors. They are really objects of artistic value, and therefore their possession is eagerly sought by the admirers of motion picture players.

A collection of these stamps will soon be of undoubted cash value, as new designs are constantly being made and the first ones will in time grow very scarce. All those who have collected postage stamps know that some series which are no longer used bring fabulous prices, as high as a thousand dollars having often been paid for an old, cancelled postage stamp by some enthusiastic collector who needed it to complete his collection and who had neglected to secure it in the days when it could have been had for the asking.





These are only four out of the one hundred portrait stamps that form the complete collection. It is impossible to reproduce in the above illustrations the clearness, beauty, rich color, and artistic values of the actual stamp. Each stamp is three times as large as an ordinary stamp.

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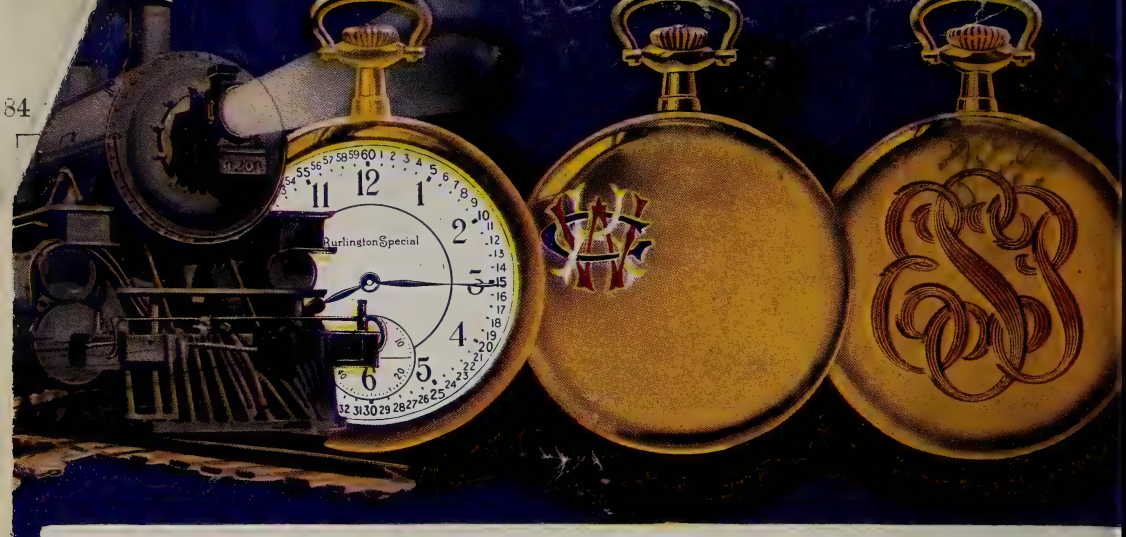
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